UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

Access to a good library is indispensable, and pupils should be encouraged to bring for the benefit of their classes the fruits of their reading, in the form of passages, interesting for their subject-matter or for any points of technique they illustrate. What they read will depend partly upon what is accessible, partly upon inclination, and partly upon the advice of the teacher, who, it is hoped, will exercise a catholic taste and encourage rather than discourage the reading of works of living writers.

The questions and exercises are framed to test understanding and not mere memory. They require the exercise of the pupil's own thought and judgment, and a sincere effort to answer them is bound to set up a process of utilisation of facts, which will transform raw material into instruments of refined taste and sound judgment.

The bibliographies are brief and are almost entirely limited to the mention of a few critical and historical works, for, since standard authors are obtainable in cheap reprints, *e. g. Everyman's Library* and *The World's Classics*, it would serve no useful purpose to enumerate them. Any one who wishes to make the acquaintance of writers of to-day, poets, novelists, and dramatists, is referred to such books as Mr. S. B. Mais' stimulating *From Shakespeare to O. Henry*. Mr. Mais' enthusiasm for literature is shared by Mr. Greening Lamborn, whose book, *The Rudiments of Criticism*, is invaluable. I know of no pleasanter or more illuminating guide to the true appreciation and enjoyment of poetry.

E. V. D.

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primarily on metre, and is particularly marked where the three-syllable foot is employed.

∧ I spráng | to the stír | rup, and Jór | is, and hé |;
∧ I gál | loped, Dirck gál | loped, we gál | loped all thṕee |;

at once suggests what it is meant to suggest—a gallop.

Hálf a league, | hálf a league |
Hálf a league | ónward ∧ |

with its stress on the first syllable, suggests a canter. In both of the above the rhythm is marked and regular, and receives its distinctive character from the nature of the foot employed, owing to the impetus given to the stressed syllable by the two unstressed. In the two-syllable foot the impetus, being more evenly distributed, is less strong. The iambus is the staple foot of all great poetry. It is difficult to be anything other than regular in anapæstic or dactylic measure, but the iambus allows great freedom. Therein lies its superiority, for interwoven with the base-rhythm of the foot there is the more subtle rhythm of the phrase. The following lines from Wordsworth illustrate how verse might be correct and not rhythmic—

But tó the Thórn and tó the Poṅd,
Which iś a líttle stép beyoṅd,
I wísh that yóu would gó.
Perháps when yóu are at' my pláce,
You sómething of' her tále may tráce.

Here the changes made in the order of the words to bolster up the metre are so forced that the pleasure that might be derived from the stress-rhythm is

destroyed by its wide separation from speech-rhythm. But in—

> Thus Nature spake—the work was done—
> How soon my Lucy's race was run,

speech-rhythm and verse-rhythm correspond.

Such correspondence, however, is not the perfection of rhythm; it is too regular; the ear, like the mind, enjoys surprise. Surprise is effected when the phrase is made independent of the foot or line, and it is phrase-rhythm which by weaving itself in and out of stress-rhythm gives poetry its "musical flow." Compare—

(*a*) The day of battle does approach at length;
The English then advance with all their strength;
And fifty thousand march in battle rank,
Full six to one; yet Wallace never shrank;

with—

(*b*) The English power is near led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man;

and it will be observed that in (*a*) the stress falls with unfailing regularity, a definite pause marks the end of each line, and a less definite one occurs at about the middle of each line (which is an exact copy of the others, both in stress and pause), so that the whole appears to be cut up into similar and equal sections. In (*b*) an extra syllable at the end of the first line carries the mind forward, after a slight pause, to the next, which ends with a marked pause. The third line after a break in the middle, flows with

a very slight pause into the fourth, which in the same way flows into the last. In the next place, the fourth foot of the first line is "léd on," not "led ón"; in the second line there is no stress between "Siward" and "good"; in the third line the stress goes forward from "their" to "dear"; in the fourth, which has four feet instead of five, a light syllable is omitted before "would" and an extra syllable is inserted in the third foot; the same is done in the following line. These departures from the strict laws of metre do not violate stress-rhythm; on the contrary, they give to it an easy and rhythmic movement which strict regularity does not give. To produce this rhythmic effect in (*b*) five different devices were employed: (1) addition of a light ending; (2) insertion of syllable in the middle of the line; (3) omission of light syllable; (4) omission of a complete foot; (5) "the overflow" (that is, there is no sense-pause at the end of the line).

One of the most important of these is the use of *pause*. Pause is to the poem or stanza what stress is to the line; it divides the whole into phrases which, if varied in length, break up the monotony of the stress-rhythm. Pause is particularly important in lines of four or five feet. Lines of six or seven feet usually break into lines of three and three, and three and four, feet respectively. At the end of every line comes the "end-pause" which varies in duration according to the sense. When the sense does not require it, it is very slight. Verse should not be read like prose; even when a line "overflows" into another, a pause, however slight,

should be made. Within the line there may be one, two, or even three pauses, but one will be more marked than the others; this is called the *cæsura* or "cutting," because it cuts the line into two. The skilful placing of the *cæsura* accounts for the grand rhythm of Milton's blank verse, and gives to Shakespeare's its flexibility and dramatic power.

EXERCISES

1. Name the feet used in the following lines—

(*a*) I woo, to hear thy even-song.
(*b*) Fond Memory brings the light.
(*c*) Then returned her youth and beauty.
(*d*) Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
(*e*) Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn.
(*f*) I would keep that heart as a casket hid.
(*g*) And coming events cast their shadows before.
(*h*) Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care.
(*i*) Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
(*j*) Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honour to all!

2. The principal stanzas are illustrated below. Describe fully and clearly the scheme of each (note metre, number of lines and rhyme scheme)—

(*a*) Octosyllabic Couplet—

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile.

(*b*) Heroic Couplet (strict)—

O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!

Heroic Couplet (free)—

No song, no sound of clarions that rejoice,
Can set that glory forth which fills with fire

The body and soul that have their whole desire
Silent, and freer than birds or dreams are free
Take all their will of all the encountering sea.

(*c*) THREE-LINE STANZA OR TRIPLET—

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

(*d*) TERZA RIMA—

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream,—
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust; and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,—

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky,
One of the million leaves of summer's bier.

(*e*) SHORT METRE—

Thy glory fills the earth,
The sun, the stars, the sky;
All speak of the eternal King
Who lives and rules on high.

(*f*) LONG METRE—

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

(*g*) COMMON METRE (ballad)—

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

(*h*) RHYME ROYAL—

Then from the altar back a space he drew,
But from the Queen turned not his face away,
But 'gainst a pillar leaned, until the blue
That arched the sky, at ending of the day,
Was turned to ruddy gold and changing grey,
And clear, but low, the nigh-ebbed windless sea
In the still evening murmured ceaselessly.

(*i*) OTTAVA RIMA—

No solemn antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who, having angled all his life for Fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
Of Mediocrity, the furious tame,
The Echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

(*j*) SPENSERIAN STANZA—

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fitt.*

3. Arrange in stanza form and describe the metre used—

(*a*) When thus Creation's charms around combine, amidst the store should thankless pride repine?

(*b*) Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils, hail juice benignant! O'er the costly cups of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught, let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night; . . .

* This line is an *Alexandrine*. Scan it and say what an *Alexandrine* is.

(*c*) There was a time when meadow, grove and stream, the earth, and every common sight to me did seem apparell'd in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream.

(*d*) Let your hands meet round the weight of my head; lift ye my feet as the feet of the dead; for the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten as lead. . . .

(*e*) Who doth thus, and doth not these good deeds blot with bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath by secret filth, nor feeds some snake, or weeds, cheating himself; that man walks in this path.

4. The following line from Macaulay's *Armada* may be arranged in several ways without altering the sense. Show by scanning the various rearrangements of the order of the words that the original arrangement is the most effective in point of view of movement, emphasis and rhythm.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall.

5. Rearrange the word order of the following passages so as to make them metrically correct—

(*a*) Heroic couplet—

I come not here to implore your candour for scenes whose author is no more, alas ; he wants no advocate to plead his cause; you yourselves will be patrons of the dead.

(*b*) Blank verse—

Isabel resumed her work with daylight; and the house appeared all the ensuing week as cheerful as a grove in spring: at length the expected letter came from their kinsman.

6. Write a metrical version of Psalm 137 (" By the rivers of Babylon ").

7. Mark the minor and the major pauses in the following—

And the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep:
Sohrab alone, he slept not: all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

How is the second half of this passage made to "read more quickly" than the first, and why?

8. What qualities in the style of the following passage distinguish it from the passage quoted in Question 7?

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

9. Write a blank verse version of the following passage—

Then Orpheus lifted his harp, and crashed his cunning hand across the strings; and his music and his voice rose like a trumpet through the still evening air; into the air it rushed like thunder, till the rocks rang and the sea; and into their souls it rushed like wine, till all hearts beat fast within their breasts.

10. Scan the following stanza, marking particularly (thus "$\wedge$") omitted syllables.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

11. Scan the following lines which are in classical

hexameter. The first four feet may be either dactyl or spondee, the fifth must be dactyl, the sixth trochee or spondee.

Oh, if they saw it and knew it, we soon should see them abandon
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room and ball-room,
Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for plain linsey-woolsey,
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!
So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of existence
Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre of all things,
Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that is topmost!

12. Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
He could shoot ten arrows upwards,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness
That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen.

(*a*) Scan this passage.
(*b*) In this metre describe a shooting contest between Indian braves in which Hiawatha takes part.

CHAPTER II

FIGURES OF SPEECH

LANGUAGE becomes figurative when it deviates from plain speech. "It is a beautiful day," and "He is very tall," are plain speech, the facts being expressed in the simplest and most direct terms. But when they become "What a beautiful day!" and "He stands head and shoulders above his fellows," they stand out against the even surface of plain statement like figures in low relief, the first by appealing to the emotions, the second, to the imagination.

What we call plain language, however, is often not plain; it is full of pictures which have lost or are losing their colour and outline as their origin becomes hidden in the dim past. As language develops, the concrete or picture elements become wrapt about with abstractions, to appear again in a new form. For instance, "disagreement" names a state (an abstraction) and brings no picture to the mind, though if we trace the word to its origin we should find one. The Chinaman has no word to express this idea, so he draws a mental picture of two men disagreeing, and says, "I East, you West"; thus difference of opinion is represented by difference of position. The word "glutton" appeals both to eye and ear; it is formed from *glut, glut,* a verbal representation of the

sound of one gulping wine. Words of Latin origin, like describe, attitude, educate, are all pictures which, however, for most of us have been effaced.

But such words as these when used in their normal sense do not make style figurative. Language becomes figurative when words proper to one thing are applied to another which is distinct and different from it, yet suggests some resemblance. Words which are applicable to one sense, *e. g.* smell, are transferred to another. Sweet describes something that can be tasted, but we say sweet smell, sweet song, sweet look, sweet character. Names used to denote parts of the body are transferred to things without life: the leg of a table, the neck of a bottle; and similarly words describing qualities and senses of things with life are applied to things without life: blind alley, angry sea, thirsty land. In such cases the word is not used in its primary or *literal* sense; it is placed in a new setting and, while retaining its essential character, takes on a secondary or *metaphorical* meaning.

Metaphor then is founded on resemblance, which, however, is not openly stated; it is *implied.* The word itself means "a carrying across," because the point of similarity is transferred from one thing to another. Unlike the simile (*see* below) the metaphor does not bring together the two objects and point out their similarity, but instead of naming the object, quality or action, puts a picture in its place by naming a different object, quality or action, which at once explains and illustrates the particular idea to be conveyed; *e. g.* instead of saying "Sohrab was as swift as a wild stag," Arnold says, "He has the

wild stag's foot." In the former sentence the comparison is stated, in the latter the stag's foot is put for Sohrab's, so that the significant quality of the stag—swiftness—is transferred to Sohrab. The metaphor is one of the most stimulating and effective figures of speech; with it the poet concentrates our gaze upon the object and reveals to us in an illuminating flash just that typical and vital aspect which his clear imagination has discovered.

"At their feet the crocus *brake* like fire."

"He hates him,
That would upon the *rack* of this *tough* world
Stretch him out longer."

"I am the *true vine*."

"Yet all experience is *an arch wherethro'*
Gleams that untravell'd world."

Metaphors, being a form of ornament, should be appropriate to the subject, and should not bring in any displeasing suggestion, as in "The sweet *sweat* of roses." Their primary purpose being to illumine, they must be clear and readily understood.

Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

means nothing until we reflect that the murex is a fish from which royal purple dye was obtained, that the poetry of Keats was metaphorically steeped in this dye, that other writers acquired it from him to colour their own works, and gained all the praise while Keats was neglected. Again, a word must not be used literally and metaphorically in the same sentence, *e.g.* "He flung his body into the saddle and his soul into the cause." When the images

applied to the same idea do not agree, the metaphor is said to be "mixed." An extreme and ridiculous example is (of a rumour)—

I smell a *rat;* I see it *floating* in the air, but I will nip it in the *bud.*

In

> I *bridle* in my struggling muse in vain
> That longs to *launch* into a bolder strain,

the muse, regarded as a *horse* checked by the *bridle* does not long to *leap* or *plunge,* but suddenly becomes a *ship* and *longs* to be *launched.*

The metaphors, "blind alley," "angry sea," quoted above, ascribe the attributes of living beings to inanimate objects, and are thus personal. They arise from that natural instinct in man to regard the great powers of nature not as mere forces, but as terrible gods, who avenge and punish, bless and reward, and to people the hills, woods and streams with naiads and satyrs, fairies and pixies. But we need not go to the Ancients to find the attribution of personality to nature; it is to be found in all literature.

> Of daffodils
> Ten thousands saw I at a glance
> *Tossing* their *heads* in sprightly *dance.* . . .
> A willow over the river *wept* . . .
> A pleasant *smiling* cheek, a *speaking* eye . . . .

Personification.—When personal metaphor is extended, so that the object has not personal attributes merely, but is regarded as a person, metaphor becomes Personification. We do not in the first of the above quotations picture the daffodils as persons, though they toss their heads and dance, but when Shakespeare says—

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

or again—

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury,

a great and terrible monster sweeps across our vision. Shakespeare is remarkable for his power to give personality to the big things of nature.

The jaws of darkness have devoured them up . . .
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth . . .

In the following, abstract qualities are personified—

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

An *allegory* is a continued metaphor by means of which one event or series of events is represented in the guise of another for the purpose of enforcing some moral truth, *e. g.* Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Addison's *Vision of Judgment*.

Christian. "Pray, who are your kindred there? if a man may be so bold."

By-ends. "Almost the whole town; and in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name), also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother, by father's side; and to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality, yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation."

A *parable* is a short and simple allegory, *e. g.* the parable of the sower, St. Mark iv., the prodigal son, St. Luke xv.

Simile has been already mentioned. Like metaphor, it is based on resemblance, but unlike it, the objects compared are both stated, and the comparison is made by introducing it by the words "like," or "as." The objects compared must differ in general but must agree in some particular. To say a church is like a cathedral is no simile, because here the objects are similar as a whole and different in certain aspects. On the other hand, "The boy ran like a hare," compares two different objects, which have one point in common, namely, speed. Speed is an outstanding characteristic of the hare, which we at once transfer to the boy to illustrate that quality in him. Thus it is that the simile is a picture of something known, or easily comprehended, to illustrate or suggest what is not known, or difficult to grasp. Milton, in order to give us an idea of the stature of Satan, thus describes him as he

> Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
> As that sea-beast Leviathan,
> Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
> The pilot of some night-founder'd skiff
> Deeming some island, . . .
> Moors by his side under the lee. . . .

Simile, like metaphor, must be appropriate.

> Woe to her stubborn heart if once mine come
> Into the self-same room.
> 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
> Like a granada shot into a magazine.

Two hearts, one a bomb, the other a powder magazine! A simile is usually brief, its purpose being to illustrate something else; once that is achieved, to develop the simile for its own sake tends to draw the mind away from the main idea. Some poets,

however, especially in epic poetry, in imitation of Homer, pass on from the point of resemblance and extend their similes, and give them an interest of their own.

> And from the dark flock'd up the shadowy tribes;
> And as the swallows crowd the bulrush-beds
> Of some clear river, issuing from a lake,
> On autumn-days, before they cross the sea;
> And to each bulrush-crest a swallow hangs
> Quivering, and others skim the river-streams,
> And their quick twittering fills the banks and shores—
> So around Hermod swarm'd the twittering ghosts.

Allied to metaphor, though not based on resemblance, is *metonomy*, in which the name of something which accompanies or characterises a thing is put for the name of the thing itself. When old age is spoken of as grey hairs, no comparison is made, for the two things are in no way alike. Grey hairs, however, being visible, make a more direct appeal to the imagination than the abstract idea, " old age." In

> The bright *death* quiver'd at the victim's throat,

the word " death " fuses in one swift, vivid touch the weapon, the deed and the result. This use of the word " death " illustrates the two uses of metonomy, (1) its direct appeal to the imagination, (2) its economy of words; cf. the *kettle* boils, for the *water in the kettle* boils, and he reads *Dickens*, for he reads *the works of Dickens*.

Synecdoche puts a part for the whole, the whole for the part, or the concrete for the abstract, and by doing so often gives definiteness to what is vast or vague.

> The *Assyrian* came down like a wolf on the fold.

Of the Egyptian destroyed in the Red Sea,

> The *horse and the rider* hath he drowned in the sea.

> Fortune and Anthony part here: even here
> Do we *shake hands.*

Other examples are, sail for ship, hands for workmen, bayonets for soldiers, moon for month, Ananias for liar, justice for judge.

Hyperboles are exaggerated expressions. They are two kinds: (1) those employed in description, (2) those prompted by strong emotion.

(*a*) He (Cæsar) doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus.

(*b*) I will grind their bones to dust.

> Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
> Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
> Excite the mortified (*i. e.* dead) man.

When the exaggeration is unreasonable, or offends taste, either by the unworthiness of the object or feeling described, or by the extent of the exaggeration, hyperbole ceases to be an ornament of speech and becomes bombast.

> I found her on the floor
> In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
> Pouring forth her tears at such a lavish rate
> That were the world on fire, they might have drowned
> The wrath of Heaven and quench'd the mighty ruin.

Gorgeous as is this picture, it exceeds the bounds of art.

Vision substitutes the present tense for the past or future, and thus renders a scene or action more vivid by describing it as if it were passing before us.

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us for a moment transport ourselves in thought to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there. . . .

In *apostrophe* (turning away), the speaker turns away from the course of his speech to address some person or thing; a god, a person living or dead, something personified. Whether living or without life, the object is regarded as living and present.

"Even in the abode of death, O Balder, hail!"
"Yes, Henry my brother, there in thy extreme need thy soul is lamed; and behold thou canst not so much as fight."

Apostrophe must not be confused with *exclamation*, by which a writer expresses emotion without describing it, and attempts to communicate it to the reader. "What a fine man!" expresses admiration, and means "I admire that man," without saying so in as many words.

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Interrogation emphasises an assertion by putting it in the form of a question. Like exclamation, it may infuse emotion into cold fact.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

In *climax* (Greek, ladder) by arranging statements in a gradually ascending scale of impressiveness, a summit of interest or force is reached.

Anticlimax consists not in a gradual, but in a sudden descent from an exalted plane of dignity, sublimity or passion to the level of the ridiculous, trivial or mean. The following extract illustrates both figures—

"A boy, sir, who does not learn his Greek play cheats the parent who spends money for his education. A boy who cheats his parent is not very far from robbing or forging upon his neighbour. A man who forges upon his neighbour pays the penalty of his crime at the gallows. And it is not such a one whom I pity, but his maddened and heartbroken parents, who are driven to a premature grave by his crimes, or, if they live, drag on a wretched and dishonoured old age. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake which you make shall subject you to the punishment of the rod. Who's that laughing? What ill-conditioned boy is there who dares to laugh?" shouted the doctor.

Irony is subtle sarcasm or praise intended for blame, reproach or disapprobation.

I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

Antithesis is based upon the opposition or contrast of ideas, and consists in placing together the ideas contrasted.

He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his king.

It heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

An *epigram* is a brief and terse statement of a general truth, made striking by a seeming contradiction in terms or ideas.

He (Browning) used poetry as a medium for writing in prose.

Paradox resembles epigram except in so far as in the former the assertion is superficially more absurd owing to the more pronounced nature of the contradiction.

Love is weakest when it's strong.
But many that are first shall be last, and the last first.

Euphemism is "the substitution of refined or inoffensive words for gross or irritating ones, to convey precisely the same idea" (Marsh): *e. g.* fairy tale or terminological inexactitude for untruth.

Litotes emphasises the affirmative by means of the negative, a negative adjective or adverb being used with a word denoting the opposite quality or state of the one to be emphasised.

I am a citizen of no mean city.

Onomatopœia is an attempt to represent in the sound of a word the thing signified, *e. g.* cuckoo, whizz-bang. A much more subtle and artistic effect is produced when, by means of rhythm, an idea, action or mood is not imitated but suggested.

They, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected; oft they assayed,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws,
With soot and cinders filled.

More obvious is the following—

The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum!

EXERCISES

1. Point out and name the figures of speech in the following sentences—

(*a*) This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

(*b*) Oh, lightly did I flee when hoyden May threw
Her wild mantle on the hawthorn tree.

(*c*) When from the hills of Gwent I saw the earth
Burned into two by Severn's silver flood.

(*d*) The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate.

(*e*) One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

(*f*) By Heavens, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.

(*g*) Sinks the drawbridge—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen.

(*h*) End of the world? Ay, and the end of a joke.

(*i*) Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

(*j*) Awake! For Morning in the Bowl of Night,
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! The Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

(*k*) But right ahead the great North-east sends up evermore his grey, brindled dawn; from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and galaxies; street-lamps of the city of God. The universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levée of the Great High King. Thou, poor Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with its Levées, and France, and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog-hutch—occasionally growing rabid.

(*l*) No mercenary soldier was he.

(*m*) And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties, that were born

In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.

(*n*) O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*

(*o*) Your friends are not beautiful: they are only decorated. They are not clean: they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified: they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pew-renters. They are not moral: they are only conventional.

(*p*) You have to climb higher in the profession before you can taste the laurels that crown the footprints of the great captains of industry.

(*q*) —Fellow-creatures . . . whom black Necessity and Tinville have clutched.

(*r*) A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance.

(*s*) Fèrand's bloody head goes on a pike. Such a game has begun. . . .

(*t*) Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

2. Point out the metaphors in the following passages—

(*a*) The generations pass away swiftly enough on the high seas of life; more swiftly still in the little bubbling backwater of the quadrangle; so that we see there, on a scale startlingly diminished, the flight of time and the succession of men. I looked for my name the other day

in last year's case-book of the Speculative. Naturally enough I looked for it near the end; it was not there, nor yet in the next column, so that I began to think it had been dropped at press; and when at last I found it, mounted on the shoulders of so many successors, and looking in that posture like the name of a man of ninety, I was conscious of some of the dignity of years.

(*b*) Up we flew,
Sheer through the shining air, far past the sun's
Broad, blazing disk;—past where the great, great snake
Binds in his bright coil half the host of heaven;—
Past that great sickle saved for one day's work
When he who sowed shall reap creation's field;—
Past those bright diademed orbs which show to man
His crown to come; up through the starry strings
Of that high harp close by the feet of God,
Which he, methought, took up and struck, till heaven
In love's immortal madness rang and reeled;
The stars fell on their faces, and far off
The wild world halted, shook his burning mane,
Then, like a fresh-blown trumpet-blast, went on,
Or like a god gone mad.

(*c*) This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.

3. Express literally the meaning underlying the metaphors in the following sentences—

(*a*) Two days after the purchase the honey had been sucked (said of a book).

(*b*) Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favourite dish.

(*c*) He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.

(*d*) A mixture of falsehood (that is, with truth) is like alloy in coin of gold and silver; which maketh the metal work the better but it embaseth it.

(*e*) Too many cooks spoil the broth.

(*f*) This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow and blue; the mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy are its decorations, its curtains and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale are its unhired minstrels and musicians.

4. Distinguish between simile and comparison in the following sentences—

(*a*) The well into which he was looking was as ancient as the village itself, and from his present position appeared as a long circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivering water.

(*b*) Her masts were white with rags of tattered sail,
Many as gannets when the fish are due.

(*c*) Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus.

(*d*) For though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky like a toad's; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones.

(*e*) The elephants poured into the stockade like boulders in a landslide.

5. Show the relation between simile, metaphor, parable and allegory.

6. Comment on the appropriateness of the figures used in the following sentences—

(*a*) I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece.

(*b*) The scarlet berries in the hedge stood out like revelations.

(*c*) The white saucer like some full moon descends at last from the clouds of the table above ("Milk for the Cat").

(*d*) The book was heralded as the germ, the dawn of a new vein of literature.

(*e*) The scythe of Time is slowly sweeping towards them, and will very soon extirpate the whole miserable tribe.

(*f*) One has often heard in lightly spoken tones of the commercial possibilities of producing alcohol from potatoes. The report ruthlessly knocks this on the head.

(*g*) The sun has long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

(*h*) Let me tell you first about these barnacles that clog the wheels of society by poisoning the springs of rectitude with their upas-like eye.

7. What is the purpose of the metaphor in the following extract?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems

with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity.

8. Imitate Jotham's parable of the trees choosing a king (Judges ix. 7–15), but substitute birds or animals for trees.

9. Point out the similes and metaphors in the following extract and comment on their individual and their collective appropriateness—

These things are doubtless: yet in truth we've had
Strange thunders from the potency of song;
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly clubs, the Poets Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half slumb'ring on its own right arm.
The very archings of her eyelids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey,
And still she governs with the mildest sway:
But strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs

And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

10. Compare and contrast with regard to unity of conception and harmony of treatment the style of the extract quoted in Question 9 with that of the following—

Leave them, O muse! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute;
For lo! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well; let faint lipp'd shells,
On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surpris'd.

11. Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

With this stanza as a model, compose others, introducing the last line of each with the preposition "like."

CHAPTER III

MENTAL PICTURES

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare was a young man when he wrote these words in which he sums up his poetic theory. He seems to echo them in *The Tempest*, one of his last plays—

The baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.
We are such stuff as dreams are made on.

The poet is " of imagination all compact "; with his " inward eye " he sweeps the universe, gleans its secrets and reveals them in a form we can comprehend and admire. Its external beauties he paints for us in unfading colours, singling out with rare insight essential elements, and leaving us to fill in the picture from our own imagination. Read this poem of Shakespeare—

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
Tu-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
Tu-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

This is not merely a country scene in winter; it is Winter itself. What a different picture from those with which we are familiar in magazines and Christmas cards with their inevitable snow-clad roofs, robins and yule logs! This is just where the poems of the pen excel those of the brush. The painter tends to limit the imagination, the poet prompts it to act for itself.

Would two painters give the same representation of this grand chaotic vision

I have bedimm'd
The noon-day sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war; to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art.

Had Saint-Saëns this passage in mind when he composed *Danse Macabre?*

Ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

But we may leave Shakespeare, whose works are an unending gallery of mental pictures. This picture from Keats may be objected to by some for its domestic associations, but its charm and naturalness will not be denied.

From every side they (Cupids) hurried in,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling overhead their little fists
In backward yawns.

When the mad King Lear is wandering on the heath, Edgar sings, "Child Roland to the dark tower came." In the play our eyes are directed to the miserable king and his faithful friends, who, in their ravings, are one with the elements. Browning, in his poem, describes how Roland came to the tower, and dwells on the scene passed through. Never was depicted such revolting desolation—

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud,
Which underneath looked kneaded up with blood.
One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there.

Tennyson, in whose poetry may be found the landmarks of his age, an age of industrial expansion and scientific discovery, in his vision of the world,

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

It must not be thought that the poet's claim to high rank lies merely in his power to paint scenes, whether ideal or real. Far greater is he who in a word, phrase or sentence can unfold the wide realms of romance—

> Magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn;

or flash upon us a scene with lightning brilliance and speed, as Coleridge in the "Ancient Mariner" describes a tropical nightfall, where there is no twilight—

> The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark;

or Tennyson—

> The bright death quivered at the victim's throat,
> Touch'd: and I knew no more.

More subdued is (of twilight)—

> Three crests against the saffron sky
> Beyond the purple plain.

He may in one inevitable and untranslatable word reveal the dominant emotion—

> Freeze, freeze, thou *bitter* sky,

or characteristic appearance (sea viewed from the top of a cliff)—

> The *wrinkled* sea beneath him *crawls*.

Poets, too, give to homely and commonplace words picturesque and vivid beauty.

> Beaded bubbles *winking* at the brim.

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> *Flatter* the mountain tops with sovereign eye.

Sometimes they will compass in a vivid picture a great idea—

> The years like great black oxen tread the world
> And God the herdsman goads them on behind.

Browning sums up his philosophy thus—

> I find earth not grey, but rosy,
> Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
> Do I stoop? I pick a posy.
> Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

The essence of the theory of conservation of matter is distilled into two lines :

> From his ashes shall be made
> The violet of his native land.

Poetry deals in pictures, and if we do not see them the fault is in us. The poet paints the picture for us, and we must do our share in assisting the imagintion, which will become lazy and useless if given nothing to do. We should deliberately pause to contemplate the mental picture whenever one is presented. By so doing, the practice will become an unconscious habit, and literature will become a glorious pageant.

EXERCISES

1. Subjects for debate:

(*a*) Pictorial illustrations of fiction are not desirable.

(*b*) Poetry makes a greater imaginative appeal than painting.

(*c*) (Scenery for public dramatic performances was introduced during the reign of Charles II. Shakespeare's plays were performed with little scenery and few "properties." And they were popular.) Modern scenery is not necessary to the enjoyment of a play of Shakespeare.

2. The following line gives a striking picture. Can you find any fault with it?

God's hand has scooped the hollow of the world.

3. Compare these two pictures in regard to (1) pictorial effect, (2) imaginative appeal.

(*a*) Upon Westminster Bridge, 1802.

The City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open to the fields, and to the sky—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

(*b*) As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
Mutter'd, like tempest in the distance brew'd,
To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.

4. Paint this scene—

Three crests against the saffron sky
Beyond the purple plain.

5. What is described here?

Still as the holy of holies breathes the vast,
Within its crystal depth the stars grow dim.

What noun is understood in "vast"?

6. Comment on the second line—

Revealing—as the skies unfold—
A star without a stain.

7. Which do you consider to be the most striking words in the following quotations?

(*a*) Behind the valley, topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning.

(*b*) The rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea.

(*c*) Tiger, tiger, burning bright.

8. With "When icicles hang by the wall" as a model, compose a poem entitled "Spring." Do not use the word Spring.

9. What is described in the following lines?

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

10. Describe a star, without mentioning what you are describing.

CHAPTER IV

QUALITIES AND FAULTS OF STYLE

In the obvious fact that there are more ways than one of saying the same thing, though not *exactly* the same thing, lies one of the fundamental principles of art, namely, selection; for if there be no room or occasion for selection there is no call upon judgment and no means of expressing personality; in a word, there is no art. Furthermore, the wider the choice is, the greater is the need to use judgment—it is easier to select the best of three than the best of three hundred—and the greater are the achievements possible. For instance, the compiler of a book of reference has little room for choice because he is limited by conditions of utility and convenience. He must be clear and concise, and must arrange his facts on the plan most convenient for reference. He may have to bring to his task much labour and skill, but he will bring little or no artistic judgment. His work will not rank as literature, but, to quote Charles Lamb, as *biblion a-biblion*, a book which is no book, and it will be judged only according to its usefulness. But the writer who attempts not merely to record facts and ideas for their own value, but also to express them in a manner that will please and satisfy taste, attempts a much more exacting task, for he

is guided, not by the cut-and-dried rules of utility, but by the abstract laws of artistic judgment. He is much more than a purveyor of information; he is an artist expressing his ideas in language, as the sculptor does in marble or bronze. He does not compile a book of reference, he creates, in a greater or less degree, a work of art, "a thing of beauty"; and that quality, without which it would not be a thing of beauty, is called style.

Style is so subtle and elusive a quality that it cannot be defined in precise terms. Many definitions have been attempted, but like those of poetry they tell us little, they are too vague, too comprehensive, or too narrow. All, however, agree that style, in the best sense of the word, is not a matter of technique, of skill in applying mechanical rules, but that it is personality: it is the man revealed in the medium of his art. Fully comprehended, this definition includes all that is meant by style. We speak of one man as having personality and of another as having no personality. The former is one who takes the raw material of life, knowledge, and experience, and passes it through the crucible of his personality and transmutes it into something which is new, individual, and *characteristic*. The latter is commonplace and does or says nothing to mark him off from his fellows. So it is with the author. The commonplace mind finds commonplace expression which may be simple, clear, homely, racy, diffuse, and so on, but is undistinguished by any inherent personality. The satires of Dryden, the essays of Lamb, the novels of Meredith, and the plays of Shaw at once impress us with the strength and originality of the minds that conceived

them; for as J. A. Symonds says, "The work of art produced by a writer is of necessity complexioned and determined by the inborn and acquired faculties of the individual." Style, then, depends upon both material and manner. "Style is the image not only of the author's subject but of his mind." (Newman).

It is beyond the scope of this work to attempt to answer the question, how far style is personal, how far impersonal. Its purpose is to show that style is an imperishable and inevitable quality of art, to describe some of its most important attributes and to give some instruction in the technique of composition. We may observe, however, that some writers reveal more of themselves than others do and that some literary forms, notably the lyric and the essay, are more appropriate than others to the personal style. The impersonal style is well suited to historical, scientific, and philosophical works, in which exact and clear statement is the first essential. The drama and the epic are also impersonal, but only in so far as the writer is able to keep his personality in the background. He cannot do it completely; the Shakespeare of *Romeo and Juliet* is a different man from the Shakespeare of *The Tempest*, and *Paradise Lost* would have been different in style if it had been written by Blake. The novel may be as impersonal as the drama or as personal as the essay. Here Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë will come to mind. And as a further illustration that no creative work is entirely impersonal we may compare *Quentin Durward*, *Henry Esmond*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Of the prose forms, the essay is the most personal. No writer

has more endeared himself to the heart of the cultured reader than Charles Lamb. Apart from his use of parentheses and of obscure words, there is nothing remarkable in his use of the mechanical means of expression; indeed, it would scarcely be wrong to say that his disregard of rhetorical devices is one of the features of his style. But he was a lovable man, noble, loyal, unselfish, frolicsome, moody, and he is to be found in his essays, *The Essays of Elia*, every line of which reveals something of his charming personality and wise mind. Stevenson is another who is ever and again revealing himself, giving us glimpses of his delights, his whims, his romantic spirit, his splendid fortitude, and "something of the Shorter Catechist." Self-revealing but not in the same intimate and confiding manner are De Quincey and Pater. The style of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold is individual rather than personal. Individual, too, are many writers of to-day—Kipling, Chesterton, Belloc, Conrad, Barrie, Buchan, Masefield, Shaw, to mention only a few. Nothing would be gained by labelling these writers or by extending the list. An appreciation of style is a sure indication of literary taste, which can be acquired only by reading good authors. Read good authors, and taste "will come uncalled for."

It is clear from what has been said above that there is no such thing as style apart from matter. They are inseparable. A writer does not put his material together and then proceed to "put on the style." His style depends upon his knowledge, temperament, and purpose, and harmonises with them. This does not mean that he does not revise and correct his work.

It is often necessary to do so, but if revision is carried so far that expression does not correspond with thought and emotion, then his style will be laboured, artificial, bombastic, flat, or affected, and affectation and insincerity are as undesirable and as reprehensible in writing as in conduct. "Manners makyth man," and "style is the man."

It is possible, however, to discuss style apart from subject-matter, and to describe and illustrate its qualities. These may be dealt according as they appeal primarily (1) to the understanding, (2) to the feelings, (3) to the taste or judgment.

1. INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES OF STYLE

CLEARNESS, PERSPICUITY, LUCIDITY.

Clearness, the first essential of good writing, is the quality in virtue of which the writer's meaning is easily understood. It requires the writer to be as simple as the nature of his subject will allow, to observe the principles of purity, propriety, and precision and to avoid ambiguity, confusion, obscurity, and vagueness.

(*a*) *Simplicity* means being easily understood, and implies plainness and freedom from obscurity and from difficult and unusual forms of expression. It depends partly upon the words used, partly upon structure, and partly upon the nature of the subject.

The words used may be familiar but the meaning is obscure:

> For goodness growing to a plurisy,
> Dies in his own too-much. That we would do
> We should do when we would.—*Hamlet.*

In this sentence less familiar words would render the meaning simpler. In the following sentence the structure is not involved or in any way abnormal, but the style is not simple because more familiar words might have been used:

(A net is) anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.—Johnson's Dictionary.

(Try to define the word in simple and exact terms.)

On the contrary, he avowed with the greatest openness that the Nabob's bounty had *raised him to affluence.*—MACAULAY.

(*b*) *Purity* requires the good use of only such words, idioms, and constructions as are acknowledged to belong to standard speech and as are sanctioned by the usage of the best authors of the day.

The standard of grammatical purity is to be found approximately in good use . . . That use alone is good which . . . is national, as opposed to provincial and technical; reputable, as sanctioned by the best authors; and present, as opposed to what is obsolete.—H. N. DAY.*

Purity rejects the use of

Barbarisms—obsolete words, errors in etymology, foreign words and phrases, newly coined words (neologisms):

As the car oxen *drave* round.—CROCKETT.
As for you and *I*, we had better wait.
There is a *cachet* of thoughtfulness about these poems.
For the smallest life is made up of *innumerous* duties.

* Quoted in *English Grammar and Composition*, A. M. Williams.

Colloquialisms—expressions allowed in conversation or written dialogue but avoided by good authors:

The spectators grinned *to a man* to see him *stick to his guns* with such determination. This was *the real thing.*

Provincialisms—"expressions peculiar to a province or to a limited region or people as distinguished from the literary language of the whole people."—Imperial Dictionary.

Queen Victoria reigned from 1837 *till* 1901 (Scotticism).

Slang, vulgarisms—undignified, unliterary, or coarse expressions:

The other *chaps* affected the latest style and voted her *top notch.*

I thought I should vex him by taking such liberties with his *conk.*—DE QUINCEY.

Solecisms—expressions which do not obey the rules of grammar or the idiom of language:

Neither of us *are* wanted. Mr. Smith *he* won't know.

Technical terms—those limited to the arts, sciences, crafts, trades, or professions, and therefore not generally understood:

Christina may be adrenal cortex centred and so masculinoid.

(*c*) *Precision* requires that a writer's words shall convey his meaning exactly and no more and no less than he intends them to convey: *e. g.* he will not use "answer" when "reply" is the right word, or "enough" as the equivalent of "sufficient." He will avoid—

(i) *Ambiguity,* by reason of which his words are capable of a double meaning:

Then he made each of them swear allegiance to him whether he held land from an intermediate lord or not.

(ii) *Confusion, obscurity, vagueness,* so that his meaning may be easily and clearly understood:

It is very *nice* to hear of such brave *things* being done.

But here is another Aristotle, out in the open of the Mediterranean, dredging, dissecting, and watching—getting in ahead of Cuvier, who contradicted him and was wrong—altogether as engaging and fascinating a chapter as any of Frank Buckland!—*Daily News.*

(*d*) *Propriety* requires that the words and phrases shall be appropriate in regard to both meaning and use:

Such a work is *disgusting* to every reader of correct taste.

Distasteful is meant; disgusting in this sense is obsolete.

The team will appear as selected, except for the full-back, whose *defection* owing to injury is to be regretted.

