

A COURSE IN ARGUMENTATIVE WRITING. By GERTRUDE BUCK, Ph.D.,
Instructor in English at Vassar College. 12mo. 80 cents, net.

A COURSE IN EXPOSITORY WRITING.
By GERTRUDE BUCK, Ph.D. (*University of Michigan*), and ELISABETH
WOODBIDGE, Ph.D. (*Yale*), *Instructors in English at Vassar College.* 12mo.

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EXPOSITORY WRITING

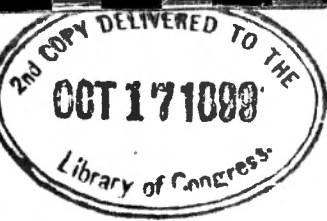
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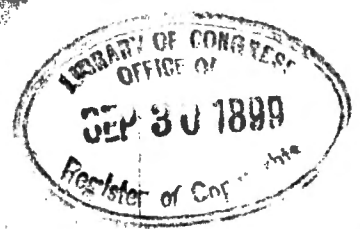
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PREFACE.

THE English teacher, more perhaps than any other, is consciously aiming, not to give his students information, but to make them acquire capacity,—capacity, in this case, for expressing their thought to others. But it is only by writing that the student can learn to write well, though much writing may not teach this, and one of the difficulties which an English teacher has to meet is a no less fundamental one than the difficulty of getting his students to write at all—to write, that is, not perfunctorily, but spontaneously, for this is the only kind of writing that counts.

This difficulty has its source, at least very largely, in the student's sense of the artificial character of his work. What is the use, he thinks, of writing about the birth-place of Hawthorne, or the character of Lady Macbeth? His teacher knows all about them beforehand, and besides, he isn't writing to his teacher, he isn't writing to anybody, he is just "writing a composition" that is to be corrected for spelling, punctuation, paragraphing; or for its lack of certain qualities, such as "clearness," "precision," and "unity." No wonder he finds it hard to write. We ourselves, when alone, do not usually talk aloud about the things around us, describe the picture before us, or the desk, or the view. We should feel "silly" to be talking to nobody. Why should we expect

a child to talk to nobody on paper? He feels "silly" too, or at least uncomfortable. But give him somebody to talk to, a real audience, and a subject that his audience is interested in, and his whole attitude will change. Tell him to "describe a game of basket-ball," and he will be lifeless enough; but find some classmates who like football better, and tell him to describe the game to them so as to convert them, or let each side try to convert the other, with the class as judge,—then he has something worth doing. Evidently it is the subject, as well as the audience, that has been wrong; give a boy or girl something that he—not we—calls "interesting," and give him somebody who is interested, or whom he must make interested, and he will write for you. Not that "the character of Lady Macbeth" is in itself an unfit subject. Take a class studying Macbeth for college preparatory work and set them talking about the characters. Some will pity Macbeth and despise his lady, others will feel differently; discussion will arise, sides will be taken. Before they have reached a decision, tell each student to defend his opinion in writing; the results will be spirited, and the effect of the writing, when read to the class, will be eagerly watched, while if a little argument creeps into the exposition, no harm is done.

All sorts of such devices can be found to provide the students with an audience, and of course it will be best of all if they feel that the teacher himself is a real, not a sham, audience; that he is listening for what they have to say, as well as holding himself ready to correct the way they say it. And when the students have got a little out of the old rut of "writing compositions" addressed to nobody, and have had some experience in writing to real readers, they will be able to imagine audiences for themselves, and

write with vigor to these hypothetical hearers. They will describe a football game "to a boy who was on the team last year," or "to a gentleman who doesn't want his son to play, but may be persuaded to let him," etc., etc. In the following pages the subjects suggested for writing have not always had their specific audience thus defined, because this can often be better done by the teacher himself so as to appeal most successfully to the particular students he is dealing with.

Supposing, then, that by various means the teacher has got some spirited writing from his students; this writing must be criticised, and how shall it be done without dampening their ardor and losing everything that has been gained?

This problem, which is indeed a hard one, has been partly solved in supplying a real audience. For the test of writing is its effect on the audience. If the student knows his audience, and can measure the effect he produces, he has a means not merely of knowing, in a general way, that his writing is "weak" or "ineffective," but of discovering just what is the difference between the kind of effect it actually produces and the kind he meant it to produce; and he will be ready and able to go back to his writing and find the causes of his failure. If his account of basket-ball is not convincing, the question naturally comes up, "why?" and he is directed back to his writing to find out the trouble.

The more the students can thus be made to supply their own criticism, the better will be the results; and to this end, all kinds of devices will be of use—exchange of papers between students, descriptions read aloud where the class does not know the subject but must recognize it from the account there given, and so on. Any means

whatever is worth using which may make the student himself understand the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of his work. For example, the description of the rose, cited on pages 16-17 of this book, was criticised by making some rough water-color sketches from it, representing the successive images that actually came to the teacher's mind as she read the paragraph. Again, some descriptions, written by the students, of the main entrance to a building, were sent away to an architect who made sketches from them. The results gave the clearest possible evidence as to just how far the descriptions had been successful and in what way they had failed.

When this kind of thing cannot be done, verbal sketches may be substituted, where the teacher or a fellow-student tries to give back in other words the impression he has received. For example, a college student wrote a description of a summer lake which was, as the Scotch say, "throughither." But how make the writer not only see this, but do it better? The teacher said: "Now, I am going to tell you what you have made me see. This is the picture I get as I read: first I see a narrow lake, etc.,—and houses over there, etc.;" but after a few sentences she was interrupted by the astonished student,— "But it isn't narrow, it's wide; and the houses aren't that way, they're—" and she went on with a really intelligible account. The realization of how completely she had been misunderstood, gained in this way, did not discourage her, it stimulated her into immediate and more intelligent effort. Her audience was before her, she had seen the effect she produced, and this gave her the power to do better.

Furthermore, criticism is apt to be discouraging because it considers too many things at once. The student has

a hopeless feeling that he is all wrong, and he does not know which of his numberless vices to reform first. Usually, in grades of work where this book would be used, the simpler principles of punctuation and the rules of spelling ought to be observed as a matter of course, although a case is conceivable where it would be better to let even spelling go to the winds for a while, until other things had been gained. Taking these for granted, criticism will do well to attend to one thing at a time, and the rational order of progress would be, of course, from the large questions to details, from the fundamental matters of structure or plan, the developing of the main possibilities in a subject, to the details of finish, questions of emphasis needing delicate discrimination and shading. It is best to begin with paragraphs, and come later on to sentences and phrases and words. Beginning with the big things, the little things will many of them right themselves, and those that do not, can wait.

And in general it may be suggested that it is always best, not first to tell a student how to write a thing, and then bid him do it, but first to get him to do it, and afterwards to let him see how it was done. Take, for example, the various forms of the paragraph,—the paragraph "by method of specific instance" or by "method of contrast." These forms have arisen because they were the best ones for the treatment of a given subject; give the student such a subject and he is more than likely to drop naturally into this form. Tell him to write a paper about the intelligence of his dog or cat or parrot, and if he does not do it by the method of "specific instance" he is a remarkable boy. Or tell him to discuss the comparative merits of setters and collies; he cannot help doing it by the method of "contrast." Having dropped

into the form, he will be interested in seeing how better writers than he have used it, and will get hints from them as to ways of making his own work more effective, while at the same time he will come to realize that writing is not made from rules, but rules are discovered in writing.

In the following lessons, few explicit directions are given for detailed work on paragraphs and sentences. For such work Scott and Denney's *Composition-Rhetoric* may profitably be used as a guide.*

* The same text-book, it should be said, makes practical use of the principles laid down in this preface, as to the furnishing of an audience for the students' writing. A pamphlet by Mr. Joseph V. Denney, entitled "Two Problems of Composition-Teaching" (in the series of Contributions to Rhetorical Theory, edited by Prof. F. N. Scott), embodies similar suggestions. Mr. Robert Herrick's "Method of Teaching Rhetoric in Schools" (Scott, Foresman & Co., 378-388 Wabash Avenue, Chicago) has also been largely drawn upon by the writers.

The idea of using pictorial material as subject-matter of expository writing has been borrowed from the practice of Professor T. N. Scott in his classes at the University of Michigan.

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A COURSE IN EXPOSITORY WRITING.

CHAPTER I.

THE BASIS OF EXPOSITION.

ALL language, written or spoken, has one object: to put the person addressed in possession of certain ideas, to make him possess those ideas as firmly as though he had arrived at them independently. We have seen a beautiful orchid, our friend has not seen it, and we try to make language take the place of experience for him; in common parlance, we "try to make him see it." Or, there is a practical issue before us; our friend wants to go trout-fishing, and we know a certain pool that has not been fished out. We could take him there, but that is not feasible, and we fall back upon language to put him in possession of the ideas he needs to have. Perhaps, however, he has never been trout-fishing, and does not know a trout when he sees it. "How can I tell one when I catch him?" he asks, and we try to tell him how.

In making these attempts to substitute something else in place of actual experience, we usually feel that a certain degree of success is attainable,—that if we do not succeed, it is not because the thing cannot be done, but because we do not know how to do it. That is, we have consider-

able faith in the power of language as a medium of communication. The word "trout" may not mean to our friend what it does to us, but the word "speckled" may, and by choosing such words as we both understand to explain those we do not, we can quickly increase our stock of trustworthy terms.

