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THE PARAPHRASE OF POETRY

THE PARAPHRASE OF POETRY

A MANUAL FOR SCHOOLS

BY

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PREFACE

THE most common objection to paraphrase as an exercise in English is that it cannot be taught. No system has been attempted ; many different ideas are held ; and there is the greatest diversity of opinion as to literalness and freedom. The object of this manual is to state some definite principles, with rules and examples ; and it is my hope that a course of lessons on the lines suggested may do something to improve the English of a fairly advanced class, or at least to give the most backward pupils some idea of what is meant by paraphrase and what is expected of them. I am also convinced that, if anything approaching a definite system could be adopted, paraphrase would be found a most useful test of proficiency in English.

When I state that paraphrase may be more effectively taught than essay writing I am contradicting accepted opinion, and I must attempt to explain the special advantages of the course. Firstly, the teacher is concerned with one definite aim—the teaching of expression. It has been observed that essay writing is a mixed exercise involving the three

different principles of thought, knowledge, and expression. Against paraphrase this objection cannot be made. Another point in favour of paraphrase is the narrowness of scope that it offers. Some fourteen lines are set for translation containing at the most half-a-dozen short sentences ; it is easy for the teacher to point out exactly what principles have been violated in the rendering of each. The essay is such a loose, invertebrate species of composition that more cannot be expected of a teacher than that he should make some vague generalisations on the special failings of each pupil.

Needless to say, in teaching paraphrase certain principles must be clearly stated and illustrated by examples before any results can be expected. It is the omission of this very necessary preparation that has led to its neglect as an educational method.

The comparison between the uses of paraphrase and essay writing may be carried further, and still in favour of paraphrase. It is harder to express a given thought in different words than to express one's own thought in the words that naturally suggest themselves. In the essay difficulties may be avoided by choosing one's own ground ; in paraphrase one has to surmount a series of obstacles, one is working under greater restrictions, a greater concentration of mind is required, and the discipline must result in a development of power. Thus a facility and precision

of speech may be acquired by a careful course of paraphrase that no amount of essay writing will impart. It is true that the essay attempts what the paraphrase does not—the orderly arrangement of sentences, the marshalling of ideas, and the comprehensive view of a subject ; but the paraphrase has more valuable uses. It develops power of expression, it gives a sense of the exact value of words, it leads to an appreciation of good style, and promotes accurate and clear thinking. The two should supplement each other. To apply the old metaphor of house building—the essay gives the architect's plan of construction, but the paraphrase gives the good material, without which the plan is useless.

The teacher's first difficulty is the selection of passages. It is commonly objected that the paraphrase of poetry must necessarily mean the degradation of good verse into bad prose. Some beauty is destroyed, and no equivalent is given. This is very frequently the case, but the fault often lies in the choice of the passage. It is the greatest mistake to choose a piece for any beauty of form or expression it may possess. Poetry is set for paraphrase in preference to prose because it has the advantage of being more compact and restricted. It is easier to see what is demanded, though it may be harder to fulfil the demand. The first consideration in choos-

tained in it can be rendered simply and naturally in prose. Avoid an elevated strain. The purely lyrical, the highly imaginative, the impassioned and spontaneous, the poetry that owes most to the glamour of rhythm and cadence are not for paraphrase. No self-respecting examiner would ask for a paraphrase of " Adonais " or " The Ode to a Grecian Urn "

" Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers "

Take, for instance, these fine lines by Mr. William Watson—a poet's definition of poetry

" Forget not, brother singer, that though prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes."

Coleridge may have expressed half the idea when he defined poetry as " the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language," but Mr Watson's lines are, of course, untranslatable. Yet there are pedants who would set the verse, and expect a precocious class to produce something about the " Essence " of these divine abstractions, insisting, no doubt, on a capital E.

Among the very large proportion of English poetry that is unsuited for paraphrase pure and

simple we must include most of the writings of our early poets. Even though the poetic feeling could be retained there is a haunting charm and quaintness in old English verse that must be lost in translation. A stanza from "The Faerie Queene" might be rendered in contemporary prose, but a modern version of lines like the following would be as joyless as a rose without colour or scent —

" As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a steadfast starre his couse hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment "

Useful exercises may be set on the English of Chaucer and Spenser and their contemporaries, but very few passages suitable for paraphrase will be found in English poetry before Shakespeare

Teachers should also avoid obscure passages. A piece will be spoilt when, for the sake of clearness, a descent must be made from the poet's suggestion to a bald statement of fact. Such passages may be set for explanation, or "explanatory paraphrase" as it is sometimes called. "Explanatory paraphrase" is set as a test that the passage is understood and not as an exercise in English. The two objects should not be confused.

When we have excluded all the poetry that for

different reasons is unsuited for paraphrase we will find ourselves confined to a very small choice. Didactic, reflective, and descriptive passages are, perhaps, the least exceptionable, but these must not be too elevated in tone

The extracts given in this manual are far from being all equally suitable, as the purpose of the selection has been to help the student as much as possible by examples of a variety of styles.

PART I

RULES AND EXAMPLES

RULES AND EXAMPLES

WITH regard to freedom there is a variety of opinion, but there need be no restriction other than that your paraphrase must convey the ¹ **The Limits of Freedom.** **WHOLE** meaning of the original. A general idea, the collective meaning, is not sufficient, the force of every epithet and phrase must be brought out. As regards construction, you may rearrange the whole passage, transposing a clause or a sentence here and there, or merging one in another, as you think fit. Always make the writer's main thought clear and prominent, and keep in the background unessential details. At the same time, you must remember that nothing is so unessential that it may be overlooked.

Instances of the rearrangement of passages will be found in most of the pieces paraphrased in Part II.

* EXAMPLE (X)

“ My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field ”

—*Abraham Cowley.*

* The examples have been taken from the passages given in Part II. They should be read in their proper context.

PARAPHRASE. "For my dwelling-place I would choose a cottage fitted to my simple needs—with a garden, not too trim, but gay with flowers in wild profusion. There I would be happier than in a palace, and enjoy pleasures such as Horace might envy on his Sabine farm."

Where the paraphrase does not lose force by the rearrangement these transpositions are quite legitimate, and are aids to ease and freedom of expression.

Read over the extract carefully two or three times before you begin your paraphrase, and remember that the exercise requires the greatest care and patience, and will take all the time allotted for it. If you are content with your version it is a sign that you have not a high ideal.

If you have given the author's whole meaning clearly and concisely in simple idiomatic prose, if your version has some elegance of its own, and if you have not quite eliminated the poetic feeling, you may considerate your paraphrase good. But good paraphrases are rare, and the perfect paraphrase does not exist.

Try to adapt your paraphrase as much as possible to the tone and manner of the original. There ought to be a wide difference in style between your renderings of two such different passages as Cowley's "Wish" (No. 10) and Addison's "Apostrophe to the Soul" (No. 11). In the former you should choose the simplest words and be careful to avoid all ornate expressions, in the latter a more rhetorical style is permissible.

2. The Essentials of a Good Paraphrase.

3. Style.

If you find your paraphrase too stiff see if you cannot improve it by substituting simple words. For instance, in the two passages from Herrick (Nos 7 and 8) words like "economy," "extravagant," "separation" are not so good as "thrift," "wasteful," "parting," though in another context the longer words of Latin and Greek derivation might be more appropriate. When you have carefully considered the words you have chosen the next step in simplification is the rearrangement of sentences. In these simple passages reject any construction that would sound strange in ordinary speech. When you paraphrase Milton (*e g* Nos 5 and 6), if you keep in mind his severe purity of expression and take care to avoid all modern and colloquial phrases, your version should have some dignity of its own. Didactic poetry lends itself to a more colloquial strain. The selection from Pope (No 12) illustrates the argumentative style, and there is a vein of playful irony in the extract from Matthew Green (No 14) which should be retained. In passages of real poetic feeling a prosaic version is not at all inevitable. When the poetry is inherent in the subject (*e g* No. 22) a simple and unaffected translation will generally retain something of the original feeling and pathos. No paraphrase is bad where the meaning is conveyed in simple, direct, and unaffected language.