Defection implies cowardice or treachery.

"Pick'd" instead of "pluck'd" in the following quotation would be an impropriety:

> "When I have pluck'd thy rose,
> I cannot give it vital growth again."—*Othello.*

Though an author's language may be clear, simple, and exact, his sentences or paragraphs may fail to leave a clear impression because he has neglected the rule of unity. This requires all incongruous or irrelevant matter to be excluded or transferred to another sentence or paragraph. A sentence should express one thought, a paragraph deal with one theme. In a complex sentence, the subject of the various clauses should remain the same as far as possible, so that the sentence as a whole might "grow to a point," to a centre of interest. "After *we* came to anchor *they* put me ashore, where *I* was welcomed by my friends, *who* warmly greeted me" (Blair). The

person "I" is the central figure of this scene and therefore should be kept in the foreground by making "I" the grammatical subject wherever possible. In the following version there are two different grammatical subjects instead of the four in the original: "After we came to anchor, I was put ashore, where I was welcomed and warmly greeted by my friends." Incongruous ideas should not be brought together into the same sentence: "Innocent IV did not survive him long, and there is a remarkable story of the commencement of his last illness."

An afterthought or a qualification joined loosely to the end of a sentence should either be omitted or fitted into the structure of the sentence so that its symmetry is not destroyed:

With these writings young divines are more conversant than with Demosthenes, who by many degrees excelled the others; at least, as an orator (who, at least, etc.).

The uncalled-for digression in the following paragraph is doubly a fault, for it not only distracts the mind from the subject of the hero's fight, but also checks the excitement when the author is really trying to excite:

"Time is up," cried another boy . . . He began to count, one, two, three—but before the "three" was out of his mouth, I was facing my foe, with both hands, and my breath going rough and hot and resolved to wait the turn of it. For I had found a seat on the knee of a boy, safe and skilled to tutor me, who knew how much the end very often differs from the beginning. A rare ripe scholar he was, and now he hath routed up the Germans in the matter of criticism. Sure the clever boys and men have most love towards the stupid ones."—*Lorna Doone.*

(Examine this extract for other faults.)

2. EMOTIONAL QUALITIES

STRENGTH, FORCE, IMPRESSIVENESS.

Style may be clear and yet not be impressive. It may awaken the reader's interest but fail to hold his attention. If a writer wishes to impress, he must pay heed to the rule of variety, so that he will not weary his reader with monotony; to emphasis, so that the important will stand out clear from the less important; and to figures of rhetoric, so that his reader's imagination and feelings may be stirred.

(*a*) *Emphasis.*

By position: The emphatic positions in a sentence are the beginning and the end, and a word or phrase may be given greater emphasis by its being taken from its normal position and placed in one of these:

Piquet she held the best game at cards for two persons. —LAMB.

To these puny objectors against cards . . . she would retort that man is a gaming animal.—LAMB.

Innumerable are the ways which they take.—LAMB.

Another parable put he forth unto them.—*New Testament.*

By using "It is" or "It was":

It is not pomp or pretension that clinches a writer's meaning.—HAZLITT.

By using correlatives: both . . . and; not only . . . but also; neither . . . nor; here . . . there, etc. Observe the different degrees of emphasis in the three sentences following: (1) He was a singer and a composer. (2) He was both a singer and a composer. (3) He was not only a singer but also a composer.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so is it the more dangerous extreme.—HUME.

By repetition:

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty to feel, think, do just as one pleases.—HAZLITT.

Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance diminished to the size of the understanding.—HAZLITT.

By using a recapitulatory word: Sometimes a number of statements is summed up in a single word, such as this, that, such:

But this basis was enough for him as an artist; to have seen Beatrice two or three times, to have felt her beauty, her charm, to have had the emotion of her marriage, her death—this was enough.—ARNOLD.

By balanced constructions: The above sentence illustrates yet another form of repetition, namely, *the balanced sentence or phrase*; for when two or more constructions, similar in form and expressing ideas of equivalent value, are arranged so that they appear to run parallel, they are said to be balanced:

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.—*New Testament.*

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be.—RUSKIN.

By antithesis: The balanced sentence is often employed to give point to antithesis:

If they (the Puritans) were unacquainted with the works of the philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of the 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.—MACAULAY.

By exclamation, interrogation:

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space, which he occupied so lately in his own, in the family's eye?—LAMB.

(*b*) *Variety.*

The principle of variety must be observed if the reader's interest is to be kept alive and his mind fresh and alert, and care must be taken to avoid wearisome monotony on the one hand and exhausting over-emphasis on the other.

In the word:

The rule of variety requires us to avoid the unnecessary repetition of a word. Substitution can be justified only by the necessity of emphasis, clearness, or rhythm. Anything in the nature of "elegant" variation is to be condemned:

M—— cleared, and with a clever cross-kick sent the ball over in the direction of L——, but the wind carried the *leather* into touch before the *Scottish flier* could gather it.

In this sentence "leather" and "Scottish flier" are necessary neither to emphasis nor to clearness—"it" and "he" are sufficient and therefore better style.

In the sentence:

A writer may vary not only the order of words in the sentence, as illustrated in the section on emphasis, but also the length and structure of his sentences. Short sentences contribute to clearness and energy, long ones to dignity and harmony. The excessive use of the one leads to monotony and over-emphasis, and of the other to heaviness and incoherence.

The following paragraph, consisting entirely of short simple sentences, describes a scene which, though perhaps vivacious, is neither exciting nor excited, so that short vigorous sentences are out of keeping with it:

Costly wines were on the table. Silver and cut glass of Venice sparkled on the spotless cloth. Silent-sandalled lay brethren of the Order waited on the Prior and his guests. Course after course was brought in, discussed and removed. The Abbot, Don Baltasar Varela, himself ate little. He watched the guests' "appetites," however, with manifest interest and directed the servitors with almost imperceptible movements of his hand. He appeared to favour each one of the three equally.—CROCKETT.

Examples of the long, involved sentence may be found in the works of the great prose writers of the seventeenth century and in De Quincey and Ruskin, who, intent upon majestic rhythm and volume of sound, recall the harmonious periods of Sir Thomas Browne and Milton.

Sentence-structure is of two kinds, *loose* and *periodic*. In the former, at least one stop may be made before the end is reached; in the latter, neither the sense nor the grammatical structure is complete until the end: "When we asked our friends how they came to feel as they did, they had little to say," is periodic; written, "Our friends had little to say when," etc., it is loose.

The loose sentence is best suited to narration and description, in which we pass rapidly from point to point and do not wish to be encumbered with much mental luggage. We are free to disregard what is gone, for it is not indispensable to the understanding of what is to come. In the periodic sentence the full

meaning is not revealed until the last word or phrase is reached, for this is the key to the whole sentence. The periodic sentence thus keeps the reader in suspense, imposes on him a certain demand, and compels his co-operation. Dignified in movement, it is hardly suitable for trivial matter. The loose sentence is more conversational and familiar in its effect. Its structure, unlike that of the periodic, does not need to be planned—though the careful writer will always plan it—so that the end may be seen in the beginning. The main idea is stated, and subordinate ideas and details are added as they occur to the mind. The loose sentence gives rapidity but tends to become incoherent and unemphatic; the periodic holds the attention and is dignified but tends to become pompous. The following sentence illustrates the danger that the loose sentence offers of becoming slovenly:

But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserly old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my quality, who lay under the same confinement.—ADDISON.

In the paragraph:

The skilful writer will divide his work up into paragraphs of such length that the mind is not overburdened, or confused; in other words, he will parcel out his thoughts in such a way as to be easily carried. Each paragraph is a complete subdivision of his thought, a unit of the whole structure. Its length will vary with the nature and importance of its topic, and its structure will obey the rules of unity, variety, and order; that is, unity of thought,

variety of sentence structure, order of ideas. Variety of paragraph structure depends almost entirely upon variety of sentence structure. The paragraph may open with a topic sentence or end with a summary sentence, or it may contain both or neither. Apart from this, structure is a matter of s ntence-length and arrangement.

(For examples of paragraph structure see exercises.)

(*c*) *Picturesqueness or Appeal to the Imagination.*

An author in order to impress sometimes appeals to the imagination by using certain figures of speech by means of which he presents to the mind a vivid picture. They have been dealt with in Chapters II and III, to which the reader is referred.

Picturesqueness is not a figure of speech, but a quality of style, in virtue of which an object or scene is so clearly described that it appears before the mind with the vividness of reality:

"We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows."—JOSEPH CONRAD.

The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether. I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones.—STEVENSON.

It will be observed that the language in both these extracts is perfectly plain and simple; there is not a single figure of speech except the metaphor "talk."

Pictorial is not synonymous with picturesque.

The *pictorial* style is more ornate, more figurative, and when overdone becomes *florid.* The picturesque style is always clear, the pictorial may become confused owing to excess of ornament.

Along all its ridges stand the dark masses of innumerable pines, taking no part in its gladness; asserting themselves for ever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black network and motionless fringes against the blanched blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness.—RUSKIN.

All impressive language touches the emotions to a greater or less degree. But sometimes a writer makes a direct appeal to them by means of humor, pathos, irony, exhortation, denunciation, or ridicule, and in doing so may make use of such figures of speech as exclamation, apostrophe, hyperbole, climax, anti-climax, interrogation. They are characteristic of the *rhetorical* style.

(They are described and illustrated in Chapter II. Examples of the rhetorical style will be found in the exercises.)

The author who wishes to be impressive must be careful to avoid certain faults which offend the taste and confuse the mind.

i. *Bombast, Inflation, Turgidity, Rant.*

This fault is a feature of the debased rhetorical style in which language is exaggerated and emotion strained. It consists in the immoderate use of hyperbole, metaphor, apostrophe, exclamation, interrogation.

In the following extract from *Hamlet*, the first speech is in character, the second burlesques it:

Laertes (*leaps into the grave*).
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T'o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus . . .
Hamlet. Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

The bombastic style is parodied by Shakespeare in the speech of Pistol and by Dickens in the homilies of Chadband.

ii. *Verbosity.*

Verbosity is the use of too many words—that is, of words which may be omitted without affecting the sense. It takes the form of Tautology, Redundancy or Pleonasm, Prolixity, Circumlocution, Diffuseness.

(*a*) *Tautology:* the use in the same construction of two or more words or phrases of similar meaning: *e. g.* two nouns, two adjectives, etc.

It is certain that the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of *savages* and *barbarians.*—ADDISON.

Tautology may be justified when it is used for the sake of emphasis or rhythm.

He is every day soliciting me for something on behalf of one or other of my *tenants*, his *parishioners.*—ADDISON.

No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnidine,
Making the green one red.—Macbeth.

Stress and strain, neck and crop, let or hindrance, etc., are tautological expressions justified by usage.

(*b*) *Redundancy, Pleonasm:* the needless repetition of an idea by means of a word or words in a dissimilar construction:

I looked *back* with regret upon the *retrospect* of my past life.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, *without engaging his assent to one side or the other.*—ADDISON.

(*c*) *Prolixity:* the use of unimportant and superfluous details:

Our captain sold them good pennyworths, and they delivered us sixteen barrels of powder, twelve small rundlets of fine powder for our small arms, sixty muskets, and twelve fusees for the officers; seventeen tons of cannon-ball, fifteen barrels of musket-bullets, with some swords, and twenty good pair of pistols. Besides this they brought thirteen butts ofwine, also sixteen puncheons of brandy, with twelve barrels of raisins, and twenty chests of lemons: all which were paid for in English goods; and over and above, the captain received six hundred pieces of eight in money.—DEFOE.

(*d*) *Circumlocution:* roundabout expressions, the use of many words when few would serve the purpose.

Dickens provides us with a very humorous burlesque of the circumlocutory style:

"I am under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road,—in short," said Mr. Micawber

in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself. I shall be happy to call this evening, and instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

Your treatise on poetry *has been an influence in* every European literature. (has influenced.)

The chief factor consists in the attempts *which are being made by the Socialist party* to increase their hold upon the local administrative system. (of the Socialist party.)

Circumlocution, however, is justified when it is successfully used for the sake of impressiveness or rhythm:

He quitted for the last time *the country on whose destinies he had exercised so mighty an influence* (India).—MACAULAY.

(*e*) *Diffuseness* is the antonym of brevity. It consists in the use of repetitions, descriptions, illustrations, amplifications, comparisons, explanations, and other means of making the meaning clear and the thought impressive. What the diffuse writer has to guard against is the danger of confusing his meaning by an excess of what is intended to be elucidation, and thereby weakening the impressiveness of his thought:

We have always thought it strange that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt whether one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the battle of Buxar, who perpetrated the Massacre of Patna, whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Yet the victories of Cortes were gained over savages who had no letters, who were ignorant of the use

of metals, who had not broken in a single animal to labour, who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bones, who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast, who took a harquebusier for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were at the same time quite as highly civilised as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the Cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected, that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only insipid but positively distasteful.—MACAULAY.

This is a good example of the diffuse style. First a general statement of the topic; repetition in another form in the two following sentences; a comparison of the two empires supporting the statement "We thought it strange." The comparison is continued and becomes a description: the natural conclusion to be drawn from this comparison is a reason for topic statement.

Mr. Max Beerbohm in the following sentence, one of many suggested variants, wittily parodies the diffuse style so dear to the pompous leader-writer. The journalist is required to report that Lord Rosebery has made a paradox.

Lord Rosebery, whether intentionally or otherwise we leave our readers to decide, has made himself responsible for a dictum which we have little hesitation in declaring is not very far removed from the paradoxical.—*And Yet Again.*

Brevity is the antonym of verbosity and consists in the use of the smallest number of words compatible with clearness. The writer of the concise style strives to impress by means of clean, telling strokes. He can less afford to make mistakes than the diffuse writer. His material is more concentrated, compact, and his tools keener-edged. The diffuse writer has an abundance of expansions to fall back upon; the concise writer has none. For brevity to be effective, then, the meaning must be perfectly free from obscurity and the expression from clumsiness, or, stated briefly, the expression must be neat and the meaning clear. Some of the devices by means of which brevity is achieved are:

(*a*) The use of an abstract noun for a phrase or clause:

He had quelled the *opposition* of the Civil Service (the efforts with which the servants of the Government opposed him).

(*b*) By substituting one part of speech for another:

He leapt over the *garden* wall (wall built around the garden).

(*c*) By compounding two or more words:

The *white-capped* chef (the chef who was wearing a white cap).

(*d*) By the use of a prefix:

The Government decided to *de*control butter.

(*e*) By substituting a word for a phrase or a clause, or a phrase for a clause :

We look to *Westminster* to give us the lead (implying Cabinet—party in power—Houses of Parliament, etc.).

The *Bonomi* ministry (which was formed by Signor Bonomi).

Thwarted in his efforts, he changed his tactics (because he was thwarted).

The *then* reigning monarch (who was reigning at that time). (This use of the adverb is, of course, very inelegant.)

Endowed school, *gifted* writer, *lost* cause.

(*f*) By using metaphor, metonymy, transferred epithet, etc. : *v.* Chapter II.

3. APPEAL TO THE TASTE: ÆSTHETIC QUALITIES

It must be understood that the qualities described under this head do not appeal to the taste alone. Matter and manner are inseparable and what does not satisfy the understanding cannot satisfy taste.

(*a*) *Elegance, Grace.*—Elegance depends upon propriety of diction combined with graceful rhythm; coarse words, harsh sounds, and jingles must be avoided. It is not to be confused with "fine" writing, which is mere affectation. Described by Johnson as the middle style, it comes between the familiar and the sublime :

Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside of, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no forests know of, birds that no woodland possesses. She makes and unmakes many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread. Hers are the "forms more real than living man," and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies.—WILDE.

The following sentences are inelegant:

But if you are still in the grip of the world, *at least respect its institutions.*—G. B. SHAW.

It is a great and *stirring thing* to see ten thousand people *sitting* and *standing* under the sway of his *amazing* power.

Need I explain that the learned *medico put his conscience in his pocket.*—M. CORELLI.

(*b*) *Sublimity* is the highest and most impressive quality of literature. It demands noble thought, sustained emotion, elevated language, and harmony of sound:

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker?—*Book of Job.*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

(*c*) *Rhythm* and *Harmony* have been mentioned as essential qualities of the elegant and the sublime styles. Verse rhythm has been dealt with in Chapter I. There it has been shown to depend upon the regular recurrence of the metrical stress, *e. g.*:

The cúrfew tólls the knéll of párting dáy.

In prose, however, anything suggesting the regularity of metre is a breach of good taste:

A yoúng anacónda was foúnd in a búnch of banánas at Brístol on Mónday.—*Daily Mail.*

Moór and híghland, fiéld and cómmon, clíff and vále and wátercoúrse, óver áll the rólling fólds of místy whíte were hóvering.—*Lorna Doone.*

Though alliteration and assonance are often used with impressive effect in prose, rhyme must be avoided:

The thief *attempted* to *empty* his pocket.

Prose-rhythm is based upon the principle of unity in diversity. It depends upon the intervals of sound between the pauses determined by the sense. The sentences are thus separated into units of movement and sound, consisting of words, phrases, or clauses, each of which is spoken without a break. If these units are so arranged that the voice moves easily from one to another, the composition is rhythmic. Its rhythm varies according to thought and emotion. In prose of a rhetorical nature the units and the order in which they occur will often be found to be based upon some symmetrical scheme in which one unit is repeated (parallelism), or is balanced against another (balance), or causes the voice to sink (cadence).

In the following passages from Burke, the units of movement and sound have been arranged with a view to making the above remarks clear:

The unbought grace of life,
the cheap defence of nations,
the nurse of manly sentiment,
and heroic enterprise,
is gone!

(ii) Lucius brought a document which he found in Brutus' private room to Brutus.

(iii) News may now travel from countries which are separated from us by sea very quickly.

(iv) It is an easy matter to connect a piston to the wheels which is pushed forward by means of steam.

(v) It has been known for a dog to die, when left by its master, of grief over his loss.

(vi) Many papers are published weekly for boys which contain many wild tales.

5. (i) He gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars.—ADDISON.

(ii) He sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees to count the congregation.—ADDISON.

(iii) Every now and then he enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do.—ADDISON.

(iv) My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it in all shapes.—ADDISON.

(v) He had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.—ADDISON.

6. (i) In short there was an attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which was derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good humour, with sprightly looks, and a handsome face and person. —SCOTT.

(ii) It is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathises, and for whom chiefly age and affection feel affectionate interest.—SCOTT.

(iii) Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap, much depressed upon the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out.—SCOTT.

(iv) Looking straight along the wall, the turret of Quentin was opposite to another turret.—SCOTT.

(v) Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had occurred to Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies.—SCOTT.

7. (i) He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life.—SCOTT.

(ii) Life, death, time and eternity, were swimming before

his eyes—a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have bore up.—SCOTT.

(iii) " Bois Guilbert ? " said Cedric still in the musing, half-arguing tone which resembled a man who talks to himself rather than to those around him.—SCOTT.

(iv) He left the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance, or to lament over his daughter's probable fate, as his personal or parental feelings might prove the strongest.—SCOTT.

(v) A cliff of immense height, entitled Sumburg Head, presents its bare scalp and naked sides to the weight of a tremendous surge, forming the extreme point of the isle. —SCOTT.

8. (i) It has long been entirely deserted, and the vestiges only can be discerned with difficulty.—SCOTT.

(ii) Unsheltered by a wall, it is scarce possible to raise even the most ordinary culinary vegetables.—SCOTT.

(iii) There was so much fiery pride in the stranger's manner, that Sweyn neither stopped to collect the money nor take back his commodity.—SCOTT.

(iv) This maxim was no sooner received but he immediately fell to translating.—ADDISON.

(v) Will Prosper has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper and delights in it.—ADDISON.

(vi) There is seldom anything entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton.—ADDISON.

(vii) When I consider how each of these professions are crowded, I wonder at the humour of parents who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest learning may miscarry.—ADDISON.

9. (i) At this juncture comes one by one those sort of people who made it their business to spirit away children.—DEFOE.

(ii) A master of a ship was the first who brought me to a place not far from Southampton, which I afterwards knew to be Bussleton.—DEFOE.

(iii) They took me and beat me most unmercifully, with a flat stick on the soles of my feet.—DEFOE.

(iv) I began to think of it after a different manner than I did at first.—DEFOE.

(v) My master used all his interest with the captain to have me excused, but could not obtain it.—DEFOE.

10. (i) He always presents the same dishevelled appearance, his toes protruding from his boots and his coat hanging in rags.

(ii) The policeman is not allowed to cuff his assailant upon the face or body, even in self-defence ; he therefore cuffs his wrists with fetters of steel.

(iii) In " The Deserted Village " we have a poem which may be classed among the classics of the English language.

(iv) He wields that influence for the appeasement of differences.

(v) The Society decided to hold a monthly anniversary of the death of its founder.

11. (i) The poet reflects upon whom he imagines lies buried there.

(ii) The districts were without rain sometimes for a month on end.

(iii) Returning with his wife, he was at once followed by messengers ordering them both away.

(iv) He could leap into the saddle in full armour without putting his hand on it.

(v) It was in 1258 that the long-gathering peril began to burst.

12. (i) He did this so that nobody but I saw the file.—DICKENS.

(ii) There was a delicious sense of cleaning up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh in our village on Saturday nights.—DICKENS.

(iii) Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy.—DICKENS.

(iv) He was a boy whom no man could hurt ; an invulnerable and dodging serpent who, when chased into a corner, flew out again between his captor's legs, scornfully yelping.—DICKENS.

(v) There law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck for us, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.—EMERSON.

13. (i) The bishop opened a village institute built entirely by club members in the presence of a large attendance.

(ii) The club is affiliated with the Village Club Association.

(iii) F——, McL——, S——, or M—— will win the title, and the experts cannot decide between the four.

(iv) The typical London clubman will cross cues with a tough little artisan from the North.

(v) The whole dreadful tangle, with its intricate ramifications and implications, is hard to expound and explain.

14. (i) This lapse will result in them being dismissed from the competition.

(ii) Ten minutes before the game was due to commence practically everyone had taken their positions.

(iii) Although he was fond of games and being an active man, he had given them up because he was too busy.

(iv) Richard died in 1253, after a short illness, in which he was attended by his friend Simon, leaving the memory of his peaceful life, much beloved in the diocese, and was shortly afterwards canonised.

(v) We must wait until the convoy of horses has passed, and then make a run, and the other boys would like it.

15. (i) John Fry who kept me from the pump, out he came in a satisfied manner, with a piece of quill in his hand, to lean against the door-post.—BLACKMORE.

(ii) She looked at me no whit abashed, making a baby of me, no doubt, as a woman of thirty will do, even with a very big boy when they catch him on a hayrick.—BLACKMORE.

(iii) Then there came a mellow noise, very low and mournsome, not a sound to be afraid of, but to long to know the meaning of, with a soft rise of the hair.—BLACKMORE.

(iv) My legs began to tremble to and fro upon the horse's sides.—BLACKMORE.

(v) A Welshman told me that it must be something like the thing called " pant " in those parts.—BLACKMORE.

16. (i) We should never come to an end if we tried to review the whole illusory *corpus juris* of roulette.

(ii) One of the real faults of the English character is its *laissez-faire* opportunism.

(iii) He should do for the world what Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Hueffer *et hoc genus omne* have done for America.

(iv) We go back for some two hours *malgré nous* to the spirit of Greek art.

(v) If we compare the details and the *ensemble* with those of Germany and Austria, we are proved by our words.

17. (i) A post-war phase of the enterprise now inaugurated for the benefit of motorists and which is further distinctive is that the Service is free to all users of cars.

(ii) We are not equal to merely re-writing the newspapers in our own whimsical styles.

(iii) Scarcely anything in the book could supersede

Ruskin's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, chosen, I fear, with a touch of malice, which is full of nobility and vision, but it is, oh! how far from being intimate!

(iv) She has attempted more than most novelists would venture.

(v) He has been against her because of the old grandfather clock with its brass face and lacquer case over which ladies from Japan with mushroom-shaped parasols and Eastern blossoms in their ears, with fans and mincing steps and graceful wraps, wandered around a stately pagoda.

18. (i) The driver, with some energy woke up the horse, who had been nodding over a feed-bag, after he had put me into a cab, and finally we started off.

(ii) Lights gleamed from the half-closed shops as we negotiated the torturous curves of the steep road.

(iii) The Royal wedding comes to-day with the joyous promise of spring.

(iv) All the masters of the lyric art commemorated in this sacred nook may be expected to rejoice over the glad renewal of things. The great composers too—will not their shades be stirred by the breath of spring and the strains of music hymeneal?

(v) When I entered the Abbey at half-past ten this morning the contrast between its silence and the animation and commotion of the streets was astounding.

19. (i) The author has lost our estimation, while we have failed to grasp his ideas.

(ii) "Wrafs" mingled with the blazing scarlet of army chiefs.

(iii) Sartorially, too, the close blending of serge or homespuns and purple and fine linen held no incongruous note.

(iv) Facing them were a group of scarlet chairs, as yet unoccupied, reserved for the Royal Family.

(v) Sound as well as movement now animated the scene as the mellow tones of the organ flooded the Abbey spaces with thunder.

(vi) And now the organ music stopped and there was what seemed a long pause, although it only lasted for comparatively few minutes.

(vii) As a parent or guardian of one pupil or more at the High School, I am directed to inform you that the Committee have had under their consideration the question of increasing the fees, in order that they should more nearly

approximate to the cost, which has increased to a large extent, and is bound to further increase in the near future.

20. (i) Gas engines are things that have come into use comparatively recently.

(ii) Electric motors are now used for many things.

(iii) When newspapers were started the news dealing with other countries was received some weeks after they happened.

(iv) When a colliery is flooded they have to use the pumps.

(v) It is very nice to travel in a comfortable railway carriage.

(vi) The Ford car is alright for trade purposes.

(vii) At public elections the results of the elections are put into the newspapers.

(viii) A postal order may be cashed at a post-office for a charge of a small sum.

21. (i) The essay will challenge a good many of our notions by its fundamental propositions, to say nothing of *obiter dicta* dropped by the way.

(ii) Hence the *plebs urbana*, a new type of barbarism, the danger of losing continuity in Western civilization, the déraciné townsman with no social traditions, without the habits and sentiments of the village, but with a huge and even morbid sensibility to pain and discomfort.

(iii) But read on at Mr. Z—— and watch what he says of Thucydides—how different from us, how much more fundamental in his treatment of cynics, even if we English, adepts in self-deception, call all cynics who are more sincere than ourselves in self-deception ; who long ago gave another name to the Prime Minister's " political strategy."

(iv) Paris, Oenone's lover, was asked to decide a beauty competition between three beautiful goddesses.

(v) The first act of the play illustrates the fickleness of the general populace.

22. (i) When I said the full-back had only one foot, I did not mean to be taken, as the French say, *au pied de la lettre*.

(ii) All will admit that the old forward game has survived longest in Scotland, and it has stood and will stand the test of time.

(iii) He knew quite a lot of things other fellows didn't, and, given the proper spur and a right appreciation of his value in the scheme, he was the kind of useful member to make good.

(iv) M——— cleared, and with a clever cross-kick sent

the ball over in the direction of L——, but the wind carried the leather into touch before the Scottish flier could gather it.

(v) The full-back in a long drop saw the ball carried by the wind across the heads of the spectators and through an open window of the Press box, cheers greeting the return of the oval from the sanctum of the Fourth Estate.

(vi) Only one player of the home team—and that was the custodian—was the compeer of his *vis-à-vis*.

(vii) It has wasted the substance of the trade unions upon wild-cat stunts.

(viii) When he caught sight of me, he flashed an angry glare at me, but the glare instantly evaporated when I gave him my explanation.

23. (i) Following it for about a quarter of a mile a mill can be seen, and on one side of it there is a large wheel.

(ii) Then he asked us to come and see his mill, which we gladly accepted.

(iii) The view from where I stood was a valley, which was on three sides covered with guns.

(iv) The castle contained three external walls, each of which had a moat running at the foot of them.

(v) There were three outer walls all battlemented and moats all round them.

(vi) The castle had a grim appearance with dark bricks and covered with soot.

(vii) And now he approached the great city, which lay outstretched before him like a dark shadow on the ground. . . . Approaching nearer and nearer yet, this halo began to fade.—DICKENS.

24. (i) From Monmouth you proceed along the lovely valley of the Wye, growing more beautiful as you proceed.

(ii) Extensive slipways were placed in position to facilitate her removal whenever the tide served, and every possible device, including a vast quantity of grease and vaseline, were provided to make the passage easy.

(iii) One important factor with our modern patrons is found in the congenial and comfortable surroundings of our variety theatres.

(iv) Australia is determined to have a native-built car or at any rate a home-assembled vehicle.

(v) As this is a permanent undertaking, suitable men should have a livelihood that would continue as long as they wish under rather pleasant circumstances.

(vi) If a person walk through the ancient village of Newport they will be struck with an old Welsh mountain.

25. (i) For this reason a ditch is dug to keep out hostile tribes.

(ii) He could be daily seen in his velvet coat and breeches with blue silk stockings by my side.

(iii) " Amen," said Yeo, and many an honest voice joined in that honest compact, and kept it too like men.—KINGSLEY.

(iv) It was a glorious feeling when the screw of the old *Pole Star* began to turn in the water and the big ship moved once more towards England.

(v) There wasn't really very much else to do but talk on board the ship. Most of the sailors and Captain Scott were always busy.

(vi) One good thing, however, the weather was fine, and there were heaps of quiet spots where the boys could discuss their secret.

26. Comment on the use of Repetition in the following :

(i) O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !—2 *Samuel*, chapter xviii.

(ii) The neighbourhoods of Bideford and Boscastle had then to trust to Boscastle and Bideford.—BAGEHOT. (Why is the order inverted ?)

(iii) KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern. QUEEN : Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.—*Hamlet*. (Again, why is the order inverted ?)

(iv) She carries no key ; for though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.—DE QUINCEY.

(v) That some have never dreamed, is as improbable as that some have never laughed. That children dream not the first half-year ; that men dream not in some countries, with many more, are unto me sick men's dreams ; dreams out of the ivory gate, and visions before midnight.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

(vi) Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder, not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unit at all ; yet the noble Italy is actually *one* ; Italy produced its Dante ; Italy can speak !—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(vii) The object of writing is to communicate individuality, the object of style to adequately embody that individuality ; and since in every individuality worth anything there are

characteristic peculiarities, these must needs be reproduced in the embodiment.—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

(viii) It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.—DICKENS.

(ix) Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle.

(x) At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down ; at her feet he bowed, he fell : where he bowed, there he fell down dead. —*Judges*, chapter v.

27. Give the correct meaning of: transpire, mutual, aggravate, nice, condign, demean, envisage, decimate, defection, individual.

28. Master the pronunciation of the following words : vehement, formidable, fanatic, clematis, despicable, hospitable, commandant, diæresis, internecine, superfluous, adversary, inexorable, irrevocable, irreparable, ear, controversy, vagary, circuit, decadent, automaton, condolence, sonorous.

29. The following sentences are by Addison, and show the process passed through from the original to the final form :

(i) For this reason we find the poet always crying up a country life ; where nature is left to herself and appears to the best advantage.

(ii) For this reason we find all fanciful men, and poets in particular, still in love with a country life ; where nature is left to herself and furnishes out all the variety of scenes that are most delightful to the imagination.

(iii) For this reason we always find the poets in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes, that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Examine these three versions ; note what is retained, added, omitted, and altered as the sentence is developed. Compare and contrast them as to sound, rhythm, exactness, emphasis, diction.

30. Show how emphasis is obtained in each of the following passages :

(i) Let him look to his bond : he was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

(ii) And history, while, for the warning of vehement, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose

bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

(iii) Let the reader fancy this fair France with a whole Cimmerian Europe girdling her, rolling in on her, black, to burst in red thunder of War; fair France herself hand-shackled and foot-shackled in the weltering complexities of this Social Clothing, or Constitution, which they have made for her.

(iv) Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer, as a Christian is?

(v) With crimson lake (hark to the sound of it—crimson lake!—the horns of elf-land are not richer on the ear)—with crimson lake and Prussian blue a certain purple is to be compounded which, for cloaks especially, Titian could not equal.

(vi) Life's long headache in a noisy street.

(vii) It is no idle Hibernianism to say that towards the end of the eighteenth century the most important event in English history happened in France.

(viii) With such references, such trivial criticism, such loving parade of his own knowledge, he would beguile the road, striding forward uphill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accesses of cough.

(ix) How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases!

(x) They thought that commerce outside a country must extend peace; it has certainly often extended war. They thought that commerce inside a country must certainly promote prosperity; it has largely promoted poverty.

(xi) Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued

towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

31. Write the following sentences in a more emphatic form :

(i) On pressed the people from the front—on, on, on, in a strong, struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to light them up and show them out in all their wrath and passion.

(ii) The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd, and the impossibility of escape ; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it had occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch, and, at the risk of being stifled, endeavouring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

(iii) It will be a dreadful day when that unhappy affair takes place.

(iv) " O God ! " I screamed, and " O God ! " again and again ; for Henry Jekyll, pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death, stood before my eyes.

(v) The steps drew nearer and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street.

(vi) Although he was ill, he undertook to see the king at Richmond.

(vii) The weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills was entrusted to them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted.

(viii) On the evening of the 28th there was a riotous assembly before the King's Bench Prison, when the military were called out, and dispersed the mob before the prison ; but the mob gathered again in the High Street, and committed some acts of violence, and compelled the inhabitants to illuminate their houses.

(ix) Two attempts were made to disturb this tranquillity. A rebellion was headed by the banished heir of the House of Stuart, and an opposition was headed by the discontented heir of the House of Brunswick.

32. " When we were taken upstairs," says he (Johnson) in one of his letters, " a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in *The Journey to the Hebrides* as follows : " Out of one of the couches on which we were to repose, started up at our entrance

a man black as a Cyclops from the forge." Compare these two sentences with regard to diction and emphasis.

33. Compare the two following sentences as illustrations of concrete and abstract expressions of the same idea. Which do you prefer? Give reasons.

(i) When men delight in battles, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, they will punish by hanging, burning, and the rack.

(ii) When the manners, customs and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

34. Which of the following sentences are periodic and which loose?

(i) On the very day on which the new prime minister kissed hands, three-fourths of that popularity which he had long enjoyed without a rival, and to which he owed the greater part of his authority, departed from him.

(ii) Pale grew Polydectes and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face.

(iii) Looking apprehensively round, whenever a fresh gust rattled through the boughs, the three men hurried back to a tree, behind which they had left their lantern, lest its light should inform the thieves in what direction to fire.

(iv) Then again, in the gloomy vengeance of Russia and her vast artillery, which hung upon the rear and the skirts of the fugitive vassals, we are reminded of Miltonic images.

(v) Swept from notched hawthorn leaves, broad-topped oak-leaves, narrow ash sprays and oval willows; from vast elm cliffs and sharp-taloned brambles under; brushed from the waving grasses and stiffening corn, the dust of the sunshine was borne along and breathed.

35. Read carefully the following extract:

At the close of the reign of George the Second the feeling of aversion with which the House of Brunswick had long been regarded by half the nation had died away; but no feeling of affection to that house had yet sprung up. There was little, indeed, in the old King's character to inspire esteem or tenderness. He was not our countryman. He never set foot on our soil till he was more than thirty years old. His speech bewrayed his foreign origin and breeding. His love for his native land, though the most amiable part of his character, was not likely to endear him to his British subjects. That

he was never so happy as when he could exchange St. James's for Hernhausen; that, year after year, our fleets were employed to convoy him to the Continent; that the interests of his kingdom were as nothing to him when compared with the interests of his Electorate, could scarcely be denied. As to the rest, he had neither the qualities which make dulness respectable, nor the qualities which make libertinism attractive. He had been a bad son and a worse father; an unfaithful husband and an ungraceful lover. Not one magnanimous or humane action is recorded of him; but many instances of meanness, and of a harshness which, but for the strong constitutional restraints under which he was placed, might have made the misery of his people.

He died; and at once a new world opened. The young King was a born Englishman. All his tastes and habits, good or bad, were English. No portion of his subjects had anything to reproach him with. Even the remaining adherents of the House of Stuart could scarcely impute to him the guilt of usurpation. He was not responsible for the Revolution, for the Act of Settlements, for the suppression of the risings of 1715 and of 1745. He was innocent of the blood of Derwentwater and Kilmarnock, of Balmerino and Cameron. Born more than fifty years after the old line had been expelled, fourth in descent and third in succession of the Hanoverian dynasty, he might plead some show of hereditary right. His age, his appearance, and all that was known of his character, conciliated public favour. He was in the bloom of youth; his person and address were pleasing. Scandal imputed to him no vice; and flattery might, without any glaring absurdity, ascribe to him many princely virtues.—MACAULAY.

(*a*) Find a suitable heading for each paragraph.

(*b*) Examine each paragraph with regard to variety of length and structure of sentences.

(*c*) Note the devices employed to produce emphasis, (i) in the sentences, (ii) in each paragraph as a whole (viz. by leading up through a series of short sentences to longer ones), (iii) in the two paragraphs taken together.

(*d*) Point out a periodic sentence in the first paragraph. Rewrite it in loose form and compare the two sentences with regard to emphasis.

(*e*) What would be the effect of placing the sentence: "His age, his appearance . . . princely virtues" (paragraph 2) after "no portion . . . to reproach him with"?

(*f*) Note how the two paragraphs are linked together.

(*g*) Upon what principle are they constructed?

36. Compose two paragraphs on the model of those quoted in Question 35, describing two men of public importance, one of whom succeeds to the position of the other (*e. g.* Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, or men of merely local importance if the circumstance be more suitable).

37. Read carefully the following extract:

These long beaches are enticing to an idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and sea-gulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcase, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long keyboard of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep. —STEVENSON.

(*a*) What is the theme of this paragraph ?

(*b*) Point out the topic sentence.

(*c*) Show how the main idea is emphasised by repetition and by the careful arrangement of details.

(*d*) Comment on the purpose of the final sentence.

(*e*) Describe the style.

38. Work, Labour, Toil, Drudgery.

Work is the general term, as including that which calls for the exertion of our strength: *labour* differs from it in the degree of exertion required; it is hard *work*: *toil* expresses a still higher degree of painful exertion: *drudgery* implies a mean and degrading *work*. Every member of society must *work* for his support, if he is not of independent circumstances; some are compelled to *toil* incessantly for the pittance which they earn: *drudgery* falls to the lot of those who are the lowest in society. A man wishes to complete his *work*, he is desirous of resting from his *labour*, he seeks for a respite from his *toil*; he submits to *drudgery*.—CRABB'S *Synonyms*.

On the model of the above distinguish clearly and precisely between the meaning and use of the words in the following pairs: raise, lift; count, compute; enough, sufficient; continuous, continual; excuse, pretext; forestall, anticipate; tolerant, tolerable; pretty, beautiful; gay, gaudy; entire, complete; old, aged; antique, ancient; assume, presume; regal, royal; wander, roam; human, humane; complacent, complaisant; deprecate, depreciate; precipitous, precipitate; accuse, arraign; series, succession.

39. Comment on the use of the italicised words:

(i) It is the duty of all whose thoughts go before the *inconscient* mass to destroy all that trammels the liberty of man.

(ii) We go to sleep idly groping about, to *grope* which is ours, and often clutch the wrong one.

(iii) It had a faculty called memory and could be acted on them through the *muscular integument* by *appliance* of birchrods.

(iv) Nature alone is *antique* and the oldest art a mushroom.

(v) The business man has *practically* discarded the morning coat for business wear.

(vi) But here *innumerous*, disordered, many-coloured . . . come the timorous dances of the daughters of summer.