But why do we believe that any terms are trustworthy? We have reached this belief by a process of experience, begun long before we began to talk, whose basis is a belief that fundamentally other people are like ourselves. Some one points out a red pillow and says "red! red!" We look at the pillow and are conscious of a peculiar color-sensation, and soon we not only associate the word with this sensation, but we also believe that other people will do the same, and that when they say "red" they have the same sensation that we have. That is, we believe that they see things as we do, and think about them as we do. So strong does this conviction become, that where it does not seem to be justified we usually conclude that the difficulty has arisen either because we are not really talking about the same thing, or else because we are not really speaking the same language.

And so, when we have seen the orchid that our friend has not, we believe that we can really help him to see it,—that we can by means of certain words really call up to his mind certain perceptions of form and color which the flower itself would have called up if he had seen it. We have the same confidence when we set about telling our fisherman how he can know a trout when he sees it. The problem is, to be sure, a little different from that of the orchid, because instead of describing some one trout, we must give him an account that will fit any trout he may catch, and so we must mention only such traits as all

trout, in distinction from all other fish, are sure to possess. We may say: "They're six to ten inches long, with roundish bodies—not flat like sunfish—and rather long for their breadth; and they have a smooth skin—no scales that you can see—pale gray, and speckled along the sides with pretty pink and silver dots, but the color varies a good deal, some are brighter than others; and they're gamey!"

Here, we are not exactly trying to call up a definite image such as would be called up by any particular trout, for each trout would call up an image distinct from every other; it would not be "six to twelve inches long," but, say, seven and a quarter, or nine and a half. But though we are giving a general, rather than a specific description, still we are recalling and using the phrases of sense-experience, we are going back to impressions of form and color.

One word used, however, "gamey," is rather more remote from these impressions, and it may bring us into difficulty. Our hearer looks a bit incredulous: "Gamey! In a brook three feet wide! Guess you don't mean what I mean by gamey. *Bluefish* are gamey." "Well," we may answer, "I don't know what *you* mean by gamey, and I've never caught bluefish, but the other day I got a ten-inch trout in that pool who bent my pole double—" and we go on to tell our experience. What have we done this time? We found a difficulty with what is called an "abstract term," indicating an "abstract" quality—gaminess—and we met the difficulty by going back to a concrete experience—one of many through which we ourselves got our perception of this "abstract" quality. Here, being back in the realm of immediate, concrete experience, we felt ourselves once more on firm ground; quickly and confidently we put the skeptic in possession

of this experience, trusting that it would mean to him what it did to us.

For all our own convictions have been gained through sense-experience, and we unconsciously recognize this when we revert to experience in communicating with others. The farther removed we are from the direct testimony of the senses, the more liability there is to misunderstandings, and these can best be cleared up by reverting again to sense-experience. When this cannot be done, we are lost indeed. Suppose that in discussing some question of beauty or taste, I find myself differing with my companion; to settle the trouble, we resort to a concrete instance, and at once I discover that my companion is partially color-blind. Instantly I realize that no matter how long I talk, I can never really communicate to him certain ideas whose foundation is in our color-sense, for there is nothing more fundamental, where we can find a common meeting-ground, and from which we can attempt an explanation. I may discover that his sense of hearing agrees with mine, and perhaps I may appeal to that and tell him that "red is like the sound of a trumpet," or I may appeal to his sense of temperature, and tell him that red is "hot" and green is "cool," but so long as he cannot practically tell green from red, what use is it? And how can I hope that the line,

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

will ever have for him the associative meaning that it has for me? Such difference in sense-perception is fundamental and insurmountable.

Aside from differences of this sort, which probably exist among us all, though not to this extent, there are secondary differences in people, which while they do not

preclude an ultimate understanding, do condition the way in which it can be reached. Two sportsmen, for instance, who have hunted through the same kind of country, do not need to get back to primitive sensations to establish their starting-point—they have had many common experiences, have therefore reached similar convictions in regard to things, and can talk to one another by short cuts of suggestion, assuming much that to a layman would have to be elaborately explained. Imagine one of these congenial spirits talking to a society girl, who says, "Do tell me about your hunting." Where shall he begin? Evidently, "at first principles," that is, with such sense-appeal as he judges she can understand, though indeed he may feel that she has as much need of a "sixth sense" as our color-blind person had need of a fifth. The two cases might be represented thus:

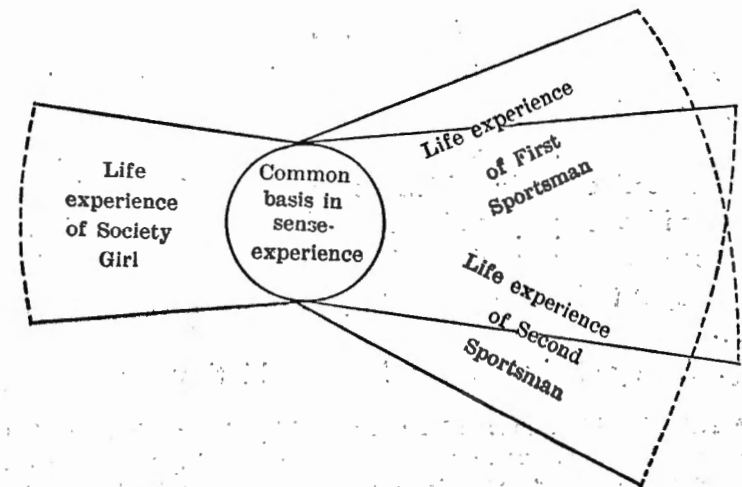


FIG. 1.

The case is supposed, simply to emphasize the necessity, if we really wish not merely to talk but to communicate ideas, that we shall know whom we are talking to, what his experience has been, and how far it has been parallel with ours.

In the following discussion, therefore, one thing has been taken for granted: namely, that the impressions of our eyes and ears and other sense-organs are the basis of our knowledge; rightly understood, they are our knowledge. Hence, although expository writing aims to communicate to others our interpretation of sense-experience,—which we may call knowledge or opinion according to the degree of our conviction,—yet we shall understand its principles best if we approach it through a study of description, which is the communication of our immediate sense-experience itself.

LESSON I.

1. Cite one or two instances in which you have tried to convey an idea to some one else, and try to account for your success or failure.*

2. Recall cases in which other people have tried to convey ideas to you, and explain their success or failure. In some given case where they failed, how do you think they ought to have appealed to you to have been successful?

3. In any of these cases, how would the way of going

* This should of course be narrowed by the teacher, so that it may not seem vague and unsuggestive. Either the audience should be specified—the idea was to be conveyed to one's father, or little brother, or a schoolmate; or the idea—you were talking about golf, or a lesson, or the last school examination; or both subject and idea may be defined.

to work have been modified if the person addressed had been different? (e.g., if, instead of a fellow-student, he had been a day-laborer, or a newsboy, or a shop-girl, etc.)?

4. The following passages occur near the beginning of an address on "Technical Education" delivered by Huxley to a working men's club. What is their value to the exposition that is to follow?

"Technical education" . . . is, in fact, a fine Greco-Latin equivalent for what in good vernacular English would be called "the teaching of handicrafts." . . .

"I am, and have been, any time these thirty years, a man who works with his hands—a handicrafts-man. I do not say this in the broadly metaphorical sense in which fine gentlemen, with all the delicacy of Agag about them, trip to the hustings about election time, and protest that they too are working men. I really mean my words to be taken in their direct, literal, and straightforward sense. In fact, if the most nimble-fingered watchmaker among you will come to my workshop, he may set me to put a watch together, and I will set him to dissect, say, a blackbeetle's nerves. I do not wish to vaunt, but I am inclined to think that I shall manage my job to his satisfaction sooner than he will do his piece of work to mine.

"In truth, anatomy, which is my handicraft, is one of the most difficult kinds of mechanical labor, involving, as it does, not only lightness and dexterity of hand, but sharp eyes and endless patience.

"Now, let me apply the lessons I have learned from my handicraft to yours. If any of you were obliged to take an apprentice, I suppose you would like to get a good healthy lad, ready and willing to learn, handy, and

with his fingers not all thumbs, as the saying goes. You would like that he should read, write, and cipher well; and if you were an intelligent master, and your trade involved the application of scientific principles, as so many trades do, you would like him to know enough of the elementary principles of science to understand what was going on. I suppose that in nine trades out of ten, it would be useful if he could draw; and many of you must have lamented your inability to find out for yourself what foreigners are doing or have done. So that some knowledge of French and German might, in many cases, be very desirable." *

In these passages, how are the words and phrases adapted to convey the lecturer's ideas to his audience?

5. If Huxley had been addressing an audience of college seniors, what difference would it have made in his procedure?

6. Read in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* the speeches made by Brutus and Antony to the Roman mob (Act III, Scene 2). Brutus' purpose is to justify the murder of Cæsar, that is, to make the populace look at it as he does. How does he go to work to put the people in possession of his ideas? He seems to be successful. Is he really so? What is the difference between his method and Huxley's? Antony's purpose is to convey to the people certain ideas about the murder quite contrary to those of Brutus. What means does he use? Why do the ideas conveyed by him to the people so easily efface those conveyed by Brutus? Were Brutus' ideas really conveyed?

* Huxley, *Science and Culture, and Other Essays*.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROCESS OF DESCRIPTION.