It is very important to make the writer's main thought clear and prominent. Do not give undue emphasis to unessential details. A paraphrase is often spoilt by want of proportion

8. Prominence of the Essential Idea.

Ex. (xv.)

“ Let hist’ry tell, where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd’d land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ”

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

PAR. “ Learn from history how obscurity is a safeguard in civil war, when the country has been distracted by the titles of rival claimants to the throne, and laws are passed against the survivors of the unsuccessful faction. The tenant does not incur half the danger of his lord ”

Instead of multiplying examples it will be more helpful to show how paraphrase loses by the neglect of this principle. When asked for his version of the above passage the pupil who does not understand the requirements of paraphrase would produce something like this

“ History teaches us that when rival kings take the field against each other and the land is thrown into confusion by civil war arising from their different claims to succession, and those who escape being killed in battle are condemned to execution by new laws passed against them as political offenders, the tenant is in a much safer position than the landlord ”

The above is a fair example of a very common fault, undue prominence arising from bad arrangement. It will be seen that the writer’s main thought (the advantage of obscurity) is kept in the back-

ground, while the reader is entertained with a description of the causes and effects of civil war

In composition a general truth is often illustrated or suggested by a special instance (*e g.* the preceding paragraph "How much more safe the vassal than the lord"). Instances are more pointed than rules, and special terms more forcible and picturesque than general ones. But paraphrase demands, in obedience to the above principle (No. 4), that special terms should be rendered by general ones, and instances by the general truths they illustrate

5. General Truths, Specific Examples; Special and General Terms.

Ex. (XXI)

"Hope and Despair, the torturers, slept"
—*Shelley.*

PAR. "Mortal passions could torture him no more."

In most cases the paraphrase is improved by expressing both the general truth and the instance, as in the example to No. 4, where the last sentence illustrates how "obscurity is a safeguard in civil war."

Ex. (XVIII.)

"How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom bold ,
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality "

—*Wordsworth.*

PAR. " All beautiful things are free and unconfined, and owe their loveliness and divine luxuriance to their freedom from restraint. The flowers of the field expand their blossoms according to no rule, and the majestic forest trees follow no model and obey no law."

EX. (XII.)

" Is the reward of virtue bread ?
 That Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain "

—*Alexander Pope.*

PAR. " But bread is rather the reward of industry. All men earn it who labour, though they toil for unworthy ends. You will not deny that the pearl diver and the mercenary are worthy of their hire, and every industrious rogue, whether he works on the land or imperils his life at sea."

Many good examples of this principle may be found in prose.

EX.

" The proud peer who can only ruin his neighbour by protracted lawsuits is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped his neighbour's castle in flames and knocked him on the head as he tried to escape from the conflagration."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PAR. " Hur an nature has not changed with time and custom. The same passions influence the peer of to-day who ruins his neighbour in the law courts as moved the baron of old who burnt his neighbour's house and knocked him on the head as he ran out."

6. Unexpressed thoughts.

Supply all unexpressed thoughts

Ex. (XVIII)

" A poet ! He hath put his heart to school,

: . : : : .
: . : : : .

How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold ? "

—*Wordsworth*

PAR. " A poet ! *He is unworthy of the name. . . . Learn a lesson from Nature. All beautiful things. . . .*"

Ex.

" Though no coming day can ever see
Ending of happiness *where thou mayest be* "

—*William Morris.*

PAR. " Though, *if you lead a virtuous life*, you may attain everlasting happiness in heaven "

Freedom in paraphrase is advised ; but when the construction is not clear be particularly

7. Construction.

careful to let it be seen that you understand it. To do this there is no need to retain the construction of the text.

Ex. (VIII)

“ Be so one death, one grave to both ;
Till when, *in such assurance live, ye may*
Nor fear, nor wish your dying day ”

—*Herrick*

PAR “ Thus may ye live in quiet content, until the last, neither wishing for death nor fearing it, *since ye know it brings no parting.* ”

The paraphrase shows the connection between “ assurance ” and “ ye may nor fear, ” but the construction is changed

Simple words should be retained. There is no need to change them. The most vicious style in paraphrase is the substitution of synonyms

8. Synonyms when necessary. The pupil who renders “ green ” by “ verdant ” or “ pure ” by “ immaculate ” has no sense of fitness or style, and misses the purpose of paraphrase. Epithets are a constant stumbling-block.

Ex. (XXI)

“ When on the threshold of the *green* recess
The wanderer’s footsteps fell, he knew that death
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his *high* and *holy* soul
To images of the *majestic* past,
That paused within his *passive* being now,
Like winds that bear *sweet* music, when they breathe
Through some *dim, latticed* chamber. He did place

His *pale lean* I and upon the *rugged* trunk
Of the *old* pine."

—*Shelley.*

PAR "As he entered the green seclusion of the forest the wanderer felt the approach of death. For a while, ere his soul passed away, scenes of a life nobly spent passed before the holy man and filled him with sweet memories, as soothing as music borne through the windows of some dim, latticed chamber. He rested his worn, bloodless hand on the rugged trunk of an old pine."

Green, dim, rugged, old must be retained, as no more simple or expressive words can be found

High—the idea is expressed in "a life nobly spent."

Holy may be transferred to "man"

Majestic needs explanation "scenes of a life nobly spent"

Passive is expressed in the verbs "passed before the holy man and filled him," etc

Sweet should be transferred to the other part of the simile "sweet memories, as soothing as music."

See Rule 11 on similes.

Latticed cannot be translated, and an explanatory phrase is not called for.

Pale and *lean*, though simple words, may be rendered by "worn" and "bloodless," which suggest the cause as well as the effect and help to make the picture clearer.

9. **Transla-
tion of Parts
of Speech.** One part of speech may be translated by another—an adjective by a noun or verb, a noun by an adjective, etc

Ex. (xx)

“ Above me are the Alps,
The *palaces* of Nature, whose vast *walls*
Have *pinnacled* in clouds their snowy *scalps*.”
—Byron

PAR “ Above me are the Alps, which Nature has built as her domain The massive mountains stretch upwards until their bald white peaks are lost in the clouds ”

Walls and *palaces*—the metaphor is retained in “ built ” The idea of grandeur in “ palaces ” has its equivalent in “ domain ”

Pinnacled—the idea is conveyed by “ peaks ”

Scalps—the idea is conveyed by the epithet “ bald ”

Ex. (xviii.)

“ He hath put his heart to *school*,” etc.
—Wordsworth

PAR “ His emotions are so *disciplined*,” etc

Ex (II, Part III)

“ And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds *tongues* in trees, *books* in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”
—Shakespeare

PAR “ So our woodland life, sequestered from the haunts of men, teaches us to find wisdom in everything ; the very trees and stones and running brooks are all *eloquent* of goodness ”

10. Brackets. Avoid brackets and dashes they are the refuge of the weak

FIGURES OF SPEECH

In paraphrasing metaphors unfigurative language is not at all essential a metaphor may be

11 Figures of Resemblance;

Metaphor, Personification, Apostrophe.

rendered

(a) by a different metaphor,

(b) by a simplification of the same metaphor,

(c) by a simile,

(d) by unfigurative language

In every instance judgment must be exercised as to which method is best suited to the particular passage

Metaphor rendered by a different metaphor

EX (XXI.)