(vii) The stream was spanned by a small wooden bridge which was in a very *dilapidated* condition.

(viii) The Dean had the *repute* of doing his own thinking.

(ix) The hole should be left with the middle *exalted* and the *circumfere* dug more deeply.

(x) I *doubt* it is a good thing to imagine.

40. Comment on the use of the italicised words:

(i) A true aspirant never *needs* look for allusions.—EMERSON.

(ii) The student is to *esteem* his own life the text.—EMERSON.

(iii) By a deeper apprehension, and not by a painful acquisition of manual *skills*, etc.—EMERSON.

(iv) The student interprets the days of maritime adventure by *quite* parallel miniature experiences of his own.—EMERSON.

(v) We would *trulier* express our central nature.—EMERSON.

(vi) This human mind wrote history and *this* must read it.—EMERSON.

41. Study the following as a good example of unity and vividness:

When the animal (a gorilla) became aware of our approach he at once came forward to us, uttering a succession of short

bark-like yells that denote his rage, and which have a peculiarly terrifying effect. They remind one only of the inarticulate ravings of a maniac. Balancing his huge hairy body with his arms the animal came towards us, every few moments stopping to beat his breast and throwing his head back to utter his tremendous roar. His fierce glowing eyes glared upon us ; the short hair was rapidly agitated and the wrinkled face seemed contorted with rage. It looked almost like a devil.—Du Chaillu.

(*a*) Describe an angry bull, goose, dog, or cat, or a mother-bird defending its young.

42. Comment on the rhythm, euphony, and harmony of the following :

(i) Two fit men : Dante, deep, fierce as the central fires of the world ; Shakespeare, wide, placid, far-seeing, as the Sun, the upper light of the world.—Carlyle.

(ii) From the blare of that triumphal bourdon of brass instruments emerge the delicate voices of violin and clarinet. —J. A. Symonds.

(iii) He staggered away like a defeated man from the field of battle.—Joseph Conrad.

(iv) For now the fields were spread with growth and the waters clad with sunshine and light and shadows, step by step wandered over the furzy cleves.—Blackmore.

(v) " Are Japanese Aprils always as lovely as this ? " asked the man in the light tweed suit of two others in immaculate flannels with crimson sashes round their waists and puggarees folded in plaits round their broad Terai hats.— Douglas Sladen.

(vi) He spoke to the dwarf Nectabanus, who rushed into the tent fearfully agitated, with such strained and disproportioned features wrenched by horror into still more extravagant ugliness.—Scott.

43. (*a*) Analyse the following passages into " units of rhythm " and arrange so as to show their rhythmical structure.

(*b*) Briefly describe the style.

(i) When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow ; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them ;

when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—ADDISON.

(*c*) Compose a peroration for a speech on "The Glorious Dead."

(ii) Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel or gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force—a gold only to be mined in the Sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs; deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold!—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us, with their inescapable eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?—RUSKIN.

44. Study the rhythm of the following passages:

(Note the pauses, length of phrases; where the voice tends to rise, to rest, to fall; the use of open sounds, liquid consonants, harsh consonants; movement, whether languid, dignified, rapid, etc., suggesting mood or sense.)

(i) Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see. . . . Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.—(Isaiah lx.)

(ii) The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long

and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, almost without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles—northward for six hundred ; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the approaching sympathies, yet unborn, which we were going to evoke.—DE QUINCEY.

(iii) And all things stayed around and listened ; the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks ; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept time with lazy heads ; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds towards the west ; and the clouds stood in mid blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep.

And as the heroes listened, the oars fell from their hands, and their heads drooped on their breasts, and they closed their heavy eyes ; and they dreamed of bright still gardens, and of slumbers under murmuring pines, till all their toil seemed foolishness, and they thought of their renown no more. . . .

Then Orpheus lifted his harp, and crashed his cunning hand across the strings ; and his music and his voice rose like a trumpet through the still evening air ; into the air it rushed like thunder, till the rocks rang and the sea ; and into their souls it rushed like wine, till all hearts beat fast within their breasts.—KINGSLEY.

45. Describe the style of the following paragraphs and the principles (if any) upon which they are constructed :

(i) For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the liberation 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.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

(ii) Colonel Windham, being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmott, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmott being satisfied with the discourse of the man and his wariness, and foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. —LORD CLARENDON.

Exercise. Rewrite the above paragraph, using shorter sentences.

(iii) To begin then with Shakespeare. He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he described anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches (puns, word-plays), his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets, "Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."—DRYDEN.

(iv) I must not leave this subject without observing that, as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years,

that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.—ADDISON.

(v) The way to be happy is to live according to Nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny; not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to Nature will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope or importunities of desire; he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions or intricate ratiocination. Let them learn to be wise by easier means: let them observe the hind of the forest and the linnet of the grove: let them consider the life of animals, whose notions are regulated by instinct; they obey their guide, and are happy. Let us therefore at length cease to dispute, and learn to live: throw away the encumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligible maxim: that deviation from Nature is deviation from happiness.—JOHNSON.

(vi) "My dear Joe— . . . Having commenced gardener, I study the arts of pruning, sowing, planting, and enterprise everything in that way, from melons down to cabbages. I have a large garden to display my abilities in; and were we twenty miles nearer London, I might turn higgler, and serve your honour with cauliflowers and broccoli at the best hand. I shall possibly now and then desire you to call at the seed shop, in your way to Westminster, though sparingly. Should I do it often, you would begin to think you had a mother-in-law at Berkhampstead.—Yours, dear Joe, WM. COWPER."

(vii) Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a Nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means! Italy, for example, poor Italy lies dismembered, scattered asunder,—not appearing in any protocol or treaty as a unity at all; yet the noble Italy is actually *one*: Italy produced its Dante; Italy can speak! The Czar of all the Russias, he is strong; with so many bayonets, Cossacks, and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of Earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great

dumb monster hitherto. His cannons and Cossacks will all have rusted into nonentity, while that Dante's voice is still audible. The nation that has a Dante is bound together as no dumb Russian can be.—CARLYLE.

(viii) The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Russia was unknown ; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.—MACAULAY.

(ix) And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatralike, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand ; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine ; and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross ; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angles, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth ; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.—RUSKIN.

(x) Dickens was a mob—and a mob in revolt ; he fought by the light of nature ; he had not a theory, but a thirst. If any one chooses to offer the cheap sarcasm that his thirst was largely a thirst for milk-punch, I am content to reply with complete gravity and entire contempt that in a sense this is perfectly true. His thirst was for things as humble, as human, as laughable as that daily bread for which we cry to

God. He had no particular plan of reform ; or, when he had, it was startlingly petty and parochial compared with the deep, confused clamour of comradeship and insurrection that fills all his narrative.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

(xi) It was between the May and the June roses. The may-bloom had fallen, and among the hawthorn boughs were the little green bunches that would feed the redwings in autumn. High up the briars had climbed, straight and towering while there was a thorn, or an ash sapling, or a yellow-green willow to uphold them, and then curving over towards the meadow. The buds were on them, but not yet open ; it was between the may and the rose.—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

46. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson :

Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise ;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties or directs her choice ;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day ;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.
How long shall Sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers ?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe.

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. " Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise : which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep : so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."—*Proverbs*, chapter vi.

On Poetic Diction.—WORDSWORTH.

Compare the Authorised Version with Johnson's paraphrase.

47. Compare with regard to purpose, style and effect the speeches of Brutus and Antony on the death of Cæsar (*Julius Cæsar*, Act III, Sc. 2).

48. Criticise the faults of style in the following :

(i) The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear,—having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase,—animated by the clamorous expostulations and threats of the huntsmen, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. —SCOTT.

(ii) There fell upon one the solemnity of the temple—albeit a temple filled with a congregation of the famous and the great, for slowly moving about the pavements, in an eddying pool of colour, in which crimson and blue and gold predominated, were the familiar figures that are the headpieces in the political and social world of our day. . . . The dresses of the ladies supplied . . . the remaining hues of the rainbow, and the tall, grey columns soared to the shadows of the roof like the trunks of forest trees rising from a carpet of spring flowers.—*Western Mail.*

(iii) It is significant, both of the approaching triumph of the vernacular, and of the growing importance of the lower and middle classes in the nation, that some of the chief contributions to our literature during the two generations immediately preceding that of Chaucer were translations from Latin and Norman-French, made, as their author points out, expressly for the delectation of the common people.— *Cambridge History of English Literature.*

(iv) The man of thoughts comes to the man of words (*i. e.* the professional letter-writer of the East) ; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation.—NEWMAN.

49. (*a*) Describe the style of the following :

On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin.

" And blind Orion hungry for the morn."

Orion, the subject of this landscape, was the classical Nimrod ; and is called by Homer, " a hunter of shadows, himself a shade." He was the son of Neptune ; and having

lost an eye in some affray between the Gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun he would recover his sight. He is represented setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him, a bow in his hand, and Diana in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awakened out of sleep, or uncertain of his way ;—you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests ; earth is dank and fresh with dews, the grey dawn and the Pleiades " before him dance," and in the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning ; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it into smiles ; the whole is, like the principal figure in it, " a forerunner of the dawn." The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light " shadowy sets off " the face of nature : one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man might be said to see nature through the glass of time ; he alone has a right to be considered as a painter of classical antiquity.—HAZLITT.

(*b*) Write a description of a picture. (The Fighting Téméraire, Dante and Beatrice, The Mill, The Angelus, The Blue Boy, The Lady of Shalott, When did you last see your father ? Friday, Derby Day.)

50. In the same essay too, I assigned sundry reasons, chiefly drawn from a comparison of the simile in Shakespeare,

> How like a younker or a prodigal,
> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
> How like the prodigal doth she return,
> With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
> Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !
>
> *Merch. of Ven.*, Act II, Sc. 5.

to the imitation in " The Bard " :

> Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows
> While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening prey.
COLERIDGE.

Compare the simile with the imitation of it.

51. (*a*) Comment on the style of the following:

Leap-frog is the best to start with, so I'll teach it to you at once. Let you bend down like this, Breedeen, and you bend down like that a good distance away, Seumas. Now I jump over Breedeen's back, and then I run and jump over Seumaseen's back like this, and then I run ahead again and I bend down. Now, Breedeen, you jump over your brother, and then you jump over me, and run a good bit on and bend down again. Now, Seumas, it's your turn; you jump over me and then over your sister, and then you run on and bend down again and I jump.—JAMES STEPHENS.

(*b*) Using the first person and writing in a colloquial style, describe some game such as Strong Horses, Prisoners' Base, Rounders.

52. (*a*) Comment on the style of the following:

"I want you," said Angus Og, "because the world has forgotten me. In all my nation there is no remembrance of me. I, wandering on the hills of my country, am lonely indeed. I am the desolate god forbidden to utter my happy laughter. I hide the silver of my speech and the gold of my merriment. I live in the holes of the rock and the dark caves of the sea. I weep in the morning because I may not laugh, and in the evening I go abroad and am not happy. Where I have kissed, a bird has flown; where I have trod, a flower has sprung. But Thought has snared my birds in his nest and sold them in the market places. Who will deliver me from Thought, from the base holiness of Intellect, the maker of chains and traps? Who will save me from the holy impurity of Emotion, whose daughters are Envy and Jealousy and Hatred, who plucks my flowers to ornament her lusts and my little leaves to shrivel on the breasts of infamy? Lo, I am sealed in the caves of nonentity until the head and the heart shall come together in fruitfulness, until Thought has wept for Love, and Emotion has purified herself to meet her lover."
—JAMES STEPHENS.

(*b*) Put similar speeches into the mouth of Mars, Minerva, Peace, Winter, etc.

53. Discuss the following statements concerning style:

(*a*) Be infinitely various.—STEVENSON.

(*b*) The object of writing is to communicate individuality; the object of style adequately to embody that individuality. —FRANCIS THOMPSON.

(*c*) Speech should be clear even to the negligent hearer.— QUINTILIAN.

54. What is meant by saying that a writer has "no style"?

55. In what qualities is a writer's style likely to be wanting if he pays attention to only (*a*) clearness; (*b*) elegance?

CHAPTER V

THE ESSAY

THE English Essay began with Francis Bacon, who in 1597 published a volume of prose compositions which he called *Essays*. He was the first to use the word in this way. These compositions were short and "unfinished," and though modern essays differ very much from Bacon's, they retain these two characteristics, namely, comparative brevity and incompleteness. In these "brief notes" Bacon set down in short, concise sentences the reflections of his observant and well-stored mind on such subjects as Truth, Gardens, Empire. Nothing like them had been written before, and they immediately became popular. Other men began to record in note-form their opinions and observations, and some to write short character sketches. But it was not until the time of Steele and Addison, about a hundred years later, that the essay became important as a form of literary expression. Hitherto it had been regarded merely as a receptacle for those thoughts, fancies and moods which did not come within the scope of the writer's more serious work. No one thought of devoting himself entirely to essay-writing. Many of the periodical essayists of the eighteenth century made it their first concern, however. Steele in the *Tatler*, and later, he and Addison in the *Spectator*, wrote those essays which

are one of the chief literary productions of their time. Through them the periodical essay at once became popular, and became as much a part of the everyday life of "polite society" as the newspaper is of ours.

Writing in an easy, conversational style, designed above all to please and entertain, they set out to improve morality and taste. Steele wished to cleanse the morals of the nation—no less; Addison to bring learning and philosophy within reach of ordinary men and women. With this aim, they considered no subject too trivial on the one hand, or too serious on the other. The trivial they treated with a delicate humour and mock gravity designed to rebuke extremes of fashion and foolish conduct; the serious was made attractive, and lost its forbidding appearance. Steele and Addison had many imitators, but no writers are so important as periodical essayists until we come to Johnson and Goldsmith. In the latter's "Citizen of the World" the periodical essay reached its high-water mark.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the "review" came into existence, the periodical underwent a change. The gap between the graceful essays of the eighteenth century and the reviews of the nineteenth is partly bridged by Hazlitt, whose essays on "The Characters of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Literature," gave permanence to the critical essay, and whose "Sketches and Essays," and "Winterslow" recall the manner of the Queen Anne writers. Early in the nineteenth century the two great reviews, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, were established. These were critical organs, which passed judgment on works of literature, art, history

and philosophy, voiced grievances and advocated reforms. *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazine*, combining the features of the earlier periodicals and of the reviews, came soon after. The *London* is important because of its association with Charles Lamb. The reviews on the one side, the magazines on the other, clearly mark the cleavage between the two groups of essayists. To the one belong Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, Arnold; to the other Steele, Addison, Goldsmith, Lamb, Richard Jefferies, Stevenson. The former group set out to instruct. They deal with important subjects in a serious manner, and appeal to the intellect. We know little about them as men; they are historians and critics. The latter group appeal to the emotions; their subjects are often trivial, designed above all to entertain. These men know " how to make use of small things." They lead us away from the hard road of necessary toil, into pleasant by-ways. They entertain us with gossip and anecdotes, muse over pleasant memories, take us to the theatre, chat with us about books, their friends, their experiences, themselves. Sometimes they are grave, sometimes gay; they are never dull. They are just delightful friends whom to know is to love. It must not be thought, however, that their works are trivial because the small things of life figure so prominently in them. They observe and reflect, they read, think and penetrate the meaning of things, so that their essays are a feast of rare dishes, sweet, savoury and stimulating.

There is no need to continue the sketch. The two lines on which the essay developed are sufficiently distinguished, and may be followed by the student.

The scope of the essay is limited in two ways: it is of moderate length, and it is "unfinished." Bacon's essay "Of Adversity," ("brief notes") is about four hundred words in length; De Quincey's, on "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," runs to twenty thousand. Long as this is, it is short compared with many novels, which average a hundred thousand words. Many greatly exceed that number. Length is determined by the writer's purpose or mood. One can well imagine De Quincey treating of Adversity in twenty thousand words, and Bacon dismissing in a few lines "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." As long as the essayist keeps in view the harmony of the parts, he is free to treat his subject as he will. But one thing he will not do: he will not attempt to exhaust his subject. It is in this sense, and this only, that an essay is said to be unfinished or incomplete. We may illustrate this point by reference to Macaulay's essay on Goldsmith, which is a sketch of the latter's life and writings, upon which Macaulay comments. The subject might have been much more fully treated, and because of this the essay may be regarded as incomplete. But the reader experiences no sense of incompleteness, for the writer's aim was to give a bird's-eye view of the subject; in other words, to give a clear and orderly impression of the whole, without the detail which a closer view would provide. He succeeds in his aim, and his essay is therefore artistically complete. This completeness of impression depends upon the fundamental principle of unity, which in turn depends upon the structure of the essay.

A study of structure is important for two reasons:

first, to enable us to follow the writer's line of thought, his movement from one phase to another, the connection between these phases, their bearing upon the main theme, to note what is emphasised or touched upon, and to obtain a clear and ordered view of the whole. Secondly, the practice of analysing the skilful treatment of a subject will reveal the value of arrangement as an aid to clearness and memory, and will also help in the grouping of one's own ideas. To acquire the power of picturing another's thought-scheme is the surest way of bringing system into the arranging and presenting of one's own.

The plan of a well constructed essay may often be represented in diagram form. Macaulay's essay on Goldsmith may be compared to a chain reaching from a starting-point (Goldsmith's birth) in a direct line to the point of conclusion (his death). The incidents in the life of Goldsmith and his works are taken in their time-order, thus corresponding to the links in the chain. The essay on Addison may be likened to a wheel with the work of Addison as the hub, about which as a nucleus are arranged like spokes the social and political influences which went to shape his work. Again, Stevenson, in his essay on Beggars, to describe its structure, uses the phrase " capricious figures of eight," the soldier-beggar being the " centre mark " from which the writer's thoughts diverge and to which they return, to branch off again in another direction, but always keeping to the path described by the figure 8. Thus there is always some prescribed symmetrical framework upon which the writer builds his material, with its main divisions of thought, subdivisions, digressions, and illustrations neatly and

securely fitted together. The writer of course may pursue any line of treatment as long as the unity of the whole is preserved.

An essay will have a beginning, or introduction, a middle, in which the thought is developed, and an end. There are many ways of beginning an essay. A writer may plunge right into his subject without any preface, but usually he will approach it in one of the following ways—

(*a*) By a statement of the circumstances which occasioned the essay; *e. g.* Macaulay's essay on Bunyan.

(*b*) By a quotation; as was the fashion in the eighteenth century.

(*c*) By the statement of accepted fact, opinion, or general principle; *e. g.* Lamb, "Dream Children."

(*d*) By a definition of the subject, or an explanation of the title; *e. g.* De Quincey, "Levana."

(*e*) An anecdote or other form of brief narrative; *e. g.* Macaulay, "Montgomery."

The "beginning" should occupy the first paragraph, usually short, and state or imply the aim. The "middle" will comprise the bulk of the essay, to be rounded off by the final paragraph, or sentence—the "end."

The end is less formal than the beginning, the main consideration being to give a satisfactory impression of completeness. The following forms of conclusion may be noted—

(*a*) A brief summary; *e. g.* Sidney Smith, "On Bulls."

(*b*) A reference to the aim set forth in the beginning; *e. g.* Hazlitt, "On the Ignorance of the Learned."

(*b*) Point out those sentences which seem to convey the main idea of the paragraph.

(*c*) Note how the transitions are made from paragraph to paragraph.

(*d*) Discuss the unity of the paragraph beginning, "I am no Quaker at my food." Where would you subdivide the paragraph?

(*e*) What does this essay reveal of Lamb's personality?

(*f*) What is the effect of the frequent use of parentheses?

(*g*) Illustrate by quotation Lamb's humour, wide reading, taste, and healthy common-sense.

4. Read Addison's essay on "The Vision of Mirza," and compose an allegorical essay on the Spanish proverb, "The Road to the Land of By-and-by leads to the House of Never."

5. Read Addison's essays on "The Grinning Match," and compose a humorous essay describing the rustic sports of which the following is the programme (taken from the *Times*, 1797)—

All persons of a jovial and friendly disposition are invited to be present at, and to partake of, the undermentioned country sports:

To be played for at Cricket: a Round of Beef, each man of the winning set to have a Ribband.

A cheese to be rolled over a hill. Prize to whoever stops it.

A Michaelmas goose to be dived for.

Half a guinea to the rider of the donkey that comes in last.

A pound of tobacco to be grinned for.

A pig to whoever catches him by the tail.

6. Read the following "Character"—

THE TINKER

A tinker is a moveable, for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion hee gathers heat, thence his cholericke nature. He seemes to be very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes

barefoot, therein making a necessity a virtue. . . . From his Art was musick first invented, and therefore he is alwaies furnisht with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder for the kettle-drum. Note that where the best Ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. . . . He embraceth naturally ancient custome, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with Canting, proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the doore, to avoid suspition. Some would take him to be a Coward, but, beleeve it, he is a Lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or foure yards long, fastned to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also hee had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he escape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar. —OVERBURY.

With the above as a model, write a "Character" of a postman, policeman, itinerant knife-grinder, organ-grinder, charwoman.

7. Read "The Trumpet Club" * and "The Spectator Club" * (Steele). Compose an essay describing the members or officers of the committee of some club or society connected with the school.

8. Compare the themes of the eighteenth-century essayists with those of the nineteenth-century essayists.

9. Is "Meadow Thoughts" * a personal essay? Give reasons.

10. How does Stevenson visualise his subject for the purpose of giving unity to his essay, "Walking Tours"? *

11. Subjects for essays—
(i) Books I have read more than once.
(ii) Books I do not want to read again
(iii) My bookshelf.

* Included in Peacock's *Essays*. (World's Classics.)

(iv) "When a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people."—ADDISON.

(v) "A pernicious thing is wit when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity."—ADDISON.

(vi) "It is a fine thing to smart for one's duty."—R. L. STEVENSON.

(vii) The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

(viii) What shall I write about?

(ix) The phases of my school life.

(x) The decay of letter-writing.

(xi) A letter recommending a book.

(xii) A letter enclosed with a borrowed book.

(xiii) A report of an interview with a prospective employer.

(xiv) A report of an interview with your headmaster or employer concerning your future.

(xv) A letter of application for a post.

(xvi) Castles in the air.

(xvii) Alarums and excursions.

(xviii) Journalese.

(xix) "English as she is spoke."

(xx) "England was made by her adventurers."—GENERAL GORDON.

(xxi) "I am a part of all I have met."—TENNYSON.

(xxii) Books that have influenced me.

(xxiii) Truth is stranger than fiction.

(xxiv) "A perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature."

(xxv) "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."—SHELLEY.

(xxvi) "Poetry is moonshine."

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CHAPTER VI

HISTORY OF THE LYRIC

THE age of Elizabeth was the age of the drama; it was also the age of the lyric. Lyrical poetry was no new thing, however. The lyric impulse is as old as the heart of man. Laments and battle-songs are to be found among the remains of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and the Middle Ages, in "Sumer is i-cumen in" and in "Blow, thou northerne wynd," respectively, give us our earliest nature lyric and our first love-song. Lawrence Minot's poems are inspired by loyalty to his king, and approach the ballad in style and feeling. Chaucer was essentially a narrative poet. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the fashionable French lyric forms and with the work of Petrarch, he wrote very few lyrics, though lines and stanzas of lyrical tone are not rare in his work. In Hawes and Skelton the lyric temper is either corroded by satire or disenchanted by unmusical verse.

The Renaissance spirit, so active in the first part of the fifteenth century in Italy and France, scarcely touched England until the sixteenth century. It first reached English poetry through the channel of the Court. Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey were two gentlemen of culture who had spent much time at the French Court, at the time when Alamanni was making fashionable new measures and

verse-forms. They became infected with the new spirit, studied Italian and French models, and experimented in translation and original composition. Their productions were published posthumously in 1557 in *Tottel's Miscellany of Songs and Sonnets*, a collection of poems, which marks the first flowing of the lyric impulse in modern English literature. Wyatt and Surrey were the chief contributors to this volume, both in bulk and in worth. They experimented in new and various metres on various themes, and succeeded in establishing in England some Italian verse-forms; Wyatt introduced the sonnet and Surrey, blank verse. Apart from their work on the formal side of poetry, they are to be credited with introducing the personal note into English poetry. Their poems are no mere conventional exercises on threadbare themes such as occur again and again in mediæval romances, but are the direct expression of individual feeling and outlook. Wyatt and Surrey, however, substituted many new conventions for old, a fact which gave vigour and freshness to their work, though these qualities declined in their followers into mere artifice.

The year 1579 is important in the history of English lyric poetry. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, though not published until 1590, had just been completed, and Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar* appeared, which "reveals at once the highest reach of executive faculty in the widest range of artistic forms that Englishmen had yet seen in their own language" (*Elizabethan Literature*, J. M. Robertson). Sidney and Spenser were only two of a number of brilliant young men who, fairly caught by the spirit of those

" spacious times," were discussing problems of poetic theory and were experimenting in accentual and quantitative metres. *Astrophel and Stella* was one of the many sonnet-sequences which every poet and many courtiers felt called upon to produce. It is estimated that the number of sonnets written in Western Europe during the mid- and late-sixteenth century exceeded 300,000. The idea of the sonnet-sequence began with Petrarch's *Laura.* Sidney set the fashion in England. For a decade after *Astrophel and Stella* appeared, amorous sequences flowed from the Press in a continuous stream. All writers professed to have received their inspiration from Petrarch, though most of them got it at second-hand through Ronsard and Desportes, some, even at a further remove. The poet usually addressed his sequence to some real or imaginary lady from whom it received its name, *e. g.* Daniel's *Delia,* Constable's *Diana,* Drayton's *Idea's Mirrour,* Spenser's *Amoretti.* Shakespeare's Sonnets are to be distinguished from the mass of imitative and plagiarised products of his contemporaries. In his sequence the poet told the story of his love-suit, usually forlorn. He employed certain conventions and " conceits "—his verse had the power of making immortal the one to whom it was addressed; she was cold, " cruel " and disdainful of his love; she was a castle in which dwelt the soul; her eyes were the windows, etc.; she was compared to the sun, moon or stars; her lips made the roses red; eyes and heart accused each other of causing Love's wounds—which occurred again and again, like the terms in algebraical formulæ.

The purpose and appeal of the sonnet was circumscribed; it was mainly for lover's sigh and lady's praise, so that lyrical emotion of other kinds found expression in other forms. That music and song were popular might be gathered from the number of dainty songs with which the dramatists sprinkled their plays, and from the many songs which were written for the Italian airs and madrigals introduced or composed by men like Dowland, Byrd and Campion, and sung to the accompaniment of the lute or viol. Ability to take part at sight in a madrigal or to perform upon the lute was one of the recognised accomplishments of a lady or a gentleman. Such songs as "Where the bee sucks," "It was a lover and his lass," and "I saw my lady weep" illustrate the delicacy of feeling and perfect correspondence of mood and melody which the Elizabethan lyric often attained.

In Ben Jonson and Herrick the lyric is moulded by classical learning. Greek and Latin poets take the place of French and Italian. The lover—

> Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
> Made to his mistress's eyebrow—

is succeeded by the equally passionate and devoted lover, who is not, however, anxious to waste his attentions on the "cruel kind" of his predecessor. The songs of Jonson and of his Jacobean and Caroline successors—Carew, Wither, Herrick, Suckling, Lovelace—are to be found in every anthology of verse. Some have been set to music and have become almost national airs—"Drink to me only with thine eyes," "Cherry Ripe," "To Anthea," "Shall I wasting in despair?"

This was also the age of the religious lyric (Herbert Vaughan, Crashaw) and of Cowleian conceits. Waller and Denham set out to recover English numbers from licence and irregularity by introducing the heroic couplet. They succeeded in establishing regularity—the heroic couplet became the dominant metre of the next century—but at the expense of the grace, charm and freshness of the true lyric spirit.

We pass over the "Pindaric" odes of Cowley, Dryden and Gray, energetic, dignified, well-conceived and executed as many of them are; they span the age of reason and of urban life. In Goldsmith, Cooper, Blake and Chatterton the return of the romantic spirit and an interest in nature and in man as a human being rather than a rational puppet are foreshadowed.

In Scotland during the eighteenth century, Allan Ramsay and others were collecting, recasting and creating their folk-songs. Jean Elliot's "The Flowers of the Forest," Lady Barnard's "Auld Robin Gray," Lady Nairne's "The Land o' the Leal," with their sincerity, tenderness and pathos, indicate the style and themes of these writers. Burns, the greatest of them, learnt as a boy, from an old, ignorant and superstitious woman, old rhymes and songs, which, he says, "cultivated the latent seeds of poetry," and which, combined with his native genius, gave us those songs in which language, sentiment and song find perfect expression and harmony.

The lyric of Burns, with its instinctive vocal melody, its energy and passion, had no counterpart in England at the time. The lyric of Wordsworth was based on philosophic mood, into which urgent

emotion was allowed to subside. The passion of love which inspired the Elizabethan and Caroline poets finds no expression. Poetry was for Wordsworth "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Not only does the lyric of Wordsworth lack the spontaneity and passion of Burns' poetry, but lacks also its melody. Wordsworth restored to poetry "the language of men," but not the haunting music of the folk-song. How many of his lyrics have been set to music? "I wandered lonely as a cloud" is a typical Wordsworthian lyric in conception, spirit and development. A comparison between it and Burns' "Green grow the Rashes O," will reveal the gap between these two great lyric poets, each a master of his own instrument.

Wordsworth was a mystic, entranced by the wonder of nature. This was an age of wonder and romance. Coleridge wrote his romantic ballads, Scott his verse romances. The dim past, the age of chivalry and superstition, viewed through the ballads which Percy and Scott had collected, became

> a deep romantic chasm . . .
> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon lover!

Coleridge, Wordsworth and Scott are in the van of the romantic revival. Scott sounds the clarion and calls us to witness the chivalrous and patriotic deeds of his countrymen. Coleridge lures us into a fantastic, supernatural world. Wordsworth wins for us the secrets of nature. Imagination has at last emerged from the chilling age of reason, that "would

clip an angel's wings." The spirit of freedom is abroad.

This is the spirit that inspires the brilliant group of poets, who adorn the opening of the nineteenth century, to rebel against the tyranny which came as a reaction after Waterloo, and which in England led to the massacre of Manchester. Shelley was the stormy petrel of the group. Like his own eagle, he wages eternal war with the serpent—tyranny:

> Men of England, heirs of glory,
> Heroes of unwritten story,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Rise like Lions after slumber
> In unvanquishable number—
> Shake your chains to earth like dew
> Which in sleep had fallen on you—
> Ye are many—they are few.

But whether his temper is mainly polemical or purely poetic he is always the same transcendent, ethereal spirit, soaring like a disembodied spirit into the empyrean of his ideal, in which love and beauty reign supreme. His was a mind which "some invisible influence like an inconsistent wind awakens to transitory brightness," but which loses its incandescence in finding expression, for

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity,

so that his poetry is but a "feeble shadow" of his "original conceptions."

The poetry of Byron

> feeds upon the burrs,
> And thorns of life; forgetting the great end
> Of poesy, that it should be a friend
> To sooth the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

He was the

Poet Polyphemus
Disturbing the grand sea.

Out of this turbulence he has cast up a few memorable songs, *e. g.* " She walks in Beauty."

Keats is the apostle of beauty; his creed—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

Of his later lyrics, odes and sonnets chiefly, might be said what Professor de Selincourt said of his picture of Saturn, that Keats succeeds in presenting an emotion in a pure and defined outline with the calm dignity and sublime grace which is the triumph of the sculptor's art. His is the nightingale's song—

The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Tom Moore was literally a true lyrist, composing his songs for native airs and singing them to musical accompaniment. His facile melodies, which had such a vogue in his own day, have never been completely forgotten, " Oft in the Stilly Night," " The Last Rose of Summer " and " She is Far from the Land " being hardy perennials of the drawing-room and concert-hall.

The early death of Keats, Shelley and Byron, and the decline in the power of Coleridge and Wordsworth, while not making a clean cut between the poetry of the first quarter of the century and that of the Victorian age, caused a hiatus. Tennyson and Browning, though influenced by their immediate

predecessors, were not brought into personal touch with them, and were thus able to contemplate their work and ideals in a detached mood. Calm followed storm. The age of Wordsworth and Shelley was one of theories, of ideals nobly and courageously put forward, but not always perfectly conceived. Wordsworth communed with nature; Keats worshipped beauty; Shelley defied God and sang of perfect love; Byron fought for freedom in Greece. The Victorian age was one of comfortable and complacent progress along the level, hard road of utilitarianism. On the bedrock of minute observation and investigation it established beliefs, theories and ideals meant to secure national prosperity, social progress, and the moral, religious and material comfort of the individual. Tennyson held the mirror up to his age; he was the poetic register of its varied aspirations and achievements, and appealed to his own time. But the old order changeth, and Tennyson's fame has tended to decline. His fame as a lyric poet, however, is as high and secure as ever. Like Stevenson in prose, he is, in verse, the supreme master of expression. One feels that there is no idea for which he could not find expression in language, final and inevitable. Such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone," and "The Lotos-Eaters" are perfect in technique: language, image, rhythm and thought are one. The first strophe in the Choric Song of the "Lotos-Eaters" is like a soothing opiate; we are with the Lotos-Eaters, hushed by the

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

In contrast, there is the stanza in "The Lady of Shalott" in which the swift, sudden and resolute action of the Lady is dramatically expressed in the short sentences, the repetition, the active verbs, and the crescendo to the agonising cry in the eighth line—

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Tennyson's range was wide in theme, mood and form, reaching from the melodramatic and realistic "The Bandit's Death" and the maudlin "May Queen" to the noble lyrics of "In Memoriam" and the stirring "Ballad of the Revenge."

Tennyson cultivated the lucid and musical phrase, Browning the obscure and harsh. Browning's lyrics, however, are exquisite in their sweetness and tone—

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Like Tennyson he was influenced by Keats's rich and luxuriant imagery and decorativeness.

Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes
Of labdanum, and aloe-balls,
Smeared with dull nard an Indian wipes
From out her hair: such balsam falls
Down seaside mountain pedestals,
From tree-tops where tired winds are fain,
Spent with the vast and howling main,
To treasure half their island-gain.

But what makes the appeal of Browning so strong is his stimulating and invincible optimism, illustrated by the first quotation from him above, and in—

I find earth not grey but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

Such a healthy outlook on life was needed to counteract the deadening misanthropy of Byron, who proved—

This our world a wilderness,
Earth still grey and heaven still grim,
Not a hand there his might press,
Not a heart his own might throb to . . .

Matthew Arnold has too much of the academic spirit to be a true lyrist. There is no joy in him, no passion. He meditates upon life and finds that the world has little to offer; happiness is to be found only within the heart.

Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years.
Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine!

This attitude towards life perhaps supplies the secret of his success as a writer of elegies, whose dignified movement and classic grace his art was well qualified to produce.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was founded by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was primarily a coterie of painters—Millais, Holman-Hunt, Burne-Jones, and others—whose purpose was to break away from the conventional subjects and treatment of the Academicians to paint objects, animate and inanimate, with careful and minute attention to detail and with fidelity to nature, and to ennoble their art by the infusion of something of the religious zeal which actuated the early Italian painters—the Pre-Raphaelites. The brotherhood included men who were poets only, and some who, like Michael Angelo, were poets and painters. Rossetti's poems in their insistence on distinctness of detail and in their avoidance of impressionism are like the paintings of his school. "My Sister's Sleep" and "The Blessed Damozel" are typical Pre-Raphaelite poems, the one with its minute descriptive touches, and the other with its symbolism. From "My Sister's Sleep"—

> Her little work-table was spread
> With work to finish. For the glare
> Made by her candle, she had care
> To work some distance from the bed.
>
> Our mother rose from where she sat;
> Her needles, as she laid them down,
> Met lightly, and her silken gown
> Settled: no other noise than that.

From "The Blessed Damozel"—

The blessèd damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meekly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

"The House of Life" is Rossetti's best-known production. It is a sonnet-sequence, dealing with he subject of love, sensuous and passionate, and overhung with tragedy.

Swinburne entered upon his poetic career under the ægis of the Pre-Raphaelites. Both in thought and in style his early poetry is strongly impregnated with their ideas and methods. He is a worshipper of the beauty and might, the pleasure of Earth and of virile heroism. These, with his indomitable hatred of tyranny under the sham and hollowness of conventional Christianity, are his constant themes. His revolutionary ideas and his sensuousness at first repelled the public, but the magic of his rhythm was irresistible. His verses combine the athletic energy of Byron with the subtlety of Shelley—

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

The alliteration and use of liquid consonants, which contribute so much to the music and rhythm of this stanza, are characteristic of all Swinburne's poetry.

Swinburne loved nature, the open air, the open road, and especially the sea. The sea to him was a sort of elixir. He loved it for its own sake, not as the guardian of our shores or as the source of our might, but as something immediate, something to revel in. Here is the description of Tristram swimming—

And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea
Kindled, as though the world were even as he,
Heart-stung with exultation of desire:
And all the life that moved him seemed to aspire,
As all the sea's life toward the sun: and still
Delight within him waxed with quickening will
More smooth and strong and perfect as a flame
That springs and spreads, till each glad limb became
A note of rapture in the tune of life,
Like music mild and keen as sleep and strife:
Till the sweet change that bids the sense grow sure
Of deeper depth and purity more pure
Wrapped him and lapped him round with clearer cold,
And all the rippling green grew royal gold
Between him and the far sun's rising rim.

. . . . . .

And mightier grew the joy to meet full-faced
Each wave, and mount with upward plunge, and taste
The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross
Its flickering crown of snows that flash and toss
Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and thence
To match the next with yet more strenuous sense;
Till on his eyes the light beat hard and bade

His face turn west and shoreward through the glad
Swift revel of the waters golden-clad,
And back with light reluctant heart he bore
Across the broad-backed rollers in to shore.

Mention must be made of R. L. Stevenson's delightful *A Child's Garden of Verses*, which opened up to literature the inexhaustible romance of the child's mind. It is as entrancing to the grown man, who wishes to brighten the dullness of getting and spending by a glimpse into his childhood days, as to the child himself, who finds described there in his own words those wonderful adventures of his which are such a strange mixture of solid actuality and boundless fancy.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-Books.*

The brilliance of the great poets of the Victorian age was palely reflected in the cameo work of Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang, dilettanti in verse. But more sincere and vital is the poetry of to-day. We are living in an age of wonderful literary activity. There is no more satisfactory channel of approach to the literature of the past than through the medium of the present. The poets of to-day are many and great—mystical, romantic, realistic, classical. Merely to name them would serve little purpose; it is better to make their acquaintance, which can be done in such catholic and representative anthologies as the annual volumes entitled, *Georgian Poetry*.

* Reproduced from R. L. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

CHAPTER VII

TECHNIQUE OF THE LYRIC

LYRIC is a species of poetic composition which owes its name to the musical instrument, the lyre, to the accompaniment of which the ancient Greeks sang. In early times poetry and music went together. Poets, bards and minstrels, to the accompaniment of lyre, harp or " crwth," praised gods and heroes, urged men to battle, celebrated victory, mourned the fallen, and sang of love and of the wonder of the universe. A combining of music with recitation gave to the lyric its distinguishing feature, for the effect of musical accompaniment was to excite the feelings of the singer, which passing to his audience reacted upon his own and raised them to a high pitch. Thus the lyric is an expression of emotion, intense and urgent, and though instrumental aid is no longer sought by the poets, the emotion which inspires the true lyric has lost none of its intensity and intimacy. When the poet mourns the loss of a loved one, or longs for his native land, or is deeply moved by a beautiful scene or a noble deed and gives expression to his feelings in beautiful and msuical language, he produces a lyric.