WHEN we describe anything to some one else, our prime object is, as has been said, to make him perceive a thing as we perceive it. If it be something seen, we try to make our words do the duty of his eyes; if something heard, we must find ways to make him feel that he, too, has heard what we have. This object is clear enough, but how may it be attained? Horace's rule "If you wish to make me weep, you must weep yourself," was nearly right, but not quite. He should have said, "If you wish to make me weep, you must know what ideas were the ones that made you weep, and you must convey those ideas to me." That is, if we wish to make another person see or hear as we have seen or heard, we must know what our own experience has been, and try to reproduce its stages in their order.

It may be said, "When we see a thing our experience has no 'stages' and no 'order.' We see it all at once and that is the end." It was in this conviction that Lessing maintained the insurmountable difficulty inherent in descriptive writing to be that it required us to describe in sequence what had taken place simultaneously. It was for this reason that he regarded Homer's method in describing the shield of Achilles as the right one; because

instead of taking the shield ready-made, he took it in process of making, and thus turned description into narration. To a certain extent Lessing's view was right, inasmuch as words are slow things compared with the senses, and language is slow in reproducing what the senses have been quick in perceiving. But though there is this disparity in speed, it ought to be recognized for what it is—a difference in degree, not in kind. For our sense-perceptions only appear instantaneous, they are not really so, but, as we shall see, follow a discoverable order and sequence; and it is this order and sequence which we must observe, that we may reproduce it in the mind of our listener. For if we have answered the question, "How did we see the thing?" we have gone a long way toward answering the second question, "How can we make some one else see the thing?"

First, then, how do we see? The initial difficulty in answering this question is, that in general our seeing of things has through habit become so rapid a process that it does seem instantaneous, and when we try to discover stages we find it almost impossible. It may, therefore, be of service to begin with cases where from the nature of the circumstances these processes are retarded and their consummation delayed. This is exactly what happens when the object seen is distant and our approach gradual, and here it is easy to recognize distinct stages in perception. Take for example Mr. Hearn's account of his approach to Nevis:

"Southward, above and beyond the deep green chain, tower other volcanic forms,—very far away, and so pale-gray as to seem like clouds. Those are the heights of Nevis,—another creation of the subterranean fires.

"It draws nearer, floats steadily into definition: a great

mountain flanked by two small ones; three summits; the loftiest, with clouds packed high upon it, still seems to smoke; the second highest displays the most symmetrical crater-form I have yet seen. All are still grayish-blue or gray. Gradually through the blues break long high gleams of green.

"As we steam closer, the island becomes all verdant from flood to sky; the great dead crater shows its immense wreath of perennial green. On the lower slopes little settlements are sprinkled in white, red, and brown: houses, windmills, sugar-factories, high chimneys are distinguishable;—cane-plantations unfold gold-green surfaces.

"We pass away. The island does not seem to sink behind us, but to become a ghost. All its outlines grow shadowy. For a little while it continues green; but it is a hazy, spectral green, as of colored vapor. The sea to-day looks almost black: the southwest wind has filled the day with luminous mist; and the phantom of Nevis melts in the vast glow, dissolves utterly."*

The experience here recorded is an instance of what one may call retarded vision, which allows us to trace the order of perception. That order evidently proceeds from the vague to the definite, from the general to the detailed, and the impressiveness of the description lies in the accuracy with which the writer has recognized the character and value of the different stages in perception.

With this in mind, let us try a few experiments of another character. To retard our processes is only one way of rendering their investigation possible; another way is to interrupt them at given points, and note what stage

* Lafcadio Hearn: *A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics*, pp. 30-31.

they have reached. But to do this, some way must be found by which an object can be exposed to view for only an instant at a time. This can be done by means of a small screen, easily handled, or a curtain, or, best of all, a stereopticon, by which the exposure and concealment of the image may be made complete and instantaneous.*

Adopting one of these devices, suppose we take first a bunch of leaves of various kinds, and expose them to view for an instant. If the exposure has been sufficiently short, it will be found that the spectators have received little more than an impression of something green. On a second exposure, this will have defined itself into a perception of form sufficiently clear to involve the recognition of the object as leaves. On a third exposure the impressions will have gained further definiteness, both in perceptions of color, form, and even texture, and the spectators will now perceive that the leaves are of different kinds. A fourth and fifth exposure will furnish material for the discrimination between the kinds, and perhaps the identification of some, as oak, maple, beech, or rose leaves.

* In these experiments the mechanical difficulties are greater than might be supposed, and the exposures, to be of any value, must be managed with the greatest care. They must be exceedingly short,—the fractional part of a second,—but complete, and the distance of the object from the observers, as well as its illumination, must be so planned that all may get as nearly as possible the same opportunity for perception. Reflected lights, especially, must be guarded against, and it is of course well to avoid using highly glazed photographs, or pictures under glass. When all possible precautions have been taken, considerable practice in manipulation may be necessary before good results are obtained. But good results when they are gained are worth the trouble.

The order of perception may be summed up thus:

1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
Green thing.	Green leaves.	Green leaves of different kinds: light, dark, lobed, etc.	Green leaves of different kinds: Oak: dark, glossy, lobed. Maple: lighter, star-shaped. Rose: divided into leaflets, etc.

It will be seen that here, as in the case of gradual approach, there is a clear progression from the vague to the definite, from the general to the detailed. It will, moreover, be apparent that each stage of perception contains all that went before, but what is at the first implicit is at the last explicit.

Take another subject: say, a cluster of red poppies in a tall green vase. Expose this similarly and note the results after each exposure. They will probably be somewhat as follows:

1. Red and green things massed somewhat apart.
2. Red, tall flowers in tall green vase, the flowers possibly recognized as poppies.
3. Red flowers with black centers, nodding on slender stems, possibly satin-like texture of petals.
4. Details: shape of vase; furry stems; variations in the reds of the flowers and the greens of the stems, the leaves, and the vase; individual flowers and buds.

Here again, there is the same progression as before, and if experiments are multiplied the results will be found to agree in essentials with those just recounted. It is, of course, always well to choose objects as unfamiliar as possible, since with well-known objects the process of perception has through long habit become so swift that

even very short exposures are not always wholly successful in arresting its stages. The later stages, especially, are apt to be obscured, because as soon as the observer has been able to recognize the character of the thing he is looking at, his memory comes to the aid of his vision, and supplies at once many details which he has not yet really perceived in this special case. Thus, in seeing the poppies, if he is familiar with the flower, he no sooner says to himself "poppies" than his memory immediately supplements his direct vision, and even if the experiment were interrupted after the second exposure, he might go on mentally to supply the material noted in the third and fourth exposures; he might from previous observations remember the black centers of the flowers, the harsh furriness of their stems, the papery texture of the petals, etc.; he might even add from memory the slightly pungent odor which no amount of visual examination could have given him. His perceptions might be graphically represented thus:

Stage 1.	Stage 2.	Stage 3: Recognition.
Red and green masses.	Tall red flowers. Tall green vase.	"Poppies!" Memory supplement: papery, satin texture, furry stems, black flower-centers, etc., etc.

If an unfamiliar object is taken, or even a strange example of a familiar class, this recognition will be delayed, and the value of the immediate perceptions will be more clearly evinced.

Allowing, however, for the supplementary influence of memory on the direct perceptions, two things will yet be clear enough. First, that perception is not the instantaneous affair it at first seemed to be, but occupies time,

though brief time; second, that the stages through which perception passes on its way to completeness are in their essential features the same with all normal observers.*

When, after repeated experiments, the observer has grown somewhat accustomed to noticing his own processes, it will be possible to test them with greater freedom. Let him, for example, experiment with an unfamiliar room. First open the door and merely glance in. If it be summer and there are white curtains at the windows, the opening door will make a draft, and his first impression may be one of light broken by shadow, which will quickly develop into a perception of streaming white draperies, light or dark walls, and bright sunshine on the floor, partly broken by dark furniture, which is vaguely felt as filling the foreground. Let him take a second look, and note how these first impressions resolve themselves into details: the pictures and the walls find a place in his consciousness, the pieces of furniture define themselves and assume some individual character, the sunshine and shadow on floor and walls become more distinct. Finally, let him enter the room and survey it at leisure. In two minutes his perceptions will have acquired considerable minuteness and he will be able to give, if desired, an accurate account of the contents of the room.

The same experiment may be tried with outdoor scenes—vistas inclosed by trees; broad, sweeping views; the shifting aspects of sky and water; and so on. It will be

* Allowance for abnormality must, of course, always be made. For example, on the first exposure of a square of blue plush whereon a shield crossed by a dragon was embroidered in reds, greens, and tawny yellows, one observer got only a sense of outlines, "a square, an irregular figure within,"—no sense of color, except perhaps of the dark background.

found that one's perceptions go forward very much after the manner of an artist's sketch: first the big outlines and general color-scheme are established, then subordinate relations of form and color, and finally the details.

Thus we have succeeded in finding out, in a general way, how we see. The next step is that of finding out how to make others see.

Evidently, the only effective way of accomplishing this, which is the end of description, is by instituting in the minds of our hearers the same processes through which we have ourselves passed. Our general order of procedure is therefore established for us by what we have found out as to the order of our own experience. If, having seen a bunch of poppies ourselves, we wish to make another person see them, we shall not begin by mentioning the furry stems or the black centers, but by emphasizing the color masses, the slenderness and height, leaving details to be mentioned later.