“ And thus he lay
Surrendering to their final impulses
The hovering powers of life.”

—*Shelley.*

PAR “ Nor did he strive to stay the ebbing tide of life ”

Metaphor rendered by a simplification of the same metaphors

EX (XXIII)

“ My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled ”

—*Hood*

PAR. "She has taken a wilder flight than any bird on the wings of death, and left me to walk alone the barren solitude of life, *which has become all the more barren and solitary now she has deserted me.*"

Metaphors rendered by similes

EX. (III)

"But, in the wind and tempest of her frown
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
 And what hath mass or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled."

—*Shakespeare.*

PAR "But in adversity, when men are beset with dangers and difficulties, true nobility is discovered, for then the brave and strong stand fast, *but the weak are scattered like chaff before the winnowing fan*"

The point of resemblance must be directly expressed.

EX (XXII)

"As when
 Those green-robed *senators* of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks,
 Dream."

—*Keats.*

PAR "As when the tall oaks sleep in their green robes *like aged senators.*"

It is the aged and venerable appearance of the oaks that suggests the comparison

Metaphors rendered by unfigurative language

EX. (XVIII.)

“ Thy art be nature , *the live current quaff,*
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool ”
 —Wordsworth

PAR “ *Seek inspiration in the ever-changing beauty of life, and leave hackneyed rules and canons of art to the groundling.*”

EX. (XV)

“ *When statutes glean the refuse of the sword ”*
 —Johnson.

PAR “ *When laws are passed against the survivors of the unsuccessful faction.*”

Personification .

(XV.)

“ *Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,*
Tho’ confiscation’s vultures hover round ”
 —Johnson

PAR. “ *Though the officers of the law are abroad relentlessly confiscating the property of the rich ”*

In a continued personification retain the figure.

EX. (XIV.)

“ *Eloquent want*
. how they pleasce.”
 —Matthew Arnold.

Apostrophe In most cases it is advisable to avoid the form of address.

Ex. (XI.)

“ But thou (the soul) shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.”

—Addison

PAR “ But the soul alone is inextinguishable Age cannot injure it, nor chaos It alone endures, though the material world is destroyed in the dissolution of the universe ”

In a sustained apostrophe [*e g* No. 19] do not attempt to avoid the figure.

Similes In a simile the author's similitude must always be retained Where the point of resemblance is not directly expressed a word or phrase may be introduced to add to its clearness

Ex. (VI.)

“ And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perchèd roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads ”

—Milton

PAR “ *Secretly* he laid his plans for their destruction, *like the snake* that steals upon the farmyard fowls when they roost at night beside their nests. But *suddenly* an *l from above* fell their ruin—*like an eagle swooping on his prey, or like God's thunderbolt, shot from a cloudless sky.*”

The mixed similitude in “but as an eagle his cloudless thunder bolted on their heads” is an instance of a very uncommon use of the figure. The double comparison is brought out clearly in the paraphrase.

A simile may sometimes be converted into a metaphor.

Ex.

“Our one white lie *sits like a little ghost*
Upon the threshold of our enterprise”

—*Tennyson*.

PAR “*Haunts us with remorse*”

An instance of the Homeric simile is given in Ex. (No. 22). Notice that when the comparison is formally stated the point of resemblance should be repeated in the paraphrase.

Ex. (XXII.)

“As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went”

—*Keats*

(“Hyperion,” Book I).

PAR. “As when on a summer night of enchanting beauty the tall oaks sleep in their green robes like aged senators, and their branches glisten in the

magic light of the wistful stars ; as when in this deep stillness of the forest there comes a single breath of wind and stirs the leaves, and passes away into the stillness like a solitary ripple on calm water, so *Thea's words fell gently on the silence* ”

In paraphrasing figures of association all that is required is a simple reversion to the natural presentment of the thought ; but it is a ¹² **Figures of Association.** mistake to suppose that a translation is always necessary. If the figure is pointless and conventional unfigurative language is an improvement , but if it is clear and striking paraphrase can only mean degradation.

Synecdoche *i.e.* the substitution of part for whole, particular for general, or *vice versa*.

EX (XII)

“ But sometimes *Virtue* starves, while *Vice* is fed
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue *bread* ? ”
 —*Pope*

PAR “ When you argue that *good men* sometimes starve while *the wicked* grow fat, you imply that *bread* is the proper reward of virtue ”

This example contains two kinds of synecdoche “ the abstract for the concrete ” in “ virtue ” and “ vice ” and “ species for genus ” in “ bread ” The use of “ virtue ” and “ vice ” for “ good and wicked men ” is quite pointless, as the words do not convey the meaning with any greater force. But “ bread ”

should be retained, as it is much more expressive than “ means of livelihood ” or “ necessities of life ”

EX (XIX)

“ Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where *loyalty* lies low in death,
And *valour* fills a timeless grave ”

—Walter Scott.

PAR “ Thou art honoured by the *hero* who lies buried beneath thy shade, the *brave soul* who in a *loyal cause* met an untimely death ”

EX (I)

“ *Offence's* gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law ”

—Shakespeare.

PAR. “ Just punishment is often averted by a bribe, and *offenders* buy immunity with their ill-gotten gains ”

Metonymy

EX (XIII)

“ The great stupendous genius of our stage,
Had faults to which *the boxes* are not blind ”

—John Armstrong.

PAR “ Even Shakespeare, unrivalled as he is, had faults which do not escape the *playgoers* ”

Antonomasia In almost all cases the class should be given for the type With very general expression the class word is simpler—*i.e.* prefer “ a rich man,” “ a patron of letters,” “ a traitor ” to “ a Cræsus,” “ a Mæcenas,” “ a Judas.” When the

reference is obscure the class word should be substituted for the sake of clearness.

Ex

“ Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses , and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling . . . there is no man living *who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other* ”

—Addison (translation of Catullus)

PAR “ *Who does not, like Suffenus, pride himself on some quality that he does not possess ?* ”

Further examples of these figures are unnecessary. A student with taste will see at once when he ought to retain the figurative word or substitute its more natural equivalent.

Transferred Epithet The transferred epithet is a figure that must suffer by paraphrase. The epithet may be shifted back to its proper subject, as in “ Innumerable sound of psalms and sacred hymns,” or the equivalent adverb or adverbial adjunct may be substituted—*e g* “ he bribed by treacherous crowns ” PAR “ He bribed to treason.” In the famous example from Carlyle “ A lackey presented an obsequious cup of coffee ” PAR. “ A lackey obsequiously,” etc.

Figures of contrast are not as a rule difficult to paraphrase. It is important to remember that the point of contrast should be weakened as little as possible

Antithesis

Ex (vi)

“ So virtue, given for lost,
 • Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
 •
 •
 •
 Revives, reflourishes, *then rigorous most*
When most unactive deemed ”

—Milton

PAR. “ So Samson’s strength, which men thought wholly spent, was born anew, *most terrible when least esteemed ”*

Oxymoron

Ex. (v)

“ Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtained
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
 Of *splendid vassalage*, but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the *easy yoke*
Of servile pomp ”

—Milton.