The essential elements of the lyric are: personal emotion, unity, brevity. Emotion is its motive power; without it the true lyric spirit cannot live.

Much of the Elizabethan lyric poetry leaves us cold, because it was mere uninspired imitation. Even Sidney dallied with verbal felicities and fashionable conceits which he hoped "might pity win and pity grace obtain." He confesses—

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine her wit to entertain:
Oft turning other's leaves to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful flowers upon my sunburned brain.
But words came halting forth.

No wonder. Instead of expressing in direct language what he so deeply felt, he borrowed from others. Ultimately the folly and futility of it all rushed upon him.

"Fool," said my muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."

In this exhortation lies the secret of the lyric; it comes from the heart. Who would doubt the sincerity, and who is not infected by the freshness and exhilaration, of Nash's "Spring Song"?

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

Palgrave held lyrical poetry " essentially to imply that each poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling or situation." The poem just quoted is inspired by a single emotional impulse. The gladness of spring is the theme of each of its stanzas, and every idea and every picture is an expression of the one vital emotion. Emotion of lyrical intensity is brief in duration. Although it would not be right to say that the intensity of an emotion varies inversely as its length, some poets being able to remain longer than others at the lyrical pitch, brevity is a condition imposed, not by any arbitrary convention, but by the essential nature of the lyric impulse. Of the four kinds of lyrical poetry—the song, the sonnet, the ode and the elegy—the last two are the longest, owing to their reflective nature. Though prompted by a single emotion, they express a series of emotions, similar or related, arising out of the original one. The whole poem is pervaded by a harmonious mood, and is wrought into an organic unit.

The lyric is an intimate expression of personal feeling which may be prompted from without or from within. In Wordsworth's " Daffodils " the impulse is given by the sight of

> A host of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Burns' " To a Mouse " is suggested by the predicament of the mouse whose nest the plough had turned up. The genesis of Browning's " Home Thoughts from Abroad " is the realisation of the fact that it is April. The initial fact brings others in its train—memories of

an English countryside and a longing for its fragrant fields and hedgerows. Here the impulse is received from within, and accumulates the necessary motive power by the poet's reflecting upon the initial idea.

In "To a Mouse," mentioned above, the poet transfers to the mouse what he himself would feel under similar circumstances. The same method is employed in Sidney's sonnet, "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies," in Herrick's "Corinna's Maying," in Shelley's "Skylark," in Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and in Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray." In each of these the poet's emotion is dramatised in and expressed through the character of another, viz. the moon, the may gatherers, etc. Nash's "Spring Song" is an indirect expression of the poet's emotion. His own feelings are not once stated; they are implied in his pictures and ideas. Moreover, each stanza is similar in form and substance to the rest, one merely substituting a similar but related set of pictures for the other. The poem is just a spontaneous and infectious utterance of the poet's joy, comprised within one lyric movement. This is the simplest form of the lyric. In some lyrics are distinguishable two phases, in one of which the initial emotion is stated or implied, and in the other it is paralleled, contrasted or applied to the particular occasion. Of this form are sonnets. Campion's "Come, Cheerful Day," and Lovelace's "To Althea from Prison," are also of this form.

Normally the lyric passes through four phases, corresponding to the exposition, crisis and solution of a play with the addition of an epilogue. First, a description of the object which occasions the emotion;

secondly, a statement or implication of the emotion aroused; thirdly, meditation while the emotion is restrained; lastly, a brief and summary expression of the final mood. This form is found more frequently in lyrics of reflection, especially in those of Wordsworth. In his "The Lesser Celandine," for instance, the first two stanzas describe the flower in its normal condition, and emphasises its peculiar nature.

There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

The third stanza describes the flower in the condition that gives rise to the poet's mood and theme.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
And recognised it, though an alter'd form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

The poet goes on to reflect on the nature of the celandine, and draws a vengeful pleasure from the fact that its sheltered youth had rendered it unfit to withstand the attacks of winter.

I stopped and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,"—
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

The last stanza applies the lesson of the celandine to life, and reinforces the rueful thought that youth's surplusage of strength and beauty cannot be employed to protect age.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man! that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

The metre of this poem is chosen to suit its mood. It consists of quatrains of iambic pentameter, rhyming alternately. The metre tends to slow movement in keeping with the theme. In "Daffodils" the mood is joyous, and the metre correspondingly rapid. The poem begins with two lines of slow movement which is accelerated very much by the first four monosyllables of the third line, suggesting the suddenness with which the picture burst upon the poet's vision. The marked pause after "crowd" and the use of the synonym "host" expresses the poet's rapture. The last two lines seem to dance and flutter with the daffodils, and so throughout the poem, every line of which exhibits the poet's skill in making the rhythm reflect his emotion—now one of rapture, now one of spell-bound wonder, and finally one of pleasant recollection. (Rhythm and metre are dealt with in another chapter, to which the reader is referred.)

Of the four kinds of lyrical poetry—the song, the sonnet, the ode and the elegy—the *song* is the least formal. It is effective according to the degree of completeness of the illusion it gives as a spontaneous expression of emotion. As reflection does not enter into it very largely, the song is more rapid in movement than the elegy or the sonnet. It suits any mood,

and expresses the whole gamut of emotions from tender pathos to the "joy of battle." Its nature seems to call for musical expression, many songs, like those of Burns and Moore, either being based on folk-airs or, in virtue of their inherent music, having blossomed into national melodies. The songs of the Elizabethans, scattered in careless profusion throughout their plays, were written to fit popular tunes, or were set to music. Their success or popularity is proved by their number, and, with the songs of the eighteenth-century Scottish poets, they may still be found in the repertory of every school and home.

The *ode* is a poem of exalted style; it is usually longer than the song, slower in movement and more elaborate in structure. Inspired by intense emotion, it endeavours to create a noble and sublime mood by the contemplation of the beautiful, the heroic or the God-like. "Stern daughter of the voice of God," the first line to Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," strikes the keynote both of the poet's mood, one of reverent awe, and of his purpose, to describe the austere yet divinely gracious attributes of Duty. With serene courage and reverent mien the poet approaches the throne of the "Stern Goddess." As he advances, her forbidding countenance takes on an aspect of benign grace —

> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face:
> Flowers laugh before thee in their beds.

Duty, Stern Law-giver and Awful Power to those who know her not, is gracious and winsome to those who obey her. The poem ends with a prayer for the

spirit of self-sacrifice and a longing to live as Duty's bondman. As we read the poem, we are lifted to a higher plane, we kneel before the goddess, and raise our eyes to her beauty. We close the book, and some foolish remark is made by a companion, or a raucous cry penetrates from without and jars upon our mood. Then we realise, if we have not already done so, that we have been living in a higher and a nobler world.

Odes are usually longer than songs, owing to their more reflective nature. They are also more elaborate in structure. Even in the regular form of the ode, an elaborate stanza-form is employed with lines of varying length, and an intricate rhyme-scheme, *e. g.* Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." Irregular odes consist of a number of strophes or "paragraphs," long and short lines occurring without correspondence with any settled scheme. Furthermore, the arrangement of rhymes and lines in one strophe rarely agrees with that in any other, *e. g.* Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." In such odes there is a change of mood or of thought in the different strophes, or, as in Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters," an alternation of two moods. The irregular form tends to reproduce the oldest form of the ode as sung by Pindar, an ancient Greek poet, where the rise and fall of the emotion are expressed in the manner best suited to them. But whatever variations occur, there will always be continuity between the parts and harmony of the whole.

An *elegy* is a poem in which the poet laments the death of some one, or meditates upon death itself. Many elegies are in pastoral form; that is, the poet and his departed friend are represented as shep-

herds, ideal scenery forms the background, and the spirits of the hills, streams and woods are made to share the poet's grief. Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais" are of this kind, though Shelley substitutes living poets for shepherds. Gray in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" does not mourn the loss of a particular friend, but reflects on the lives of those who lie buried in this churchyard, and on what they might have become had they lived under different circumstances. The elegy by its nature is mournful and dignified, and in form resembles the ode. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is unique as regards both structure and length. It consists of one hundred and thirty short poems and an epilogue. Each poem is at once complete in itself, and an integral part of the whole, which is held together by the central theme: grief for his friend's death, passing through doubt and rising into a firm belief in the existence of God, and the immortality of man.

The *sonnet* is the only one of the four lyric forms which never varies in length and metre. It consists of fourteen ten-syllable iambic lines, and in this respect is invariable. Within this limit, however, certain modifications may be made. The strict sonnet—the Italian—divides into two at the end of the eighth line; the point of division is called the "break." The break indicates a change both of thought and of rhyme-scheme. The break in the thought may occur in the middle of the ninth line. The first eight lines are called the octave, the remaining six, the sestet. The number of rhymes never exceeds five, two occurring in the octave and two or three in the sestet. The rhyme-scheme of the octave is invariable, and is

a b b a, a b b a. In the sestet it may be *c d, c d, c d,* or *c d e, c d e,* etc. This form was used by Sidney, Milton, Wordsworth, Rossetti. The Shakespearean sonnet, so named because Shakespeare established its use, consists of three four-lined stanzas or quatrains and a final couplet (two rhyming lines). Seven rhymes are used altogether—two alternate rhymes in each quatrain, and one in the couplet. The break comes after the twelfth line. This form was favoured by the Elizabethan sonneteers. The difference between the two forms is more than structural; the presentation of the emotion, or thought, is different.

Now the sonnet, although it divides into two, expresses one feeling, and only one, and while each of the parts is complete in itself, both are essential to the unity, completeness and harmony of the whole. In the Italian sonnet the octave presents the situation or occasion which has given rise to the emotion. The sestet, gathering strength from the octave, expresses the poet's emotion with a sustained power which is not allowed to fall below the level of the octave, but tends to rise above it. Shakespearean sonnet presents the situation in twelve lines, and condenses its emotional force in the final couplet with a crisp, epigrammatic effect. A comparison of the two following sonnets should make this difference clear. The first is by Wordsworth, the second by Shakespeare—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And mourn the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
—But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Wordsworth in the octave urges the need for Milton, in the sestet expresses his admiration of Milton, enumerates some of Milton's powers, and implies, though he does not state, that they are such as would meet the situation set out in the octave. In the second sonnet each quatrain is a complete unit, but the emotion expressed in the first is developed in the second, to be repeated in another form in the third. There is no change in the direction of the thought until we come to the couplet, where it is reversed, the deep sense of loss being suddenly banished by tender memories. Thus the emotion which underlies the whole sonnet is compressed into the final couplet,

and locks up, as it were, with a swift and sudden movement the casket of the thought. To realise what the couplet means to the completeness of the thought, we have only to omit it. The impression then conveyed is one of sadness, and is the reverse of that intended to be conveyed by the poem as a whole.

The sonnet, owing to its elaborate structure, is the least spontaneous of the lyric forms. Its brevity, the break, and the intricate rhyme-scheme place a restraint upon the poet. His emotion will gain in intensity, maybe, but it will lose its sparkle. The result is a poem condensed in feeling, well-knit in structure, perfect in language, pleasing in rhythm and melody.

The sonnet is usually associated with the passion of love. The Elizabethan sonneteers, following in the Italian and French fashion, addressed a number, forming a "sequence," to some real or imaginary lady. From Milton onwards, its subjects have been limited only by considerations of poetic truth and beauty.

EXERCISES

(Exercises 1 to 14 are set on poems in *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, Vol. I.)

1. Read the following poem, first silently, then aloud:

The Daffodils

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought,

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH.

(*a*) What is the theme of the poem?
(*b*) In what mood does the poem open?
(*c*) Does the mood change?
(*d*) Where does the mood change?
(*e*) What causes the change?
(*f*) Is the emotion expressed directly or indirectly? Illustrate.
(*g*) What is the effect upon himself of the poet's experience?
(*h*) Quote the lines in which he reflects upon his experience.
(*i*) What lines constitute the "close" of the poem?
(*j*) In what mood does the poem end?

Having read the poem aloud, do the following exercises—

(*k*) Stanza 1, lines 1 and 2. Should these be read slowly or quickly? What is the effect of the sound of these lines? How is that effect produced?
(*l*) l. 3. All monosyllables—what is the effect?

(*m*) l. 4. Has the use of the word "host" any emotional value?

(*n*) ll. 5 and 6. What does the movement of these lines suggest? How is the effect brought about?

(*o*) st. 2. What effect would be lost by saying "I saw ten thousand at a glance"—which is metrically correct?

(*p*) st. 3. Contrast the rhythm of ll. 1 to 4 with ll. 1 to 4 of st. 2, and show how the difference in effect is brought about.

(*q*) l. 5. Why "I gazed—and gazed——" and not "I gazed and gazed"?

(*r*) l. 6. What is the most emphatic word after "wealth"? Would the right word be emphasised if the line were written "What wealth to me the show had brought"? Explain.

(*s*) st. 4. Show how the pensive and the gay moods are reflected by the rhythm of the stanza.

(*t*) Where would you pause in l. 3? What is the effect of the pause?

2. Study on similar lines "To the Cuckoo" (O blithe new-comer!), WORDSWORTH, No. 289.

3. Read "To the Night" (Swiftly walk over the western wave), SHELLEY, No. 232.

(*a*) Why does the poet long for night?

(*b*) Point out the metaphors, similes, use of personification, alliteration and assonance.

(*c*) Scan the first stanza.

(*d*) Study the rhythm.

(*e*) How far does the form of this lyric correspond to that of "Daffodils"?

4. Analyse the form of "The Nightingale" (As it fell upon a day), BARNEFIELD, No. 45; point out its four phases of development.

5. Study "Rosaline" (Like to the clear in highest sphere), LODGE, No. 19, as an illustration of the use of "conceits."

6. Read " Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," BURNS, No. 176.

(*a*) What gives rise to the poet's outburst?

(*b*) What is the subject of stanzas 2 and 3?

(*c*) What is the relation of the last stanza to the remainder of the poem?

(*d*) The poet's mood is expressed by contrast and by implication. Explain and illustrate.

7. " L'Allegro " No. 144, and " Il Penseroso," No. 145, are descriptive lyrics.

(*a*) What is a descriptive lyric? Find other specimens.

(*b*) Point out the different scenes through which the poet passes in each poem, and arrange your headings in parallel columns.

(*c*) Compare the close correspondence of form of the two poems.

(*d*) Show how mood colours description.

(*e*) Though the same metre is used, the rhythm is different. How is the difference brought about?

8. Study " Alexander's Feast " ('Twas at the royal feast for Persia won), DRYDEN, No. 151, as an example of the irregular or Pindaric ode.

(*a*) Point out the theme of each strophe.

(*b*) Note the change of metre and rhythm with change of theme and mood.

9. Read " Ode to a Nightingale " (My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains), KEATS, No. 290.

(*a*) What is the effect of the song of the nightingale upon the poet?

(*b*) Note the contrasted pictures in st. 2 and 3, 4 and 5, and 6 and 7, and the corresponding alternation of mood.

(*c*) Note the skill with which the poet recalls himself out of his reverie.

10. (The dramatic lyric expresses emotion through the medium of action and character, *e. g.* Browning's " Incident in the French Camp," Tennyson's " St. Simeon Stylites.") Explain and illustrate the following statement: " In ' La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' he (Keats) wrote a dramatic lyric of incomparable fantasy " (Ernest Rhys).

11. (*a*) What is the theme of each of the strophes of "Lycidas" (Yet once more, O ye laurels), MILTON, No. 89?
(*b*) Point out the pastoral conventions employed.
(*c*) What do we learn about Lycidas himself?

12. What accounts for the popularity of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (The curfew tolls the knell of parting day), No. 187?

13. Compare the following sonnets with regard to structure and theme—
Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be (SIDNEY), No. 13.
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes (SHAKESPEARE), No. 16.
The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King (DRUMMOND), No. 84.
Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms (MILTON), No. 93.
When I consider how my light is spent (MILTON), No. 94.
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings (COWPER), No. 203.
Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold (KEATS), No. 210.
Earth has not anything to show more fair (WORDSWORTH), No. 291.

14. Classify the following as reflective, descriptive, or dramatic—
(*a*) When icicles hang by the wall (SHAKESPEARE), No. 87.
(*b*) It is not growing like a tree (JONSON), No. 96.
(*c*) With sweetest milk and sugar first (MARVELL), No. 141.
(*d*) I saw Eternity the other night (VAUGHAN), No. 150.
(*e*) I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking (ELLIOTT), No. 162.
(*f*) Toll for the Brave! (COWPER), No. 165.
(*g*) Go fetch to me a pint o' wine (BURNS), No. 168.
(*h*) When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame (LINDSAY), No. 192.

(*i*) O Brignall banks are wild and fair (SCOTT), No. 218.
(*j*) On Linden, when the sun was low (CAMPBELL), No. 259.

(Exercises 15 to 23 are set on *Poems of To-day*, Sidgwick & Jackson.)

15. Poems 1 to 5 are related by similarity of theme.
(*a*) Which poems appeal primarily to the imagination, and which primarily to the intellect?
(*b*) What picture does each present?
(*c*) Which gives the most vivid picture of the pageant of the ages?
(*d*) Which single figure stands out most clearly in your mind?

16. How is No. 12 related to the poems immediately preceding and following it?

17. Compare Nos. 20 and 22 with regard to the picture presented, its setting, mood, verbal expressions, rhythm.

18. Compare the poems dealing with Sussex, Nos. 34, 35, 36, 64 and 65, and point out what it is that inspires the poet's emotion in each case.

19. Read No. 54 and note how each stanza presents a complete mental picture. Study carefully the rhythm of the last stanza, with its gradual swell of sound, the climax, the sudden crash, the beautiful cadence and the long, murmuring sigh.

20. Study the variety of vowel sounds in No. 49.

21. Analyse the form of No. 118 into its four phases of development.

22. Compare Nos. 110 and 113 with regard to theme and treatment.

23. "The cult of the *genius loci* in recent verses and essays is perhaps a natural reaction from the habit of travel and the cosmopolitan temper. . . . Our age has discovered unsuspected riches in little; we have learned to see individual character in a county, a countryside. . . . The seizing of a country's significant physical features, the conveying of the mental attitude of a race,

or even the notation of a dialect, the mere use of place-names, may all be made to produce the happiest effects. . . ." *Times Literary Supplement.*

Write an essay on "The cult of the *genius loci* in poetry." (Read the poems of local colour in *Poems of To-day.*)

24. Write a short poem on what you consider to be the characteristic qualities of your own countryside.

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CHAPTER VIII

FICTION

FICTION is not a literary form. It is the material out of which form is moulded or fashioned. It is to the writer what marble is to the sculptor. It is made up of imagined events and characters which are presented in the form of a narrative. Though the term is generally understood to include only prose narrative, viz., short story and novel, it may be applied to ballad, epic and drama, all of which are based on narrative, for "it is the purpose of fiction to embody certain truths of human life in a series of imagined facts."* Fiction, then, as a literary property, must be dissociated from any hint of falseness. It may not be true to actual facts, its events may never have actually happened, its people never actually existed, but it must be true to life as we know or believe it to be. Fiction "embodies the truths of human life," it gives concrete form to the abstract truths which the philosopher has formulated from the results of the observations of the scientist. For every great imaginative writer is in some degree a scientist and a philosopher. He looks out upon the world with observant eyes, sees, feels and reflects. His experiences, emotions and knowledge he analyses,

* Clayton Hamilton, *Materials and Methods of Fiction.*

and seeks to discover and understand those fundamental laws which underlie all human activity, and which are immutable. Out of these he constructs his theory of life which he in turn embodies in a "feigned" narrative. Fiction, thus understood, belongs to all forms of creative literature which are built on the narration of imagined facts.

Narrative is essential to fiction. A narrative relates the circumstances of an event or series of events. It is not, as Shelley says, a "catalogue of particular facts." It is at once more and less than a catalogue; it is more because its facts are arranged not on any arbitrary system but by a process of logical sequence; it is less because it excludes all facts not essential to the narrator's purpose. In other words, narration is an artistic operation involving selection and arrangement. Its facts are events, that is, happenings which "come out of" or arise from some cause and which merge into other events. The events thus form a series, each event being related as cause or effect to what precedes, or follows. They will be chosen and related according as it is designed to throw into relief action, setting or character; that is, according as the thing done, or the doer, or the circumstances under which it is done, is made important. Fiction, being based largely on events, may be studied from their threefold aspect —plot, character and setting.

The attempt of Guy Fawkes and his confederates to blow up the Houses of Parliament is known as the Gunpowder Plot. A *plot* it certainly was, in that the purpose of one group of men was in *conflict* with the purpose of another group, and was put into action.

Conflict is the essence of plot, but the sensational element which marks the Gunpowder Plot, although associated in the popular mind with plot, is not a necessary or even a desirable factor of it. Sensationalism belongs to inferior fiction and journalism, but finds no place in the best. To understand plot clearly, the mind must discard all notion of excitement by startling and often unwarrantable shock to the senses. Plot depends on conflict, the clash of will with will. At least two forces are necessary, therefore, which may be two actors or groups of actors, or one actor or group of actors and some abstract power, like fate, heredity, environment; or the conflict may involve a struggle against outward and inward forces. One actor or group desires something, and in the efforts to satisfy this desire, opposition is encountered. Plot consists of arranging these conflicting forces in such a way that the mind is kept alert and anxious to know the outcome. A plot passes through five stages of development: exposition, complication or entanglement, crisis or knot, explication or disentanglement, catastrophe or resolution.

The *exposition* is the beginning of the narrative; it introduces the *dramatis personæ*, informs us of their circumstances, indicates their character and aims and the relation in which they stand to one another, and sets them with their faces towards their respective goals. It is at once retrospective and prospective. It throws the mind back into the past and relates such events and points out such influences as are necessary for the complete understanding of the state of affairs which the writer has determined

to make his beginning. The causes responsible for the initial situation will continue to work in their respective directions unless obstructed or deflected by new forces. The exposition " places out," therefore, the leading characters, their circumstances and motives, and supplies the reader with such information as will enable him to follow with interest and understanding what will ensue.

The exposition, being descriptive rather than narrative in mood, calls for skilful treatment. To what is in its nature static, it must give a semblance of movement, so that attention may be immediately caught and firmly held. In the plays of J. M. Synge the exposition is always well managed, action and narration being subtly interwoven, so that while we are busy making the acquaintance of his people, getting to know who and what they are, and catching glimpses of their character and hints of their purpose, sufficient to arrest our attention and to direct our eyes to future complications and difficulties, he is quietly and unobtrusively setting them in array for the approaching conflict.

The exposition does not always coincide with the opening of the novel or play. A favourite device is to open with a striking scene, as in *The Tempest*, or *The History of Mr. Polly*, and, interest having been aroused, to enter upon the exposition. A playwright will sometimes open with a quiet scene, in which the hero (or heroine) is discussed so that we are interested in him before his appearance, which we are made eager to expect. In novels of biographical form, in which the life of the hero is followed from birth to the fruition or ruin of his designs, the exposition

coincides with the complication, except in so far as such forces as heredity and environment are independently treated. The purpose of the exposition is to prepare the mind, to clear the ground, as it were, in order that a clear and unobstructed view of the action may be obtained. Its value lies in its power to interest and to arouse curiosity.

If we compare a plot with the entangling and disentangling of two or more threads, and imagine the *dramatis personæ* to be drawn in the direction of the threads to which they are attached, the points at which the threads cross one another will be the points at which the characters come into conflict. As soon as the characters move forward towards their objective the process of complication begins. Whether the characters are aware or not of the forces operating athwart or against them, they must eventually come into collision. Every collision involves a crisis, in which the relative strength of the conflicting forces is put to the test. The plot develops sometimes by a series of minor crises, sometimes with few or none, with success now to one side, now to the other, until the central or great crisis is reached. In *Julius Cæsar* the crisis—the death of Cæsar—is reached with no real opposition. In *Coriolanus* the hero passes through more than one before he is banished from Rome.

The *crisis*, or, as it is also called, the climax, is the middle of the narrative, not by any means coincident with the mid-point between its opening and termination. It is the artistic, not mathematical, middle. It usually comes nearer the termination than the opening, though in *Julius Cæsar* the contrary is the

case. In the crisis there meet in a point or knot all those conflicting forces which will remain in conflict, until one ultimately and finally stands out triumphant and the other is irreparably destroyed. The clash must come, or, in comedy, the plot must become entangled to such a degree that the hero (or heroine, or both) can extricate himself only by submitting to what he most wished to avoid, or to the part or entire loss of what is vital to his success. As the plot develops one force will begin to assert its superiority and will in the end emerge triumphant. If the ending is to be happy, the crisis will come near the conclusion, for the hero having achieved his purpose, the dramatic motive is exhausted.

What follows will exhibit the effect of the crisis on the various characters, and will cease to interest when we are satisfied that the future or fate of the hero is what we were led to expect and wish it to be. This stage of the plot tends to be shorter than the complication, because the latter moving along convergent lines to a central point concentrates and thus intensifies interest, while the *explication*, moving along divergent lines, disperses and thus weakens it. In tragedy the explication tends to be longer than in comedy. The hero emerges triumphant from the crisis, *e. g.* Macbeth from the murder of Duncan; but his triumph is short-lived. The forces arrayed against him and overthrown by him are not annihilated. They begin to gather strength almost immediately, and as their power grows that of the hero declines. The contests of power which marked the complication and culminated in the crisis are repeated in the explication, but whereas in the former

the hero on the whole advanced, in the latter the margin of success is to the other side until, finally, he is brought to ruin or death in the catastrophe. The *catastrophe* is a second great crisis with this difference—the defeated party is completely overthrown, never to recover.

A novel or play constructed on a single plot is said to be simple in structure. When the action is further complicated by the interweaving of one or more *sub-plots*, it is said to be complex. Complex action naturally requires more skilful manipulation than simple action. It is a technical rather than an artistic achievement. Intricacy of plot with neat dovetailing of details is not to be found in the great works of fiction. Shakespeare uses sub-plot in his comedies, but his great tragedies, *e. g. Macbeth* and *Coriolanus*, are simple in structure. *King Lear* is complex, and is a masterpiece of harmony of action and character. Sub-plot does not mean independent plot. An independent plot would violate the vital principle of unity by leading the interest along lines not convergent. The function of the sub-plot is to add to, not to take away from, the main interest; though it may serve as a diversion to relieve suspense, only, however, to increase it later. The actors in the sub-plot will therefore be connected with the main plot; they may be minor characters, as Lorenzo in *The Merchant of Venice*, or leading characters, as Edmund in *King Lear*. Its total effect will be to enhance the main plot by strengthening the conflicting forces, to give dramatic interest to minor characters by providing them with an ob-

jective apart from, but related to, the main objective, and to reveal aspects of character not possible to the main plot, *e. g.* Goneril's and Regan's attitude towards Lear and towards Edmund.

Character may be presented in two ways, *directly* and *indirectly*. In drama the method is mainly direct. It is presented in action, speech and gesture. What the character of the man is who acts and speaks thus and thus is for the spectator to infer; he is not told directly, except perhaps by the reports of other *dramatis personæ*, *e. g.* Marcus Brutus. Even then the spectator must judge of the truth and sincerity of the reports by taking into consideration by whom and with what motive the reports are made. If deep feeling, whether friendly or hostile, enters, he is not likely to get an unbiassed opinion. Praise or denunciation may provide a better insight into the character of the speaker than that of the one spoken of. Generally speaking, in the drama we are face to face with the *dramatis personæ;* nothing stands between us and them. We see their behaviour in certain situations, and from this we get to know them. This method is not confined to the dramatist. The novelist employs it extensively, especially in novels of action like *The Three Musketeers*. Usually he combines direct and indirect methods.

When character is presented indirectly, the author in his own person, or in that of his characters, stands before his canvas, as it were, as demonstrator, and describes, analyses or discourses upon his characters. In *Quentin Durward*, Scott devotes the first chapter to a description of the real hero, Louis XI. The story opens with Chap. II. Quentin, the nominal

hero, is portrayed chiefly through action, his character being summed up in the last paragraph of the book. Stevenson in *The Ebb Tide* describes the character of Herrick directly, and develops it in speech and action indirectly. Captain Davis, Huish and Attwater are revealed in speech and action with scarcely a word of comment. In what is known as psychological novels, like those of George Eliot, feeling, motive and thought are analysed to reveal the springs of action and character at critical moments. Such analysis corresponds to soliloquy in the drama, the advantage of which, as a mirror of mind and emotion, is counteracted by its retarding effect upon action. There is a tendency among some novelists of to-day to extend analysis and exposition of character at the expense of action, especially in novels in which the hero is a passive victim of social or other conditions.

Environment may also play its part in suggesting character. One's dwelling and furniture may be more than an indication of one's social position; it may be a reflection of one's character, tastes and habits. King Louis XI's castle at Plessis-les-Tours, with its grim and forbidding appearance, seems to express the character of its sinister and relentless master with his dark scheming. Louis' dress, too, reflects his parsimony and superstition. "Do clothes absorb a little of the character of their wearer, so that I recognised this jacket by a certain coquetry?" asks the narrator in *The Little White Bird.*

In addition to employing the above-mentioned methods of characterisation, the author may choose

and group his characters so that they, by contrast or likeness, will be thrown into relief with, or will tone with, others, just as the painter produces his effects by vivid contrast of colour or by subtle grading of shades of the same colour. Characters which stand out by contrast have little or nothing in common. Characters emphasised by likeness have much in common, but are at the same time individual. Scott seems to favour strong contrasts, not only in his leading characters, like Louis XI and Charles of Burgundy, but also in such minor characters as Trois Echelles and Petit André. Every play of Shakespeare illustrates this method of character-grouping. In *King Lear* contrast and likeness are interwoven with great complexity. Goneril and Regan stand out in contrast with Cordelia, Edmund with Edgar, Cornwall with Albany; Goneril and Regan are one in wickedness but are clearly differentiated. Kent and the Fool are also alike and yet unlike. *King Lear* also illustrates grouping according to a common purpose or trait. The enemies of Lear are all inspired by one selfish motive, and by their number impress us with an overwhelming sense of evil, which finds individual expression in each of them. By character-grouping, which depends primarily upon plot—the groups being determined by their common motive—characters are thus brought into relation with one another, and individual and common traits are made to stand out more clearly than they would otherwise do.

In the early stages of narrative art, background was either absent, conventional or merely decorative. Many fairy-tales and legends are barely localised at

all. *Jack and the Beanstalk* may be set in any country. The *novelle* of the Middle Ages did not suffer by being translated from Italian and Spanish into other languages; they are cosmopolitan stories, independent of nation and clime. The same may be said of the pastoral and heroic romances, for though landscape description is utilised, its effect is pictorial only, and could be dispensed with without loss to the narrative. It is true that the gloomy forests harbour dire perils for the worthy knight, and that flowery meads and cool fountains are the unfailing accompaniment of success, but these are conventions. They are no more a part of the action than a crown is of a king's everyday apparel, but they are as inseparable from the story as is the crown from a child's idea of a king. Dramatists, especially Shakespeare, realised long before novelists the value of setting as an aid to action and character. *Macbeth* opens on the wind-swept heath, with thunder, lightning and rain; the night of the murder is black and unruly, "Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death." In *Julius Cæsar* the background is in harmony with and intensifies the mood of the play. The conspiracy is developed in an atmosphere of extraordinary confusion, the whole universe seems to be at war with itself. Thunder, lightning, and awful portents strike terror into the mind and charge the air with panic. *The Tempest* is set on an imaginary distant island, a romantic spot where improbable happenings become probable and real.

In the first two acts of *Julius Cæsar* the setting is not only in emotional harmony with the tragedy, but also serves to express character, Cæsar, Calpurnia,

Cicero and Casca being all differently affected by the phenomenal disturbances of the night when the conspiracy is completed. The use of thunder and lightning alone, after all a mere stage trick, is of little emotional value, if action, thought and description are not in harmony with the confusion and gloom it represents. Setting must not be imposed upon the narrative from without; it must come from within; it cannot of itself create mood, of which it is a merely external expression.

Setting may also be a motive toward action, as in *The Tempest*, when Stephano and Trinculo are diverted from their purpose to attempt the life of Prospero by the gaudy apparel outside Prospero's cave. In *Julius Cæsar* when Cassius is endeavouring to induce Brutus to take action against Cæsar and is not quite certain of Brutus' attitude, suddenly "flourish and shout" is heard.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Thus Brutus, taken unawares, involuntarily reveals his thoughts and gives Cassius his cue how to proceed. Stevenson in his *Gossip on Romance* discourses at length on this aspect of setting. "One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what,

yet we proceed in quest of it. . . . Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck."

In the novels of the nineteenth century and of to-day, setting is made not only to reveal character and reflect mood, but to influence character. In Thomas Hardy's "Novels of Environment" men and women ceaselessly strive for happiness and self-expression only to be crushed by some ineluctable and relentless power with which nature seems to sympathise. Environment as an influence on character is prominent also in the novels of Wells, Bennett, Jack London, Stewart E. White, May Sinclair, Conrad and others. In works like *Cranford* and those of Jane Austen environment is partly an expression of character, but mainly a background in perfect harmony with the figures in the foreground. One cannot imagine these stories in any different setting. In *Cranford* the air of quiet gentility belongs as much to the place as to the people.

EXERCISES

1. What method of characterisation is illustrated by each of the following extracts—

(*a*) His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace, a holy calm pervades me!" So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with

his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eyeglass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold, the moral Pecksniff."—DICKENS.

(*b*) At that moment the appearance of a waiter with a telegram caused the dancers to pause. Mr. Burke's name was whispered in front of the messenger; but he who, until that evening, had been Mr. Burke, was now the Marquis of Kilcarney. The smiling mouth drooped to an expression of fear as he tore open the envelope. One glance was enough; he looked about the room like one dazed. Then, as his eyes fell upon the vague faces seen looking through the wet November pane, he muttered: "Oh! you brutes, you brutes! so you have shot my brother!"—GEORGE MOORE.

(*c*) I was left there alone—winner of the field. It was the hardest battle I had fought, and the first victory I had gained: I stood awhile on the rug, where Mr. Brocklehurst had stood, and I enjoyed my conqueror's solitude. First, I smiled to myself and felt elate; but this fierce pleasure subsided in me as fast as did the accelerated throb of my pulses. A child cannot quarrel with its elders, as I had done; cannot give its furious feelings uncontrolled play, as I had given mine, without experiencing afterwards the pang of remorse and the chill of reaction. A ridge of lighted heath, alive, glancing, devouring, would have been a meet emblem of my mind when I accused and menaced Mrs. Reed: the same ridge, black and blasted after the flames are dead, would have represented as meetly my subsequent condition, when half an hour's silence and reflection had shown me the madness of my conduct, and the dreariness of my hated and hating position.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(*d*) "A careless girl!" said Mr. Brocklehurst . . . "Let the child who broke her slate come forward!" Of my own accord I could not have stirred; I was paralysed.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(*e*) Miss Temple, through all changes, had thus far continued superintendent of the seminary; to her

instruction I owed the best part of my acquirements; her friendship and society had been my continual solace; she had stood me in the stead of mother, governess, and, latterly, companion.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(*f*) "Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up, if you be a man!" . . .

"I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you don't know how to clench your hands." . . .

"'Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a schoolgirl."

"I *can* fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland Dunnié-wassel fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Harry Wakefield fell and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat, whilst dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence.

"It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pickthank shall never mix on my father's dirk with that of a brave man."

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire.

"There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood if it can."—SCOTT.

(*g*) *Gregers.* Well, I hope you are happy in your marriage.

Hjalmar. Very happy. I have as pretty and as capable a wife as a man could wish, and she is by no means without education either.

Gregers (*slightly surprised*). I should hope not!

Hjalmar. Well, life is an education, you see. Her daily companionship with me—and we see a few clever people now and then.—IBSEN.

(*h*) Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—MARLOWE.

2. Examine the following illustrations of realistic and romantic description. Point out the difference in method and effect.

(*a*) Mrs. Baines wore black alpaca, shielded by a white apron whose string drew attention to the amplitude of her waist. Her sleeves were turned up, and her hands, as far as the knuckles, covered with damp flour. Her ageless, smooth paste-board occupied a corner of the table, and near it were her paste-roller, butter, some pie-dishes, shredded apples, sugar and other things. Those rosy hands were at work among a sticky substance in a large white bowl.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

(*b*) "I've lived," said she, "in a little cottage like this with my aunt and Miss Dalrymple and done everything . . . housekeeping and——"

"Housekeeping!" said I. "Racing the winds with Rhona Boswell and other gypsy children up and down Snowdon—that's been *your* housekeeping."

"Cooking," said Winifred, maintaining her point.

"Oh, what a fib, Winifred! These sunburnt fingers may have picked wild fruits, but they never made a pie in their lives."

"Never made a pie! I make beautiful pies and things; and when we're married I'll make your pies—may I, instead of a conceited man-cook?"

"No, Winifred. Never make a pie or do a bit of cooking in *my* house, I charge you."

"Oh, why not?" said Winifred, a shade of disappointment overspreading her face. "I suppose it's unladylike to cook."

"Because," said I, "once let me taste something made by these tanned fingers, and how could I ever afterwards eat anything made by a man-cook, conceited or modest? I should say to that poor cook, 'Where is the Winifred flavour, cook? I don't taste those tanned

fingers here.' And then, suppose you were to die first, Winifred, why I should have to starve, just for want of a little Winifred flavour in the pie-crust. Now I don't want to starve, and you shan't cook."—THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

3. What is realism in fiction? Note the following views: "And the true realism were that of the poets . . . to catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives . . . to find out where joy resides and give it a voice far beyond singing."—R. L. STEVENSON. "Realistic fiction is that which does not shrink from the commonplace or from the unpleasant in its effort to depict things as they are, life as it is."—PROFESSOR BLISS PERRY. "The subject-matter of realism and romance is the same; the distinction between them lies in the method of treatment."—CLAYTON HAMILTON.

4. What purpose is served by setting in the following extracts:

(*a*) *Cicero.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?
Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.—SHAKESPEARE.

(*b*) *Cæsar.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.—SHAKESPEARE.

(*c*) "Can you cook a herring?" he shouted.
"Yes, Sir," I cried, jumping to my feet.
"Then cook two—one for you and one for me. You'll find them somewhere about the room, also tea and bread and butter and a gas-stove, and when all is ready let me know. . . ." The herrings and a half-smoked pipe shared a plate on the top of the rickety chest of drawers. I had to blow the ash off the fish. A paper of tea and a loaf of bread I found in a higgledy-piggledy mixture of clothes, books and papers. My godlike friend had carelessly put his hair-brush into the butter. The condition of the sole cooking utensil warred even against my sense of the fitness of gridirons, and I cleansed it with his towel.—W. J. LOCKE.

(*d*) *Duncan.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. The guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here.—SHAKESPEARE.

5. "An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought." Discuss.

6. In what way does the plot structure of the Sherlock Holmes stories differ from normal structure?

7. Discuss "Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance."—R. L. STEVENSON.

CHAPTER IX

HISTORY OF THE NOVEL

THE novel was one of the latest literary forms to arrive at maturity. The drama, the essay and the lyric had established themselves before the first novel was written. Late as was this development, its ancestry is as old as story-telling, which is nearly as old as man. It is to be found in the romances, *novelle*, ballads and other forms of narrative which sprang up all over Europe in the Middle Ages, and which in turn look back to ancient myth and legend. All these contribute something to the modern novel, for they all deal with the actions and desires of men and women. Except that they are founded on narration, they little resemble the modern novel, however. The principle of unity, insisted upon so early in the epic and the drama, receives scant attention from the writers of romances and *novelle*. The mediæval romances had no beginning, middle or end; they consisted of a succession of adventures which ended when the writer's ingenuity or strength ran out. Even then they might have been continued by other writers, as they often were, without being impaired in style or structure. The three kinds of romances meet in Sidney's *Arcadia*—chivalric, like those of the Round Table, romance of adventure, of French cultivation, which increased the "love interest," multiplied the obstacles that prevented

the happy though inevitable union of hero and heroine, pastoral romance in which, amidst idyllic surroundings, knights and ladies in the guise of shepherds and shepherdesses told tales of adventure. *Arcadia* is an intricate love-story, professing to deal with love and adventure in a land famed for the simplicity and purity of the lives of its people. The story is long drawn-out and is frequently interrupted by episodes, every new character as he enters being expected to relate his adventures. There is no characterisation, and the whole bears no relation to life.