As an example of the result produced when this order is not observed, take the following description of a rose, which was written by a girl of eighteen:

"This flower has a long, thorny stem, with leaves having a saw-like edge. These leaves are broad where they start from the stem, and then taper off to a point.

"At the end of the stem where the flower begins, there is a little green cup, with green petals, which are bent back over the cup as the flower opens.

"The bud of the flower is spiral shaped, with soft, delicate petals seeming to curve and fold over each other. As the flower opens, the outer petals loosen and flare out and then gracefully droop at the edge. After these have separated themselves from the rest of the flower, the other petals loosen and curve in the same way, and finally all

the petals are separated and the flower is entirely open. This flower comes in four distinct colors: white, red, pink, and yellow. It is one of the most fragrant and beautiful flowers which grow."

What is wrong? Everything that is said is true of roses. The trouble is, however, that nothing that is said was true of the writer's perception of the rose she tried to describe. She did not really see it in this way, beginning with the thorny stem and the saw-edge of the leaves, and slowly feeling her way along to the flower. What she saw was certainly not first the stem and then the rose, but—first, last, and all the time—the rose, *with* its leafy stem, as a single whole; but she honestly thought that the way to make some one else see this was by mentioning as many facts as she could think of. Being methodical, as well as conscientious, she followed, in setting down these facts, the order of the flower's growth. If she had followed the order of growth of her own perception, she would have produced a better result.

So far, we have given most attention to the communicating of our first impressions; we have not considered how we shall deal with these when they have developed details. Often, indeed, our descriptions may never get to details at all, but may stop after they have followed through the earlier stages of perception. It may, indeed, be a waste of effort to go on, for the mind when once set going on the right track may develop its complete perception more quickly through its own "memory-supplement" than it could by getting more details from us, and the so-called "suggestive" description is effective because of the use it makes of this memory-supplement. It may, for example, produce in our minds the entire picture of a June garden, by simply suggesting the fragrance of June

roses, because, as we recall our last perception of that fragrance, it brings in its train all the other perceptions—of color, odor, sound, etc.—associated with it. To make a successful appeal of this kind, it is of course necessary to know one's audience so as to know how much of such activity one can count on. The effectiveness of a description that stops short of details may be compared with that of a water-color sketch which gives only the most important color masses. Take, for example, the following description of the cardinal-flower:

"But when vivid color is wanted, what can surpass or equal our cardinal-flower? There is a glow about this flower as if color emanated from it as from a live coal. The eye is baffled and does not seem to reach the surface of the petal; it does not see the texture or material part as it does in other flowers, but rests in a steady, still radiance. It is not so much something colored as it is color itself. And then the moist, cool, shady places it affects, usually where it has no floral rivals, and where the large, dark shadows need just such a dab of fire. Often, too, we see it double, its reflected image in some dark pool heightening its effect." *

Here the author has not gone beyond the single quality of color, and, pausing upon this one element, contents himself with giving it the greatest possible emphasis. He has paused at the first impression and gone no further. With a subject of a different character, however, or where the purpose is different, greater use may be made of details, as in the following passage:

"One sometimes seems to discover a familiar wild-flower anew by coming upon it in some peculiar and strik-

ing situation. Our columbine is at all times and in all places one of the most exquisitely beautiful of flowers; yet one spring day, when I saw it growing out of a small seam on the face of a great lichen-covered wall of rock, where no soil or mould was visible,—a jet of foliage and color shooting out of a black line on the face of a perpendicular mountain wall and rising up like a tiny fountain, its drops turning to flame-colored jewels that hung and danced in the air against the gray rocky surface,—its beauty became something magical and audacious." *

The first half of the passage does not now concern us; it assigns the particular experience to a class of experiences, and this particular flower to a class of flowers. † The description of the flower itself begins with the phrase "a jet of foliage and color," which corresponds to the first stage of our perception. "Foliage" suggests green; "color," assisted by the word "jet," suggests flame, or perhaps merely brilliance. "Tiny fountain" adds a general notion of form, while considerable detail as to the flowers themselves is suggested in the clause which follows.

It will be noted that in this description the elements of the sense-experience are suggested, rather than stated. "Fountain" suggests the form of the plant as a whole, "drops" that of the flowers, "flame" and "jewels" suggest the pure, brilliant red and yellow of the flower. But the principle is the same, whether the means used be of one kind or another; for all language is symbolic merely, and the object of description is attained if the hearer can be made to go through in imagination the same experiences which we have undergone with our senses.

* John Burroughs: *Riverby*, p. 11.

* John Burroughs: *Riverby*, p. 13.

† Cf. p. 164.

For the underlying principle it does not matter whether the sense-impression be conveyed by the words "red," "yellow," "green," or by the expressions "glow," "live coal," "dab of fire," or by the words "flame," "jewel," or by the yet more subtly figurative suggestion of Emily Dickinson's *Humming Bird*:

A route of evanescence
With a revolving wheel;
A resonance of emerald,
A whirl of cochineal.

In an exhaustive study of descriptive writing as an art by itself it would be necessary to consider such differences as these, but for the present purpose it is enough that we give passing notice to this fact of difference in the means of appeal, while we emphasize the fundamental similarity in the method of appeal,—fundamental, because based on the processes of our actual experience.

But in the description thus far considered, few details are involved, because the experience which the writer was trying to communicate was one where it was his general impression that interested him and remained in his memory. For Mr. Burroughs as he wrote his description, the cardinal-flower was a glowing red thing in a moist, dark place. Doubtless he had at different times had many other impressions of the flower, some of these involving perception of much detail, but at the moment when he wrote that description these other impressions were not with him. Similarly, his impression of the columbine was a general one, though it had resolved itself somewhat more into its constituent parts than in the case of the cardinal-flower.

It is not always this sort of experience which we wish to convey to another. Often it is one where the impres-

sions have gone on defining themselves, till the details implicit in the first impression have become explicit. The question at once arises, How shall we go to work, if we want to convey to some one else the whole of such a fully developed impression? The difficulties are, indeed, great. It is not easy to make some one else share our first comprehensive perception of a thing, but it is perhaps even less easy to make him partaker in our final comprehensive perception, with its clear definition of parts, its fullness of detail. Here, as always, the only possible salvation is an appeal to our own experience, to discover how we ourselves perceived details.

In the earlier experiment we saw that, as we looked at the object, our perception gradually made explicit what was at first implicit; that it did not add new bits of perception, new fragments of detail, as one might add fresh patches to complete a quilt, but that our first perception grew into our last by a process of defining what was always inherent in it. The secondary and tertiary impressions were not superimposed upon the first, or added alongside it, they grew out of it.

In conveying our experience to another person we shall, therefore, naturally try to follow the order of our own experience. We shall first transfer to him our own general impression, which will contain in itself the main values; then we shall try to follow with him the development of our perception as these main values gain in definition. No amount of detail will confuse him if he has been already prepared for it, as we ourselves were,—if he has the germ out of which it naturally grows.

The difference between the right and the wrong way of going to work may be illustrated by a case from common experience. Having never seen the moon save with the

naked eye, we are taken to a powerful telescope and told to look. As we place our eye at the eyepiece, our vision is dazed and blinded by a confusion of lights and shadows, there seem to be meaningless masses, meaningless crags and chasms and peaks, and we withdraw in bewilderment, and look out with a feeling of relief at the little pale disk with its large familiar outlines of "eyes, nose, and mouth," of the "man and the dog," or of the "lady." There seems no connection between that comfortably intelligible moon and the chaos of lights we have just seen. But let us turn an ordinary field-glass upon its surface: the "man" has disappeared, but we still see the conformations that made us think of him, and after a moment's adjustment to the new view we are ready to look through the "finder" of the telescope and adapt ourselves to a yet bigger scale of vision. Here we see nearly the whole disk, much more magnified than in the field lens, but bearing about the same relation to the image which that had given us as that image bore to the one furnished by the lens of our eye. Again we establish general relations, identify this and that crater or peak or crack, and now we are ready to return to the huge lens and to look with delighted appreciation at the details of crag and chasm which had at first baffled our understanding.

Elaborate description should in its general procedure follow the processes of experience just suggested; it ought to use the naked eye before it resorts to the "finder," and it ought to use both before it employs the high-power lens. But too often it leaves out all intermediate processes and the unfortunate observer finds himself before the eyepiece of the telescope where he must, in weariness and bewilderment, make out for himself the general values and relations which should first have been supplied him. He can

sometimes do it, but it is not wise nor economical of energy to demand that he shall.

In detailed description, then, nothing ought to be presented to the listener for which provision has not been made, which has not been really implied or suggested in his first general view of the whole. The process should be one not of accretion, but of development.