“ *Splendid vassalage* ” is brought out in “ Let us not seek to *serve in whatever splendour* ”, “ *hard liberty*,” “ *easy yoke*,” “ *servile pomp*,” are rendered in the paraphrase “ For it were better *to be free and endure all ills* than to win *ease and splendour* through

ignoble subjection.” “ *Servile* ” is naturally connected with “ yoke,” and “ *easy* ” with “ pomp ”

Ex. (II., Part III.)

Epigram . The epigram must necessarily lose in translation.

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

—*Shakespeare.*

PAR. “ Truly adversity is attended with unlooked-for benefits ”

Hyperbole

Ex. (II)

“ That
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest.”

—*Shakespeare.*

PAR. “ Those heroic deeds, to celebrate which the most extravagant terms of praise would seem too modest.”

Ex. (VII)

“ A heart thrice walled with oak and brass, that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean ”

—*Herrick.*

PAR. “ A bolder man never lived than he who first dared tempt the waves.”

Irony : Irony is in most cases untranslatable.

Few teachers would set for paraphrase a passage like Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar

“ Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious

• And, sure, he is an honourable man ”

If the pupil finds himself in the dilemma of having to paraphrase such a passage he must not take refuge in bald censure and say that Brutus is “ a dishonourable man.” It is possible to retain the irony, though, of course, in a much less effective form. An intelligent pupil might produce something like this

“ You would not think this the act of an ambitious man, yet we cannot doubt our honourable Brutus when he tells us that Cæsar was ambitious ”

The following lines on Thackeray lend themselves more easily to paraphrase —

Ex. (xxxviii , Part III.)

“ He was a cynic ! you might see it writ

In that broad brow crowned with its silver hair,

In those blue eyes, with childlike candour lit,

In that sweet smile his lips were wont to bear.”

—*Tom Taylor*

PAR. “ Think of those bright blue eyes, frank as a child's ; the sweet smile we knew and loved so well , the thoughtful brow and silver hair. If these are the marks of a cynic he was one.”

Interrogation The question should be converted into a statement.

Ex (xxv.)

“ Shall God’s own garden nourish weeds,
Or any failure thwart His plan ? ”

—*F. E. Walrond*

PAR. “ Surely no part of God’s creation can be
without its use, there can be no flaw in His
design ”

PART II
PARAPHRASES

PARAPHRASES

I

“ But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? *Forgive me my foul murder* ?
That cannot be , since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice ,
And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law But ’tis not so above
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence ”

—*Shakespeare*
(“ Hamlet ”)

“ How can I pray God to help me ? What form of prayer can I raise ? I cannot ask Him to forgive me my foul murder while I possess the throne and dignity which incited me to it—nay, the very queen herself ! Can we be pardoned while we still enjoy the fruits of our crime ? Perhaps in this corrupted world we may, where just punishment is often averted by

a bribe, and offenders buy immunity with their ill-gotten gains. But in heaven there is no deceit, there we are confronted with our deeds in all their nakedness, and we are compelled to bear witness against ourselves."

II

Marcus " Pray now, no more my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
 As you have done; that's what I can, induc'd
 As you have been, that's for my country
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act "

Cominius. " You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
 The value of her own 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings and to silence that
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
 In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done, before our army hear me "

—*Shakespeare*

(" *Coriolanus* ")

Marcus. " Cease, I pray you. I cannot bear even my mother's praises, though it is a mother's privilege to praise her son. I have done no more

than you You too have done your best, and that for Rome's sake, even as I. He that has done all he aspired to do has deserved better than I."

Cominus " You must not seek to conceal your achievements thus. Rome must know the mettle of her sons. To obscure your exploits would be to rob her of the honour that is hers—nay, to defame her She must hear proclaimed those heroic deeds, to celebrate which the most extravagant terms of praise would seem too modest Therefore, I pray you, let me speak of your deeds before the army, not that Rome may reward you, but that she may know you for what you are "

III

" Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
And think them shames ? which are indeed naught
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love , for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled '

—*Shakespeare*
(" Troilus and Cressida ")

“ Why then, O princes, do you regard with shame our enterprise, attributing to our own shortcomings what are really the trials that God has imposed upon man to test his courage and endurance—virtues which adversity alone can discover ? In prosperity man’s best qualities are not revealed, for then brave men and cowards, wise men and fools, the learned and unread, the strong and weak, seem all alike and indistinguishable. But in adversity, when men are beset with dangers and difficulties, true nobility is discovered, then the brave and strong stand fast, while the weak are scattered like chaff before the winnowing fan ”

IV

“ O, when degree * is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhood in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels
But by degree stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away. Untune that string
And, hark, what discord follows. Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this globe ;
Strength should be lord of imbecility,

* Rank, order

And the rude son should strike his father dead ;
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and justice too ”

—*Shakespeare.*

“ When order, by which all great achievements are attained, is disturbed no undertaking can prosper Without due order institutions, colleges, and fraternities cannot hang together , friendly intercourse between nations in distant parts of the earth is impossible , the rights of the first-born, the privilege of age, the precedence of kings, rulers, and distinguished persons must be disregarded. Where the spirit of order reigns all is harmony , without it there is universal discord Without this guiding principle the ocean would rise from its confines and deluge the earth with its usurping waves , the strong would oppress the weak , sons would turn savagely upon their fathers and slay them , might would become right—or rather, there would no longer be any distinction between right and wrong—and justice, which is ever deciding between the two, would itself become indistinguishable.”

V

“ Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state

Of splendid vassalage , but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 We can create, and in what place so'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance ”

—*Milton*

(“ Paradise Lost,” Book II)

“ Let us not seek to serve, in whatever splendour
 Arms cannot win us heaven, and entrance there by
 grace were hateful. Whatever good we seek let us
 pursue ourselves, shaping our own lives, though in
 hell , for it were better to be free and endure all ills
 than to win ease and splendour through ignoble sub-
 jection So, then, will we appear most great when by
 constancy and endurance we have achieved great
 things of small, and making good of evil, have
 thriven, unsubdued in spite of fate and hell ”

VI

“ But he* though blind of sight,
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,

* Samson

His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perchèd roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl , but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads,
 So virtue, given for lost,
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deemed ,
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives "

—*Milton*

(" Samson Agonistes," 1688)

" But he, the blind man whom they despised,
 deeming him broken and powerless, awoke as ashes
 into sudden flame, being visited by an inward light
 that kindled his mouldering strength

" Secretly he laid his plans for their destruction
 like the snake that steals upon the farmyard fowls
 when they roost at night beside their nests But
 suddenly and from above fell their ruin—like an
 eagle swooping on his prey, or like God's thunderbolt,
 shot from a cloudless sky

" So Samson's strength, which men thought wholly

spent, was born anew, most terrible when least esteemed ; just as that bird, the sole and only one, the self-born *phœnix*, whose bower is in the Arabian woods, springs new-born from her erstwhile ashes.

“ And, like the phœnix, the fame of Samson’s might, now smitten low, will endure through centuries, though generations are born and die ”

VII

“ Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
 Attended with those desp’rate cares
 Th’ industrious merchant has, who for to find
 Gold, runneth to the Western Ind,
 And back again, tortured with fears, doth fly,
 Untaught to suffer poverty, —
 But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
 Sitt’st, and believ’st that there be seas,
 And watery dangers, while thy whiter hap
 But sees these things within thy map,
 And viewing them with a more safe survey,
 Mak’st easy fear unto thee say,
 ‘ A heart thrice wall’d with oak and brass, that
 man
 Had, first durst plough the ocean ’
 But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
 Canst in thy map securely sail,
 Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
 By those fine shades, their substances ;
 And from ‘hy compass taking small advice,
 Buy’st travel at the lowest price ”

—*Herrick*

(“ A Country Life ”).