Lyly's *Euphues* is more remarkable for its style than for its place in the development of the art of fiction. Two other Elizabethan works take us out of the realm of idealistic romance into that of every-day life. *A Groat's Worth of Wit*, by Greene, who also wrote a number of short tales, is a realistic picture of a certain phase of contemporary life—literary bohemia; and Nash's *Jack Wilton* is the first English picaresque novel, and was an attempt to break down the influence of the exaggerated adventures and sentiment of the romances which still persisted in popularised forms. In the romances and *novelle* of the sixteenth century, action supplied the main interest. Background, if employed at all, was conventional or decorative. Character evoked no interest or art.

The early part of the seventeenth century brought its contribution to the development of the art of fiction in the " Characters," which were short essays describing contemporary types of people, common or quaint, such as *a young raw preacher; a plain country fellow.*

The wide ranging of Elizabethan imagination was

giving place to a more critical view of life. Man began to be interested in what lay near at hand. It was a relief to contemplate one's neighbours after straining the eyes toward the distant horizon of romance. "Character" writing, the later diaries, lives, and other records of actuality were a direct result of the increased interest in one's fellow-men, and led to the realistic tales of Defoe.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, though not a novel, marks a great advance in the art of fiction. No other writer had hitherto succeeded so well in giving the illusion of reality to a series of imaginary events. Its allegorical characters, handicapped as allegorical figures always are by their didactic purpose, are real and alive, the language is simple and direct, the plot simple and rapid in movement. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is good journalism; it is a masterpiece of invention and narration. The method, despite the romantic setting of the story, is realistic; the narrative is made plausible by the concreteness and circumstantiality of the representation. Portrayal of character and analysis of feeling play no part. Defoe's other tales are descendants of *Jack Wilton*, picaresque stories in which the hero, a rogue, is made to pass through a succession of adventures suitable to his knavish and dissolute character. They are simply invented biographies with no plot or delineation of character.

The *De Coverley Papers* of Addison take us a step nearer the novel proper. They have all the ingredients of a novel except plot; there are narrative, love interest (slight), characterisation and analysis of feeling. Though the works of Bunyan, Defoe and Addison in varying degrees exhibit features of the

novel, no novel was to appear until 1740, when Richardson published his *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.* Richardson had been invited to write a series of letters which would serve as models for "those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." For such a work he was well qualified. For many years it had been his practice not only to write but also to compose letters for young women of his acquaintance. By this means, he had become a skilled letter-writer, and had acquired an unrivalled knowledge of the feminine heart. *Pamela* is a series of letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents, published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the youth of both sexes. The form adopted, namely, letters in which the events are narrated and commented upon by the various personages in the story to each other and to others outside it, was peculiarly suited to Richardson's power to analyse sentiment and emotion. Owing to the accumulation of detail, all of which, however, is relevant, and to the microscopical minuteness of analysis, the story moves very slowly, but reveals a constructed plot in that everything leads to a predetermined conclusion. A year after *Pamela* appeared, Fielding, judging the popular taste needed a corrective, published *Joseph Andrews*, a burlesque novel in which the experiences of Pamela were paralleled in her supposed brother Joseph, an incorruptible footman, pursued by a shameless temptress, the aunt of Pamela's master. Fielding, however, did much more than pour ridicule on the exaggerated sentimentality of *Pamela*, with its sobs and sighs. He created a new type of novel, as near to the Modern Novel as it was remote from the novels of Richardson,

and upon which he set the stamp of perfection in *Tom Jones* (1749). *Tom Jones* is Fielding's masterpiece, and is still regarded as being unsurpassed in the art of prose fiction. Like *Joseph Andrews*, it is a "Comic Epic" in which the "grave and solemn" incidents of romance give place to "light and ridiculous" incidents, and elevated diction to natural and even colloquial language, and which admitted personages of humble rank. Says Austin Dobson: "Fielding makes his draft upon Human Nature at large, and crowds his stage with men and women of all sorts and conditions, inclining by choice to the middle and lower classes rather than to the 'highest life.' . . . Few now write novels in Richardson's fashion, but even to-day many books bear manifest traces of the form that Fielding gave to *Tom Jones* and *Amelia.*] In the first place, he tells his story directly, in his own person, instead of letting his hero tell it, or allowing his characters to unravel themselves in letters. He pays minute attention to the construction and evolution of his plot, carefully excluding characters and episodes which do not advance the fable or contribute to the end to be obtained. . . . Without much parade of psychology he manages to make his *dramatis personæ* extraordinarily real and vivid by placing them before us in their habit as they lived and with their fitting accessories. Finally, while painting Humanity as he finds it, by no means composed of Models of Perfection, he is careful . . . to proclaim a moral purpose. The main objects of his satire, he declares, are vanity and hypocrisy. It is his intention to exhibit vice as detestable and never successful." Both Richardson and Fielding, while creating new forms, were indebted

to long-established elements of fiction. Pamela is a descendant of the long-suffering heroine of romance, Tom Jones of the picaresque hero. The sentiment and sensibility of Richardson were continued by Sterne and Goldsmith, while Smollett openly reverted to the picaresque novel with its absence of plot and character. These writers contributed little to the form of the novel, though they widened its range, which, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, branched off in three directions, leading to (1) the Novel of Manners, (2) the Novel with a Purpose, (3) the Historical Novel.

The Novel of Manners brought no new element into fiction except, perhaps, delicate satire. Its counterpart is to be found in the comedies of Ben Jonson, Congreve and (later) Sheridan, and in the essays of Steele and Addison. *Tom Jones* in its *dramatis personæ*, situations and settings is a novel of manners, but occupies a bigger canvas. The Novel of Manners designs to give us a satirical picture of fashionable society. It points its shafts at modes, foibles and morals which by exaggeration are made to appear ridiculous or displeasing. The first Novels of Manners in the limited application of the term were those of Fanny Burney, *Evelina* (1778), *Cecilia* (1782), *Camilla* (1796). Of her Macaulay says, " Her plots are rudely constructed and improbable, if we consider them in themselves. But they are admirably framed for the purpose of exhibiting striking groups of eccentric characters, each governed by his own particular whim, each talking his own particular jargon, and each bringing out by opposition the oddities of all the rest." Maria Edgeworth, of whom, says Turgenev, Scott was an unconscious disciple,

wrote novels of English manners and later in *Castle Rackrent* (1800), and *The Absentee* (1812), of Irish life. In *Pride and Prejudice*, generally admitted Jane Austen's best novel, the Novel of Manners approaches its high-water mark. Observant, humorous, common-sensible, she describes what she saw and knew with a charming simplicity and a convincing fidelity to experience. She confines herself to her own social class, country gentlefolk, pleasure-loving, idle, self-centred, and avoids, on the one hand, people of humble rank and on the other, the rich. Some central idea—family pride, deluded affection—provides the motive of her plots, which are always subordinated to character. "The importance of her initiative lies in the fact that she was the first consciously to recognise that the dramas of humanity are now for the most part enacted within through the conflicts of opinion and feeling. It is her ambition to point out how entirely what people did depended on what they thought and felt, and how much, therefore, happiness and unhappiness depend on the interchange of influence and development of character expressed in all the relations of family and social life." * From Jane Austen it is but a step to Thackeray.

The Gothic novel (or the Novel of Terror) invented by Horace Walpole in *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) was a reaction against the commonplace incidents of contemporary fiction, and aimed at combining the supernatural machinery of the French romances with the characters of the modern novel. A haunted castle or abbey in the wilds of Spain or Italy, darkness or a clouded moon, underground passages, sealed dungeons, secret panels, forbidden chambers, clank-

* *Victorian Novelists.* James Oliphant.

ing chains and clanging doors, dripping daggers, cowled skeletons, suits of armour that walk, doors that mysteriously open and close, usurping villains, wronged heirs and tearful heroines are the chief ingredients of the Novel of Terror. Mrs. Anne Radcliffe was the most successful exponent of this school. Her landscapes, whether French, Italian, Spanish or Swiss, though very much alike, are described with an imaginative and romantic fervour which for the first time makes natural scenery a background to reflect mood. Her characters and mysteries are of the conventional type, but the latter are always solved in a simple and natural way. Towards the end of the century Gothicism became a craze, and in *Ambrosio or the Monk* reached the limits of incredibility, horror and loathsomeness. Before this school had gorged itself with blood and horrors, it was cleverly burlesqued by Jane Austen in *Northanger Abbey*, which, though written in 1798, four years after *Udolpho*, did not appear until 1818, two years before Maturin's *Melmoth*, a veritable orgy of gruesomeness, terror and black magic.

The scenes of the Gothic novel were laid in distant lands and times, mediæval Italy and Spain being almost irresistible, but no one attempted to make use of historic figures and events until Jane Porter in *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and in *Scottish Chiefs* (1809) drew upon Polish and Scottish historical characters and events. Both works were untrue to historical character and background, but to Jane Porter is due the credit of having caught the secret of employing history as a source and setting for fictitious experiences, and of having suggested to Scott the idea of the Waverley Novels. Scott con-

tributes nothing to the development of the novel-form. Much as he did to raise the prestige of the novel, unlike Jane Austen he himself was inclined to share the fashionable disparaging opinion of the novelist's art. "I shall not own Waverley. . . . I am not sure that it would be considered quite decorous for me, a clerk of Sessions, to write novels." Scott wrote rapidly and without revision. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his novels are conventional in form. The heroes and heroines of his historical novels are almost as conventional as those of mediæval romances. Speech is not always fitted to character, and skilful as is his portrayal of character there is no character-development. His men and women are the same at the end of the story as at the beginning; where a change has taken place, it is usually so violent and unprepared for that it fails to convince. In spite of all this, however, Scott is a great novelist. Believing that the field of the novelist was the dim and distant past, he went to the great personages and events of history for his material. About these he wove a series of imagined and striking experiences, in which historical and non-historical characters were involved, upon a picturesque and brightly coloured background of plausible historical accuracy, permeated by the true spirit of the period delineated. Widely read in antiquarian lore, with a remarkably retentive memory, and with a keen eye for scenic and dramatic effect, he was able to write rapidly, uninterrupted by continual reference to authorities. Thus he made to live the storied past with all its glamour and movement, and what he lost in accuracy of detail he gained in vividness and warmth. To the manliness,

high tone, brilliant, if somewhat barbarous, colour of Scott's historical novels, people turned with relief from the revolting and blood-curdling stories of Maturin and Monk Lewis, and the historical novel became popular in England and abroad through the disciples of Scott: William Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley in England; Dumas, Hugo, Manzoni and Freytag abroad.

The Novel with a Purpose may be traced back to *Amelia* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which inveigh against certain social and political evils—gambling, duelling, prisons—but only incidentally. With the spread of Rousseau's principles a number of novels sprang up, advocating educational and social reform, either by describing the ideal or by enlarging on the evils of the actual. The most important are *The History of Sandford and Merton* (1783-89), by Thomas Day, *Caleb Williams* (1794), by William Godwin, *Anna St. Ives* (1792), by Thomas Holcroft. In the last two is depicted the tragic struggle of a young man of humble birth but of good parts against wealthy and brutal tyranny on the one hand, and social conventions and prejudices on the other. Mrs. Inchbald's *A Simple Story* (1791) and *Nature and Art* (1796) are dreadful warnings to young girls against the seductions of the world.

The Victorian novel is a comprehensive and vague expression, and is made to include the works of such widely differing writers as Lord Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson and Thomas Hardy. Different as are these writers and others included among Victorian novelists too numerous to mention, they have at least one common quality—their deep interest in men and women. They step boldly off the circum-

scribed plane of their predecessors into the maze of life with all its variety and complexity, and its tragedy and comedy. With Dickens we are in the midst of a motley crowd, rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions. He is the splendid journalist. He knows what the public want and gives it to them. They love sentiment, humour and realism, and these they get. He was the first great novelist to explore the heart of the people, and for this reason, despite his faults of taste and construction, which are never far to seek, he retains his place in their affections. He was wise enough to write of the life he knew, that of the lower middle classes, vulgar, sentimental, human. In the few cases in which he struck upwards, *viz.* Lord Verisopht, he missed his mark.

Pickwick Papers, the first of his greater works, is (partly due to his reading of Smollett) picaresque in form. *Oliver Twist*, begun before *Pickwick Papers* was finished, is his first novel proper, and, like the remainder, is cast in biographical form. In all Dickens' writings the didactic purpose is more or less prominent. In works such as *David Copperfield* and *Dombey and Son* the didactic motive is less apparent than in *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, but they all illustrate the suffering, unmerited and unnecessary, which the weak and helpless undergo on account of the incompetency of particular institutions or of the selfishness, the lack of sympathy or the moral insensibility of men and women.

When we consider the rate at which Dickens composed, and the vast number of characters which appears in his novels, we must not be surprised to find faults of structure, *e. g.* a tendency to ramble, the introduction of people who have no logical

connection with the plot, unconvincing coincidence. Indeed, Dickens shows remarkable skill in marshalling a multitude of characters and incidents in a well-organised and elaborate plot and in maintaining interest in the doings of various groups of people, each centred in itself and at the same time contributing its quota to the evolution of the plot.

Thackeray was always a satirist, though not without his lapses into sentimentality. He opened his literary career with *Catherine*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* and *The Snob Papers*, which the idealised rogues of Lytton and Ainsworth, the allurement of bubble speculation and the airs and excesses of society respectively inspired. In *Vanity Fair* the powers, thus variously displayed, converge. This "Novel Without a Hero" is a protest against the popular novel of the time which, while purporting to give a real picture of life, did nothing of the sort. It is a great novel of manners, wider in range and more complex than Jane Austen's novels, less coarse and hearty than Fielding's. If the book has no hero it has in Becky Sharp, a heroine whose complex character and unprincipled and selfish scheming give both interest and unity to a brilliant study of English manners. *Henry Esmond* is the only novel which will bear close scrutiny in construction. Like Dickens, Thackeray favours the biographical plot, to which a central character and the chronology of events give a semblance of unity, and, also like Dickens, he confines himself to those phases of English life with which he was familiar. In characterisation he courts the danger to which all satirists are prone, namely, caricature. It is only in his minor characters, however, that he errs. As a satirist, too, he gives

prominence to the less pleasing side of life, and the less worthy characters remain in the memory. He seems to stand apart from his world, watches it with shrewd and rueful gaze, points with a minatory finger at its many excesses and shortcomings, and then bids us look at his morals of virtue. We find the forbidden the more attractive, however, and the moral is lost upon us.

Charlotte Brontë dedicated *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray out of admiration for him " as the first social regenerator of the day—and the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped order of things." Thackeray attacked conventions, Charlotte Brontë ignored them. In *Jane Eyre* she spoke out. In a manner which the critics of the time refused to believe to be feminine, she laid bare the inner secrets of a passionate soul. *Jane Eyre* is a convincing illustration of Oscar Wilde's dictum that the aim of all art is depth, not width, for it is an intensely human story, woven out of the author's own bitter experiences and told with all the sincerity and nakedness which a true and noble passion compels. Realism, which in Thackeray consists in laying bare the hypocrisy of the outer world and in Charlotte Brontë in laying bare the secrets of the inner life, is the fundamental note of George Eliot, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, to mention only three of the many Victorian novelists who contemplate life in a reflective mood and penetrate beneath the surface for the solution of its many problems. There is a certain philosophical massiveness about their work which is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the novel. They sacrifice the first duty of the novelist, namely, to tell a good story, to the

exposition of their theories. They show men and women in the springtime of life, loving and being loved; soon the small cloud appears on the horizon. Slowly and surely the darkening storm gathers; escape it they cannot, and they become the helpless victims of some offended and inexorable power—heredity, convention, tradition—which drives them hither and thither in its relentless fury, and finally crushes them. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and sometimes George Meredith go to the peasantry for their characters, in whom the inner life finds more natural and sincere expression than in the higher ranks of society, where people act not according to the promptings of nature but according to the dictates of convention. Their stories are set amidst natural surroundings which are made to harmonise with their mood, and at times seem to become one with the power against which the characters struggle in vain.

The practice of George Eliot and Hardy of selecting one section of the community or one particular locality for the material and setting of their stories has continued to our own day in the novels of the "Kailyard" school, in Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns" novels, in Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor novels, in Pett Ridge's cockney novels, and in W. W. Jacobs' bargee sketches. Many Irish writers, from Carleton to Jane Barlow and George Birmingham, confine themselves to a sympathetic and often humorous portrayal of their country and its characteristics.

Alongside of this realistic tendency, romance flourished in the works of Wilkie Collins, R. D. Blackmore, R. L. Stevenson, Rider Haggard and others. Later came Maurice Hewlett, J. M. Barrie,

Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells, of each of whom it might be said in the words of Stevenson, " his story may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream." The great creative writers show us the realisation and apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. Where the romanticist seems to beat the realist is in his narrative power. His first business is to tell the story which, though it might not be the highest function of literature, is the first duty of the novelist.

What is known as the modern novel is largely due to the influence of H. G. Wells and Samuel Butler, *The Way of All Flesh* of the latter and *Love and Mr. Lewisham* of the former, sharing the credit of having initiated it. Its conventional features are a total lack of the conventional heroic qualities of the hero or heroine, conflict with or defiance of the accepted conventions of the day—orthodox religion, morality, art, politics, etc.—and a subtle analysis and detailed record of the impressions and changes wrought in the hero's soul and character in his efforts to achieve his ideals. It is a record of the struggle of ordinary people, usually biographical in form, often auto-biographical in substance and realistic in treatment, though romance, the quest of the ideal, supplies the stimulus. The actual (usually the ugly) is something to be overcome and crushed in order that the ideal, glorious and splendid life, with its unlimited promise, may be attained. Its writers are consumed by a courageous spirit of rebellion against the sordidness and sham to which centuries of civilisation have brought us.

CHAPTER X

TECHNIQUE OF THE NOVEL

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT in his stimulating book, *The Author's Craft*, says, "The novelist is he who, having seen life and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings." This definition lays stress on three of the essential elements of the novelist's equipment: (1) experience of life, involving a "sense of beauty"; (2) capacity to extract emotionally the essence of that experience—"a passionate intensity of vision"; (3) a compelling desire to "transmit the vision," that is, "to render infectious the emotion of the ideal," as Mr. Benjamin Kidd defines the aim of art. Not included or implied in Mr. Bennett's definition is the attribute "whose absence renders futile all the rest—fineness of mind . . . power to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in."

Less important than experience, inspiration and nobility of mind is knowledge of technique. A knowledge of technique is important, however; not only so, it is essential. No great work of art has yet been produced without it or in defiance of it, and though we do not look for absolute perfection of technique in ample forms like the novel, the opera and the cathedral, we are justified in expecting a certain

harmony of mood, symmetry of form and unity of conception, in the amplitude of which faults of detail are negligible.

One of the first problems that confronts the novelist is, Who shall tell the story? The difficulty of the problem is not diminished by the wide choice offered. He may tell the story through the medium of (1) a leading character, (2) a minor character, (3) more than one character, (4) letters, (5) diary, (6) the third person, that is, some one who is not a character in the novel; this third person (*a*) being omniscient, or (*b*) having a complete knowledge of certain characters only. Each medium has its advantages and disadvantages. The story, when told by a leading character, gains in probability (it has been remarked that the merit of *Robinson Crusoe* lies in its " plausible circumstantiality," the plausibility being partly due to the fact that Robinson Crusoe himself tells the story); vividness, especially in the narration of emotional experience (in *The Pit and the Pendulum* Poe sacrifices the element of suspense, caused by curiosity for the imprisoned man's fate, in order to gain vividness, by making the man recite his own thoughts and sufferings); subtlety of analysis of mood and passion (*Jane Eyre*); and lastly, minor characters are not likely to become too prominent. On the other hand, the narrator cannot penetrate the minds of the other characters; his own character can be developed and portrayed only indirectly in that he is not able to speak of his own virtues; incidents which take place beyond the narrator's knowledge and are important to the story call for dexterous handling, if doubling back and unnaturalness are to be avoided.

exposition of their theories. They show men and women in the springtime of life, loving and being loved; soon the small cloud appears on the horizon. Slowly and surely the darkening storm gathers; escape it they cannot, and they become the helpless victims of some offended and inexorable power—heredity, convention, tradition—which drives them hither and thither in its relentless fury, and finally crushes them. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy and sometimes George Meredith go to the peasantry for their characters, in whom the inner life finds more natural and sincere expression than in the higher ranks of society, where people act not according to the promptings of nature but according to the dictates of convention. Their stories are set amidst natural surroundings which are made to harmonise with their mood, and at times seem to become one with the power against which the characters struggle in vain.

The practice of George Eliot and Hardy of selecting one section of the community or one particular locality for the material and setting of their stories has continued to our own day in the novels of the "Kailyard" school, in Arnold Bennett's "Five Towns" novels, in Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor novels, in Pett Ridge's cockney novels, and in W. W. Jacobs' bargee sketches. Many Irish writers, from Carleton to Jane Barlow and George Birmingham, confine themselves to a sympathetic and often humorous portrayal of their country and its characteristics.

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It is a form seldom adopted, as the advantage of being able to present various points of view, to analyse character and motive, and to indulge in intimate personal touches, is more than counteracted by the difficulty of keeping the story moving rapidly and directly. The interchange of correspondence is confusing. The recital of the same incident by more than one character and the tendency to psychological analysis are matters alien to story-telling, and can only be indulged in at the risk of incoherence. The diary is, perhaps, the most seldom-used medium; it is more intimate even than the letter, and less restricted; it is for the eye of the writer only, and may convey his inmost thoughts and desires, and his sincere unvarnished opinions of men and affairs. For the introspective autobiographical novel with its intense personalness, its subordination of external action, it is one of the best mediums, as Gissing's *The Papers of Henry Ryecroft* testifies.

The third person is some one outside the story. It is he who nine times out of ten assumes the rôle of narrator. As such he may presume to know everything; he is omniscient except when he is wise enough not to be. The danger lies in the latitude he is allowed. Nothing is hidden from him; he can penetrate the innermost recesses of the heart, rifle the mind of its treasures, travel the world and tread paths unknown to man. If, however, he sets out to portray a great and noble soul or to describe a particular phase of life, he imposes upon himself obligations which he must fulfil and to the undertaking of which his knowledge and experience are equal. Authors who realise their limitations instead of assuming absolute omniscience, are omniscient in

regard to perhaps only one of their characters, and in regard to the others affect such knowledge as is demanded by the exigencies of the story, *e. g. Pride and Prejudice* (Jane Austen).

"The novelist is he who . . . chooses narrative fiction as the *liveliest* vehicle for the relief of his feelings"—the liveliest, the most alive, the most vital, that which contains the essence of life; in other words, where life is centred. Mr. Arnold Bennett gives it as his opinion that the first rule of design (construction) is "that the interest must be centralised"; attention must be focussed or concentrated on the vision which a "sense of beauty" and an intensity of passion has revealed to the artist. To concentrate means to bring together at the centre. Neither terminologically nor mentally is it possible to concentrate on scattered interests. The novelist must therefore place before us one figure or a small group of figures who stand out clearly from other figures. The eye should not be allowed to travel from the central unit, and whatever it lights on should give distinction or emphasis to it either by contrast or parallel. This principle has been frequently ignored by even the greatest novelists. Scott sometimes tries to centre interest on a mere puppet for the sake of conventional love interest; Dickens leads us in and out of the busy throng of life; we see so many faces—some to be remembered, some forgotten—that it is not to be wondered at that his heroes and heroines sometimes grow dim. A novelist cannot put more into his novels than he gets out of life. What he gets out of books will not go very far, a fact which a comparison of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's Roman plays illustrates. As the joy, the

romance and the adventure of life depend more upon what is within, upon character and upon the " microscopic fineness " of daily life, than upon sudden and violent disturbances of the commonplace and upon facts which are stranger than fiction, novels of character rank highest. Character is vital; it cannot exist apart from life. Action may be merely mechanical. Character, however, must be related to action; usually it is its mainspring, for action which does not arise out of character is false to life and to art. Action must not only arise out of character, it must bring the conception of that character nearer completion; it must also carry the story perceptibly forward. At a certain stage in the plot, action may have got beyond the control of the actor, who from this point will submit to what he regards as inevitable, or will struggle against it. Novels in which plot is not related to character are of ephemeral interest. The most cleverly devised story of purely mechanical construction will scarcely stand a second reading.

In a novel which aims at giving an imaginative picture of life, action, scene and character must be artistically probable. Things happen in life which are almost incredible, but we believe them because we know them to be facts—truth is stranger than fiction. Such incidents introduced into a novel would tend to dispel that illusionary reality which it is the aim of art to produce, unless—and this is the important point—the writer has induced in the reader a suspension of that attitude of mind which demands actuality as a condition of probability. Even with this latitude the writer must not go beyond the postulates of his original conception. Coincidences

happen in life, but in fiction they arouse suspicion, and, when multiplied, open distrust. In O. Henry's *The World and the Door* ("Whirligigs") there is a quadruple coincidence. In the short story, however, coincidences may frequently happen, owing to the smallness of the area to which the writer narrows his vision. In regard to action, then, the improbable may be regarded as probable under certain circumstances. In regard to character this cannot be so. Whether character remains the same or develops, only what is consistent with our original conception, with our experience of life and with the general laws of human nature, is admissible. Character cannot suddenly change except through some miraculous agency. A person may do unexpected things, but then the unexpected is characteristic of him. But when Pamela (the heroine of Richardson's novel) marries the man who has been the cause of all her misery, we accept the convention, but refuse to believe that she will be "happy ever after." In *The Heart of Midlothian*, when Jeanie Dean's sister Effie appears at the end of the book as a fine lady, the change in her is so out of keeping with what we have been led to expect of her that we cannot accept the truth of the transformation.

The novelist may construct his plot on the pattern of a chain or of a web. In the one he follows the career of his hero from its starting-point through a variety of experiences, until he emerges with his prize in his grasp, or, may be, crushed by failure. In the second he chooses a limited section of the hero's life, chosen for some great crucial experience. Towards this, flow moulding or disintegrating influences. His soul is shaken at its roots, and it remains to be

seen whether it will be blasted or regenerated. In either kind of plot unity is given by the central character (or group of characters). If, however, as in the chain plot, the various events which make up the hero's career are not related by cause and effect, so that each is complete in itself, and is not, as it should be, a link in the chain, that is, a component and integral part of the whole, the unity attained is not of that close-knit nature which intensity of vision gives. Broadly speaking, unity should enable us to see the end in the beginning, the centre from the circumference, just as upon the foundations of a building, though only on a level with the ground, one can erect in the mind's-eye the superstructure. "Our art is occupied, and bound to be occupied, not so much in making stories true as in making them typical; not so much in capturing the lineaments of each fact, as in marshalling all of them towards a common end. For the welter of impressions, all forcible but all discreet, which life presents, it substitutes a certain artificial series of impressions, all indeed most feebly represented, but all aiming at the same effect, all eloquent of the same idea, all chiming together like consonant notes in music or like the graduated tints in a good picture. From all its chapters, from all its pages, from all its sentences, the well-written novel echoes and re-echoes its one creative and controlling thought; to this must every incident and character contribute; the style must have been pitched in unison with this; and if there is anywhere a word that looks another way, the book would be stronger, clearer and (I had almost said) fuller without it."—*A Humble Remonstrance*, R. L. STEVENSON.

EXERCISES

1. Stevenson did not live to complete *St. Ives*. He wrote the first thirty chapters, which "brought the tale within sight of its conclusion, and the intended course of the remainder was known in outline to Mrs. Strong (his step-daughter)." Having read these chapters, complete the story in outline, and compare your conclusion with that of Sir A. Quiller-Couch in The Wayfarer's Library (Dent).

2. Compare the treatment of history in Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*.

3. Discuss the unity of character, plot and setting of *Hereward the Wake*.

4. Compare *Tom Brown's School Days*, Kipling's *Stalky and Co.*, Vachell's *The Hill*, and Walpole's *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* as novels of school life.

5. Write a review of a new novel.

6. Illustrate from *Quentin Durward* Scott's manner of dealing with his minor characters.

7. How does Thackeray deal with the actual historical events introduced into *Henry Esmond?*

8. Compare and contrast the way in which Scott and Jane Austen use the novel form.

9. Write an appreciation of your favourite novel of Dickens. (Dicuss plot, character-grouping, characterisation, sentiment, humour.)

10. Compare *Jane Eyre* (Charlotte Brontë) with *Northanger Abbey* (Jane Austen) with regard to (*a*) plot, (*b*) characterisation, (*c*) style.

11. Discuss Charlotte Brontë's treatment of children in *Jane Eyre*.

12. Discuss the importance of setting in *The Return of the Native* (Thomas Hardy).

13. What features in the works parodied are indirectly criticised in the following "Condensed Novels" of Bret

Harte: *The Ninety-three Guardsmen, Mr. Midshipman Breezy, The Haunted Man, Miss Mix?*

14. Study the plot of *Kim* as an example of picaresque structure.

15. "Stevenson imposes on himself more of the conditions of the dramatist than almost any other writer of fiction has done."—OLIPHANT. Discuss this statement, illustrating your views from *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Weir of Hermiston.*

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CHAPTER XI

HISTORY OF THE SHORT STORY

THE short story as an art-form is the product of the nineteenth century. Its forbears are those of the novel—the "geste," *fabliau*, *novella*, romance, essay, allegory. Its belated arrival is due partly to economic causes—there was no market; even to-day a volume of short stories is passed over in favour of a novel—and partly to the disdain with which it was regarded by writers of repute and by critics. It had to wait to be taken up and started on its career by one of its more favoured kinsmen—the essay, so prominent a feature of the eighteenth-century periodical, which as it made its way and extended its circulation, had to cater for an increasing diversity of tastes. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731, aimed at doing this by providing, for town and country, instead of for the town only, news of every description, and gleanings—essays, sketches, poems, reviews—from its contemporaries. Narrative fiction did not figure prominently or strike out a new line. Richard Cumberland—playwright, novelist, essayist—was the first to introduce the short story into the popular periodical, but it was a long time before the essay was ousted from its position of honour. A century later, even, the *London Magazine* and *Blackwood's* depended upon its Lambs and De Quinceys. The story magazine did not acquire an independent existence until late in the last century.

The history of the short story is not the history of the magazine, though each influenced the other. The first short stories to attract public notice as something new and of literary merit were those included in Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, published 1819. Irving was an American, and his *Sketch Book* first appeared in New York. But it is not this fact which gives America her claim to the short story as her special contribution to modern literature. Irving's stories, though possessing high qualities, do not satisfy the canon of the modern short story. *Rip Van Winkle* gives two pictures of American life, the one of the drowsy, phlegmatic Dutch Colonists, the other of the new, hustling, restless and politics-ridden product of the revolution. No doubt the author intended to interest us more in the first than the second, but he has done so by not giving the same artistic attention to the second as to the first. As a narrative it does not satisfy the dramatic sense, the climax being weakened by description and the *dénouement* being lengthened uneconomically. *The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow* shows Irving's skill in dramatic narrative, Ichabod Crane's ride on Gunpowder being worthy to rank with John Gilpin's adventure or the ride from "Ghent to Aix." *The Legend* is a series of vivid descriptive sketches of rare humour, connected by a sound plot, but, like *Rip Van Winkle*, is not a short story. Both these stories possess all the elements of the short story—they are pervaded by one mood, they encircle one group of related incidents, the characters are sympathetically portrayed, the action moves steadily forward from exposition to climax and conclusion. But they are not knit into organic unity; description predominates

and blocks the narrative. They are to be admired for their leisurely ease, mischievous humour, boyish fun, delicate fancy and charming style, which captivated Scott, who praised Irving's *Sketch Book* highly and established it in popular favour.

Washington Irving's medium was the personal essay, his sketches, narrative or descriptive being nearer in tone and structure to that form than to the modern short story. To a certain extent this is true of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who set out to win fame as a story-teller, but the Puritan sometimes got the better of the artist and converted the story into a tract or moral essay. His interest in the darker side of sin was, however, intellectual rather than moral; evil provided the story-teller with his material rather than the preacher with his text. The younger generation makes his acquaintance in *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* and the older in *The Scarlet Letter*. His first published stories appeared in the *Token*, 1829–30. *Twice-told Tales* appeared in 1837, the second series in 1842, *Mosses from an Old Manse* in 1846 and *Snow Image, and Other Stories* in 1851. Hawthorne's *Note-books* give the clue to his method as a teller of stories, and his stories explain many a cryptic entry in the *Note-books*. He was deeply concerned with the problem of sin in its gloomy aspects and in its effect upon human life and destiny, and to express his ideas he was constantly searching for symbols. His stories and sketches are allegories of these problems (*e. g. The Birth-Mark, The Bosom Serpent*), the nuclei of which are to be found in the *Note-books*. "A phantom of the old royal governors—on the night of the evacuation of Boston by the British," is the theme of *Howe's Masquerade;* "to

have ice in one's blood" may be the embryo of *A Virtuoso's Collection*, in the last paragraph of which we read that the touch of the virtuoso is like ice—he is the Wandering Jew. His symbolism does not always square with his art, sometimes it is too fanciful, sometimes too detailed, *e. g. The Bosom Serpent.*

Hawthorne was born at Salem in 1804, Edgar Allan Poe at Boston, six miles distant, in 1809. Five years in time and six miles in distance separated the arrival of these two pioneers of the short story. Poe opened his literary career on 1833 by winning a hundred-dollar prize with his *MS. found in a Bottle.* This was the first of an amazing series now included in one volume, *Tales of Adventure, Mystery and Imagination*—a title which gives only a partial idea of its diversity. Like Hawthorne, Poe built his stories round a preconceived idea, but employed much more care, deliberation and skill in constructing them. With Poe construction was almost a science, his stories possessing the precision, orderliness, accuracy and economy of a perfectly worked mathematical problem. He maintained the principles he himself laid down. "In the whole composition," he says, "there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design." His stories thrill, impress and horrify, but always fascinate. Their unseen and unfelt tentacles seize and hold the attention, for the stories combine with ingenuity, originality, graphic description and finished technique, subtle analysis of emotion, intense and cumulative, and power of imagination, convincing in its matter-of-factness and surprising in its fertility. They may be roughly classified into detective stories (*The Murders in the Rue Morgue,*

The Mystery of Marie Roget); pseudo-scientific (*The Descent into the Maelström, The Adventure of Hans Pfaal*); stories of cumulative fear (*The Fall of the House of Usher, The Pit and the Pendulum*); stories in which a violated conscience brings retribution (*William Wilson, The Imp of the Perverse*).

Bret Harte brings us nearer to our own time. His first stories, among them *Mliss*, appeared in 1857. They deal with that section of American life—the mining camps of California—with which his name is associated. The best of his stories were contributed to the *Overland Monthly* between 1868 and 1870. They include the *Luck of Roaring Camp, Tennessee's Partner* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. His later work in this strain showed a decline in his powers, *Under the Redwoods*, 1901, being but an echo of *Mliss* and *The Iliad of Sandy Bar*. Bret Harte made a fortunate discovery; he discovered the mining camp and the upstart towns of the Western States, and added them to the domain of literature. But it was not the advantage of novelty that accounted for his success; his art was based on a more solid foundation than that. This half-civilised community of lawless men, as ready with their revolvers as with their tongues and dollars, he depicted with sympathy and fidelity. His stories are a first-hand and highly coloured picture of the life of gold-miners, in which truth of detail, in language, manners and local conditions, is observed as a basis. In mood and atmosphere they are as far removed from the stories of Poe as *Sailors' Knots* is from *Life's Little Ironies*. Though Bret Harte deals with a lawless and godless community, he paints no sordid or unrelieved picture of debauchery, crime and ruffianism. It is the good

that prevails; when the uncouth covering is removed from their simple souls, their essential nobility of character is revealed.

Robert Louis Stevenson was known among the Samoans as Tusitala, "the teller of tales." He it was who threw open the gates of romance to an age of antimacassars and horsehair furniture. Known chiefly as essayist and novelist, he owes no small measure of his fame to his short stories. *The New Arabian Nights*, a series of fantastic stories of adventures in which London takes the place of Baghdad, were contributed in 1878 to a magazine called *London*. They were published in book-form in 1882, and *More New Arabian Nights* appeared in 1883. About this period were written those stories which combine psychology, romance and diablerie: *Thrawn Janet*, *A Lodging for the Night*, *Markheim*, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (a long short-story rather than a short novel), and *The Merry Men*. Few men have written more than Stevenson about their art. "There are," he says, "so far as I know, three ways, and three ways only, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or lastly . . . you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express it and realise it." His work illustrates his theory: *Treasure Island* the first way, *The Ebb Tide* the second, *The Merry Men*, as Stevenson himself pointed out, the third.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was born in India, whither he returned after his education in England. When he was twenty-three, *Plain Tales from the Hills* was published. This was a collection of stories which

had appeared in an Anglo-Indian paper of which he was assistant-editor. They are stories of local colour, with the British Tommy in India as their central figure. *Soldiers Three,* containing further sketches of the three typical British soldiers—the Irishman, the Cockney, and the Yorkshireman—continued the success of the *Plain Tales. Life's Handicap,* 1891, contains some of the most perfect examples of Kipling's mastery of the technique and power of the short story. The *Jungle Books* exhibit a knowledge of animal life and psychology which Gilbert White might have envied. In these stories, the inhabitants of the jungle, endowed with speech and reason, are the chief actors, and engage our interest as surely as if they were human beings. Mr. Kipling's stories of soldier life in India present many parallels with Bret Harte's stories of Californian mining life. Each has its peculiar dialect, its own code of morals, its rough and brutal exterior, its deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice, its tender sentiment and its stoical resignation. Of his style Mr. George Moore says, " I envy Mr. Kipling his copious and sonorous vocabulary, especially his neologisms; he writes with the whole language, with the language of the Bible, and with the language of the streets. He can do this, for he possesses the inkpot which turns the vilest tin idiom into gold. . . . Mr. Kipling's world is a barracks full of oaths and clatter of sabres; but his language is so copious, so rich and sonorous, that one is tempted to say that none since the Elizabethans have written so copiously."

O. Henry has been much in the public eye of late. There is not much doubt that he will live as one of the

leading writers of the short story, for he wove his stories out of the stuff of experience and with the technical skill of a master craftsman. In technique he follows Mr. Kipling, but has made much more elaborate use of surprise. He is inspired by insatiable curiosity; he sees the romance underneath our strenuous complex life. "At every corner handkerchiefs drop, fingers beckon, eyes besiege, and the lost, the lonely, the rapturous, the mysterious, the perilous, changing clues of adventure are slipped into our fingers. But few of us are willing to hold and follow them. We are grown stiff with the ramrod of convention down our backs."—*The Green Door.* This thirst for romance also underlies the work of Mr. Leonard Merrick. His short stories and sketches do for a class of people—bohemians, minor lights in the theatrical and artistic world, whom the smug-faced *bourgeois* will not admit within the pale of respectability—what Bret Harte does for the miners of California and O. Henry for the shop-girls and saloon tenders of New York; he finds the "gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity and of humanity under the rubbish of their vices and vulgarity."