In the following description of St. Mark's, note the use of details. The object described is probably one of the most complex in existence; it is a creation of art so vast, so wonderful, that one might study it for years and not exhaust its resources. This, therefore, must be conveyed in the description, yet it must be done in such a way that the hearer shall perceive complexity in the thing without being himself confused. Note how this is accomplished:

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here ^{at} there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we

pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal: the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisle and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, 'Mother of God,' she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment."*

Here is the suggestion of enormous amount of detail, purposely expressed with something of disorder, corresponding to the manner of one's actual set of impressions when entering the cathedral. If this were the only thing done, if the passage beginning "Under foot and over head" had nothing before it, the result would be, not a

* Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice*, Vol. II, Chap. IV.

perception of almost bewildering complexity, but a bewildered apprehension of complexity, with no clew suggested. But Ruskin has avoided this by his introductory sentences. These present to us, first only dim twilight, then vast space, then the shape of this vastness, "hewn out into the form of a cross," with a suggestion of pillars and aisles. Then follows the gradual defining of the first impression. "Twilight" was one of its elements, and this is now developed and defined into the "phosphoric stream" of faint light from without, the yet feebler light of torches and lamps, the reflected light from walls and roof. Then follow the details of these walls and ceiling and pavement which gradually fill in the spaces already outlined in our imagination and only waiting for fuller development.

Evidently by this method any amount of detail can be assimilated, because nothing is presented that has not some germ of suggestion out of which it grows. And if the result can be attained when dealing with this subject, it can be attained with any subject.

Description, then, is successful just so far as it follows the actual order of the sensuous experience it describes. In written description the process of perception will, moreover, be reflected in the structure; its paragraphs will possess the qualities of "unity," "coherence," "proportion." For paragraphs are not arbitrary groupings, made to break the page and assist the eye, they are the outer expression of thought-groups as they exist in the mind. And just as in determining the order of expression we found it necessary to appeal to the order of our own experience and reproduce that, so in determining the grouping of sentences which shall on the written page constitute a paragraph, we are in little danger of going

wrong if we honestly follow the order of our own thoughts. For, as we have seen, we perceive things as wholes; our first impression contains in the germ all that is in our last most detailed impression. If our expression conveys this, it will constitute a paragraph, which will be a whole as the experience it relates is a whole. It may be a single sentence giving merely the first general impression or little more than this, as in Mr. Burroughs' columbine; or it may be many sentences, and be as complex as was the experience, as in Ruskin's description of St. Marks. But so long as it honestly follows the real experience it will be right. It will possess unity because the experience it embodies possessed it, it will possess coherence or continuity, because the stages of perception themselves cohere, being continuously developed each out of the preceding; it will possess proportion because no detail will have a place which did not also have its part implicit in the first impression, and the place and value of each detail is determined not arbitrarily, but by the fact of its real place and value in the perceptive stages.

We may illustrate this by the analogy of a tree, with its main trunk, its limbs, branches, and twigs. The tree is complex, but it is a coherent, proportioned whole; the size of the trunk determines the size of the limbs into which it divides, the branches and twigs have their number, size, and position determined by the size and position of the limbs from which they spring. In a description, the first general impression corresponds to the main trunk, the first set of details growing out of this impression corresponds to the large limbs, the later sets of details growing out of the earlier ones correspond to the branches and twigs. The relative elaboration of various groups of details will depend upon the relative importance of the

impression out of which they grow, as the elaboration—if we may transfer the word—of the branch into branchlets and twigs is conditioned by the size of the branch. Thus in describing the columbine, it would indeed have been a violation of the “law of proportion” to dilate on the number of stamens or the form of the pistil, because it would have been a violation of truth, and Mr. Burroughs, who was honestly following his own experience, could not possibly have thought of mentioning these things because a perception of them really had no part in that experience. The “main trunk” in this case was the impression of “magical and audacious beauty,” the “larger limbs” were the impressions regarding the manner of growth of the plant, with its contrasting background, the color of the flowers, and the way they hung and danced, etc.*

The question, When shall a paragraph end and another begin? is to be met by the same appeal to experience. The paragraph ends when the perception, whatever its scope, is complete. A new one begins whenever the perception dealt with is thought of as in some way new and different. This may be illustrated by going back to the description by Mr. Hearn quoted on pages 10–11 and comparing with it this other similar description:

“Then a high white shape like a cloud appears before us on the purplish-dark edge of the sea. The cloud-shape enlarges, heightens with its changing contour. It is not a cloud, but an island! Its outlines begin to sharpen, with faintest pencilings of color. Shadowy valleys appear, spectral hollows, phantom slopes of pallid blue or green. The apparition is so like a mirage that it is difficult to persuade oneself one is looking at real land,

* For further illustration, cf. the diagrams on pp. 66, 67.

—that it is not a dream. It seems to have shaped itself all suddenly out of the glowing haze. We pass many miles beyond it; and it vanishes into mist again." *

The material here is virtually the same, yet in the first case it was given in four paragraphs, here there is only one. Why? Because though the experiences recorded are similar, they are not really quite alike. In each case the later perceptions grow out of the earlier, but in the first the growth is not quite continuous, there are pauses; it is as if one looked, then closed one's eyes, or slackened one's attention, then looked again and paused again, and so on. But in the passage last quoted, there are no pauses, there is no consciousness, as in the other, that we, the spectators, have shifted our position, have come nearer and yet nearer. It is rather the "mirage" itself that has developed before our eyes and lost itself again. Thus the smoothness of the perception's growth is made a part of the dream-like effect which is so much more important an element here than in the other case.

Because the first passage happens to have more details than the second, one might infer that details necessitate numerous paragraphs. That this is not the case will be evident if we look again at the Ruskin description. Here, as in Mr. Hearn's description, we have a single paragraph, but a paragraph which in richness of content differs from the simplicity of the other as the oppressive complexity of twilight effects in the cathedral itself differs from the clear, if elusive, color-scheme of that ocean vision. Why one paragraph, then? Because, though with different material, the perceptions have worked in the same way. There is no break, no slackening of the attention and

* Lafcadio Hearn: *A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics*, pp. 31-2.

beginning again; it is one long look, which brings to the sensitive mind behind gradually richer results, but always simply enriches that first whole impression of gorgeous twilight complexity. If the attention had slackened and taken a new grip with a new center of perception—some wholly new detail or a consciously new point of view—the experience would have been different, and so would have been, or ought to have been, the paragraphing.

Paragraphs, then, are neither measured by arbitrary rule, nor determined by the writer's consciousness that his reader expects a rest, nor do they fall out by accident; they are merely the outward and visible sign of an inward and invisible experience, and just as the order of expression will depend upon the order of experience, so the manner of grouping the written symbols of expression will depend upon the manner of grouping in the perceptions experienced. And similarly, the qualities of unity, continuity, and proportion will be found to inhere naturally in the expression, so far as that expression honestly communicates the experience with which it deals.

LESSON II.

1. Watch an approaching vehicle—a carriage, a horseman, a wheelman—and notice your impressions. Write an account of these, following as nearly as possible their actual order.
2. Watch, from a point close to the track, an approaching or receding train; or watch a sailing-boat or receding steamship; write your impressions.
3. Describe the way in which a black spot on the horizon resolves itself into detail as you approach.
4. Using such appliances as are at command, perform

a number of experiments like those with the bunch of leaves and the poppies.*

After each exposure, write down your impression. This should be done before there is any discussion, to avoid blurring the memory of just what the impression was.

After several exposures, compare the later impressions with the earlier, and trace how one grows out of the other.

Try these experiments with (1) a piece of variegated cloth; (2) a bunch of leaves, or flowers, of different kinds; (3) a picture, preferably a colored one, and having considerable detail.

5. Having noted the process, write a description of each object, on the basis of this process.

LESSON III.

1. Go and look at an unfamiliar building, and report, in connected form, the impression it makes upon you.

(1) A school or college building which you wish to describe to a friend expecting to enter as a student.

(2) A dwelling-house, which a family who think of moving have asked you to look at.

2. Enter an unfamiliar room and note the stages of your impression.

* Compare pages 11-14. In showing objects for the class to look at, it is of course well to use such as are unfamiliar—the more unfamiliar, the better. For the recognition of the object by the student should come slowly, since as soon as this has taken place he will hardly be able to tell which traits he is noticing afresh and which he is merely adding from memory. Curious flowers or shrubs, complex tapestries, grotesque figures, painted or photographed or carved, are good to use. Photographs of the Notre Dame gargoyles have been found suitable, though not for the very first experiments.

To avoid confusion it will be well to impose limits or checks on the sight, as by looking in through a door, which can be opened and shut.

3. Enter a room or hall containing white casts or marbles, and write out your first impressions.

4. Describe your first impression of a view from a high window or a tower.

5. Discuss the value of the following descriptions; how do the figurative or semi-figurative words strengthen the sense-impression?

(1) [The sea],

An everywhere of silver.*

(2)

I babbled for you as bables for the moon,
Vague brightness. †

(3)

It sounded as if the streets were running,
And then the streets stood still.
Eclipse was all we could see at the window,
And awe was all we could feel. ‡

6. Explain the "unity" of this paragraph:

"Behind us the mountains still float back. Their shining green has changed to a less vivid hue; they are taking bluish tones here and there; but their outlines are still sharp, and along their high soft slopes there are white specklings, which are villages and towns. These white specks diminish swiftly,—dwindle to the dimensions of salt-grains,—finally vanish. Then the island grows uniformly bluish; it becomes cloudy, vague as a dream of

* Emily Dickinson: *The Sea*.

† Tennyson: *The Princess*.

‡ Emily Dickinson: *Storm*.

mountains; it turns at last gray as smoke, and then melts into the horizon-light like a mirage." *

7. Account for the paragraphing in the following passage:

"A great gray mountain shape looms up before us. We are steaming on Santa Cruz.