“ Thy daily labours and thy prayers are not disturbed by the anxieties that vex the merchant. He knows no rest in his search for gold, but scours the earth, a prey to apprehensions. He has not learnt that one can be happy and poor. But thou sit'st at home, free from all cares it is enough for thee to know that there are seas and perils of shipwreck It is thine, a happier lot, to mark on the map the seas that he must traverse, saying the while that a bolder man never lived than he who first dared tempt the waves. So thou canst sail the ocean in safety without fear of storm or tide, thou need'st no compass to trace the countries painted on thy map, for their delicate shades will suggest their character. Thou canst picture them at home with an easy mind, and travel thus at the least possible cost.”

VIII

“ Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst spend
 (Counsel concurring with the end),
As well as spare ; still conning o'er this theme,
 To shun the first and last extreme ,
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
 Or to exceed thy tether's reach ,
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
 To thine own self, and known to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
 Elysium to thy wife and thee ,
There to disport yourselves with golden measure ;
 For seldom use commends the pleasure

Live, and live blest ; thrice happy pair ; let breath,
 But lost to one, be th' other's death
 And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
 Be so one death, one grave to both ;
 Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
 Nor fear, or wish your dying day "

—*Herrick*
 (" A Country Life ")

" Nor is saving thy whole care, for when expedient thou art ready to draw from thy scanty stock But thine aim is to be moderate, and by saving wisely and spending wisely, without being niggardly or wasteful, to keep thy store and live within thy means. Thine is a life of retirement, and completeness wisely consistent with thine own ideal. May thy rustic retreat be a paradise to thy wife and thee, where ye may live with simple thrift, for pleasure is enhanced by scant indulgence.

" May heaven bless ye, thrice happy pair ! And as in life ye knew one love and faith, so in death may ye not be divided. Thus may ye live in quiet content until the last, neither wishing for death nor fearing it, since ye know it brings no parting "

IX

" From these and all long errors of the way,
 In which our wand'ring predecessors went
 And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray,
 In deserts but of small extent,

Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last ,
 The barren wilderness he past,
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promis'd land,
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and shew'd us it
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ,
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea "

—*Cowley*

(" To the Royal Society ")

" Bacon extricated us from all this maze of illusion in which our predecessors lost themselves. He broke through the narrow errors that confined us and guided us to the borderland of truth, as Moses led the children of Israel through the wilderness to the ' Promised Land ' His lofty genius pointed us the way. But the secrets of nature are too profound to be fathomed by a single man in a single lifetime, and it was denied him to conquer the new world of science he had discovered "

X

" This only grant me that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high ,
 Some honour I would have
 Not from great deeds, but good alone ,
 Th' unknown are better than ill known ;
 Rumour can ope the grave

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends

“ Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night,
 My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury
 My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field ”

—*Cowley*
 (“ A Vote ”)

“ If I had my wish I would have enough to escape contempt, yet not enough to provoke envy I would be honoured for my goodness alone, as that is the only kind of honour I prize I would not be great, for great men are not left alone even in their graves, and it seems to me better to be obscure than notorious. I would have friends, though I do not care for many so long as they are good

“ I would spend my days in reading ; and avoid business , so my nights would be free from all cares and my sleep as peaceful as the grave. For my dwelling-place I would choose a cottage fitted to my simple needs , with a garden, not too trim, but gay with flowers in wild profusion There I would be happier than in a palace and enjoy pleasures such as Horace might envy on his Sabine farm.”

XI

“ I’m weary of conjectures.—*This* must end ’em.
 Thus am I doubly armed , my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds ”

—*Addison*
 (“ Cato ”)

“ This dagger in my hand will put an end to all my doubts. It will give me life and death at once, an evil and its cure. For if immediate extinction is an evil there is the compensating knowledge that the soul is imperishable and defies mortal weapons. The stars may be obscured ; even the sun be dimmed, and nature herself decay as the ages pass ; but the soul alone is inextinguishable. Age cannot injure it, nor chaos. It alone endures, though the material world is destroyed in the dissolution of the universe.”

e

XII

“ ‘ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.’
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 When folly fights for kings, or dives for gain
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ,
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?
 ' No—shall the good want health, the good want
 power ? '

Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
 'Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king?'
 Nay, why external for internal given ?
 Why is not man a god, and Earth a Heaven ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while He has more to give "

—*Alexander Pope*

(“ Essay on Man,” Epistle IV)

“ When you argue that good men may starve while the wicked grow fat, you imply that bread is the proper reward of virtue. But bread is rather the reward of industry. All men may earn it who labour, though they toil for unworthy ends

“ You will not deny that the pearl diver and the mercenary are worthy of their hire, and every industrious rogue, whether he works on the land or imperils his life at sea. Your good man may owe it to his indolence or weakness that he starves, for the reward of virtue is not riches but a contented mind. Yet you would claim for him not merely wealth but every material blessing under the sun Give him health and power and you would not be content

There can be no limits to his deserts ; he must be a sovereign at least. Your mistake is in thinking that external goods are the proper reward of virtue. If you believe the good man deserves a heaven on earth you will go on demanding until God has nothing more to give."

XIII

" Read boldly, and unprejudiced peruse
 Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient muse.
 With all the comic salt and tragic rage
 The great stupendous genius of our stage,
 Boast of our island, pride of humankind,
 Had faults to which the boxes are not blind
 His frailties are to every gossip known
 Yet Milton's pedantries not shock the town
 Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high ,
 For some outlive good parts, some misapply
 Each elegant spectator you admire ,
 But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire ?
 Masks for the court, and oft a clumsy jest,
 Disgraced the muse that wrought the Alchemist "

—*John Armstrong*

(" An Epistle to a Young Critic")

" When you read the most esteemed authors keep an unbiassed mind, and rely on your own judgment. Do not be afraid of a classic name Even Shakespeare, unrivalled as he is, has faults which do not escape the playgoers With all his wit and tragic power he is not above the censure of idle critics.

Our glorious bard has a thousand detractors, yet you will not find a man of taste to decry Milton, whose works abound in pedantries. Be discriminate in your praise, and do not be deceived by a great name; but remember that some men outlive their gifts and others misuse them. Because Bickerstaff has an easy, polished wit it does not follow that there is no bombast in Cato's declamations. The same mind that conceived 'The Alchemist' fathered some paltry court masks and a deal of clumsy fooling."

XIV

"Eloquent want, whose reasons sway,
 And make ten thousand truths give way,
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
 Draws near, and stares me in the face
 'Consider well your state,' she cries,
 'Like others kneel, that you may rise,
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
 To which preferment is annex'd,
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,
 Idolatry upon your friends
 See, how you like my rueful face,
 Such you must wear, if out of place
 Crack'd is your brain, to turn recluse
 Without one farthing out at use
 They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
 With wealth so founded on a rock,
 May give a rich invention ease,
 And construe scripture how they please.'"