There is no doubt that the short story is gaining ground. The leading novelists of the day, among them Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Miss May Sinclair, and Mr. Joseph Conrad, frequently turn to it and work off an idea or mood which would not fit or fill the more pretentious novel. Its art and craft are receiving increased attention, especially in America, whose chief contribution to modern literature it is, a fact which American critics will not willingly let die.

CHAPTER XII

TECHNIQUE OF THE SHORT STORY

THE short story is not an abbreviated, condensed or elliptical novel, neither is it a lengthy anecdote. It is the first aim of the novelist or the raconteur to tell a story; that is a condition he not only accepts but aims to fulfil even at the expense of other purposes which he may have set himself to carry out. The short story being based upon narrative is affiliated to the novel, but in that it deals with a simple situation and is pervaded by a single mood, it is also allied to the lyric. Broadly speaking, a short story may be regarded as a prose lyric, in which emotional experience is made dramatic in concrete narrative. Wordsworth sees the celandine battered and torn by the blasts of winter because it did not harden itself when it had the strength to resist. Mr. Kipling sees the dangers that await the boy brought up in ignorance of the world's hardships and seductions. *Thrown Away* begins, "To rear a boy under what parents call the 'sheltered life' system is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. . . . There was a Boy once who had been brought up under the 'sheltered life' theory; and the theory killed him dead. . . ." Poet and story-writer discover the same eternal truth; the one receives his "impulse from the vernal wood," the other from his contact with

the world, and each is moved to express in his own way what the experience has revealed to him. It does not follow that because the "sheltered life" theory has provided the theme for a lyric and a short story that it is not sufficient for treatment in the novel. Certain aspects are often dealt with by novelists, *e. g.* Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh*, Mr. John Trevenna in *Arminel of the West.* In the case of the lyric or the short story, the writer is impressed by a certain fact or situation, which upon reflection reveals a certain truth. The impulse creates a mood which in turn finds expression in a form suited to and controlled by that mood. Again, the short story resembles the lyric in its strict economy of material. Every incident and character and even word must have a direct and vital part to play, and must be knit up tightly in the one central theme. All inclination to discursiveness or expatiation must be firmly withstood. The short-story writer visualises his theme through the light of his own personal mood. He sees it from one point of view, but sees it clearly, and that clear contracted picture, on which his mind is intensively focussed, he depicts with an economy proportionate to its vividness and definiteness. In Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*, for instance, a story in which setting predominates, we are made to watch the mental agonies of a prisoner of the Inquisition. Intense and excruciating as are his sufferings, not once is our sympathy appealed to, indeed we could not feel any, for the man is a mere puppet, a victim of horrible torture; characterisation is totally excluded by the law of economy. We regard the man as a surgeon does his patient on the operating table.

The short story is made up of plot, character and setting. Its nature demands that one of these shall predominate even to the elimination of the other two as factors of interest. In stories of action the human figures concern us only in so far as they are instruments to perform the adroit manipulation of plot. In *The Pit and the Pendulum*, already referred to, the narrator is the prisoner himself, so that we know he finally escapes. The question of his survival of the tortures being settled in our minds, two others concern us—his experiences and his *method* of escape. The second question, however, is soon lost sight of in our absorption in his sufferings. Attention is riveted on the hideous ingenuity employed to bring about the man's death. Scott's *The Two Drovers* is a story of character, the central figure of which is Robin Oig. He is given the prominence which his part in the story demands, and proportionately engages our interest. It is prophesied that he will shed English blood. That the prophecy will come true we have little doubt. Soon we know who is to be the victim. These questions having been settled for us, our undivided attention is given to the character of Robin and to the problem of how such a man will be forced to fulfil the prophecy. Stevenson's *The Merry Men* is a classic example of a story of setting or atmosphere. "There," he says, "I began with a feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which the coast affected me." The short story demands a very high standard of technical precision. It is like the sonnet, the structure of which is in rigid correspondence with one or the other of the few recognised variations.

Poe, who was among the first to expound the theory of the short story, after pointing out that the novel, by being too long to be read at a sitting, is weakened where it should be strongest, that is, in its totality of impression, states his view of the short story. "In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

"A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel."

This vital and clean-cut unity demands that the plot shall be simple (as opposed to complex), and shall centre about one scene or a few closely related scenes, and that the characters shall be either commonplace and of no psychological or sentimental interest,

or, where character attracts interest for its own sake, all that goes towards its delineation or development shall be confined to and shall emphasise the trait or traits upon which its presentation is based.

Setting may be merely local colour and may consist merely in peculiarity of dialect, scene or manners and customs. It would thus give a general tone to the whole without being an inherent part of it. One story would differ from another as a pastel painting differs from a water-colour where the subject is the same. But in stories in which setting predominates, the same principle applies as that which applies to character—every detail must give emphasis to it. In Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death* this is done. Every detail of description, incident and emotion is cumulative, and contributes to the ineluctable triumph of the Red Death, indirectly, the festivity of the revellers, directly, the room with the blood-red windows, the striking clock, the iteration of the arresting chime, the costume of the masked figure, etc. It is the Red Death that pervades all. The story opens: "The 'Red Death' had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous," and ends: "And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all."

This story is a convenient illustration of two other point in connection with the structure of the short story,snamely, the importance of the beginning and of the end. The predominant element—character, plot or setting—may be thrown into relief not only by levelling down the other two, but also by taking advantage of the emphatic positions in the story, namely, the beginning and the end. It should be possible to infer the nature of the short story from

the first paragraph, even the first sentence, which should strike the note of its mood, and indicate which element is to predominate. The first paragraph of *The Masque of the Red Death* is devoted to the description of the ravages of the pestilence, and of its particularly horrible and revolting nature. And the way in which the story is concluded affords a striking and admirable example of the emphatic ending. The final paragraph summarises the whole story, and in virtue of its position leaves upon the mind a deep and vivid impression of the malignant scourge. "And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all." *The Two Drovers* (Scott) is too long by about 2400 words. When Robin says to the peace officer, "Never mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too," we have an excellent "curtain." Robin has committed murder and must pay the penalty. But Scott the Clerk of Sessions got the better of Scott the Artist, and we are compelled to listen to a long judicial summing up, admirable as such, but every word of it unnecessary and a diminisher of the artistic effect of the story.

It is hardly a coincidence that most of the successful writers of the short story are notable for their literary style—Hawthorne, Poe, Stevenson, Henry James, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Leonard Merrick. For it is a fact that each of these has in

his own manner cultivated a style perfectly fitting his imaginative, intellectual and emotional powers, and has also produced short stories which satisfy the artistic principles. Out of the legion of short stories which appear day by day only a negligible number is destined to live, and this fact is due, not so much to the lack of technical skill in structure, as to the absence of that much more elusive quality, style. The unity of the short story is not merely the mechanical unity of structure, there must also be harmony of mood, which cannot exist completely and uninterruptedly unless language is made to reflect it.

EXERCISES

1. Study of *Roads of Destiny* (O. HENRY).

(*a*) What gives unity to the three episodes of this story?

(*b*) Show how character and description are subordinated to plot.

(*c*) Analyse the plot of each episode and point out in each—

(i) the exposition.
(ii) where the complication begins.
(iii) where the major crisis is reached.
(iv) between whom or what is the conflict.

(*d*) Compare and contrast the relation of Mignot to the plot in each of the episodes.

(*e*) Arrange the incidents in the second episode in two groups according as they help or retard the main action.

(*f*) Show how the stanza at the head of the story sums up the motive, and is appropriate in all its details.

Can you recall a well-known quotation which would be suitable to suggest a point of view not implied in the stanza given?

(*g*) What artistic purpose is served in the first episode by withholding the identity of the marquis until the inn is reached?

(*h*) Is your surprise at the lady's action in offering to give the signal to fire agreeable or otherwise?

(*i*) Examine and account for the feeling you experience.

(*j*) What is the significance underlying these two sentences (second episode): (i) "The lady fluttered her fingers with the least possible gesture of impatience." (ii) "The lady sighed, as if with relief."

(*k*) What purpose is served by making Captain Desrolles forget his own pistols?

(*l*) What is the significance of the conversation between the king and the poet?

(*m*) The repetition of a few brief descriptive phrases is employed with regard to the marquis, the countess, the king, and Yvonne. Point out these expressions and explain their artistic purpose.

Exercises on stories contained in *Selected Short Stories* (World's Classics):

2. (*a*) Study *The Two Drovers* as a story of character.

(*b*) Comment on the criticism of its conclusion offered in the foregoing chapter.

3. (*a*) Would *Eleonora* be more effective if narrated in the third person? Give reasons.

(*b*) Is this a story of plot, character or setting? Give reasons for your answer.

4. Study the *Fall of the House of Usher* as a story of setting.

5. Is *The King is Dead; Long Live the King!* a story of character, action or setting? Give reasons. This theme is also treated by Mr. Yeats in a short play, *The Hour-Glass*. A comparison of the story and the play makes a very interesting exercise.

6. Study the opening paragraphs of *Markheim* as an illustration of irony and of economy of material. Does the murder come as a surprise? Give reasons. Who is the supernatural visitant? Is the conclusion of the story logical? Give reasons.

7. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit. There was the

story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-powder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman, who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whizz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Make the incidents mentioned the theme of two short stories. (Choose carefully the person of the narrator.)

8. The parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke) has been described as a perfect short story. Show how the story would be less effective if narrated in the person of any of the characters (dealing with each separately).

9. "The short story is to the novel what the lyric is to the epic." Discuss.

10. Is the short story of necessity a short narrative, and conversely, is a short narrative of necessity a short story? Give reasons.

11. Re-tell as a short story the narrative of the incidents upon which the poem "He Fell Among Thieves" (NEWBOLT), *Poems of To-day*, is based.

12. Peredur rode forward next day, and he traversed a vast track of desert, in which no dwellings were. And at length he came to a habitation mean and small, and there he heard that there was a serpent that suffered none to inhabit the country for seven miles around. And Peredur came to the place where he heard the serpent was.—*Mabinogion*. Relate the adventure of the knight.

13. An ill-natured woman has offended the "little men." To punish her they lure her two children, a boy and a girl, into their home in a hollow beneath a great tree. There the children are treated kindly and are happy; they are allowed to return home when their mother has made a certain promise. (Plot taken from *The Crock*

of Gold.) Compose a fairy tale based on the above outline.

14. Construct two short stories based on the well-known picture, "When did you last see your father?" (1) A story of action in which the father's escape is the central motive; (2) a story of character in which the characters of the boy and his interrogator are brought into conflict.

15. Write a story of setting suggested by the picture, "The Angelus."

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CHAPTER XIII

THE POPULAR BALLAD

VARIOUS theories have been advanced concerning the authorship of the popular ballads. There is what may be called the "communal" theory which supposes that the first ballads were made by the folk as a community in some mysterious, and it might even be said miraculous, way. The ballad is thus an expression of the folk-spirit and ideals by the folk. The "literary" theory is that the ballad is founded on some mediæval romance, which it merely summarises, and must be considered as "part of the literary debris of the Middle Ages," or that it is the work of minstrels who elected to remain anonymous. The theory of Professor Gummere, and the one most generally accepted, is that the ballad originated with the individual, but in process of oral transition a certain amount of change took place, involving loss and gain to and modification of the original form.

The ballad is a simple story in verse. The word means dance-song (cf. ball, ballet), and thus denotes the dual nature of its origin. The ballad is coeval with the folk-dance, which accompanied the celebration of the religious and martial ceremonies of the tribe or clan. The most primitive form of the ballad is made up of question and answer, the questions

being asked by the individual reciter and forming a simple narrative, and the answers being sometimes replies to the questions—

" O where hae ye been a' the day,
My wee wee croodlin doo doo?
O where hae ye been a' the day,
My bonnie wee croodlin doo?"
" O I hae been to my step-mammies,
Mak my bed, mammy, noo noo!
Mak my bed, mammy, noo!"

and sometimes a mere refrain—

There were two sisters sat in a bower,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
There came a knight to be their wooer
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he loved the youngest abune a' thing,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

For ballads of this type, the group split up into two —one, probably a single person, to ask the question, the other to supply the refrain in chorus. " Edward, Edward " is a later development of the same form. It consists of question and answer, but each is repeated, the repetition taking the place of the refrain in the older form.

" Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And why sae sad gang yee, O?"
" O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O."

Still another variation is that illustrated by "Babylon, or the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie," in which the story is built up by what is known as "incremental repetition." As in "Edward" and "Binnorie," there is a refrain. The ballad can be divided up into groups of stanzas, each of which partly repeats the language and incidents of the others with just the necessary change occasioned by the different incident narrated.

He's taken the second ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,"
Eh vow bonnie,
"Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,"
Eh vow bonnie,
"But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife,"
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
Eh vow bonnie,
For to bear the red rose company,
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
Eh vow bonnie,
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

Says "Will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
Eh vow bonnie,
"Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife,"
Eh vow bonnie,
"Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife,"
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

"For I hae a brother in this wood,"
Eh vow bonnie,
"And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,"
By the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

In the latest stage of the primitive ballad the chorus has disappeared altogether, and the two-line stanza has been superseded by the four-line, or what is known as ballad metre, which consists of alternate lines of eight and six syllables, the second and the fourth lines rhyming. By this time the ballad has become a narrative poem of four-line stanzas composed independently of dance accompaniment, with but a mere relic of the old refrain in the repetition of word or phrase.

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

While the suggestion of the dance remains in the lilt of the lines, neither dance nor chorus is any longer even accessory, let alone essential.

These ballads are folk-songs, made by the folk for

the folk. They embody incidents, superstitions, beliefs and tales to be found in the folk-lore, not only of many European, but also of Asiatic peoples. Says Sir Henry Newbolt : " The oldest of them are not of native origin; they come, as we have seen, from the ancient folk-lore of Europe, and in particular from Scandinavia. But they are British by choice and favour; they were congenial from the first. The world they tell of is full of powers stronger than man—of Tam Lins and Queens of Elfland, and beyond it lies a grim life of the dead—fiery trials, mouldering graves, and vain revisitings of the beloved on earth. . . The ballads present life as a tale that has significance; and the significance arises naturally . . . from the human passions." They are wrought out of the experiences of daily life—love and hate, thwarted affection, cruel death, supernatural dread. The three sons of the wife at Usher's Well go to sea and are drowned. One night they return to visit their mother, who feasts them with overflowing joy, little thinking that at cock-crow they will return whence they came—to Paradise. The demon lover has lured away a fond wife from her husband and two babes, but

> They had not sailed a league, a league,
> A league but barely three,
> Until she espied his cloven foot,
> And she wept right bitterlie.

They see the " hills of heaven " which she " will never win," and the " mountain of hell " where " she will go."

> And aye when she turned her round about,
> Aye taller he seemed to be;

Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

Clerk Saunders returns from the grave to visit his lady—

"My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,
It has the smell, now, of the ground;
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,
Thy days of life will not be lang."

She would follow him to the grave, but—

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's nae room at my feet;
My bed it is full lowly now;
Among the hungry worms I sleep."

In the end—

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray;
Her lover vanish'd in the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

After the simple ballad comes the ballad founded on historical incident—the "Robin Hood" cycle, "Chevy Chace," the "Battle of Otterbourne," "Edom o' Gordon." As the isolation of the community began to be invaded and its security threatened, the instinct to protect itself compelled it to adhere into some semblance of organisation to defend its homes against attack or its privileges against tyranny and aggression. Some one more daring or successful than the rest would emerge as a defender, and as time

went on he would become a popular hero, to whom would be attributed not only his own deeds, but those of others whose names had been lost. His own deeds also tended to become exaggerated as they receded into the mist of the past. Some such process attended the rise of the outlaw ballads of Robin Hood. Who were the originals of Robin Hood and his merry men will probably never be known. But to the people of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries they were real living heroes. This cycle of ballads, the "Little Gest of Robin Hood," relates a number of adventures independent of each other, but combined into a loose unity by the scene of action and the persons of the principal figures in it. The outlaw ballads originated in opposition to political encroachment with its attendant oppression, corruption and treachery. The Border ballads which arose later enshrined in the hearts of the people those deeds of prowess and daring to which the Border feuds gave rise. Robin Hood was the champion of the people against official tyranny; the "good Lord Percy" and the "doughty Douglas" were nobles. But whether of humble or aristocratic rank, the ballad hero sums up within himself those qualities which the people honoured and admired most. He was their ideal.

Enchantment and other supernatural instruments and agents find no place in the heroic ballad, and instead of the tragedy of love there is the tragedy of heroic death. Johnnie Armstrong, the outlaw, is condemned to be hanged, but

> The King he sent a broad letter
> Sign'd with his own hand so lovingly,
> And hath bidden Johnnie Armstrong therein
> To come and speak with him speedily.

Johnnie, the mirror of honour himself, suspects no treachery:

> Now Johnnie he is to Edinborough gone,
> With his eightscore men so gallantly;
> Every one on a milk-white steed,
> With sword and buckler at his knee.

Johnnie finds that he has been trapped, and dies fighting:

> Says Johnnie, "Fight on, my merry men all!
> I'm a little wounded, but I'm not slain;
> I will lay me down to bleed awhile,
> And then rise up and fight again."
>
> So they fought on courageously,
> Till every man of them was slain.

Robin Hood is always ready to call "a boon, a boon!" when he realises that he has found his match, and when his opponent is a man to command Robin's respect. He bears him no ill-will for any hard knocks, and enlists him among his merry men. Robin is dying, poisoned by the abbess of Kirkeslea. Little John would burn "fair Kirklea-hall and all their nunnery."

> "Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
> "That boon I'll not grant thee;
> I never hurt woman in all my life,
> Nor man in woman's company.
>
> "I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
> Nor at my end shall it be!"

Dealing with the heroes of noble rank and probably designed for the entertainment of the baronial household are ballads of the type of "Sir Patrick Spens," "Bewick and Graham," "Hynd Horn." They are

forged out of earlier versions or out of the longer romances which at this time were spreading rapidly from court to court and hall to hall. More and more the professional minstrel exerted his influence on the form and theme of the ballad. The early ballad with its domestic themes receded farther and farther into the past to give place to the heroic ballad, with its historical setting and its extolling of aristocratic virtues. Along with the heroic ballads came those which took their themes and incidents from popular legends and romances, *e. g.* "King Lear," "King Arthur," "The Jew of Venice," interesting for their associations rather than for their own sakes.

Until the introduction of the printing press into England, ballads were preserved in the memories of the people, and by the minstrels who had their own stock of "ballads, songs and snatches . . . through every passion ranging." With the spread of printing came the wider circulation of not only existing ballads, but of new ones composed to satisfy the popular craving for them. Some of these were entirely original, and some were built upon the remains of older ballads. It has been pointed out that for a long time the ballad had severed itself completely from dancing, and later, with the disappearance of the refrain, from choral responses. It was now to move a step farther from its original function and to be known through the medium of the printed word. Printed ballads were known as broadsheets or broadsides, and were hawked about the streets, market-places and fairs. Like Bottom's dream, which he would get Peter Quince to make a ballad of, some sensational or marvellous incidents supplied the theme. "Here's another ballad," cries

Autolycus, "of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true." And knowing Autolycus we believe him! This burlesque of the ballad subject is scarcely exaggerated; the more miraculous and incredible the incident the readier the market it found. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the ballad was used to supplement the political pamphlet, and partook of its bitterness and invective.

About this time ballad-collecting began. Thomas D'Urfey rendered some service to the future of balladry by collecting songs and ballads, new and old, which he published with songs of his own as *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719–20). *The Evergreen* (1725) of Allan Ramsay, described by him as "being ane collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," consisted of a number of genuine ballads unwisely modernised, and spurious old ones of his own composition. His *Tea-Table Miscellany* (1724) showed more editorial taste and discretion. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765), though by no means free from the collector's emendations, was a sincere effort to revive interest in ballad literature. The collection had a great influence both in England and in Germany, and played an important part in the Romantic Revival. Percy's work was paralleled in Scotland a few years later by David Herd, praised by Scott for his "shrewd manly common sense, and antiquarian science." His *Ancient Scottish Songs* is the first

collection of ballads free from the collector's "improvements." This and other Scottish collections were drawn upon by Scott for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802–3), to which the poet himself contributed many imitations, declared as such. Scott was followed by Motherwell, Buchan, Jameson and Kinloch. The most comprehensive and scholarly collection is Professor Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1882–98), which contains all the known ballads and their variants, together with illuminating theories and criticisms.

CHAPTER XIV

TECHNIQUE OF THE BALLAD

THAT even a simple story cannot be clearly and effectively told without some sort of mental preparation and ability is well illustrated by Dame Quickly's muddled account of Falstaff's promise to marry her; and not only that the early ballad-makers must therefore have been conscious of some artistic process of construction, but also that they knew their business is proved by the fact that their work has survived in spite of there being for generations no written record of it. They realised that the first concern of the story-teller was to catch the attention of the hearer, and the second to keep it. Thus the early ballads open with the merest indication of time, place and characters, and come right upon incident. They do not, like the epic, plunge *in medias res* to attract attention and later return to the beginning of the story.

> There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r;
> Binnorie, O Binnorie!
> A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
> By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

This stanza sets before us the leading characters, the main scene of action and the situation, with its implication of the dramatic motive—jealousy. From

the brief exposition the plot at once opens out, and the crisis follows swiftly, sometimes at a single stride, as in " The Twa Brothers " :

There were two brethren in the north,
They went to the school thegither;
The one unto the other said,
" Will you try a warsle afore? "

They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till Sir John fell to the ground;
And there was a knife in Sir Willie's pouch.
Gied him a deadlie wound.

The crisis having been reached, the action slows down and the strain is continued, as it were, in a minor key, while the imagination is allowed to dwell on the pathos of the scene:

The miller quickly drew the dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And there he found a drown'd womàn,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma'
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There went a gouden girdle bra',
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers lily-white
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Narrative and simple description are mingled at this

stage and are continued, but with a stronger and stronger pathetic appeal until the end:

" But what will I say to her you loe dear,
Gin she cry, ' Why tarries my John? ' "
" Oh tell her I lie in kirkyard fair,
And home again never will come."

Or when the first tragedy is one involving retribution, the pathetic strain takes a sudden and dramatic turn in the last stanza, in which the culprit is denounced.

And then as plain as plain could be,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
" There sits my sister who drownèd me
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

In this ballad, in " Edward, Edward," in " Wee Croodlin Doo," and in others, what would correspond to the catastrophe in tragedy is left to the imagination. In " The Demon Lover " the final tragedy is swift and complete—

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

In the simple ballad everything is subordinated to action. Time is " about the Martinmas tyde," or is often not mentioned at all. Place is " in the north " or " yon garden green "; sometimes a town is named, but never has it any close relation to the action. A simple adjective—good, fair, bonny, false, young—is sufficient to describe character. In keeping with the direct method of appeal of the ballad to feeling and imagination, and with its dramatic character, dialogue predominates, the naïve art of the

narrator inclining him to prefer the first to the third person. For this reason the scene is always occupied by some living actor into whose mouth the narrative can be put. If we compare a scene from Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" with a somewhat similar scene from "Binnorie," we shall see the difference between the descriptive and the dramatic methods of treatment:

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

The subtle skill and the faultless art of this picture would be lost upon hearers brought up upon the strong meat of the "Twa Corbies." Their imaginations had to be fired by the spark of direct speech, so that in "Binnorie," no sooner has the elder sister left the scene than the miller's son takes her place.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out then cam' the miller's son
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

(The remainder of the scene has been quoted above.)

In the later ballads, those of the professional bards, designed for perhaps a more educated, certainly a more aristocratic audience, the introduction is extended, details of description are added, and transition from one scene of action to another described. Repetition and dialogue are still used, and the characters are briefly and simply described, the conventional adjective being retained. As most of the ballads centre round some historical or traditional hero, the action is definitely localised and the leading figures named. For instance, in "The Battle of Otterbourne" the exposition names time, place and characters, and describes some of Douglas' deeds—

It fell about the Lammastide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire:
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

The meeting of Percy and Douglas is an occasion for haughty and defiant speech; the combat is put off till "three dayis end." All through, the narrator

allows himself more latitude, especially in regard to description, than his less-skilled predecessor.

EXERCISES

(Questions 1 to 19 are set on the ballads included in the small collection, *British Ballads*, 1*s*. (?) Dent.)

1. Analyse the form of "The Twa Brothers," noting—

(*a*) the extent to which time, place and character are described,

(*b*) the point at which the crisis is reached,

(*c*) how interest is maintained in the absence of action,

(*d*) what takes the place of the refrain in the older form of ballad.

(*e*) Compose a stanza or two in which the news of the tragedy is told to the lover, *e. g.*—

> He covered the grave both deep and wide,
> And went to tell his love, etc.

(2) (*a*) Outline the plot of "The Wife of Usher's Well," noting motive, exposition, climax and catastrophe.

(*b*) Wherein, in the ballad, lies the "conflict" which is necessary to plot?

(*c*) Add two original stanzas to the ballad, in which the mother appeals unsuccessfully to her sons to remain with her.

3. Which ballad do you consider would appeal the more strongly to the people of the Middle Ages, "The Three Ravens," or "The Twa Corbies"? Give reasons.

4. What incidents do you imagine precede what is narrated in "Edward, Edward"?

5. Read "The Ballad of Chevy Chace" and "The Battle of Otterbourne."

(*a*) Note down in two parallel columns and compare the events narrated in each.

(*b*) To which side did the narrator belong in each case? Give reasons.

(*c*) Point out in "Chevy Chace" any expressions which have no direct bearing on the narrative.

(*d*) Point out in each the stanzas which you think the most vivid in description.

(*e*) What is the purpose of the catalogue of knights slain, given in "Chevy Chace"?

(*f*) Which ballad gives the more vivid impression of the battle? Give reasons.

(*g*) Which story is the more skilfully constructed?

6. (*a*) What qualities of the hero's character are brought out in the ballad of "Robin Hood's Death"?

(*b*) Give an account of any other Robin Hood ballad you know.

7. Compare the sinking of the ship in "The Demon Lover" with that in "Sir Patrick Spens."

(*a*) Is there any artistic reason why the description in the one case should be short, and in the other long?

(*b*) Compare "Sir Patrick Spens" with "The White Ship" (Rossetti).

8. (*a*) What is the theme of "Bewick and Graham"?

(*b*) Does it afford any evidence as to the date of the ballad (roughly)?

(*c*) Can you suggest a different ending of the ballad, which would be in keeping with the plot?

(*d*) This is the first ballad of this collection in which psychological analysis is attempted. Point out the stanzas in which this is done.

9. Show how the plot of "Edom o' Gordon" is more skilful and complex in structure than the plot of any of the preceding ballads in this collection.

10. If these ballads were arranged in chronological order, where, roughly, would you place "The Fause Knight"? Give reasons.

11. (*a*) Would the ninth stanza of "Young Waters" have found a place in the ballad if it had been of a much earlier date of composition? Give reasons.

(*b*) Comment on the line, "You might have excepted me."

12. Which of the two ballads do you prefer, "Barbara Allen" or "Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allen"? Give reasons.

13. In what respects does "King Edward IV and the Tanner of Tamworth" resemble the Robin Hood ballads?

14. (*a*) Is "Sir Humphrey Gilbert" a "supernatural" ballad? Illustrate your answer.
(*b*) Summarise the story literally.

15. (*a*) Analyse the story of "Keith of Ravelston."
(*b*) What is the purpose of the first stanza?
(*c*) What incidents are mentioned and what omitted?
(*d*) Write an outline of the whole story.
(*e*) Compose two stanzas to be inserted after the fifth stanza, one devoted to the maid and the other to Keith.
(*f*) Who is meant by "I" in the eighth stanza?
(*g*) Is this a ballad of feeling, action or mood? Give reasons.

16. Write a short account of the use of the supernatural in the old ballads of this collection, illustrating your remarks by references and quotations.

17. Write a short account of the use of description in the old ballads.

18. Write a short account of the themes of the old ballads.

19. Write a short account of the diction of the old ballads.

20. Read the two following poems, which deal with the same theme:

"The Maid of Neidpath"

O lover's eyes are sharp to see,
And lover's ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
  Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
  You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
  Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
  Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
  Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
  She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
  She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
  As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
  As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
  Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
  Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
  Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
  And, smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled
  Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
  His coming to discover:
And he look'd up to Ellen's bower
  And she look'd on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
  Though her smile on him was dwelling—
And am I then forgot—forgot?
  It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

T. CAMPBELL.

(*a*) What characters appear in each?
(*b*) What incidents are mentioned in each?
(*c*) What incidents mentioned in one are omitted in the other?
(*d*) Compare the openings and note where the actual story begins.
(*e*) Compare the endings and note where the actual story ends in each.
(*f*) Compare the two with regard to the use of descriptive detail.
(*g*) Which gives the more vivid picture?
(*h*) Which the more pathetic?
(*i*) Which makes the stronger appeal to the imagination?
(*j*) Which is the more suggestive of the style of the old ballad?

21. Illustrate the means used by Coleridge in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" to bring about "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith."

22. What elements to be found in the old ballads have been used by Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner"?

23. Compare "The Ancient Mariner" with John Masefield's "The Wanderer."

24. In what respects do the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth resemble the old ballads?

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CHAPTER XV

HISTORY OF THE DRAMA

THE drama of England had its origin in the ritual of the Church. What was at first a liturgical ceremony, consisting of chants and sacred dialogue, by the introduction of costume, simple staging and mimetic action took on a dramatic form. At Christmas priests and choristers, dressed as the Holy Virgin, Joseph, the Magi, Angels and Shepherds represented the birth of Christ and, at Easter, with the necessary change of scene and costume, the Resurrection. Other New Testament episodes, as well as Old Testament stories, followed as time went on, and were eventually performed without, instead of within, the Church building. These plays were intended by the Church to instruct its illiterate flock in the knowledge of the Bible. Gradually the purpose was extended to include entertainment and amusement. Scenes and characters for which there was no scriptural authority were added to enliven the seriousness of the narrative, though reverence for the sacred elements was observed. In the Miracle Play, the *Second Play of the Shepherds*, an episode, purely secular and broadly comic, is introduced direct from everyday life. A man steals a sheep and hides it in his wife's bed. He is suspected and his house is searched by the shepherds. On being told that his

wife has been brought to bed with child, they lift the coverlet, despite his protest, and reveal the sheep. Mak's explanation that the sheep is a changeling is of no avail, and he is tossed in a canvas. The shepherds then return to their fold, where the angel bearing the good tidings appears to them.

The Miracle Plays passed from the Church into the street, and were, about the latter half of the twelfth century, taken over by the craft guilds, who performed series or cycles of plays on holy days, chiefly Whitsuntide. The Chester Cycle was divided into twenty-four scenes or pageants; the subjects were taken from the Bible, the Apocrypha and the lives of Saints, each guild undertaking the scene appropriate to its craft, *e. g.* the shipwrights performed the Building of the Ark, the fishmongers, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, the goldworkers, The Adoration, and so on. As the whole cycle was simultaneously performed, those who wished could witness the entire repertory either by going from one scene to another, or, where the plays were performed on movable stages or "pageants" as at Chester, by remaining in one place, to which each company came in turn. The "pageants" were two-storied structures on wheels, the lower storey serving as a dressing-room, the upper as a stage. In some towns scaffolds or "pleyn places" were used.

In the Coventry Cycle each scene was introduced and concluded by Contemplation, a personification of the abstract quality and, of course, a figure outside the Scriptures. Personifications of abstract qualities such as Fellowship, Knowledge, Wisdom, Wealth, figured more and more prominently as time went on, until the plays became secular and moral

instead of being religious. These plays, the earliest of which was written about the end of the fifteenth century, were known as Moralities, and existed side by side with later developments of the drama down to the end of the sixteenth century. The best known of these are Skelton's *Magnificence* and the anonymous *Everyman*. Everyman sets out on life accompanied by Strength, Pleasure, Beauty, Fellowship, Jollity and Five-Wits, all of whom one by one desert him as he approaches the grave. Good-Deeds remains faithful and introduces him to Confession. In the end Good-Deeds intercedes for him, and we are assured by Angel that his soul is saved.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century dramatic entertainments began to be held in the houses of nobles, with the result that a more educated class of audience had to be provided for, and as it often happened that the performers were strolling players, scenery and properties had to be limited, and consequently action was restricted. These plays, or Interludes, as they were called, were also much reduced in length. Instead of occupying a whole day, as the Miracle or Morality play often did, they lasted about an hour. They served to while away the time after or before a meal, or were items in the programme of entertainments provided for some celebrated occasion, *e. g.* the burlesque interlude in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was performed on Theseus' wedding day. They were chiefly moral, educational or controversial in purpose, but some, particularly those performed by boys and undergraduates, were farces of broad humour and rough buffoonery. John Heywood was a prolific writer of didactic and of comic Interludes. *A merry Play*

between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte culminates in a free fight to decide who shall occupy the pulpit. *The Foure P P* is merely a humorous dialogue in which a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potecary and a Pedlar have a contest for the telling of the biggest lie. After the forced exaggerations of the other three, the Palmer caps all and wins the prize. Says he—

> Of all the women that I have seen,
> I never saw or knew in my conscience
> Any one woman out of patience.

The Troublesome Reign of King John, by John Bale, is a link between the Morality and the Chronicle play. It contains the features of each, and is important for being the first attempt to dramatise history. King John is represented as the hero of Protestantism and of English freedom against papal aggression. The Roman cause is championed by Cardinal Pandulf, who, through the agency of Monastical Devotion, attempts to poison the king. England, Sedition, Private Wealth, Clergy are among the abstractions which, with the historical personages, make up the caste. In addition to the plays mentioned and indicated, there were many others of a crude and popular kind which were never printed, plays in which the Vice was a prominent character. Many of these were performed by professional actors, a product of the mid-sixteenth century who, under the patronage of some noble, went from town to town and acted in town halls, booths and inn-yards. There were also companies of boys and of university and law students who performed at the Universities, the Inns of Courts, and at Court, academic compositions,

masques, interludes, and comedies and tragedies modelled on Plautus, Terence and Seneca.

The Vice is the direct ancestor of Shakespeare's fools, of the zanies of the modern music hall and of the harlequin of the pantomime. He was derived from the Devil of the Miracle plays, whom he did not entirely supplant, the two characters being often found together in the Moralities. His proper office was to instigate the hero to evil. Sometimes, however, he championed him against the premature assaults of the Devil. He was really the chief clown. He revelled in rough horseplay, jumped on the Devil's back, belaboured him with his wooden spoon, and generally plagued him until finally carried off to Hell on his master's shoulders. He wore motley, which he sometimes changed for another costume when he was required to assume another character. Though it was the Devil's function to provide comic relief, he never entirely lost his original dignity. The Vice eventually usurped his position and degraded his significance by his unrestrained buffoonery. Ultimately he became the clown or fool of the regular drama. It was not until Shakespeare that his part was written for him and that he became of dramatic interest, his business at first being to enliven the seriousness of the play by his capers and extemporary gags.

The first English comedy of the regular type is *Ralph Roister Doister* (*c.* 1540), by Nicholas Udall. The play shows the influence of Plautus and Terence. Ralph is a swaggering fop, a boaster and a coward (a modern Miles gloriosus), who believes every woman loves him. He is sponged upon and befooled by Matthew Merrygreek, a typical parasite and knave

of the Greco-Latin comedy. The play turns upon Ralph's designs upon a wealthy widow which are thwarted by the trickery of Merrygreek.

Gammer Gurton's Needle (1552) is a comedy of a different type. It is a coarse and rough comedy of English village life. It suffers from the fact that a thin plot, sufficient for an interlude, is drawn out into five acts. Gammer Gurton loses her needle, which her husband in the end painfully discovers where it had been left—in the seat of his breeches. It is the sort of play we can imagine Bottom and his fellows performing—boisterous, purely English in setting and in construction, free from academic influence and from didactic purpose. In this play regular English comedy found its feet and set them firmly on native soil.

The first English tragedy, foreshadowed in *King John*, followed in 1562 when *Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex*, the joint work of Thomas Sackville and of Thomas Norton, was performed before the queen. Modelled on the tragedies of Seneca, it is marked by long speeches and absence of action. The characters are symmetrically arranged in pairs, the supporters and dependants of one side being carefully balanced by corresponding characters on the opposing side. The play consists of five acts, each of which is preceded by a dumb-show, allegorising the motive of the act, and is concluded by the reflections of a "chorus." Gorboduc, like King Lear, divided his kingdom before his death; rebellion and civil war ensued, and the country was left desolate. Such is the plot, but owing to its non-dramatic presentation in which action takes place "off," the play was not destined to have marked influence on subsequent

tragedies. It was meant as a warning to the country to avoid the evils of political dissension, and as an exhortation to it to unite loyally under one undisputed rule. Thus our first tragedy, although classical in form, was a direct expression of what appeared the most vital need of the nation.

Gorboduc is the starting-point of the drama of Shakespeare's age, and contains the germ of the historical play and of the character play. Owing to its classical form, however, it found no favour outside intellectual circles. Gascoigne's *Jocasta* (1566) and Hughes' *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587)—plays of a similar kind—enjoyed no wider popularity. In such plays the English drama came for the first time under foreign influence, which certainly left its mark, but was by no means a determining factor. The all-important factor was popular taste and opinion, which demanded what it could enjoy and would be satisfied with nothing else. The custom of performing Miracle and Morality plays by the guilds and itinerant companies had developed a popular taste and a certain capacity for appreciating dramatic representation, had nourished these on coarse and strong food, and had served as a training ground for acting and playwriting. To a native taste thus cradled and fed, familiar in daily life with cruelty and brutality and demanding in its amusement action and plenty of it, the slow-moving, non-actional, classical form would hardly be expected to appeal. While about 1580 the subsidised performances of academic plays were entertaining select audiences, the London populace flocked to the theatres to roar at the coarse jests and rough clowning which formed a considerable part of the farces and comedies then holding the stage.

There were also the chronicle plays, framed or recast by actors and freelances, many of whom were university men-about-town, in a fashion to satisfy the tastes of the mixed elements of the London theatre-public. The classical play never caught on with the people; on the other hand, the rough-and-tumble farce which they enjoyed revolted educated tastes. By the fusion of classical with popular drama, with however, a preponderance of the native elements, there arose a drama suited to educated and uneducated. This fusion was accomplished by playwrights who wrote for theatres which had to pay and which catered for both high and low.

Four men stand out from among the near predecessors of Shakespeare as having a direct influence upon the evolution of the form of the drama and upon its substance. They are Thomas Kyd, Robert Greene, George Peele and Christopher Marlowe. Kyd wrote tragedies, the chief of which is *The Spanish Tragedie* (*c.* 1585). It borrows from Senecan tragedy its theme of revenge and retribution, its chorus, ghost and rhetorical devices, but the plot, with its series of stirring events, startling situations and its welter of bloodshed, is the outcome of English conditions. For the first time plot is successfully constructed and evolved; every incident and situation has its cause and effect, each murder is either a stepping-stone to the attainment of desire or a punishment for crimes committed. The madness of Isabel is accounted for by the sight of her murdered son, the suicide of Bellimperia by her overwhelming grief; the play within the play ingeniously involves the final and complete catastrophe. The play has its faults: the death of Andrea is described three

times, the second appearance of the mad Isabel when she kills herself might be easily dispensed with —there are horrors enough without it—, long introspective speeches of psychological rather than dramatic interest are numerous, the characters are typical rather than individual. Despite these shortcomings, the play is a step forward in dramatic art, particularly in its motivation and evolution of plot.