"The island has a true volcanic outline, sharp and high: the cliffs sheer down almost perpendicularly. The shape is still vapory, varying in coloring from purplish to bright gray; but wherever peaks and spurs fully catch the sun they edge themselves with a beautiful green glow, while interlying ravines seem filled with foggy blue.

"As we approach, sunlighted surfaces come out still more luminously green. Glens and sheltered valleys still hold blues and grays; but points fairly illuminated by the solar glow show just such a fiery green as burns in the plumage of certain humming-birds. And just as the lustrous colors of these birds shift according to changes of light, so the island shifts colors here and there,—from emerald to blue, and blue to gray. . . . But now we are near: it shows us a lovely heaping of high bright hills in front, with a further coast-line very low and long and verdant, fringed with a white beach, and tufted with spidery palm-crests. Immediately opposite, other palms are poised; their trunks look like pillars of unpolished silver, their leaves shimmer like bronze." †

8.

At the first I saw naught but the blackness; but soon I des-
cried

A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the
upright

* Lafcadio Hearn: *A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics*, p. 28.

† *Ib.* pp. 22-3.

Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all:
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tent roof,—showed Saul.
He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out
wide

On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there,—as, caught in his
pangs

And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark,
blind and dumb.*

Note that two separate scenes are here described: first the darkened tent, second the tent lighted by the sunbeam; and each of these scenes produces its own set of impressions.

LESSON IV.

1. Give your impression of a girl as she dashes by on a wheel.

You are writing, perhaps, to a friend of hers and yours, who has asked you to "look her up," and this is your first glimpse of her.

2. (1) Describe the glimpses you get, from the window of a moving train, of a lake, a river, a wood-path, a burning building, a street of a village, etc.

(2) In any of these cases, what different value will your glimpse have for you if the place be familiar,—if the lake is one you have spent a summer on, or the path one you have explored?

(3) What difference would it make in your method if you were describing such a familiar place to a companion who had been there with you? †

* Browning: *Saul*.

† Cf. the cases of the two sportsmen, p. 5.

3. Give your impression of a face seen in the window of a passing train, or in a closed carriage.
4. Describe the impression you get when you catch a glimpse of an animal just as it is whisking out of sight, i.e., a squirrel, a rat, a bird.
5. Describe your first impression of a shop window full of spring hats.
6. Describe the sound of a garden-hose in the early morning, the distant sound of running water, the sound of distant surf.
7. Describe the sound of an approaching trolley-car, giving the stages your impression passes through.
8. How far has the process of perception gone in the following descriptions? *

(1) "The stone had hardly struck the brush when what looked like a tongue of vermilion flame leaped forth near by, and darting across, stuck itself out of sight in the green vines on the opposite slope." †

(2) "When you have seen a fox loping along in that way you have seen the poetry there is in the canine tribe. It is to the eye what a flowing measure is to the mind, so easy, so buoyant; the furry creature drifting along like a large red thistle-down, or like a plume borne by the wind." ‡

* These citations, and all others, will of course be available for class discussion and independent work by the student, on various points not specially mentioned:—questions of plan, etc., of paragraphs, and later on of sentence structure and use of words.

† James Lane Allen: *A Kentucky Cardinal*, Chap. VIII.

‡ John Burroughs: *Riverby*, p. 178.

What is the exact value of the following comparisons?

- (3) Odysseus, addressing Nausicaa: "Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals. . . . Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm tree springing by the altar of Apollo." *
- (4) "Mrs. Crisparkle's sister, another piece of Dresden china, and matching her so neatly that they would have made a delightful pair of ornaments for the two ends of any capacious old-fashioned chimney-piece and by right should never have been seen apart." †

Analyze the full suggestiveness of the figure.

(5)

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
All round to mountains—with such name to grace
Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in view.

. those two hills on the right
Crouched like two bulls locked horn and horn in fight;
While to the left a tall scalped mountain

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart.‡

Note that the "Tower itself" is not a detail growing out of the original picture; it was not there at all at first, but appears as by enchantment; when it does appear the description begins afresh, with a fresh perception.

* *Odyssey*, Book VI.

† Dickens: *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Chap. VI.

‡ Browning: *Childe Roland*.

- (6) "In a bright dress he rambled among the graves in the gay weather and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child—a dark space on the brilliant grass—the black mould lying heaped up around it, weighing down the little jeweled branches of the dwarf rose-bushes in flower." *

LESSON V.

1. Go back to the descriptions written in Lesson III, 1-4, and develop the first impressions there recorded into somewhat greater detail,—about as much as one would get from a second look at the object, after the first hasty glimpse.

Do not try to predict what this second look ought to give you, but try the experiment and see what it does give you.

2. Show how this could be done with a description of the Kentucky cardinal or of the fox (Lesson IV, 8).
3. In two or three of these cases, trace out carefully the relation between the general impression and the developed details.
4. "A corn-field in July is a hot place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm sickening smell drawn from the rapidly-growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light and heat upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense." †

What is the relation between the first sentence and each of the clauses that follow? What senses are appealed to

* Pater: *The Child in the House*.

† Hamlin Garland: *Main Travelled Roads*.

in the description? To which sense is the predominant appeal? How does the appeal to the others emphasize this?

5. "Had positive proof this morning that at least one sparrow has come back to his haunts of a year ago. One year ago to-day my attention was attracted, while walking over to the post-office, by an unfamiliar bird-song. I caught my ear while I was a long way off. I followed it up and found that it proceeded from a song sparrow. Its chief feature was one long, clear, high note, very strong, sweet, and plaintive. It sprang out of the trills and quavers of the first part of the bird-song, like a long arc or parabola of sound. To my mental vision it rose far up against the blue, and turned sharply downward again and finished in more trills and quavers. I had never before heard anything like it. It was the usual long, silvery note in the sparrow's song greatly increased; indeed, the whole breath and force of the bird put in this note, so that you caught little else than this silver loop of sound." *

What is the general impression here? How is the appeal to the eye made to strengthen that to the ear? How would you have to change this description to make it appeal to a child of nine?

6. "Immediately below him the hillside fell away clean and cleared for fifteen hundred feet, where a little village of stone-walled houses, with roofs of beaten earth, clung to the steep tilt. All round it the tiny terraced fields lay out like aprons of patchwork on the knees of the mountain, and cows no bigger than beetles grazed between the smooth stone circles of the threshing-floors. Looking across the valley, the eye was deceived by the size of things, and could not at first realize that what seemed to

* John Burroughs: *Riverby*, p. 170.

be low scrub, on the opposite mountain flank, was in truth a forest of hundred-foot pines. Purun Bhagat saw an eagle swoop across the gigantic hollow, but the great bird dwindled to a dot ere it was half-way over. A few bands of scattered clouds strung up and down the valley, catching on a shoulder of the hills, or rising up and dying out when they were level with the head of the pass. And 'here shall I find peace,' said Purun Bhagat." *

Note that in this description the total impression, which is nowhere stated, is one of height and distance, of aloofness from the world, suggested, perhaps, in the last words. With this as the key to the paragraph, justify the details. What devices are employed to force you to a sense of the distance between Purun Bhagat and the world of people?

7. "We know not how to characterize, in any accordant and compatible terms, the Rome that lies before us; its sunless alleys, and streets of palaces; its churches, lined with the gorgeous marbles that were originally polished for the adornment of pagan temples; its thousands of evil smells, mixed up with fragrance of rich incense diffused from as many censers; its little life, deriving feeble nutriment from what has long been dead. Everywhere, some fragment of ruin suggesting the magnificence of a former epoch; everywhere, moreover, a Cross—and nastiness at the foot of it. As the sum of all, there are recollections that kindle the soul, and a gloom and languor that depress it beyond any depth of melancholic sentiment that can be elsewhere known." †

What is the general impression? Has the paragraph "unity" and "proportion"? Why?

* Rudyard Kipling: *The Second Jungle Book; The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*.

† Hawthorne: *The Marble Faun*, Vol. I, Chap. XII.

8. Compare with the above this description of Rome as it appeared to Dorothea:

"The weight of unintelligible Rome . . . Ruins and basilicas, palaces and colossi, set in the midst of a sordid present, where all that was living and warm-blooded seemed sunk in the deep degeneracy of a superstition divorced from reverence; the dimmer but yet eager Titanic life gazing and struggling on walls and ceilings; the long vistas of white forms whose marble eyes seemed to hold the monotonous light of an alien world: all this vast wreck of ambitious ideals, sensuous and spiritual, mixed confusedly with the signs of breathing forgetfulness and degradation, at first jarred her as with an electric shock, and then urged themselves on her with that ache belonging to a glut of confused ideas which check the flow of emotion." *

9. "The minister's daughter was not the sort of person he expected. She was quite incongruous with his notion of ministers' daughters in general, and though he had expected something nowise delightful, the incongruity repelled him. A very delicate scent, the faint suggestion of a garden, was wafted as she went. He would not observe her, but he had a sense of an elastic walk, the tread of small feet, a long neck, and a high crown of shining brown plaits, with curls that floated backward—things, in short, that suggested a fine lady to him, and determined him to notice her as little as possible." †

Trace the relation between the first sentence and the second; between the first two and the last in the passage. How do the words suggesting movement help the main purpose?

10. " Sylvia Crane's house was the one in which her

* George Eliot: *Middlemarch*, Chap. XX.