—*Matthew Green*

("On Barclay's 'Apology for the Quakers'")

“ Your scheme entices me, but, alas ! Want, to whom arguments and principles must surrender, draws me another way While I listen to you Want approaches and urges me to fit my conduct to my means ‘ Bend the knee like the rest,’ she says, ‘ if you want preferment, and believe what pays A man in your precarious position cannot afford religious scruples, you must not dream of convicting your friends of heresy. See what an ugly thing is want, and take care you don’t find yourself unbeneficed It is madness for a man like you without a farthing invested to think of independence If you were a rich man it would be a different thing Property and credit at the bank are the surest foundations of faith. When you have money in the three per cents. you can believe anything you like and interpret the scriptures as you please ’ ”

XV VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

“ Let hist’ry tell, where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd’d land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord,
 Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow’r,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow’r,
 Untouch’d his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Tho’ confiscation’s vultures hover round ”

—*Johnson.*

“ Learn from history how obscurity is a safeguard in civil war, when the country has been distracted by rival claimants to the throne, and laws are passed against the survivors of the unsuccessful faction. The tenant does not incur half the danger of his lord. The peasant owes it to his insignificance that he escapes the vengeance of Government, when the rich man is carried off to the Tower His sleep is undisturbed by fears, for his humble cottage is safe, though the officers of the law are abroad relentlessly confiscating the property of the great ”

XVI

“ No sounds, alas ! would touch th’ impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witness’d Orpheus near,
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow’rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong
 The still returning tale, the ling’ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath’ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear,
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter’s petulance, the son’s expense,
 Improve his heady rage with treach’rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will ”

—*Johnson*

(“ The Vanity of Human Wishes ”)

“ The old man is deaf, alas ! to music The mountains might dance to Orpheus’ lyre, but he would not heed. Neither lute nor lyre, nor, sweetest music of all, the converse of a worthy friend, can please him any more But he is continually giving orders, he obstinately holds to his opinions however wrong they may be He is given to moods of ill-timed gravity , the story which he is always repeating, and the jest drawn out to an inordinate length, irritate the niece who waits upon and flatters him, and the guest, the favourite of his old age Their expectations hardly restrain them from open laughter , his stories and jokes are so tedious that a prospective legacy is scarce inducement enough to listen to them The guests of the house are always looking for some opportunity to embitter the old man against his children Sometimes it is the impatience of the daughter , sometimes the extravagance of the son They work upon his mind with treacherous cunning until they induce him to change his will ”

XVII

“ Could nature’s bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ,
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ,

These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

“ But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows
 In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here ’

—*Goldsmith*

(“ The Traveller ”)

“ If the gifts of nature could make man content
 Italy would be a happy land. Fruit and flower
 flourish there in abundance, from the stateliest tree
 to the lowliest shrub. Gaudy flowers that make all
 seasons gay in the tropics grow beside those deli-
 cate blossoms that wither in the north after a brief
 spring day. All the fruits of the earth thrive in the
 congenial soil, and need no farmer's care. Their
 fragrance is wafted by cool sea breezes over the
 sunny land.

“ But, alas ! amidst all this luxuriance of beauty
 man alone is degenerate. For the sons of Italy
 know not the happiness that springs from the soul
 without which the pleasures of beauty and sense
 must pall ”

XVIII

“ A Poet ! He hath put his heart to school,
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff

Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule
 Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom bold,
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
 But from its *own* divine vitality ”

—*Wordsworth*
 (“ Sonnets ”)

“ A poet! he is unworthy of the name! His emotions are so disciplined that he never utters a natural or inspired thought. His very tears and laughter are artificial. If you would be a poet, obey nature only, and seek inspiration in the ever-changing beauty of life. Leave hackneyed rules and canons of art to the groundling who never deviates from prescribed conventions lest he should be judged by unsympathetic critics and handed down to the scorn of posterity. Learn a lesson from nature. All beautiful things are free and unconfined, and owe their loveliness and divine luxuriance to their freedom from restraint. The flowers of the field expand their blossoms according to no rule, and the majestic forest trees follow no model and obey no law ”

XIX TO AN OAK TREE

*In the Churchyard of — in the Highlands of
Scotland, said to mark the grave of Captain Wogan,
killed in 1649*

“ Emblem of England’s ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

“ And thou, brave tenant of the tomb !
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honoured sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

“ These owe their birth to genial May ,
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine ?

“ No ! for, ’mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell’d thy dauntless heart,
And, while despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part

“ ’Twas when thou sought’st on Albyn’s hill
(When England’s sours the strife resign’d),
A rugged race, resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

“ Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
 Brave summer’s drought and winter’s gloom !
 Rome bound with oak her patriots’ brows,
 As Albyn shadows Wogan’s tomb ”

—*Scott*

“ Emblem of England’s ancient loyalty, thou art honoured by the hero who lies buried beneath thy shade, the brave soul who in a loyal cause met an untimely death

“ And thou, brave warrior, who liest beneath the shade, grieve not that the harsh climate of Scotland withholds from the sacred turf above thy head those delicate plants that blossom under a southern sky. Such flowers are unworthy to adorn thy resting-place ! They are no true symbols of thy worth, for they only blossom in fair spring weather, and fade away when exposed to the fierce sun or the icy blasts of winter. But adversity and danger only increased thy indomitable spirit, for when others were forsaking a desperate cause thy brief and glorious career began. At a time when all England had yielded thou sought’st in the Highlands of Scotland the hard, stubborn race that would not yield.

“ So let the tree watch over thee, whose branches, emblematical of thy constancy, withstand the rigours of sun and storm. Let Scotland’s oak spread her branches over thee, even as Rome crowned with oak her heroes’ brows.”

XX

" Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to Heaven,
 Yet leave vain man below "

—*Byron*

(" Childe Harold," Canto III)

" Above me are the Alps which nature has built
 as her domain. The massive mountains stretch
 upwards until their bald white peaks are lost in
 clouds. In these icy mansions of everlasting snow
 eternity reigns sublime. Here the avalanche is
 formed, and precipitates itself down the mountain
 side like a thunderbolt of snow. The most inspiring
 and awful aspects of nature are witnessed here.
 As we gaze at the mountains, whose superb crests
 pierce the sky, we are made to feel by contrast the
 infinite littleness of man "

XXI

" When on the threshold of the green recess
 The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death

Was on him Yet a little, ere it fled,
 Did he resign his high and holy soul
 To images of the majestic past,
 That paused within his passive being now,
 Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
 Through some dim, latticed chamber He did place
 His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk
 Of the old pine Upon an ivied stone
 Reclined his languid head ; his limbs did rest,
 Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink
 Of that obscurest chasm,—and thus he lay,
 Surrendering to their final impulses
 The hovering powers of life. Hope and Despair,
 The torturers, slept ”

—*Shelley*

(“ Alastor , or, The Spirit of Solitude ”)

“ As he entered the green seclusion of the forest the wanderer felt the approach of death For a while, ere his soul passed away, scenes of a life nobly spent passed before the holy man and filled him with sweet memories, as soothing as music borne through the windows of some dim, latticed chamber He rested his worn, bloodless hand on the rugged trunk of an old pine, and laid his tired head upon an ivy-covered stone, his limbs were spread inertly on the ground. Thus he lay there on the brink of eternity, his soul at peace, ready to enter the dark gulfs of death. Nor did he strive to stay the ebbing tide of life Mortal passions could torture him no more.”

XXII

“ As when, upon a tranced summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave
 So came these words and went, the while in tears
 She touched her fair, large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat, for Saturn’s feet ”

—*Keats*

(“ Hyperion,” Book I)

“ As when on a summer night of enchanting beauty
 the tall oaks sleep in their green robes, like aged
 senators, and their branches glisten in the magic
 light of the wistful stars, as when in this deep
 stillness of the forest there comes a single breath
 of wind and stirs the leaves and passes away into
 the stillness like a solitary ripple on calm water,
 so these words fell gently on the silence; and as
 she spake, weeping, she lightly laid her fair, large
 forehead on the ground, and let her hair fall in
 soft and silken tresses as a mat for Saturn’s feet ”

XXIII

“ Sne’s up and gone, the graceless girl,
 And robb’d my failing years !