Greene's comedies are notable for their sympathetic portrayal of women and their delicate sentiment and poetry. In *James IV*, a romantic comedy based on an Italian story and set in an historical background, there is much both of characterisation and incident to remind us of the romantic comedies of Shakespeare. *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is a play of a different type. Its characters include nobles, magicians, clowns and simple country folk. The Friars are magicians, and their art is employed not merely to achieve their own purpose, but to help forward the separate interests of the lovers. The structure of the plot is made interesting by the use made of the "perspective glass"—a kind of magic mirror—to present scenes at one place which are enacted at another, thus giving the play a unity of place which it would otherwise lack. Peele's title to note is mainly his share with Marlowe and others in the composition of certain plays attributed to Shakespeare. All Lyly's plays, except *The Woman in the Moon*, are written in prose, the style of which is strongly tinctured with euphuism. His comedies, written for boy actors, deal charmingly with pastoral and mythical subjects, but reveal little dramatic power. Shakespeare caricatured his prose style in

Love's Labour's Lost, and perhaps Sir Tophas of *Endymion* gave hints for Sir Toby and Falstaff.

Marlowe was a young man of independent mind, ambitious spirit, boundless imagination and daring courage. As a dramatist and as a thinker he refused to be bound by ordinary conventions. His plays were not only unlike anything that had been seen before, but intermingled with their tempestuous poetry were revolutionary ideas of statecraft and religion. At the age of about twenty-four years he astonished London with his first play, *Tamburlaine the Great*. In the prologue, Marlowe flung out his challenge to the dramatic world—

> From jigging veins of riming mother wits,
> And such conceits as clownage holds in pay,
> We'll lead you to the stately tent of War,
> Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
> Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
> And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.

The play has no organic structure; it is a succession of striking scenes forming a gorgeous pageant in which the mighty hero strides from triumph to triumph until retribution comes and lays him low. *Doctor Faustus* and *The Jew of Malta* resemble *Tamburlaine* in structure, but their heroes are more dramatic figures. The interest, however, is mainly psychological; the central figures experience no external opposition to the achievement of their aims; the conflict is waged within their own souls. All Marlowe's heroes are dominated by an excess of passion for power. Tamburlaine is consumed by desire for conquest; Faustus, having absorbed all the arts and sciences, barters his soul in return for complete power over the terrestrial and supernatural worlds;

Barabbas seeks by means of his unlimited wealth to wreak malign vengeance on those who have wronged him.

Shakespeare had already begun to write, but as yet the structure of the drama was by no means fixed, the classical and the native elements often appearing together, but never forming a composite whole. There were chronicle plays, which were a succession of powerful and glowing scenes; there were chronicle plays built upon a well-knit plot and strongly motivated; there were tragedies of revenge which owed their origin to Seneca, but presented the action dramatically instead of by an oration, and there were the great hero-tragedies resembling the pageant-play in structure but dominated by one central figure. Kyd laid the foundation of plot-structure; Marlowe presented his heroes in the throes of a mighty spiritual struggle and made blank verse a fit instrument for dramatic expression; Greene sympathetically portrayed noble women.

The ingredients of comedy were also ready at hand. Heroic and pastoral romances, Italian *novelle*, the comedies of Plautus and Terence, classical myths, native legend and folk-lore and the Vice of the Morality play had all been laid under contribution.

Shakespeare started his career as reviser of plays. In this work he was called upon to collaborate with other writers, either in re-writing old plays or in composing new ones. In this way he acquired first-hand knowledge of the playwright's art and craft, of the style and methods of his collaborators, and of what was likely to please the public. His collaboration in *Titus Andronicus*, a tragedy of blood, prepared

the way for *Hamlet*, and in *Henry VI*, Part I, brought him in direct contact with Marlowe. His first complete play, *Love's Labours Lost*, is carefully constructed, the cast is symmetrically arranged, but action and characterisation are subordinate to clever and bright dialogue. *The Comedy of Errors* is a play of incident, Plautian in source and construction. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in its cast, sentiment, incidents, lyrics and dialogue is a romantic comedy, the precursor of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* native folk-lore, classical legend and characters of humble life are fantastically mingled. *Henry VI*, Parts II and III, and *Richard III* develops the Marlowesque conception of tragedy. *Romeo and Juliet* is Shakespeare's first romantic tragedy; in it the passion of love burns with white heat, but through insensate hatred of family feuds results in the death of the lovers.

These early plays of Shakespeare contain the seeds of all that is to be found in his subsequent plays—wit, humour, poetry, passion, delicate sentiment, vivid delineation of character, subtle psychological analysis, romance, realism, skill in construction, keen sense of dramatic effect and a shrewd knowledge of what the public wanted.

His plays may be roughly divided into Tragedy, Comedy and History. Except for *Romeo and Juliet* all the tragedies were written after 1600. *Julius Cæsar* begins the list; *Timon of Athens* ends it. Professor Bradley defines Shakespearean tragedy as "a story of exceptional calamity leading to the death of a man of high estate." It is the hero-tragedy of Marlowe, elevated by organic structure, by artistic restraint, and by the addition to the struggle in the

soul of the protagonist of a stern conflict with external circumstances. Forces without and within act upon each other, and in the end combine to bring about the inevitable catastrophe.

The romantic comedies—*As You Like It, Twelfth Night, Much Ado About Nothing, The Merchant of Venice*—are compounded of capricious fancy and exuberant humour. They are fundamentally joyous, though they sometimes verge on tragedy. The main interest, a tale of true love, which runs for the most part smoothly, is supported by a strong sub-plot. The scene is laid in some strange land of wonder and ease where the most improbable things may happen, and where the cares of everyday life find no place. Pairs of heroines, beautiful, sentimental, sharp-witted, one of the pair often disguised in male attire, courtly gentlemen, love at first sight, mistakes of identity, music, wit-combats, boisterous fun, and through all truth to nature, are their chief ingredients. The historical plays are as much above the early chronicle plays as *Hamlet* is above *The Spanish Tragedie*. The Romances or Tragi-comedies—*Pericles, Cymbeline, The Tempest, A Winter's Tale*—combine the scenes and incidents of romantic comedy with deeds of tragic consequence. They have little of the gloom of tragedy, however, and none of its terror, though the crime which initiates the main action is of tragic dimensions, and might, under more real conditions, lead to terrible retribution, instead of, as it does, to reunion and reconciliation. The four plays are very similar in structure. Two fathers, one sinning, the other sinned against, one has a daughter, the other a son; while the children are infants an act of treachery leads to estrangement and separation; the

boy and girl pass through strange adventures, eventually meet and fall in love at first sight. By some remarkable means parents and children are brought together; recognition, reconciliation and reunion complete the strange story.

In leaving Shakespeare we must mention the series of conqueror-plays, born of *Tamburlaine*, carried to absurdity in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*, and burlesqued in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle;* romantic dramas like Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, in which magic and fairy lore are delightfully commingled; plays of everyday life, domestic tragedies and comedies, like Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, Porter's *Two Merry Women of Abingdon* and the anonymous *Arden of Faversham*.

An important change came into the development of the drama with the advent of Ben Jonson. The boundless activity of the age continued without restraint or abatement. Jonson, a man of varied experience and wide reading, deplored the extravagances indulged in by his contemporaries, few of whom brought any critical judgment to bear upon their creations. Jonson was the first to attempt to stem the flood of lawless production by adapting the rules of classical drama to that of his day. The disregard of the unities, of organic structure, the mingling of farce with tragedy and of common folk with people of exalted rank, were gross violations of classical principles resulting in plays which, on the one hand, were in no way like those of Greece and Rome, and on the other, gave no true picture of actual life. The Elizabethan drama was essentially romantic in spirit and style, for although the low life of the city and the frivolities and absurdities of the world of fashion were

portrayed, the realistic vein was always tinged with the hues of romance.

Jonson's first play, *Every Man In His Humour*, was the first deliberate attempt to remedy the extravagances of the drama by adherence to classical standards. This play established the Comedy of Humours, a variant of the Comedy of Manners, which gives a realistic and satirical picture of contemporary life. In the prologue, Jonson summed up his view of comedy, which should consist of—

> Deeds and language such as men do use
> And persons, such as comedy would choose,
> When she would show an image of the times,
> And sport with humours, follies, not with crimes.

Jonson was the apostle of realism; comedy was to be true to life, both in language and incident. It cannot be said that Jonson was completely successful in his practice. For his characters he drew freely upon his model, Plautus, whose rigid types—gulls, fops, toadies, braggarts, knaves—and whose dramaturgic devices form the bulk of Jonson's material. Plagiarist as he was, however, he was no mere copyist. His leading characters were originally conceived and powerfully portrayed. His theory that every one is ruled by some "humour," that is, some passion, eccentricity, foible or idea, which dominates the mind and gives an unnatural bias to conduct, was too strongly enforced. The leading personages were too often caricatures or monomaniacs, and were as far removed from actuality as the strutting hero of romance. He was an acute observer, and vividly described contemporary life with its intrigues, follies, coarseness and boisterous vulgarity. Where his humour was not farcical, it was satirical. It had

nothing of the joyousness and tenderness of Shakespearean comedy. Jonson never seemed to probe the human heart; he lacerated the surface of life. His inability to catch the true spirit of the times he essayed to portray explains the failure of his tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, written by the book and weighed down by antiquarian detail. Shakespeare, with one tithe of Jonson's erudition, recreated Rome; Jonson merely disturbed its dust.

In spite of his learning, theories and admirable practice, Jonson marks the beginning of the decline of the drama. The moral tone of the theatre gradually declined as Puritanism spread and kept aloof the more serious-minded people. Sensationalism and indecency, rant and extravagance, dilution of passion, weak characterisation and plotting and a contempt for the dignity of blank verse were far too common, men like Dekker, Middleton and Marston being, at their worst, as guilty as the cheapest hack-writer. These three, as well as Chapman, were, like Jonson, scholars who had clear views of the theory of the drama, which with success and merit they put into practice. They introduced no new type of play, but developed, each in his own manner, existing types.

Beaumont and Fletcher, writing independently and jointly, began with realistic plays of London life, and proceeded through romantic comedy to tragi-comedy and tragedy. The most important of the last are *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy* and *The Knight of Malta* (by Fletcher), prototypes of the heroic plays of the Restoration. Massinger continued the Fletcherian drama. In *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* the Comedy of Manners took a new turn by setting the scene a step higher in the social scale. In Massinger's

and in Shirley's comedies the influence of Jonson persisted, but with a softening of the satirical tone. The tragedies of Ford foreshadow in form the classical tragedies of Corneille, and in subject the problem plays of Ibsen. *His Broken Heart* has been described as "the last great romantic tragedy of the seventeenth century." In 1642 the theatres were closed, owing to the outbreak of civil war. Five years later they were dismantled, the old statute declaring actors to be rogues and vagabonds and liable to imprisonment was revived, and attendance at a theatre was made a penal offence.

With the restoration of the monarchy the theatres were reopened. Two companies came into existence, the King's, which performed at Drury Lane, and the Duke of York's, under Davenant, who, during the Commonwealth, had arranged a few dramatic performances under the guise of moral and musical "entertainment."

Certain marked differences between the Elizabethan and the Restoration theatres must be noted. Female parts had hitherto been taken by boys, now they were to be taken by women; stage properties, which had been few and simple, now became plentiful and elaborate; mechanical devices and painted and movable scenery were now employed, and scenes were changed during the course of a single performance; costume was made appropriate to character and period. It must not be thought, however, that all these changes were made suddenly, and simultaneously with the reopening of the theatres. Changes of scenery were made as far back as 1636, women had appeared in masques and in Davenant's "entertainments." Elaborate costumes, scenery and mechanical

devices had been extensively used in the Jacobean masques. All these met for the first time in the regular drama of the Restoration.

Shirley, who lived until 1666, links the later Elizabethan with the Restoration drama. Many of his plays were revived, though Fletcher was prime favourite, for his tragi-comedies contained those elements best suited to a theatre patronised by royalty and supported by returned *émigrés* familiar with the French stage. Shakespeare's plays were also popular, though often in garbled versions. *Macbeth* was transformed into a sort of opera; *Othello* and *Lear* were given happy endings.

The plays which were written at this time followed in the main two directions; there were the rhymed Heroic Plays and the Jonsonian realistic comedies. The Heroic Play combined Fletcherian romantic with French classical tragedy into what became a unique form peculiar to the Restoration period. It was written in heroic couplet, its characters were historical or quasi-historical personages of exalted rank, its scene of action romantic and geographically vague, its themes were "honour won by valour," or "valour inspired by love," its style was bombastic, and inflated sentiment took the place of tragic passion, its background was one of martial exploits and of court intrigue. The credit of inaugurating this type of play is shared by Dryden and Howard with *The Indian Queen* and the Earl of Orrery with *Henry V*, both plays appearing in the same year. Dryden was its chief and most successful exponent, his most notable plays of this type being *Tyrannic Love* (1669), *The Conquest of Granada* (1669–70), and *Aureng-zebe* (1675). *The Rehearsal* by the Duke of Buckingham

and others is a clever burlesque of the heroic drama. It was aimed particularly at Dryden, who in the person of John Bayes is represented as superintending the rehearsal of one of his extravagant productions. *Aureng-zebe* was Dryden's last rhymed-tragedy, after which he employed blank verse. *All for Love* (1678) is his version of the story of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra.* This play, with Lee's *Rival Queens* (1676), Otway's *The Orphan* (1680) and *Venice Preserved* (1682), and Rowe's *The Fair Penitent* (1703) and *Jane Shore* (1714) catch something of the strength of Elizabethan tragedy, and do much to retrieve the reputation of Restoration drama.

Dryden's comedies are well constructed, and abound in witty dialogue. They are weak in portrayal of character and are unpardonably coarse and obscene; especially *Limberham,* in which Dryden sank to a depth scarcely plumbed by the most depraved of his contemporaries, and this in an age of unparalleled profligacy. Both Dryden and Davenant were indebted to Molière, and their comedies, with those of Wilson, a disciple of Ben Jonson, lead up to the Comedy of Manners, the greatest dramatic achievement of this age.

The Comedy of Manners, or, as Lamb describes it, the artificial comedy of the Restoration, is a lineal descendant of the Comedy of Humours, which it resembles in the prominence given to clever dialogue and to characters distinguished by some obsession or trait, and in its realistic presentation. Jonson, however, was a satirist. With the exception of Wycherley, though the most indecent of the group, not one of the writers, from Etherege to Farquhar, made the least pretence of setting up a standard

of morality. They described a mode of life in which honour and moral rectitude were not merely disregarded, but were held not to exist. As Charles Lamb says, "They (the comedies) are a world of themselves almost as much as fairyland. . . . The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact, they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—the Utopia of gallantry where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom."

Etherege, the innovator of the Comedy of Manners, was a profligate wit who moved in fashionable circles. His plays are a vivid and realistic, though perhaps superficial, portrayal of the vicious life he knew so well. *The Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, appeared in 1676. In 1674 appeared *The Plain Dealer*, the most celebrated of the plays of Wycherley, who stands between Etherege and Congreve in order of time and merit. Congreve's comedies, the best of which are *The Double Dealer* (1693) and *The Way of the World* (1700), are a constant stream of sparkling dialogue and changing incident, overrunning a bed of selfish and brutish instincts, barely hidden under the polished manners, courtly airs and brilliant wit of rakes, coquettes and fortune-hunters. Sir John Vanbrugh's plays are as unabashed in their moral insensibility as those of his contemporaries. The scene in which the sottish squire, Sir John Brute, returning home after a characteristic debauch, discovers his wife's and niece's admirers is a veritable

orgy of grossness in language and conduct. Vanbrugh is credited, however, with depicting his scenes and characters from life, exaggerated for dramatic effect, with wit (Flemish!) and animation. George Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) and *The Beaux Stratagem* (1707) are enlivened by his native dash and buoyancy of spirit—he was an Irishman. He leaves the boudoirs and the withdrawing rooms of the metropolis for the inns of country towns and the open road, where gentle-folk rub shoulders with rustic clowns and provincial burghers. Coarse as they are, Farquhar's comedies show signs of a return of moral consciousness; as Mr. William Archer says, he may "fairly share with Steele the credit of having set earnestly about the ventilation of English comedy."

The immorality of the stage, reflecting as it did the life of the Court and its imitators, was by no means a true register of the nation's morals, which, though brutal enough in some aspects, were strongly leavened by the Puritan spirit. Sober-minded people deplored the state of affairs that existed, but their censure passed unheeded.

In 1698 Jeremy Collier delivered his broadside, *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, which even the most obtuse could not ignore. Replies came from the leading dramatists, and guerilla warfare was waged for years, with little sign of repentance on the one side—except in the case of Dryden—or of reasonableness on the other. The theatre was not purged by the controversy, but, as stated above, its licentiousness began to be diluted, but whether as the result of Collier's attack or of a natural reaction against a process of *reductio ad nauseam* it is not certain.

We stride over many years before we come to any original drama of merit. The enamelled face of the artificial comedy, by the second decade of the eighteenth century, was showing sad signs of decrepitude. Fissures and discolorations were appearing, and the complexion beneath was less attractive still. The rottenness at the core had at last reached the surface. Restoratives were useless, and the stage fell back upon old plays, many of which were rigged-up beyond recognition. Between 1700, when Congreve ceased to write, and Goldsmith's *The Good-Natured Man* (1768), "English drama had shrunk into a thing of precedent and convention, governed by the laws of the ancients, as they were misunderstood and supposed to be practised in the drama of a foreign country, or guided by the dissolute taste of a court, which had long since gone its way to dissolution, leaving only its heartlessness, its godlessness and libertinism to be mimicked by those who came after. The spirit of Shakespeare's drama was that of the people; the spirit of Dryden's drama that of the court; for faith in man we have cynical laughter and mistrust in goodness, for patriotism, as demonstrated in the old chronicle play, we have party politics." * The change was not one of literary form, but one of ethical tone.

The first deliberate attempt at moral regeneration was made by Steele, the essayist. As a dramatist he is forgotten, but he gave Tony Lumpkin to Goldsmith and Lydia Languish to Sheridan. For a quarter of a century before *The Good-Natured Man* was staged, the public had been fed upon poor tragedies, either stiff and bombastic, or prosaic and insipid,

* Prof. Schelling, *The English Drama.*

sentimental comedy and clever burlesque. For the genteel Comedy of Manners they were not ready.

In 1773 Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* captured them. (It continues to share with Sheridan's *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* the affections of educated people.) The world of Sheridan is that of Congreve, ventilated by the fresh air of satire. It is the fashionable world in which he himself moved, by no means morally perfect, but at least not flagrantly immoral. His comedy is the Restoration Comedy of Manners, purged of its grossness, licentiousness and moral indifference, and influenced somewhat by the intervening sentimental comedy.

From time to time during the century, unsuccessful efforts had been made by distinguished writers like Addison, Johnson, Young and Thomson to resuscitate the tragic muse. Though high tragedy failed, domestic prose tragedy had a tremendous vogue. Lillo's *The London Merchant, or The History of George Barnwell* (1731) was the most popular of this type. Its influence spread over Europe like an epidemic. The extravagances, inveterate moralising and sentimentality of the mid-century drama produced the inevitable burlesques in Fielding's *Tom Thumb* and Sheridan's *Critic*, as did also the sentimental comedies of Kelly and Cumberland in Foote's *The Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens* (1773).

The drama of the nineteenth century began under German influence and ended under Scandinavian. From 1797 to 1801 the plays of Kotzebue held the stage, despite the scorn of critics in journals and burlesques. They were a sentimental compound of German romanticism and of French democratic and humanitarian doctrines, galvanised by remark-

able stage-craft, whose spectacular and sensational effects amazed and thrilled audiences to whom the literary drama was a forgotten art. The chief adapters of Kotzebue for the English stage were Mrs. Inchbald and "Monk" Lewis, the latter of whom followed up with his Gothic plays. The unliterary character of the drama stirred the great poets of the time to recapture the stage for the literary drama, but their efforts met with little success. The drama of the stage was irrevocably alienated from the literary drama. The plays of Shakespeare and Sheridan are still acted and read. Coleridge's *Remorse*, Byron's *Manfred* and Shelley's *Cenci*, great though they are as poetry, are read only.

The Victorian Age was the age of the novel. The drama, weak and decrepit, was elbowed out of prominence by its sturdy rival. The plays of Sheridan Knowles and of Lord Lytton enjoyed an ephemeral success on account of their skilful stage-craft. The plays of Browning and Tennyson failed on the stage. Robertson's *Caste* and H. Byron's *Our Boys* are still a "draw" at seaside theatres. Dion Boucicault's Irish melodramas, *The Colleen Bawn* and *The Shaughraun*, with their angel-hearted heroines and stage Irishmen, replete with bulls and brogue, pursue an itinerant career through the provinces, though threatened with extinction by the modern Irish plays. The period from 1870 to 1914 was one of growing dramatic activity. It began with W. G. Wills, compatriot of Boucicault, who in 1871 was appointed dramatist to the Lyceum Theatre. In the 'eighties and 'nineties the best of Gilbert & Sullivan's delightful comic operas were produced. They also saw the rise of Sidney Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Arthur

Pinero, Sir J. M. Barrie, and Mr. G. B. Shaw. The four plays of Oscar Wilde, the apostle of the æsthetic cult, burlesqued in Gilbert's *Patience*, appeared between 1891 and 1895. In their wit, lively dialogue with scintillating epigrams and paradoxes, in their dexterous situations and artificial brilliance, they recall Sheridan. *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895) may still be found in the bills of repertory companies, with Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (1893), Shaw's *Candida*, and *You Never Can Tell*, St. J. Hankin's *The Cassilis Engagement*, Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*, Barker's *The Madras House*, Galsworthy's *Strife* and *The Silver Box*. These writers, with the exception of Wilde, have one thing in common: they treat seriously the serious problems of life—moral, social, political. Unlike Wilde, they do not hold themselves aloof from life; they step down into the arena and fearlessly attack those evils and shams which poison modern life and rob it of its joy and beauty.

For this attitude Ibsen was greatly responsible. His influence was first felt in England about 1890. He was a consummate artist in dramaturgic technique. In his art, as in his ideas, he breaks away entirely from the conventional and the trite. His dialogue is natural, there is no soliloquy, the plot is always reasonable; the crisis is well contrived and is concentrated in its intensity; the ending is no longer conventionally happy, but is happy or unhappy in accordance with the logical outcome of the plot. Ibsen, through the lens of his own country, Norway, contemplated thoughtfully, and drew attention to problems common to the social life of most European countries. In *A Doll's House*, 1879, the central theme is the awakening of a woman, who had hitherto

been the plaything of her husband, to a sense of her own individuality; in *The Wild Duck* (1884) it is the dire consequences of unpractical though sincere idealism; in *Ghosts*, the ineluctable power of heredity; in *The Pillars of Society*, the hypocrisy and weakness underlying smug respectability. Other continental writers, who owe much to Ibsen and who have influenced our own dramatists, are Björnson, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu and Brieux.

One of the most interesting dramatic experiments of recent times was the opening in 1899 of the Irish Literary Theatre, which focussed, for a time at least, the activities of the writers of such plays as are associated with the great name of J. M. Synge. The success of the venture, in the face of much hostility, was due to the devotion and courage of Lady Gregory and Mr. W. B. Yeats. Their aim was "to build up a Celtic and Irish school of dramatic literature," and to "show that Ireland is not the home of buffoonery and of easy sentiment, as it has been represented, but the home of ancient idealism." Before the outbreak of war there were not only Irish plays, but also the Scottish plays of Graham Moffat (*Bunty Pulls the Strings*), the Lancashire plays of Stanley Houghton (*Hindle Wakes*), and encouraged by Lord Howard de Walden, plays of Welsh life gave promise of success. These plays of local colour and temperament, which required native actors, gave a strong impetus to the repertory theatre movement. Repertory theatre companies were established in Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham and Bristol with varying degrees of success. The repertory theatre is a modern development of the old stock company system. Working with a minimum of properties

and scenery, which are used as far as possible in different plays, and avoiding the engagement of star artistes, repertory companies endeavour to create and cater for a taste for better-class drama and to counteract the influence of the " Box-Office Theatre," whose business it is to provide dividends by exploiting the fondness of the public for the frivolous, the suggestive, the sensational and the novel. The success of the repertory theatres, qualified though it is, is one of the most hopeful signs of the elevation of popular taste to the high, intellectual and moral standard to which serious modern drama adheres.

CHAPTER XVI

TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA

AFTER what has been said about technique in the chapters on fiction and on the technique of the novel and short story, little remains to be said about the technique of the drama beyond what concerns elements and conditions peculiar to itself.

A drama, being a representation on the stage, in dialogue and in action, of a chosen section of life, involves the co-operation of actors, the presence of an audience and the aid of scenery, costume and "properties." It resembles a novel in that it tells a story, and is therefore made up of character, plot and setting. The difference between the two forms is conditioned by the medium through which they express themselves. First, nothing stands between the novelist and the reader; his appeal is direct to the reader's imagination. The dramatist cannot circumvent the actor's individuality, and whether he keeps this fact in mind or not does not alter the sequent fact, that when his play is performed, the actor's conception of the character he portrays will modify the author's. From Shakespeare to Sir J. M. Barrie playwrights closely connected with the stage have frequently written parts to suit the genius of particular actors. For the heroines of Shakespeare's

romantic comedies the short dark boy and the tall fair boy of his company were cast, *e. g.* Hermia and Helena, Rosalind and Celia, Olivia and Viola; the quarrel with the comedian Kempe brought to an end one series of comic characters. Hamlet is "fat and scant of breath," but only when impersonated by Burbage. In reality he is a spare man.

Secondly, the novelist appeals to the one, the dramatist to the many. What appeals to the individual will not appeal to the multitude, and vice versa, so that a knowledge of the psychology of the multitude is a necessary part of the equipment of the dramatist. Again, as the dramatist has no right to assume that his play will be or will have been read by those who have witnessed its performance, he must make sure that his meaning is understood at once, at least superficially. Its deeper significance may not be realised until after reflection, but in the theatre the spectator cannot pause for reflection or refer back, as the reader of a novel can, for an explanation of what he fails to grasp. The dramatist must not only be perspicuous, he must allow time for assimilation. It can hardly be expected that what has cost him weeks and perhaps months of study and revision to refine and concentrate can be digested by the ordinary mind during the "two hours' traffic of the stage." The average mind is physically incapable of absorbing more than a small amount of condensed food. Good preachers realise this, and illustrate their main heads in many ways, presenting the same thought in different settings so that its substance may be firmly implanted in the minds of the hearers. Ibsen, one of the most thoughtful of modern dramatists, and also a skilled technician,

frequently dilutes his thought and emotion with apparently idle chatter.

The length of a play imposes strict economy upon the dramatist. While the dramatist is excused the necessity of scenic description or minute analysis of psychology, he has to give the same illusion of reality and to reveal equal heights and depths of soul as the novelist upon whom no artificial restrictions are imposed. The difficulties under which the dramatist labours are compensated for by the living agency, by means of which his characters are presented. The medium of the actor, be his interpretation of his part right or wrong, is more powerful to produce an effect of life-likeness than any amount of written language. Still, it remains for the playwright to select with intense concentrativeness just those few incidents and those vital sentences by means of which alone can character be vividly and vitally conceived and presented.

Lastly, the theatre itself, the building, the stage and the scenery, have their effect. Aristotle insisted on three unities—time, place and action. Thus it is that the action of Greek tragedy is enacted in one place (usually an open public space where people would be likely to meet), and coincides in time with the duration of the performance, one day or three days. The stage of the Elizabethan theatre projected into the audience, who stood round three sides of it. The back only was curtained off. Movable scenery was not used except in the masques performed in the houses of nobles. The scene was indicated either by a written notice or by some article obvious in its significance and easily removable. There was no curtain in front of the stage, and as

the plays were performed in the afternoon, there was no artificial lighting. Little time was spent in the "green room." Costume was conventional, and was appropriate to character, but was disregardful of the period represented. A king's costume was always the same, whether worn by Henry VIII or by King Lear. There was therefore very little to impede rapid transition from scene to scene. *King Lear*, for instance, contains twenty-six scenes, a number possible to-day only in Revue. Again, the acting of female parts by boys was responsible for the frequent use of disguise as a dramatic device, *e. g.* Rosalind, Viola, Imogen. As the use of scenery developed, the number of scenes decreased. Owing to the influence of Seneca, plays were divided into five acts, each of one or more scenes, corresponding roughly to the five parts of a play, *i. e.* exposition, etc. To-day plays consist usually of three acts, rarely of more, and these are not subdivided into scenes. The action of the play is therefore limited in regard to place to three scenes, but in regard to time it is unlimited, as any period can be supposed to elapse between the acts. This gives the modern dramatist the choice between representing a character in the throes of one great soul-testing and crucial conflict, and representing him in conflict with circumstances extending over any length of time, and affording opportunity for the portrayal of gradual character development.

The word "drama" means "a doing." It is a word of Greek origin to describe, as Aristotle describes tragedy, an imitation of an action which is serious, complete and of a certain magnitude. Aristotle laid it down that action was the first element in tragedy, character the second. To-day the order is

reversed. Action is important only as an expression and moulder of character. But though secondary to character it is vital to drama. No play can exist without it. The impulse to action is desire; the mainspring of drama is conflict, the result of the attempt to satisfy desire meeting with opposition or resistance. Conflict may be between two personages or two groups of personages, or it may take place in the soul of the protagonist. In the last case it may be the gradual realisation of his nobler self against adverse circumstances, or the gradual decline to baseness under temptation, or it may be a brief, poignant, decisive test. The conflict consists of a crescendo of minor crises which culminates in a climax or major crisis in which the fate of the combatants is decided; in tragedy, however, the ultimate issue is often left uncertain. In comedy the climax comes nearer the end than in tragedy, as the interest is not so much in the conflict itself as it is in its result. Once that is decided interest can be maintained only with difficulty.

"The modern play climbs to its culmination by a series of interruptions or crises. The modern playwright tries to end his acts at an arresting or splendid moment, artfully delayed, and carefully prepared. He tries to end his play by a gradual knitting together of all the energies of his characters into a situation, happier or more haunting, than any that has preceded it in the course of the action. The art by which this is done, when it is done, is called dramatic construction. There are many kinds of dramatic construction. Each age tends to form a new one. Each writer uses many. In art a subject can only be expressed in the form most fitting to it. In the art of the theatre a mistake in the choice of the form, or in the right handling of it when chosen, leads infallibly to the irritation of the audience and the failure of the play. When a play is badly constructed the actors cannot

so interpret the author's emotion that it will dominate the collective emotion in the audience. . . . In the theatre, inspiration without art is as a sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal. . . . During the last thirty years there has been a tendency towards naturalism in the theatre. Modern audiences have learned not to care for poetry on the stage unless it is made 'natural' by realistic scenery. Modern audiences are accustomed to the modern forms of dramatic construction, which are unlike the Elizabethan forms. They know that modern playwrights put a strong scene at the end of an act and a great scene at the end of a play. They have learned to expect a play to be arranged in that manner, and to count as ill-constructed the play not so arranged."—*Shakespeare*, JOHN MASEFIELD.

Certain devices, common to all forms of fiction, are more effectively employed in drama than in other forms. When opposing forces clash, or threaten to clash, a situation arises which is called dramatic. It is a point at which interest is likely to be excited to a high pitch, for it is a point at which something vital is at stake. The dramatic situation calls for more than normal exertion of will or strength because the opposing forces must rouse themselves for the approaching contest. The actual test may be avoided at the last moment, only, however, to occur later with increased momentousness. It is a situation in which we are compelled to ask, "What will he (or they) do?" "How will he stand the test?" For a time attention is firmly held, and we experience a sense of pleasant anticipation or of poignant dread according to the nature of the play, and we are held in suspense until the crisis is passed, when comes relief. These two feelings—tension and relief—are what every skilful story-teller works upon. By means of them attention is alternately gripped and relaxed. The

spoken word being more effective than the written word in appealing to the emotions, the playwright has an advantage over the novelist. Tension is emotion screwed up by curiosity or anxiety, and relief is emotion released by realisation, or diverted in a new direction. Relief often takes the form of surprise, an effect more frequent in comedy than in tragedy; where action is based on character surprise is not likely to enter largely, for, though, according to Sydney Smith, it is an essential ingredient of wit, it is by no means an ingredient of wisdom. Tragedy, however, supplies us with the supreme instance of dramatic surprise; no surprise could be more complete or overwhelming in its unexpectedness and swiftness than the death of Othello.

Soft you! a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their médicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the State,
I took by th' throat the circumcisèd dog,
And smote him—thus. (*Stabs himself with a dagger.*)

Dramatic irony was a favourite device of the ancient Greek tragedians. Irony depends for its effect upon

the hearer's knowledge of what is to come, and the speaker's ignorance of it. The plots of the Greek tragedies being based upon well-known stories, the audience were able to appreciate those statements of desire, determination, expectation, etc., which they knew would be falsified in the event. In a word, dramatic irony consists in the speaker's words having a meaning for his audience deeper than he suspects, and different from what he intends to convey. Lady Macbeth's words, "These deeds must not be thought after these ways: so, it will make us mad," have a tragic meaning for those who know the fate that awaits her. And when she says, "A little water clears us of this deed," we almost hear in echo, "Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O! O! O!"

Surprise, tension and irony are common to tragedy and comedy, which are similar in form though different in substance. Tragedy represents man in unsuccessful conflict with circumstances—fate, heredity, society. It concerns itself with the crimes, sufferings and high passions of mankind, and endeavours to illustrate and impress the fact that any violation of the moral order of the universe is inevitably followed by suffering. Comedy deals with the follies and weaknesses of mankind which it attempts to remove by making them appear unworthy or ridiculous. Instead of appealing to our sympathy for those who suffer it appeals to our sense of the incongruous, and makes appear absurd what tragedy would exhibit in a forbidding or gloomy aspect. In comedy the deeper passions are unruffled, and the tragic consequences of our acts are not allowed to obtrude themselves before our minds. Comedy, however, must not

deceive us by glossing the facts of life any more than tragedy should exaggerate suffering and crime for the sake of sensational effect. Comedy is a serious and dignified vehicle of artistic expression, subject to the fundamental laws of truth which it can ignore only at the risk of becoming buffoonish, farcical or unreal. To the drama, as to the novel, probability, consistency and centrality of interest are important. The abuse of surprise and coincidence and the employment of sensational incidents, purely spectacular scenes, exaggerated sentiment and language, reduce drama to the level of melodrama or farce, which, however thrilling or diverting, does not come within the range of serious criticism.

EXERCISES

Study of a Play: *Julius Cæsar*, SHAKESPEARE. Read the play through.

1. Briefly outline the plot.

2. Arrange the names of the characters in two columns according to the party to which they belong.

Act I. Exposition.

3. Scene 1. (*a*) What is the cause of the excitement of the people? (*b*) What bearing has it on the plot? (*c*) What are the feelings towards Cæsar of the people? Of the tribunes? (*d*) What qualities are shown by the crowd? (*e*) What do we learn of the present state of affairs? (*f*) Of antecedent events? (*g*) Distinguish between the characters of Marullus and Flavius. (*h*) What other plays which open with an exciting scene do you know? (*i*) What is the purpose of this scene?

4. Scene 2. (*a*) What light is thrown on the character of Cæsar by ll. 9–11? by l. 12? by l. 13? (*b*) How is the effect of ll. 9–11 emphasised? (*c*) What do you consider are Cæsar's real feelings about the prophecy?

(*d*) Why is Cæsar depicted in his weakness and not in his strength? (*e*) What is the dramatic purpose of the stage direction after l. 80? (*f*) What motive inspires Brutus' opposition to making Cæsar king? (*g*) What Cassius'? (*h*) Quote lines which sum up the public character of Brutus. (*i*) What is the dramatic purpose of the account of the swimming match and the fit? (*j*) Of the stage direction after l. 133? (*k*) Contrast the moods of Brutus and Cassius whilst talking of Cæsar. (*l*) Illustrate the subtlety of Cassius' power of persuasion. (*m*) Show how the unsympathetic description of Cæsar is carried on. (He is irritable, suspicious, boastful, physically weak, unkingly, sentimental.) (*n*) What sort of a man is Casca? (*o*) Show how the plot has advanced. (*p*) Quote an example of irony; of bathos.

5. Scene 3. (*a*) Show how the scene contributes to atmosphere. (*b*) To character. (*c*) In what new light is Casca, "the blunt fellow," seen? (*d*) How is contrast employed in this scene? (*e*) What is Cassius' purpose in getting the support of Brutus? (*f*) Note how the final speech of Cassius clinches the scene and prepares us for the next act.

Act II. Complication.

6. Scene 1. (*a*) What have we so far learnt of the situation and the characters? (*b*) What purpose is served by making the conspirators meet at night? (*c*) What does the abrupt opening of Brutus' speech ("It must be by his death") indicate? (*d*) In this speech the crisis is brought appreciably nearer. Explain. (*e*) What is the effect on Brutus of the firmamental disturbances? (*f*) What is the purpose of Lucius' statement: "March is wasted fourteen days"? (*g*) How does Brutus' speech ("Between the acting of a dreadful thing") add to the impression of the purity of his motive and of the strength of his character? (*h*) What change takes place in the attitude of Brutus towards Cassius? (*i*) How do you account for it? (*j*) Brutus makes his first mistake. What is it? (*k*) Point out the irony of "And, for Mark Antony, think not of him." (*l*) How does Brutus feel towards Cæsar the man, and Cæsar the ruler? (*m*) What purpose

is served by the Brutus-Portia scene? (*n*) Can you reconcile the private with the public character of Brutus?

7. Scene 2. Still "thunder and lightning." (*a*) A searching light is thrown on the character of Cæsar. As what sort of a man is he revealed? (*b*) Show how this scene holds us in suspense. (*c*) Why is Cæsar shown in a new and a favourable light at the end of this scene?

8. Scenes 3 and 4. (*a*) What dramatic purposes are served by these two scenes? (*b*) What does Portia know?

Act. III. Climax.

Review the situation and show how the conflicting powers approach the crisis.

9. Scene 1. (*a*) Study carefully the scene preceding the murder; it is one of intense suppressed excitement. Note how every detail of speech and action increases the tension: the petition of Artemidorus, the dark words of Popilius, the alarm of Cassius, who almost loses his head, the luring away of Antony, the pressing of the conspirators about Cæsar, the bombastic speech of Cæsar which reaches the limit of arrogance when he says, "Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?" Then swift and sudden the murder. (*b*) In what follows contrast the self-possessed manner of Brutus with the agitation of his confederates in their haste to justify their deed. (*c*) Show how Brutus misjudges both his own and Antony's power. (*d*) Show how the triumphant power of the conspirators begins to decline almost at once. (*e*) Brutus makes another mistake. What is it? (*f*) Brutus offers Antony "love, good thoughts and reverence"; Cassius offers "a voice . . . in the disposing of new dignities." What does this tell us of the speakers? (*g*) Is Antony's speech, "That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true," etc., sincere? (*h*) Show how the end of the scene carries the action forward.

10. Scene 2. (*a*) Account for Brutus' failure and Antony's success in influencing the people. (*b*) Show how the forces that will overthrow Brutus are gathering strength. (*c*) Note how concisely and clearly the situation is presented.

11. Scene 3. What is the purpose of this scene?

Act IV. Decline.

12. Scene 1. Show how Antony is revealed as the shallow politician, the base intriguer, and the selfish tyrant.

13. Scenes 2 and 3. (*a*) What dramatic purpose is served by the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius? (*b*) What is the purpose of the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar? (*c*) Brutus makes still another mistake. What is it?

Act V. Catastrophe.