† George Eliot: *Felix Holt*, Chap. V.

grandmother had been born, and was the oldest house in the village. It was known as the 'old Crane place.' It had never been painted, it was shedding its flapping gray shingles like gray scales, the roof sagged in a mossy hollow before the chimney, the windows and the doors were awry, and the whole house was full of undulations and wavering lines, which gave it a curiously unreal look in broad daylight. In the moonlight it was the shadowy edifice built of a dream." *

Does the first sentence present the whole of the impression?

11. "The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with an ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it." †

Compare this with the following description:

12.

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
 Stood stupefied, however he came there:
 Thrust out past service from the devil's stud!
 Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
 With that red gaunt and coloped neck a-strain,
 And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
 Seldom went such grotesqueness with such woe;
 I never saw a brute I hated so;
 He must be wicked to deserve such pain.‡

Which of the two leaves with you the most vivid impression? Can you find any of the reasons for this difference?

* Mary E. Wilkins: *Pembroke*, Chap. II.

† Irving: *The Sketch Book*; *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

‡ Browning: *Childe Roland*.

LESSON VI.

1. What is the effect of the following description? What is the part in it of the details mentioned?

"Ashore, through a black swarming and a great hum of creole chatter. . . . Warm yellow narrow streets under a burning blue day, a confused impression of long vistas, of low pretty houses and cottages, more or less quaint, bathed in sun and yellow-wash,—and avenues of shade-trees,—and low garden-walls overtopped by waving banana leaves and fronds of palms. . . . A general sensation of drowsy warmth and vast light and exotic vegetation,—coupled with some vague disappointment at the absence of that picturesque humanity that delighted us in the streets of St. Pierre, Martinique." *

Note that "a black swarming and a great hum" are not strictly a part of the main description, but phrases suggestive of another picture. How could the impression they suggest develop its own set of details?

2. What is the exact content of the general impression in the following? Trace out the relation between it and the various details. Do the last two sentences violate the unity of the paragraph?

"The house had that pleasant aspect of life which is like the cheery expression of comfortable activity in the human countenance. You could see, at once, that there was the stir of a large family within it. A huge load of oak-wood was passing through the gateway, towards the out-buildings in the rear; the fat cook—or probably it might be the housekeeper—stood at the side-door, bargaining for some turkeys and poultry which a countryman had brought for sale. Now and then a maid-servant,

* Lafcadio Hearn: *A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics*, p. 82.

neatly dressed, and now the shining sable face of a slave, might be seen bustling across the windows in the lower part of the house. At an open window of a room in the second story, hanging over some pots of beautiful and delicate flowers—exotics, but which had never known a more genial sunshine than that of the New England autumn—was the figure of a young lady, an exotic, like the flowers, and beautiful and delicate as they. Her presence imparted an indescribable grace and faint witchery to the whole edifice.” *

3. “For she stood at the head of a deep green valley, carved from out the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing around it, eighty feet or a hundred high; from whose brink black wooded hills swept up to the sky-line. By her side a little river glided out from under ground with a soft dark babble, unawares of daylight; then growing brighter, lapsed away, and fell into the valley. There, as it ran down the meadow, alders stood on either marge, and grass was blading out upon it, and yellow tufts of rushes gathered, looking at the hurry. But farther down, on either bank, were covered houses, built of stone, square and roughly cornered, set as if the brook were meant to be the street between them. Only one room high they were, and not placed opposite each other, but in and out, as skittles are; only that the first of all, which proved to be the captain’s, was a sort of double house, or, rather, two houses joined together by a plank-bridge over the river.” †

Is there any sense of confusion in getting the details here? If so, can you trace this to its cause? If not, can you tell why?

* Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. XIII.

† Blackmore: *Lorna Doone*.

4. Ask yourself the same questions in regard to this passage:

“There had been a hesitating fall of snow in the morning, but before noon it had turned to a mild and fitful rain that had finally modified itself into a clinging mist as evening drew near. The heavy snow-storm of the last week in January had left the streets high on both sides with banks that thawed swiftly whenever the sun came out again, the water running from them into the broad gutters, and then freezing hard at night, when the cold wind swept across the city. Now, at nightfall, after a muggy day, a sickening slush had spread itself treacherously over all the crossings. The shop-girls going home had to pick their way cautiously from corner to corner under the iron pillars supporting the station of the elevated railroad. Train followed train overhead, each close on the other’s heels; and clouds of steam swirled down as the engines came to a full stop with a shrill grinding of the brakes. From the skeleton spans of the elevated road moisture dripped on the cable-cars below, as they rumbled along with their bells clanging sharply when they neared the crossings. The atmosphere was thick with a damp haze; and there was a halo about every yellow globe in the windows of the bar-rooms at the four corners of the avenue. More frequent, as the dismal day wore to an end, was the hoarse and lugubrious tooting of the ferryboats in the East River.” *

5. “The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it . . . really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau the old court-painter, one of whose gallant

* Brander Matthews: *Outlines in Local Color*.

pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

“The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow’s nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet, which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces, and reedy flutings, stood out round the fireplace of the children’s rooms. And on the top of the house above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of colored silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighboring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling clouds and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine.”*

What is the dominant impression in this description? Into what separate pictures does the impression resolve

* Pater: *The Child in the House*.

itself? Trace out the parts and their relations in the description, following the analogy of the tree and its branches, suggested on pages 26–27.

6. “. . . The hens, a breed of whom . . . was an immemorial heirloom in the Pyncheon family. . . . All hens are well worth studying for the piquancy and rich variety of their manners; but by no possibility can there have been other fowls of such odd appearance and deportment as these ancestral ones. They probably embodied the traditional peculiarities of their whole line of progenitors, derived through an unbroken succession of eggs. . . .

“Queer, indeed, they looked! Chanticleer himself, though stalking on two stilt-like legs, with the dignity of interminable descent in all his gestures, was hardly bigger than an ordinary partridge; his two wives were about the size of quails; and as for the one chicken, it looked small enough to be still in the egg, and, at the same time, sufficiently old, withered, wizened, and experienced, to have been the founder of an antiquated race. Instead of being the youngest of the family, it rather seemed to have aggravated into itself the ages, not only of these living specimens of the breed, but of all its forefathers and foremothers, whose united excellencies and oddities were squeezed into its little body.”*

How much in this is direct appeal to the senses and how much is not? What is the effect of this proportion?

7. Study the relation and value of the details in the following:

“And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind

* Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. X.

of awe, that we may see it far away: a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. 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, Cleopatra-like, '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—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors 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 ecstacy, 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." *

8. Take up the subjects treated in Lesson IV, 1, and Lesson III, 1-4, and carry out the treatment into considerably more detail.

9. Show the relation of these details to the first impression.

10. Write descriptions on some of the following subjects, treating them in detail. †

- (1) A tree, described so that some one else may be able to recognize it.
- (2) A lake, described to some one who insists that the ocean is the only body of water worth looking at; or to some one who loves wild scenery.
- (3) A hill-top.
- (4) A bend of the river, described to a child.
- (5) A country road, described to an artist. Treat it so that he can tell what month of the year it is.
- (6) A window full of flowers.
- (7) A public park, described to a country boy or to a farmer.

* Ruskin: *The Stones of Venice; St. Mark's Cathedral*, Vol. II.

† The degree of detail reached will depend somewhat on the purpose of the description. Any topic chosen, as well as the audience to which the writing is addressed, should of course be made specific. Nothing could be less stimulating than a subject such as "A Tree," "A Lake."

- (8) A city street: (a) the shopping district on "bargain day"; (b) the Bowery at night; (c) in a hard rain, late at night.
- (9) A church interior, or that of any public building.
- (10) A room interior, to preface the first act of a play.
- (11) A picture. (If a rather simple and little-known subject be chosen, it is interesting to send the descriptions to an artist, and get him to make sketches from a few of them, which can then be compared with the original.)
- (12) A bird, or flower, described for identification by some one else.
- (13) A friend, described to some one who is to meet her at the Grand Central Station.

When the students have written on one of these subjects, let each read a fellow-student's paper and try to give back to him in other language exactly the impression it conveys. On this basis,—that of its effect on its audience,—the writer may then re-work his description.

LESSON VII.

1. "I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. Provincialism has no *scale* of excellence in man or vegetable; it never knows a first-rate article of either kind when it has it, and is constantly taking second and third rate ones for Nature's best. I have often fancied the tree was afraid of me, and that a sort of shiver came over it as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the unknown to whom she has been plighted. Before the measuring tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it

and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon which has strangled so many false pretensions.

"As I rode along the pleasant way, watching eagerly for the object of my journey, the rounded tops of the elms rose from time to time at the roadside. Wherever one looked taller and fuller than the rest, I asked myself,— 'Is this it?' But as I drew nearer, they grew smaller,— or it proved, perhaps, that two standing in a line had looked like one, and so deceived me. At last, all at once, when I was not thinking of it,—I declare to you it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now,—all at once I saw a great green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest-growths, that my heart stopped short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate, and I felt all through me, without need of uttering the words—'This is it!'

"You will find this tree described, with many others, in the excellent Report upon the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts. The author has given my friend the Professor credit for some of his measurements, but measured this tree himself, carefully. It is a grand elm for size of trunk, spread of limbs, and muscular development,—one of the first, perhaps the first, of the first class of New England elms."*

If possible, find such a report as Holmes refers to, and compare its effect with that of his description. Carry forward his description into such detail as it would naturally develop into.