My blood before was thin and cold
But now 'tis turn'd to tears ,
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand,
She might have stay'd a little yet,
And led me by the hand !

“ Ay, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill ;
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled ”

—*Tom Hood*
(Ballad)

“ My heartless daughter has deserted me in my old age, and robbed me of the one happiness of my declining years. Age had chilled my blood before, but now age and sorrow have turned it to bitterness and tears I am so old and near death that there is only my shadow's length between me and the grave Could she not have stayed with me and guided me that little way !

“ It is useless to seek to recall her now. You may go out into the wilds and call her, but you will only hear the answering cry of the heron and plover. She has taken a wilder flight than any bird—on the wings of death—and left me to walk alone the barren

solitude of life, which has become all the more barren and solitary now that she has deserted me.”

XXIV. FOR A POET

“ It shall suffice if one swift word
Of thine the living faith hath stirr'd
In one sick soul when faith was blurr'd ,

“ And if upon the tilth of plain,
Thou rearest one earful of the grain
Of Power, that men may sow again

“ To keep the seed of Paradise ;
Though thou be broken, sere, and thrice
Blasted by Fate, it shall suffice.”

—*T. W H Crosland*

“ If thou hast uttered one inspired thought to quicken faith in the soul of one man whose faith was dim thy work is good. If out of thy suffering thou hast spoken one ennobling word to inspire others and help to keep living the ideals that strengthen and make pure men's hearts, though thou art withered, stricken, and utterly cast down rest thou content—thy work is good.”

XXV

“ I cannot love the little creeds
 That preach the littleness of Man
 Shall God’s own garden nourish weeds,
 Or any failure thwart His plan ?

“ Thou God, who only madest all,
 Didst Thou make Man to walk erect ?
 Or with a craven spirit crawl,
 Debase the thing he should perfect ?

“ Let Man stand forth and take his place,
 Nor shrink thro’ fear to claim his own.
 The grandeur of the human race
 Is humble unto God alone

“ Then let Man claim his boundless right,
 Not with a blaze of boastful fires,
 But purely, conscious of God’s sight,
 Most humble when he most aspires ”

—*F. E. Walrond*

(“ Resurgam II ”)

“ Man’s insignificance is an ignoble creed. Surely no part of God’s creation can be without its use ; there can be no flaw in His design ! God, who made all things, created man to hold up his head above other creatures, not to crawl abjectly, to perfect, not to degrade himself. Man should claim

his inheritance not fearfully, but with pride ; he should be humble only before God, for God made him only less great than Himself He should accept His dominion not presumptuously, but with the knowledge that God is watching him ; and while he is striving to perfect himself he should humbly acknowledge that he can attain nothing without God's help."

PART III

PASSAGES FOR PARAPHRASE

PASSAGES FOR PARAPHRASE

I

“ Why should the poor be flattered ?
No , let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself , for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core.”

—*Shakespeare*

(“ Hamlet,” Act iii. Scene 2)

II

“ Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,—
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
 ' This is no flattery —these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am '
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ,
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything "

—*Shakespeare*
 (" As You Like It ")

III

*The Tribune rebukes the plebs for having supported
 Coriolanus in the election for the consulship*

" Could you not have told him,
 As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,
 But was a petty servant to the state,
 He was your enemy, ever spake against
 Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
 I' the body of the weal and now, arriving
 A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
 In he should still malignantly remain
 Fast foe to the plebeu, your voices might
 Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said
 That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and
 Translate his malice towards you into love,
 Standing your friendly lord."

—*Shakespeare*
 (" Coriolanus ").

IV

" The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance , but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The 'cease of majesty
 Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it with it ; it is a massy wheel,
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd , which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan."

—*Shakespeare*
 (" Hamlet," Act III Scene 3)

V MERCY

" 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ,
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God Himself ,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy ”

—*Shakespeare*
 (“ Merchant of Venice ”)

VI

“ Take the instant way ,
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast keep then the path ;
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons
 That one by one pursue if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost
 Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on ' then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer.”

—*Shakespeare*
 (“ Troilus and Cressida,” Act III. Scene 3).

VII

“ I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men’s affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend
I’d ha’ you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.”

—*Ben Jonson*

VIII

“ To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains this was at first resolv’d,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And vent’rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror this is now
 Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us, not offending, satisfi'd
 With what is punish'd, whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames "

—*Milton*

("Paradise Lost," Book II)

IX

"This was that caution given thee, be advis'd.
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,
 And good He made thee, but to persevere
 He left in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity
 Our voluntary service He requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with Him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself and all th' angelic host that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
 Hold as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none, freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
 To love or not, in this we stand or fall."

—*Milton*

("Paradise Lost," Book V).

X SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINES

" While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo His bright sanctuary
 Among them He a spirit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer.
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fallen into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck "

—*Milton*

(" Samson Agonistes ").

XI

" Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell ;
 Inn any where , continuance maketh Hell
 And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
 Carrying his own house still, is still at home,
 Follow (for he's easy pac'd) this snail ;
 Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail .

And in the world's sea do not, like cork, sleep
 Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
 Sink like a lead without a line ; but as
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
 Nor making sound, so closely thy course go ,
 Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no "

—*John Donne*

(" Letter to Sir Henry Wotton ")

XII

" But thou liv'st fearless , and thy face ne'er shows
 Fortune when she comes, or goes ,
 But with thy equal thoughts, prepared dost stand
 To take her by the either hand ,
 Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul or fair
 A wise man ev'ry way lies square ,
 And like a surly oak with storms perplexed
 Grows still the stronger, strongly vex'd
 Be so, bold spirit , stand centre-like, unmoved ,
 And be not only thought, but proved
 To be what I report thee, and inure
 Thyself, if want comes, to endure "

—*Herrick*

(" A Country Life ")

XIII

Canst, and unuiged, forsake that larded fare,
 Which art, not nature, makes so rare ,
 To taste boil'd nettles, coleworts, beets and eat
 These, and sour herbs, as dainty meat .—

While soft opinion makes thy Genius say,
 ' Content makes all ambrosia ' ;
 Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size
 So much for want, as exercise ,
 To numb the sense of dearth, which, should sin
 haste it,
 Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it ,
 Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
 Of singing crickets by thy fire ,
 And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
 Till that the green-eyed kitling comes ;
 Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
 The sudden danger of a rape
 —And thus thy little well-kept stock doth prove,
 Wealth cannot make a life, but love "

—*Herrick*

(" A Country Life ")

XIV

" Th' unbusied only wise for no respect
 Endangers them to error , they affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equal eye, nor bright in gold
 Or tall in title , so much him they weigh
 As virtue raiseth him above his clay
 Thus let us value things and since we find
 Time bend us toward death, let's in our mind
 Create new youth and arm against the rude
 Assault of age , that no dull solitude
 O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
 O' th' town make us not think, where now we are,
 And whither we are bound."

—*William Habington*

(" Letter to ' I C.' ")

XV

" Well then , I now do plainly see,
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
 Of this great hive, the city

" Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave
 May I a small house and large garden have !
 And a few friends, and many books , both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian-angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me ! "

—*Abraham Cowley*
 (" The Wish ").