14. Scene 1. (*a*) What is the purpose of the first speech of Octavius? (*b*) Is any dramatic purpose served by the parley? (*c*) Note how the turbulence of the first part of the scene gives way to the calm fatalism of Cassius and Brutus.

15. Scene 2. Raises hope in Brutus' side. Illustrate.

16. Scenes 3, 4 and 5. Still another mistake of Brutus. (*a*) Point out how in all the confusion of Scenes 3, 4 and 5 the course of the battle is clearly marked. (*b*) Point out how interest is maintained by the varying fortunes of the battle. (*c*) Note the gradual crescendo of excitement in Scene 5. (*d*) Show how the calm demeanour of Brutus stands out in contrast with the stormy background. (*e*) Why does not Antony boast of his triumph over Brutus? (*f*) Does this reflect on his own or on Brutus' character?

17. Describe the structure of the play, clearly distinguishing between the exposition, complication, climax, decline and catastrophe.

18. Illustrate the skilful arrangement of the scenes of the play by which suspense and excitement are relieved.

19. Show how each scene ends with a definite contribution to the progress of the action.

20. Show how the play is motivated, not only by the conflict between Brutus' ideals and "the spirit of Cæsar," but also by that between the unpractical idealism of Brutus and the practical wisdom of Cassius.

21. Show how "the spirit of Cæsar" pervades the play.

22. Analyse the plot of *The Merchant of Venice;* show how the various strands are interwoven; note where the major and minor crises occur, and show how they are arranged on a gradually ascending and descending scale of magnitude.

23. What are the chief points of difference between a novel and a play?

24. Which do you consider the more effective, Arnold Bennett's novel, *Buried Alive,* or his play, *The Great Adventure?*

25. Bearing in mind the success of *Othello* and *As You Like It,* the failure of the attempts to dramatise the novels of Dickens and the success of *Peter Pan,* both as a play and as a novel, what do you consider to be the conditions necessary for the successful dramatisation of a novel? (n.b. *Peter Pan* appeared first as a play.)

26. The major crisis of Yeats' play, *On Baile's Strand,* has been criticised because it takes place "off" and is therefore non-dramatic. Can you defend the author's method?

27. Discuss the use of the telephone on the stage.

28. Write an essay on "The Aims and Methods of the Repertory Theatre."

29. State the case for a State-subsidised theatre.

30. "The play (*Twelfth Night*) is so mixed with beauty that one can see it played night after night, week after week, without weariness, even in a London theatre."—MASEFIELD. Why *even* in a London theatre? Why are the plays of Shakespeare, which must have been immensely popular in his own time, barely tolerated to-day?

31. Conventions of the modern stage would not allow a playwright to place side by side the tents of the leaders of the opposing armies, as Shakespeare does in *Richard III.* Is it possible to reconstruct the scene in accordance with modern conventions?

32. State the essential features of comedy, and show from any plays of (*a*) Shakespeare, (*b*) Sheridan, (*c*) Shaw, the author's method of dealing with them.

33. Study the plot of *The Comedy of Errors* as an example of a play modelled on the late-classical plays of Plautus.

34. Point out the symmetry of the structure of the plot and of the grouping of the characters in *Richard II.*

35. Explain what part the Lorenzo and Jessica story plays in the structure of *The Merchant of Venice.*

36. Discuss the relation of the episode of the caskets to the main plot (*The Merchant of Venice*).

37. Show how the speeches of the two suitors, Morocco and Arragon, indicate their characters (*The Merchant of Venice*).

38. *The Merchant of Venice* "illustrates the clash between the emotional and intellectual characters, the man of heart and the man of brain."—MASEFIELD. Discuss and illustrate.

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CHAPTER XVII

EPIC AND HEROIC POETRY

ABOUT the birth and infancy of nations there gathers a cloud of myths which express in concrete figures and actions the beliefs, traditions, ideals, travailings and triumphs of the people in their struggle for existence against nature and hostile tribes. For a time they float in filmy vagueness in the memory of the folk, until one by one they begin to assume shape. At last a poet is born who takes the scattered fragments of folk-lore, legend and belief, and out of the welter creates a new entity—a ballad, a saga, an epic. The English people have no saga to compare with the *Song of the Nibelungs* or the *Volsunga Saga*, and no epic to challenge the *Iliad*. *Beowulf* has been called a saga, and it has been called an epic. Whether it has the antiquity of the one or the noble magnitude of the other is beyond our purpose to discuss. One thing is indisputable; *Beowulf* is our greatest Old English narrative poem, and is almost the earliest known, only the fragmentary *Fight at Finnsburg* and the *Widsith* claiming seniority.

Beowulf is supposed to have been written by a Mercian minstrel in the seventh century; the historical character, to whom the heroic deeds of the poem are attributed, lived between A.D. 480 and 580. The

poem is a little over three thousand lines in length, and is made up mainly of three episodes. As a young man Beowulf comes to the aid of Hrothgar, whose land is ravaged by a monster Grendel, the fen-stalker, the death-bringer and devourer of thanes. Grendel slain, a second task awaits Beowulf. Grendel's mother, "doomed to dwell amidst the waters of horror," seeks to avenge her offspring's death. Again Beowulf triumphs, this time in the monster's den under the mere. Eventually Beowulf becomes king and rules in peace for fifty years, when once more he is called upon to fight, this time a fiery dragon, the warder of the treasure hoard. He slays the monster but receives a mortal wound. The geographical background of the action is grim and terrible; it seems to partake of the nature of the monsters that haunt it. Against this shadow stands out vividly the bright picture of the life of the mead-hall, the king feasting his thanes, the ceremonious welcome of strangers, the toasts, the boastings, the present-giving, the songs of the scop. Behind and beyond all this there lies a vast tract of history, legend and myth, of which we catch fleeting glimpses as in the lays of Sigemund and of Heremod. *Beowulf* is our nearest approach to a national epic. It has not the grand imaginativeness or the skilful construction of Homer's epics, but it presents to us in language simple, forthright and dignified, a proud and inspiring picture of the youth of our race, its ideals of kingship, courage and endurance, its spirit of adventure, its kinship with the sea, its love of riches, its clean morality and its pagan fatalism.

From the Old English or Anglo-Saxon poem *Beowulf* we pass to the thirteenth-century romances, *Sir*

Tristem, Havelock the Dane and *King Horn,* well-told stories, familiar to us to-day through modern renderings. Love, entirely absent from *Beowulf,* is the central motive of these romances. The fortunes of royal sons and daughters, heroic and beautiful, the opposition of parents, the intrigues of courtiers, magic, wanderings by land and sea, and hidden identity are typical ingredients, used with a certain amount of skill and discretion in the romances just named, but in the later romances repeated *ad nauseam.* The late romances are longer, and are translations from the endless French metrical romances, most of which were connected with one or the other of the great cycles which had grown up about the personality of Charlemagne and Arthur. The expansion of geographical knowledge which the crusades had brought about led to a widening of the field of action and of the gulf separating the knightly lover from his lady. The Holy Land and its contiguous seas and countries became almost indispensable. Sir Guy of Warwick is not satisfied with proving himself worthy of his lady, for, after having won her hand by desperate adventure, he leaves her to visit Palestine. The oriental atmosphere, however, was not altogether out of keeping with the style of these romances; many of the stories were of Eastern origin, and the Crusades served as a bedrock of fact upon which to build extravagant fictions.

The *Chansons de Geste,* as these metrical romances of the Charlemagne, Arthur and smaller cycles were called, seemed to dominate France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Three centuries later we find the Charlemagne cycle cropping up in Italy. About 1500 two Charlemagne romances appeared

there, Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which attempted to fuse the epic form with that of the chivalrous romance. *Jerusalem Delivered*, 1574, was a more serious attempt still to raise the romance to the level of the epic. The poet Tasso chose as his central theme the historical event, the delivery of Jerusalem from the Turks, an action of sufficient magnitude and importance to enable him to focus the ideals and achievements of Christian chivalry, and sufficiently remote in time to allow the free play of the imagination. But Tasso's purpose was didactic as well as artistic. As a critic he had contended that the epic should convey moral instruction; as a poet he put his theory into practice.

Tasso's importance to us is chiefly as the inspirer of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, 1590–96. Spenser adopted an epic plan; his central theme or "general end" was "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline"; his plan was to portray in Arthur the "image of a brave knight, perfected in twelve private moral virtues," but, "for the more variety," portrayed in twelve other knights, each of whom sets forth from the Court of Gloriana upon an adventure calling for the superlative exercise of his particular virtues, and forming the subject of one of the twelve books of which the poem was to consist. Six books only were completed. The poem is a "continued allegory." Besides carrying out his moral purpose, Spenser in his reference to the religious controversies of his day reflects the growing Puritan spirit, which reached its highest expression in *Paradise Lost*.

Spenser laid more stress on his moral purpose than even Tasso did. The unity of purpose of the poem

and the symmetry of its plan were not, however, sufficient to give it epic unity. The poet was weakest where he should have been strongest, namely, in his narrative and constructive ability. The adventures are independent of each other, and one feels that twelve is but an arbitrary number, that eleven or thirteen would have done just as well, and that six are quite enough. How the twelve intended books would have been fused into one entire and unified poem it is difficult to imagine. Furthermore, the adventures are too unreal, fantastic and embroidered; at times even childish. The austere and simple dignity of the epic is replaced by a pageant of gorgeous magnificence and of sensuous beauty, in which romantic chivalry and mediæval enchantment wage increasing warfare before a background, now bright with the golden light of summer gardens, now dark with the gloom and horror of primeval forests. The beauty of his diction and the melody of his verse are bywords of criticism; his stanza, a modification of the Italian *Ottava Rima*, and named after him, for a time neglected in favour of the heroic couplet, has been a favourite for romantic narrative verse since the success of Keats, Shelley and Byron in its use.

Daniel's metrical *History of the Civil Wars*, 1604, runs into eight books. It was praised for its diction and manly spirit by no less a critic than Coleridge. Its note is as patriotic as that of Barbour's *The Bruce*, 1876, an epic poem which treats heroically the character and deeds of Robert Bruce, the champion of Scottish independence against English aggression. Davenant's *Gondibert*, 1651, is a heroic poem, similar in style and subject to his heroic dramas (*vide* Chap. XV on History of the Drama).

The following decade saw the completion of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. For this work the poet's life was one long preparation, interrupted only by the claims of his country upon his services during the Civil War and Commonwealth. A lifetime of preparation and nine years of writing and revision went to the creating of this noble epic, the only English poem to which we can apply that name without qualification. Like Virgil's *Æneid*, it is a "literary" epic, that is, it is consciously modelled upon existing epics. Virgil modelled his poem upon the "authentic" epics of Homer; *Beowulf* is an authentic poem, so are *The Song of Roland*, the *Volsunga Saga* and the *Song of the Nibelungs*.

Paradise Lost is epic in purpose, material, structure and style. The poet sings of the tragedy of the Fall of Man.

> Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought Death into the world and all our woe,

and invokes the aid of the heavenly muse,

> That to the highth of this great argument
> I may assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men.

The action passes between heaven, hell and earth. The actors are God, His Son, the Heavenly hosts; Satan and the fallen angels; Chaos, Sin, Death; Adam and Eve. The poem opens with the "rebel angels" lying vanquished, "rolling in the fiery gulf," and the action continues progressively until Book V, when it is interrupted while Raphael relates to Adam the events that precede Satan's revolt and overthrow, and describes the creation of the Earth, and while Adam relates his own experiences in Eden. With Book IX

the action proceeds from the point at which it was broken off until Man's expulsion from Paradise. In addition to the invocation, and the opening *in medias res*, there are other conventional epic features: the set speech, catalogue of names, and extended simile; but in his use of the supernatural, Milton makes what was accessory in Homer the essence and substance of *Paradise Lost*. Action, actors, scene and purpose are grandly conceived and grandly harmonised into a sublime and noble unity, which, combined with the magnificent march of the blank verse and the unfailing grandeur of the imagery, justifies the praise of a living poet, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, who claims that "in Milton the poet arose who was supremely adequate to the greatest task laid on epic poetry since its beginning with Homer."

Epic poems have been written since Milton's, but they lie undisturbed in their dust: Garth's *Dispensary*, 1699, a mock-heroic occasioned by a dispute between the physicians and the apothecaries; Blackmore's *King Arthur*, 1797, the central action of which is Arthur's fabulous "expedition to support the Christian people of Gaul against certain heathen Franks in which history, ethnology and common sense are alike defied" (Chambers' *Enc. Eng. Lit.*); Glover's *Leonidas*, 1737, and *Athenaid*, 1787, dealing with the defence of Thermopylæ and the war between the Greeks and Persians; Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, 1757, dealing with the fortunes of the sons of the seven heroes who led the expedition against Thebes. One work only survives, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, an "Heroi-Comical Poem," in which a trivial incident, the stealing of a lady's curl, is treated with an air of mock gravity, and in which all the conventional

machinery of the epic is most cleverly and wittily paralleled. The poem describes how an admiring lord, his passion incensed by the fumes of coffee, surreptitiously severs one of fair Belinda's locks, after a Homeric battle in which cards take the field (in other words, a game of Ombre), and in which the queen of hearts is captured. Belinda being deserted by her guardian sylph, Umbriel, an evil gnome, repairs to the Cave of Spleen, from which he brings back a bag of sighs and sobs and a vial of melting griefs and flowing tears. He breaks the bag over the head of the lady and all the Furies rush out; he then empties the vial and the nymph in "bounteous grief appears." Anger and tears having proved unavailing, Belinda once more rallies her forces and a second epic battle ensues, this time not cards but songs, metaphors, glances and frowns being the weapons. Eventually Belinda meets her lord in single combat. After striking him with the lightning of her eyes, she lays him low with a pinch of snuff. But the lock is not to be found. After a search it is seen floating away into the skies to take its place for ever "midst the stars." This poetic storm in a teacup is a miniature Comedy of Manners reflecting in its scintillating wit, the affected gallantry and coquetry with which the age of Queen Anne is associated.

The Age of Reason was too metropolitan and superficial in its outlook to admit the epic mind. The thin soil in which the literature of manners flourished to perfection could ill nourish deep-rooted and vigorous heroic literature, and later in the century when the breakdown of literary formalism came, eyes were directed to mediæval times, the age of the ballad and romance. Mediævalism and orientalism took

the place of classicism. Except for *Gebir*, 1798, of Landor—"a classic writing in a romantic age"—the epic was neglected for the romances of Scott and Byron. Bailey's *Festus*, 1839, is in form a drama, in conception an epic. It was written when the author was at the age of twenty years, and won for him meteoric success. Festus is another Faust. Of the poem Mr. James Douglas says, in the course of an enthusiastic critique, "*Festus* presents a loftier view of God and Man than any other world-poem. . . . Festus impersonates the destiny of humanity moving through cycles of sin and suffering towards that harmony with itself which is harmony with the Infinite. Lucifer, who guides him through the universe of sensation, is not the mere conventional fiend of Marlowe or of Goethe, but a subtle symbol of the evil that is half good and the good that is half evil. The action sweeps through celestial, terrestrial and infernal space towards its stupendous culmination —the apotheosis of Festus, the last man, whose attainment of spiritual sovereignty is the signal for the end of all things."

Festus is in many ways nearer the epic than Tennyson's much better-known *Idylls of the King*. These are a series of pictures representing the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, to which symmetry if not unity is given by their arrangement and single purpose. The first Idyll, *The Coming of Arthur*, is devoted to the central figure, Arthur: his birth, coronation, marriage, etc. Then follow ten Idylls, each with its double purpose, to typify some aspect of the unceasing fight of "Sense at war with Soul," and to prove the knights in order to perfect the Round Table. *The Passing of Arthur* concludes the series;

it describes the last and fatal conflict in which Arthur is mortally wounded, the death of Arthur, and his mystic passing to the "island-valley of Avilion."

The plan of the poem, like that of the *Faerie Queene*, has its faults of construction; the aim of Spenser, to fashion an English gentleman, and of Tennyson, to portray "Ideal manhood enclosed in real man," may be as single and definite as Milton's aim "to justify the ways of God to men." But the action of *Paradise Lost* is one and central—its twelve books form one organic whole; the *Idylls* are twelve books, related but not vital to one another and to the whole. Though the subject of King Arthur occupied the poet's mind intermittently for fifty years—as early as 1832 he wrote the *Lady of Shalott*, as late as 1885 *Balin and Balan*, one of the Idylls, and even later returned to the subject in *Merlin and the Gleam*—he failed to solve the problem of re-creating a living hero out of a legendary king, and of restoring an age of chivalry which would appeal strongly to the modern mind. Tennyson did not catch the spirit of the Arthurian age; he missed its significance. His scenes are pageants, superbly staged and acted, not heroically lived and felt. It is magnificent pageantry, however, and a constant delight to the imagination. We see a ship "dragon-wing'd and bright with shining people"; the babe, Arthur, borne to the feet of Merlin in a flaming wave; the young king crowned, at his side three queens, before him his loyal knights; the Lady of the Lake, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful"; Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," cherishing her forlorn love for Lancelot; the knightly combats; the jousts; the Holy Grail, "all pall'd in crimson samite"; the brand Excalibur, "making lightnings

in the splendour of the moon "; the dying king lying near " a broken chancel with a broken cross "; the dusky barge " dense with stately forms, black-stoled, black-hooded," bearing away the dead king till " the hull look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn." Here is nothing of the bizarre fantasy and voluptuous beauty of the *Faerie Queene;* all is pure, restrained, noble, remote, and rendered with perfect craftsmanship in felicitous and harmonious verse.

Matthew Arnold left two epic fragments, *Sohrab and Rustum*, taken from the Persian *Shah-Nameh*, and *Balder Dead*, taken from the Norse *Eddas*. *Sohrab and Rustum* deals with the efforts of Sohrab to find his father. Father and son, unknown to each other, meet in single combat, in which the son is slain at the moment of victory through withholding his stroke on realising his opponent's identity. *Balder Dead* deals with Hermod's journey to Hela, the goddess of the dead, " to purchase Balder back," the efforts to fulfil the goddess's conditions and the celebration of the funeral rites. In both the poet imitates the epic style and adopts many Homeric devices, even to the introducing of Homeric phrases. Both poems deal with but a single episode taken from a larger action. In the one the action takes place on earth, by " Oxus stream," the actors are all human, and no supernatural elements are employed except in the storm which hides the combatants from view. In the other the action is between Heaven and Hell, and no human actors take part. The poems are written in dignified blank verse and in precise language. There is no touch of mediæval romance about them; the mood is one of scholarly classicism.

William Morris was as discontented with the con-

ditions of contemporary life as was Arnold, but he faced facts in a more manly and optimistic spirit. He was steeped in romance, the romance of life. He wished to make life and labour a joy for others, as they were to him, and to beautify the sordid and drab surroundings which an age of materialism had imposed upon the nation. In this spirit he translated the sagas, legends and epics of the bygone heroic ages, bygone to us, but to him more real than the life about him, colouring them with his picturesque imagination and infusing into them his eager, energetic spirit. The Arthurian legends first attracted him, and he wrote *The Defence of Guinevere* and *King Arthur's Tomb*, 1858, in which the tapestry figures of Tennyson were kindled into passionate and real men and women. In 1868 he published the *Life and Death of Jason*, and after a few translations from the *Volsunga Saga*, a long narrative poem, *Sigurd the Volsung*, 1876, "in which he found, as he had never found in any other stories, a harmony and connection between dream and reality." Afterwards came his translations of *Beowulf*, the *Æneid* and the *Odyssey*. Morris is always a splendid story-teller; few poets have possessed his narrative gift, and few translations have captured and imparted so much of the spirit of the original as his. His *Sigurd* has been placed among the few epic poems of the world. Of it Mr. Clutton Brock says, "*Sigurd*, with all its faults, is an epic poem to be read for its story. Its excellence is in the whole, not in detachable parts; in design, not in ornament. It has a cumulative power possessed by no other modern narrative poem in English . . . and unless our world loses its love of poetry altogether it will meet with its deserts at last."

Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* appeared in 1908. Its description as an epic drama indicates its form and scope. It consists of nineteen acts and over a hundred scenes to be staged behind "gauzes or screens to blur outlines." Its theme is the career of Napoleon from his intended invasion of England to his overthrow at Waterloo. Dominating the whole action is—

> A will that wills above the will of each,
> Yet but the will of all conjunctively—

and which communicates with mortals by means of Intelligences—the Ancient Spirit of the Years, the Spirit of Pities, the Spirit Sinister, the Spirit Ironic, the Spirit of Rumour, all with their attendant Choruses and messengers, the Spirit of the Earth; the human actors range from Napoleon and the great military and political figures involved in the Napoleonic wars to common soldiers, camp-followers and peasants; the scenes change from the courts of emperors and from battlefields to towns and villages, to every corner of Europe where the working of the Immanent will through the malign influence of Napoleon is felt. This almost endless variety of character, scene, incident and emotion is ordered into one great organic whole by its central theme, the inexorable working of the universal Will which ultimately manifests itself in the conflict between England and France and in the shattering of Napoleon's megalomaniac ambitions.

It will have been noticed that there is something about the epic which separates it from all other forms of narrative poetry. The epic tells a story with the aid of certain conventions, devices and embellishments

peculiar to itself. Its material is heroic and momentous actions, its style dignified and noble. But the combination of all these will not stamp a poem as unequivocally epic unless it has a great significance for the people for whom it is written. The epic poet "takes a mass of confused splendours, and he makes them into something which they certainly were not before; something which, as we can clearly see by comparing epic poetry with mere epic material, the latter scarce hinted at. He makes this heap of matter into a grand design; he forces it to obey a single presiding unity of artistic purpose."—*The Epic*, LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. The epic is the final and inevitable expression of the ideals and traditions of an age or epoch in a nation's history. The *Iliad* expresses the Greek ideals of heroism and leadership, the *Æneid* glorifies the ancestors of the Roman people and celebrates the founding of the city; *Beowulf* sets an example of kingship, and *Paradise Lost* wrings out of Hebraic and Christian theology their vital significance for the Puritan mind.

Epic poetry was placed next below tragedy by Aristotle; it was placed above tragedy by the Italian critics of the Renaissance. Whether it rank first or second is immaterial; but the fact is that there are fewer great epics than there are great tragedies, and of these one alone is in modern English—*Paradise Lost*. Even this in its fulness is denied to most of us, for, says Mark Pattison, "an appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship." Though this is a qualification that few of us can claim, there is no reason why it should remain a closed book to any who have imagination and taste. Neither are epics written in another tongue denied to us

(ii) Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

(iii) Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

(*b*) In what respects is the verse rendering in the above superior to your prose translation?

5. ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

(*a*) Write a letter to a friend abroad describing life in England in September, 1918.

Or—

(*b*) Compose an article of about 300 words describing the peculiar advantages obtained by customers at a particular shop or by travellers on some particular railway system.
(The shop and the railway company may be either real or fictitious.)

6. LITERATURE.

Select one of the following periods and (*a*) describe the main tendencies of its principal writers:—
The Augustan Age;
The Romantic Revival;
The Mid-Victorian Age.

(*b*) Select one author from the period chosen in (*a*) and describe his or her life and work.

JANUARY, 1919

1. PROSE COMPOSITION.

(*a*) Compose a suitable reply to the following advertisement: "Required, to complete party for Christmas at private house in Scotland, two guests, convalescent officers or young married couple. Good shots essential. All expenses paid. Highest references given and required. All communications treated in strictest confidence. —Box 729, *The Times*."

Or—

(*b*) Imagine yourself to have been away from England since December, 1913. You arrive in London at dawn on January 12th, 1919. Write down your impressions of the changes which have occurred in your absence.

Or—

(*c*) Write a letter to an imaginary employer offering your services for any position for which you consider yourself well qualified.

2. Syntax and Vocabulary.

(i) Correct the following sentences :—

(*a*) Who would you like to travel with ?

(*b*) I cannot work like I used to do.

(*c*) It is curious that such a standpoint should persist so long.

(*d*) None but the brave deserve the fair.

(*e*) The reverend gentleman sustained a broken thigh as the result of this dire catastrophe.

(*f*) Neither Sylvia nor Phyllis ever come here now.

(*g*) This is, of course, strictly between you and I.

(ii) Compose short sentences to illustrate the correct use of the following words : *ingenious, ingenuous, mutual, common, reciprocal, aggravate, annoy.*

3. Style, Literary Expression.

(i) Comment on the style of the following passages :—

(*a*) The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

(*b*) While going home, the evening sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

(*c*) Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine ?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.

(*d*) Egypt, with its amazing and stupendous monuments, awe-inspiring pyramids, monolithic obelisks, colossal statues, unequalled in any age for style and solidity.

(ii) Define briefly, and give examples of the use of, the following figures of speech : Simile, Anti-climax, Epigram, Irony, Apostrophe. In what way does the use of figures of speech contribute to literary expression ?

4. Punctuation and Paraphrase.

Punctuate the following passage, and then re-write it in simple prose :—

Say first of God above or man below
What can we reason but from what we know
Of man what see we but his station here
From which to reason or to which refer
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

5. Literary History.

Give an account of the life and work of any *one* novelist of the eighteenth century *or* of any *one* poet of the nineteenth century.

6. General Reading.

Say what you know of any *six* of the following works. Mention the authors and the approximate date of each : *Prometheus Unbound, Comus, The Excursion, Reflections on the French Revolution, Jane Eyre, Songs of Innocence, The Hind and the Panther, The Eve of Saint Agnes, Kubla Khan, Journal to Stella, Religio Medici.*

JUNE, 1919

1. STYLE, SYNTAX, AND LOGIC.

Criticise the style, syntax, or logic of each of the following sentences :—

(*a*) It is pathetic to think that nobody but me will now remember it.

(*b*) The subject of the first paragraph tells how the couriers brought the news of a great victory.

(*c*) The cause of the rise in prices is attributed to the scarcity of labour.

(*d*) The essay tells about many adventures, and the author writes in his usual charming style.

(*e*) You can rely upon me doing all in my power to avert such a disaster.

(*f*) Despite the unfavourable climatic conditions the intrepid aeronaut insisted upon an ascent.

(*g*) It was rather a unique pleasure to see them together.

(*h*) In the present self-depreciatory mood in which the English people find themselves it is impossible to really insult them.

(*i*) I was very grieved to hear of his downfall : as an individual I liked him.

2. PROSE COMPOSITION.

Compose a dialogue supposed to take place between a wounded soldier and a civilian, or between a foreigner and an Englishman, on any subject you like.

3. PUNCTUATION.

(*a*) Correct the punctuation of the following passages :—

(i) Let conflagration rage ; of whatsoever is combustible !

(ii) " You naughty, little boy I've a good mind to thrash you," she shouted, " yes within an inch of your life."

(iii) Add to all this that he died in his 37th year ; and then ask, If it be strange that his poems are imperfect ?

(iv) A love-affair, to be conducted with spirit and enterprise should always bristle with opposition and difficulty.

(v) He was born, in, or near, London, on December 24th, 1900.

(vi) If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand.

(*b*) Comment on any peculiarities that you may happen to notice in the punctuation of the passages quoted in Questions 4 and 6.

4. CRITICISM.

Comment upon the style of each of the following :—

(i) Will no-one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For, old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

(ii) But see Camille Desmoulins, from the Café de Foy, rushing out, sibylline in face ; his hair streaming, in each hand a pistol ! He springs to a table : the Police satellites are eyeing him ; alive they shall not take him, not they alive him alive. Friends, some rallying sign ! Cockades ; green ones ; the colour of Hope ! As with the flight of locusts, these green-tree leaves ; green ribands from the neighbouring shops ; all green things are snatched, and made cockades of.

(iii) Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

(iv) A few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt . . . he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand ; . . . sudden fits of inadvertence will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning.

(v) With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

5. GENERAL READING.

What is your favourite

(*a*) Play of Shakespeare ?

Or—

(*b*) Novel of Jane Austen, George Eliot, Thackeray, Scott, or Dickens ?

Or—

(*c*) Poem of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Pope, or Milton? Show your acquaintance with it in any way you like.

6. LITERARY APPRECIATION.

The following sonnet of Wordsworth has by almost common consent been acknowledged as the most satisfying description of London ever written.

State fully the grounds for your approval or disapproval of this judgment.

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

SEPTEMBER, 1919

1. PUNCTUATION.

(*a*) Punctuate the following passage :—

My purse dear Tony exclaimed Emma my house you will stay with me why do you shake your head with me you are safe she spied at the shadows in her friends face ever since your marriage Tony you have been strange in your trick of refusing to stay with me

(*b*) Explain in detail, with examples, the different uses of the hyphen, apostrophe, colon, dash and quotation marks.

2. PARAPHRASE.

Rewrite in simple English prose the following :—

(*a*) A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

(*b*) But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light.

(*c*) And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

(*d*) O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon :
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

(*e*) Here lieth One whose name was writ on water.
But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalising winter, flew
Athwart the stream—and time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais.

3. CRITICISM.

Criticise the style of *four* of the following :—

(*a*)
Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little abune the knee ;
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little abune her bree,
And she is on to Miles Cross
As fast as she can hie.

(*b*)
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.

(*c*) The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was : it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too : it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing.

(*d*)
The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems as barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

(*e*) He calls her by her name, Lucy : and she, blushing at her great boldness, has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the key-notes of the wonderful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

" Lucy ! my beloved ! "

" O Richard ! "

Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny-whistle.

Love's musical instrument is as old, and as poor : it has but two stops : and yet, you see, the cunning musician does thus much with it !

4. ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Write a letter to a friend in reply to his (or her) question :—

" Why should one read Shakespeare ? I don't get any enjoyment from it and it doesn't seem to do me any good."

5. COMPOSITION.

(*a*) What, in your opinion, are the chief differences between prose and verse ?

(*b*) What are the main differences between preparing an argument which is ultimately to be read in a periodical and preparing a similar argument which is ultimately to be delivered in a lecture or debate ?

6. General Reading.

(*a*) Quote not less than ten nor more than twenty lines of any poem in the language.

(*b*) Give in not more than twenty lines the substance of the subject-matter of the poem quoted in (*a*).

SEPTEMBER, 1920

1. Prose Composition.

(*a*) Write a letter to a relative in Australia describing the state of England at the present time.

Or—

(*b*) Give an account of your impression of any play you may have seen.

2. Syntax and Vocabulary.

(i) Criticise the following sentences :—

(*a*) Being a plain and straightforward man, the proposal strikes me as dishonest.

(*b*) The matter must be discussed on the platform and in the press, so as to effectually bring it home to the people.

(*c*) The orator mounted the tribune, and in a loud voice declared : "We will be going to ruin unless a change is made."

(*d*) It was soon evident that everybody had lost their heads.

(*e*) Of all the men in the company, no one was taller than him.

(ii) Distinguish between the following groups of words : comrade, companion, friend ; work, labour, toil, drudgery ; pleasure, happiness, felicity, bliss.

3. Style, Literary Expression.

(i) Comment on the style of the following passages :—

(*a*) As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me ;
Yet I thought thee
—For thou lovest truth—an angel, at first sight ;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and camest then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

(*b*) O eyes ! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears ;
O life ! no life, but lively form of death ;
O world ! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds !

(*c*) So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea ; but sea it met,
And shudder'd ; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallow'd it in wrath ;

The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks
Came booming thus.

(*d*) All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith, and vertical points according to their predestinated periods.

(*e*) We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages.

4. General Reading.

Give the authors of *all* the following and a brief account of the contents and importance of any *three*: *The Deserted Village, Martin Chuzzlewit, Morte d'Arthur, Samson Agonistes, Ode on a Grecian Urn, Adonais, Idylls of the King, Yeast, The School for Scandal, The Hind and the Panther, Lyrical Ballads.*

5. English Literature.

(*a*) Which is your favourite Shakesperean play? Give your reasons.

(*b*) Sketch the history of the sonnet in England and give illustrative examples.

6. Literary History.

Give an account of the life and work of any *one* poet of the eighteenth century and any *one* novelist of the nineteenth century.

JANUARY, 1921

1. Composition.

Write a letter to your Member of Parliament complaining of the increase in the cost of travelling.

Or—

Describe any humorous incident that has recently come to your notice.

2. Syntax and Use of Words.

(*a*) Criticise the following sentences:—

(i) Bronzed by exposure to the hot Norwegian suns, hardened by rough spare diet and continual travel through all weathers, ours was indeed a life of health, freedom and pleasure.

(ii) We found they had diligently inspected nearly every single article we possessed, which were afterwards carefully arranged upside down.

(iii) The man ascended the stairs of his old home like he had often done before.

(iv) Just before going to bed the rain ceased ; and going to Smith, a voice under the waterproof said he was very comfortable.

(v) When we returned and were ready to start, we missed Jones and Robinson, who we at last found eating bread and cheese.

(vi) In spite of all his faults, I cannot help but like him.

(*b*) Explain the differences between the following groups of words : glad, cheerful, merry ; mutilate, injure, distort, disfigure ; continuously, continually ; beg, request, demand, importune, entreat, beseech ; mercy, kindness, favour.

3. CRITICISM.

Criticise the style of the following :—

(*a*) The great promontories of Caernarvon, of Pembroke, of Gower and of Cornwall, jutting out into the western sea, like the features of a grim large face, such a face as is carved on a ship's prow . . . thrill the mind with a sense of purpose and spirit. They yearn, they peer out ever to the sea, as if using eyes and nostrils to savour the utmost scent of it, as if themselves calling back to the call of the waves. To the eyes of a child they stand for adventure. They are lean and worn and scarred with the strife and watching.

(*b*) Enchanted child, born into a world unchildlike ; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters ; " pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," lairèd amidst the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind ; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it ;—he is shrunken into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius !

(*c*) The Magician's peaks rose immediately above us ; at irregular intervals we heard about its summits a noise like distant thunder, the sound was produced by falling masses of snow loosened by the summer sun ; we could almost imagine ourselves in the Catskill mountains, where Rip van Winkle met Hudson and his spectre band. A witchery seemed to hang about those grey fantastic peaks. Our dinner consisted of bread, cheese, tea, butter and potted tongue. We can assure our readers that few can realise the luxury of lounging on soft mossy turf, after a pleasant meal, though simple it may be, near a rippling stream, shaded from the mid-day sun, at the foot of lofty and picturesque mountains.

(*d*) Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into love's hands it come !
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some ;
They come to us, but us love draws ;
He swallows us and never chaws ;
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks to die ;
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.

(*c*) Those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved;
Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade,
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide.

4. TERMINOLOGY OF METRE AND CRITICISM.

Define the following terms, giving one example of each:—

(*a*) Hiatus, elision, Spenserian stanza, heroic couplet, ballad metre, blank verse, feminine rime.

(*b*) Hyperbole, bathos, bombast, pleonasm, simile, metaphor, antithesis.

5. SHAKESPEARE.

Write an appreciation of any *one* of the following:—
Henry V., Jacques, Horatio, Bottom, Miranda, Viola, Shylock.

6. GENERAL READING.

Give the names of the authors of ALL the following and an appreciation of any *two*:—

Balder Dead, The Egoist, The Rape of the Lock, The Pickwick Papers, The Pilgrim's Progress, Areopagitica, Hudibras, The Fortunes of Nigel, The Jew of Malta, Hyperion, The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, Songs of Experience, Venus and Adonis.

JUNE, 1921

1. PROSE COMPOSITION.

(*a*) Write a letter to your Member of Parliament pointing out the necessity of checking the national expenditure.

Or—

(*b*) Make an application for a post, stating your experience and qualifications.

2. SYNTAX AND VOCABULARY.

(i) Criticise the following sentences:—

(*a*) The statistics just published show that less men were hurt on the railways last year than in any previous year.

(*b*) "Those kind of speculators," the speaker asserted, "are to be strongly condemned."

(*c*) After conversing with him for some time, I discovered that we had a mutual acquaintance at Hampstead.

(*d*) The candidates awaited the results anxiously, for no one had any idea what their fate would be.

(ii) Distinguish between the following groups of words: love, charity, affection, devotion; fierce, cruel, brutal; live, exist; pleasing, charming, attractive, delightful.

3. STYLE.

Comment on the style of *four* of the following passages:—

(*a*) The joys of parents are secret; and so are their griefs and fears; they cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labours; but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

(*b*)
And he is lean and he is sick,
His little body's half awry,
His ankles they are swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry or tillage;
And now he's forced to work, though weak,
—The weakest in the village.

(*c*)
Order is Heav'n's first Law; and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

(*d*)
A kind of clearness blowing from the night
Made sleepers' faces bonelike with its light.
A sleeper, moaning, twisted with his shoulder
Close to the limestone as the wind grew colder.
Trickles of water glistened down and splashed
Pools on the limestone into rings that flashed.
Often a stirring sleeper struck the bell
Of chain-links upon stones. Deep breathing fell
Like sighing, out of all that misery
Of vermined men who dreamed of being free.
Heavily on the beaches fell the sea.

(*e*) Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

4. GENERAL READING.

Give the authors of *all* the following works and show your familiarity with any *two*: *Samson Agonistes, The Rape of the Lock, The Ode to the West Wind, The Ancient Mariner, An Epistle of Karshish, She Stoops to Conquer, Dauber, The Master of Ballantrae, Ivanhoe.*

5. LITERARY HISTORY.

Give a concise account of the life and work of *one* of the following: Milton, Marlowe, Burns, Pope, Charlotte Bronte, Kingsley.

6. (*a*) ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Give your view of any *two* of the following: Jaques, Miranda, Lady Macbeth, Shylock, Ophelia, Henry V., Rosalind, Caliban, Richard II.

(*b*) LITERARY FORM AND METRE.

Explain and illustrate what is meant by the following terms. run-on line, cæsura, anapaest, alliteration, assonance, lyric, epic.

JANUARY, 1922

1. PROSE COMPOSITION.

(*a*) Write a letter to a railway company, enquiring about an article left by you in the train.

Or—

(*b*) Give an account of any striking film you may have seen.

2. SYNTAX AND VOCABULARY.

(i) Criticise the following sentences:—

(*a*) The thunderstorm came on just as we reached home with unusual violence.

(*b*) The man whom I thought was thoroughly honest proved to be a swindler.

(*c*) It was quite unnecessary for him to have communicated with the police.

(*d*) In discussing the problems with my friends, they gave me much help.

(*e*) Advancing up the ravine, he saw that a rope was stretched between each post.

(ii) Distinguish between the words in each of the following groups, adding in each case a short sentence to illustrate the meaning of the word: harmony, sound, discord; bear, carry, wear; fly, flee, retreat; entertaining, sprightly, merry.

3. STYLE.

Comment on the style of THREE of the following passages —

(*a*) Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranced along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode,
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.

(*b*) Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'en Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffused,
He throws his folds : and while, with threatening tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach.

(*c*) There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
Music, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

(*d*) Raise, ye bards, the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills ; that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sun-beams of other days, the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls : and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers.

(*e*) Like them, he suffered from critics who were for ever shearing the wild tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day, but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defile of fame " the established canons " that had been spiked by poet after poet.

4. LITERARY HISTORY.

Give a concise account of the life and work of *one* of the following : Keats, Shelley, Dickens, Morris, Fanny Burney.

5. GENERAL READING.

Give the authors of *all* the following works and show your familiarity with any *two* : *Childe Harold, Il Penseroso, Doctor Faustus, Pilgrim's Progress, The Progress of Poesy, Adonais, The Talisman, Under the Greenwood Tree, Balder Dead, Rasselas.*

6. SHAKESPEARE.

Give your view of the three characters that interest you most in the following plays : *Henry V., As You Like It, The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Twelfth Night.*

[Not more than *one* character is to be taken *from any one play.*]

INDEX OF AUTHORS