XVI

ON A CHAPEL DESTROYED BY THE PURITANS

" And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name
 No crime so bold but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame

Thus he the church at once protects and spoils ,
 But princes' swords are sharper than their styles
 And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends
 Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
 In empty airy contemplation dwell,
 And like the block unmoved lay , but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours
 Is there no temp'rate region can be known
 Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone ? "

—*Sir John Denham*
 (" Cooper's Hill ")

XVII

" When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ,
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay
 To-morrow's falser than the former day,
 Lies worse, and While it says, ' We shall be blest
 With some new joys,' cuts off what we possessed
 Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ,
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.
 I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old
 —'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ,
 It pays our hopes with something still that's new "

—*Dryden*
 (" Aurengzebe ")

XVIII

“ Heaven from all the creatures hides the book
of Fate

All but the page prescrib'd, their present state
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ·
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world ”

—*Alexander Pope*

(“ Essay on Man,” Epistle I).

XIX

“ Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food !
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all "

—*Alexander Pope*
 (" Essay on Man," Epistle III)

XX

" Two principles in human nature reign ,
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain ,
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts* the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend
 And but for this, were active to no end
 Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot ;
 To draw nutrition, propagate and rot "

—*Alexander Pope*
 (" Essay on Man," Epistle II)

XXI

" For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless fate

* Actuates

Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds,
 Should ever roam and were the fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale
 Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squearishly complain
 That all is vanity, and life a dream
 Let nature rest be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend, be busy even in vain
 Rather than tease her sated appetites
 Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches never sleeps.
 Let nature rest, and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge, but shun satiety "

—*John Armstrong*

("The Art of Preserving Health,"
 IV The Passions)

XXII

"By nature's law, what may be, may be now,
 There's no prerogative in human hours
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world
 For numbers this is certain, the reverse
 Is sure to none, and yet on this perhaps,
 This peradventure, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant, we build
 Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
 As we the fatal sisters could outspin,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire "

—*Edward Young*

("The Complaint," Night I).

XXIII

“ Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav’n may hear, nor deem religion vain
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav’n the measure and the choice
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray’r
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate’er he gives, he gives the best
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign’d ”

—*Dr Samuel Johnson*

(“ The Vanity of Human Wishes ”)

XXIV

“ A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e’er had chang’d nor wish’d to change his place ,
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour ;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ,
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away "

—*Goldsmith*

(" The Deserted Village ")

XXV

" Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ,
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more."

—*Goldsmith*

(" The Traveller ")

XXVI

"Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
 The rustic poet praised his native plains ,

No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
 Their country's beauty, or their nymphs rehearse ;
 Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
 Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
 And shepherd-boys their amorous pains reveal,
 The only pains, alas ! they never feel.
 On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
 If Tityrus found the golden age again
 Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
 Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song ?
 From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
 Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way ? "

--Crabbe
 (" The Village ")

XXVII

" Within the mind strong fancies work,
 A deep delight the bosom thrills,
 Oft as I pass along the fork
 Of these fraternal hills
 Where, save the rugged road, we find
 No appanage of human kind ,
 Nor hint of man , if stone or rock
 Seem not his handy-work to mock
 By something cognizably shaped ,
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,
 Or from the flood escaped —
 Altars for Druid service fit ;
 But where no fire was ever lit,

Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice ”

—*Wordsworth*
 (“ The Pass of Kirkstone ”)

XXVIII

“ Tenderly do we feel by Nature’s law
For worst offenders though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless—with them that shuddered o’er his grave
And all who from the law firm safety crave ”

—*Wordsworth*
 (“ Sonnets ”)

XXIX

“ Lake Lemán woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue
There is too much of man here, to look through

With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd, than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their
 fold "

—*Byron*

(“ Childe Harold,” Canto III)

XXX

“ Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places, and the peak
 Of earth o’ergazing mountains, and thus take
 A fit and unwall’d temple, there to seek,
 The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
 Uprear’d of human hands Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With Nature’s realms of worship, earth and air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer ! ”

—*Byron*

(“ Childe Harold,” Canto III)

XXXI TO WORDSWORTH

“ Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
 That things depart which never may return ,
 Childhood and youth, friendship, and love’s first glow
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
 These common woes I feel One loss is mine,
 Which thou too feel’st, yet I alone deplore.
 Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine

On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar ·
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
 Above the blind and battling multitude
 In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
 Thus, having been, that thou shouldst cease to be "

—*Shelley*
 (Early Poems)

XXXII

Camillo " The Pope is stern , not to be moved or bent
 He looked as calm and keen as is the engine
 Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself
 From aught that it inflicts , a marble form,
 A rite, a law, a custom not a man
 He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick
 Of his machinery, on the advocates
 Presenting the defence , which he tore
 And threw behind, muttering with hoarse,
 harsh voice

· · · · · They must die "

Barnardo. " And yet you left him not ? "

Camillo. " I urged him still ,
 Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong.
 Which prompted your unnatural parent's
 death "

—*Shelley*
 (" The Cenci," Scene iv)

XXXIII

“ There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ,
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its storèd thunder labouring up
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain
The other upon Saturn’s bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear,
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone ”

—*Keats*

(“ Hyperion,” Book I).

XXXIV

“ There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When winter lifts his voice , there is a noise
Among immortals when a god gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines ;
Which, when it ceases in this mountained world
No other sound succeeds , but ceasing here,
Among those fallen, Saturn’s voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies stopt short,
Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly.”

—*Keats*

(“ Hyperion,” Book II)

XXXV

“ Oh, the little more, and how much it is !
 And the little less, and what worlds away !
 How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
 Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
 And life be a proof of this !

How the world is made for each of us !
 How all we perceive and know in it
 Tends to some moment's product thus,
 When a soul declares itself—to wit,
 By its fruit, the thing it does !

“ Be hate that fruit or love that fruit,
 It forwards the general deed of man
 And each of the many helps to recruit
 The life of the race by a general plan ,
 Each living his own, to boot ”

—*Robert Browning*
 (“ By the Fireside ”).

XXXVI

“ As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
 Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
 Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her fire
 At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
 When the frost flowers the whitened window panes,
 And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
 Of that poor drudge may be , so Rustum eyed
 The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
 Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth

All the most valiant chiefs long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was."

—*Matthew Arnold*
("Sohrab and Rustum")

XXXVII

"Then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer —till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bath'd stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea"

—*Matthew Arnold*
("Sohrab and Rustum").

XXXVIII

"He was a cynic ! By his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways ,
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise !

"He was a cynic ! you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair ;
In those blue eyes with childlike candour lit,
In that sweet smile his lips were wont to wear !

“ He was a cynic ! By the love that clung
 About him from his children, friends and kin ;
 By the sharp pain light pen and gossip tongue
 Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within ! ”
 —*Tom Taylor*

XXXIX

“ Behold, thou oughtest to thank God for this,
 That on the hither side of thy dark grave
 Thou well hast learned how great a God He is
 Who from the heavens such countless rebels drave,
 Yet turns Himself such folks as thee to save,
 For many a man thinks naught at all of it.
 Till in a darksome land he comes to sit,

“ Lamenting everything so do not thou !
 For inasmuch as thou thoughtst not to die
 This thing may happen to thee even now,
 Because the day unspeakable draws nigh,
 When bathed in unknown flame all things shall lie ;
 And if thou art upon God’s side that day,
 Unslain, thine earthly part shall pass away ”
 —*William Morris*

XL

“ The clamorous strife of many tongues is ours
 Who tread this dizzy mountain-slope of years,
 Uncertain of our way, and seeking still

To probe the depths of the abysmal past,
Or with strained eyes to pierce the veiling clouds
Impenetrable of the peak where life
Trembles into Eternity. Alas !
With vain dispute we poison all our days,
And wrangling die The mysteries of Truth
Perplex us, and with noisy argument,
Placing Opinion in the throne of power,
We build up and demolish day by day
New systems, each infallible averred
To guide us and dissever true from false."

—*F. E. Walrond*
(" Silence Absolute ").