* Holmes: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, X.

2. "Brown pools, very deep, very smooth, and very quiet; pale golden yellow at the shallow side, where not an inch of water covers the smooth pebbles, then darkening as the water deepens through all the shades of gold and brown to something darker and more terrible than mere blackness. Out of this, and all around it, rise gray rocks, almost white now in the dazzling weather. A thin trickling thread of water still creeps on from pool to pool. Its low music is the only sound I hear, except the hum of the wild bee's wings as he flies down the summer stream between its banks of flowers."*

Does the second sentence develop your impression along the lines of the first? What is the source of the difficulty? Rewrite the description so as to reconcile the suggestions involved in "brown pools," etc, "dazzling weather," "gray rocks," "all around it," "the summer stream between its banks of flowers."

3. Determine in the following description what are the most vivid parts, with the reason for this. Re-work the whole, using as much of the material here given as seems available and discarding the rest. Discover your reasons for the changes.

"The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it or lived by its shore; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or

* P. G. Hamerton: *A Painter's Camp*.

outlet except by the clouds and evaporation. The surrounding hills rise abruptly from the water to the height of forty to eighty feet, though on the southeast and east they attain to about one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet respectively, within a quarter and a third of a mile. They are exclusively woodland. All our Concord waters have two colors at least, one when viewed at a distance, and another, more proper, close at hand. The first depends more on the light, and follows the sky. In clear weather, in summer, they appear blue at a little distance, especially if agitated, and at a great distance all appear alike. In stormy weather they are sometimes of a dark slate color. The sea, however, is said to be blue one day and green another without any perceptible change in the atmosphere. I have seen our river when, the landscape being covered with snow, both water and ice were almost as green as grass. Some consider blue 'to be the color of pure water, whether liquid or solid.' But, looking directly down into our waters from a boat, they are seen to be of very different colors. Walden is blue at one time and green at another, even from the same point of view. Lying between the earth and the heavens, it partakes of the color of both. Viewed from a hilltop it reflects the color of the sky, but near at hand it is of a yellowish tint next the shore where you can see the sand, then a light green, which gradually deepens to a uniform dark green in the body of the pond. In some lights, viewed even from a hilltop, it is of a vivid green next the shore. Some have referred this to the reflection of the verdure; but it is equally green there against the railroad sand-bank, and in the spring, before the leaves are expanded, and it may be simply the result of the prevailing blue mixed with the yellow of the sand. Such is the

color of its iris. This is that portion, also, where in the spring, the ice being warmed by the heat of the sun reflected from the bottom, and also transmitted through the earth, melts first and forms a narrow canal about the still frozen middle. Like the rest of our waters, when much agitated, in clear weather, so that the surface of the waves may reflect the sky at the right angle, or because there is more light mixed with it, it appears at a little distance of a darker blue than the sky itself; and at such a time, being on its surface, and looking with divided vision, so as to see the reflection, I have discerned a matchless and indescribable light blue, such as watered or changeable silks and sword blades suggest, more cerulean than the sky itself, alternating with the original dark green on the opposite sides of the waves, which last appeared but muddy in comparison. It is a vitreous greenish blue, as I remember it, like those patches of the winter sky seen through cloud vistas in the west before sundown. Yet a single glass of its water held up to the light is as colorless as an equal quantity of air. It is well known that a large plate of glass will have a green tint, owing, as the makers say, to its 'body,' but a small piece of the same will be colorless. How large a body of Walden water would be required to reflect a green tint I have never proved. The water of our river is black or a very dark brown to one looking directly down on it, and, like that of most ponds, imparts to the body of one bathing in it a yellowish tinge; but this water is of such crystalline purity that the body of the bather appears of an alabaster whiteness, still more unnatural, which, as the limbs are magnified and distorted withal, produces a monstrous effect, making fit studies for a Michael Angelo.

"The water is so transparent that the bottom can easily

be discerned at the depth of twenty-five or thirty feet. Paddling over it, you may see, many feet beneath the surface, the schools of perch and shiners, perhaps only an inch long, yet the former easily distinguished by their transverse bars, and you think that they must be ascetic fish that find a subsistence there. Once, in the winter, many years ago, when I had been cutting holes through the ice in order to catch pickerel, as I stepped ashore I tossed my ax back on to the ice, but, as if some evil genius had directed it, it slid four or five rods directly into one of the holes, where the water was twenty-five feet deep. Out of curiosity, I lay down on the ice and looked through the hole, until I saw the ax a little on one side, standing on its head, with its helve erect and gently swaying to and fro with the pulse of the pond; and there it might have stood erect and swaying till in the course of time the handle rotted off, if I had not disturbed it. Making another hole directly over it with an ice chisel which I had, and cutting down the longest birch which I could find in the neighborhood with my knife, I made a slip-noose, which I attached to its end, and, letting it down carefully, passed it over the knob of the handle, and drew it by a line along the birch, and so pulled the ax out again.

"The shore's composed of a belt of smooth rounded white stones like paving stones, excepting one or two short sand beaches, and is so steep that in many places a single leap will carry you into water over your head; and were it not for its remarkable transparency, that would be the last to be seen of its bottom till it rose on the opposite side. Some think it is bottomless. It is nowhere muddy, and a casual observer would say that there were no weeds at all in it; and of noticeable plants, except in the little

meadows recently overflowed, which do not properly belong to it, a closer scrutiny does not detect a flag nor a bulrush, nor even a lily, yellow or white, but only a few small heart-leaves and potamogetons, and perhaps a water-target or two; all which, however, a bather might not perceive; and these plants are clean and bright like the element they grow in. The stones extend a rod or two into the water, and then the bottom is pure sand, except in the deepest parts, where there is usually a little sediment, probably from the decay of the leaves which have been wafted on to it so many successive falls, and a bright green weed is brought up on anchors even in mid-winter." *

4. Determine the sources of weakness in the following, and re-work the passage.

"I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of outpost, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defense. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weather-cock." †

* Thoreau: *Walden; The Ponds*.

† Irving: *The Sketch Book; Stratford-on-Avon*.

5. "Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but, being contrived 'a double debt to pay,' it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room, make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers in the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *a parte ante*, and *a parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table." *

Is the device of the "painter" helpful? The author says elsewhere that it is a winter night; is this suggestion followed up in the description? If the painter set at his task, would he know what colors to use? Is there any color in the description? Re-work the description, making such changes and additions as seem needed.

6. Write a description of a cozy library or study, seen in the evening, developing considerable detail.

* De Quincey: *Confessions*, III.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION IN ITS RELATION TO EXPOSITION.

DESCRIPTION, we have seen, aims to take the place of actual sense-experience; it is a substitute for the eye, for the ear, for the finger-tips. Its purpose is to present things as they appear to us. But the single and immediate perceptions of eye and ear and finger-tips are only the first stage of experience, not its last. Gradually, through the exercise of our reasoning powers, we come to clearer and fuller realization of the meaning of these sense-perceptions and so arrive at convictions respecting the real nature of the world around us.

When, therefore, we share these convictions with others, we feel that we are not merely describing the object, but expounding it; but in thus trying to give a fuller and deeper sense of the reality than at first belonged to our impressions, we shall naturally resort to those impressions as being the channels of appeal through which we have ourselves been approached. It is natural, too, that appeal through these channels should be more successful than any other. Suppose, for example, that we have, through processes of reasoning too involved for complete analysis, arrived at a conviction in regard to the character of an acquaintance. He is, we think, slovenly, dishonest, and,

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in short, undesirable as a companion. We may, of course, express ourselves in this way,* but it may, on the other hand, be more effective if instead of giving our hearer simply the final result, we give him some of the external experience through which we arrived at this result, —if we sketch the appearance of the person, his dress, his manner, his expression, a chance phrase or gesture which we think significant. The result is likely to be a more vivid notion of character on the part of our hearer than if we had carefully named the qualities in that character as we conceive it.

This employment of description as a means of interpretation or exposition is, perhaps, more frequent than the use of it as an end in itself. It is especially valuable in the exposition of character, because all our convictions regarding the character of others are gained through observation of its external manifestations in appearance, manner, voice, conversation, etc., and so we can usually convey them to others most effectively if we do so by means of these same external manifestations.

This is the essence of true portrait-painting, which is in principle nothing but interpretative, that is, expository description, the description being done directly, in color, instead of indirectly, in words; and the difference between the "speaking likeness" and the "wooden" or "lifeless" one depends merely upon the power of the artist to select for presentation those elements in the face which are really most influential in giving rise to our conception of the person's character.

For an appreciation of genuine portrait-painting, Mr. Morley's comment on a Rousseau portrait is worth citing:

* Cf. under definition pp. 156 ff. and revert to the Brutus and Antony speeches, cf. p. 8.

"There is in an English collection a portrait of Jean Jacques, which was painted during his residence in this country by a provincial artist, and which, singular and displeasing as it is, yet lights up for us many a word and passage in Rousseau's life here and elsewhere, which the ordinary engravings, and the trim self-complacency of the statue on the little island at Geneva, would leave very incomprehensible. It is almost as appalling in its realism as some of the dark pits that open before the reader of the *Confessions*. Hard struggles with objective difficulty and external obstacle wear deep furrows in the brow, and throw into the glance a solicitude, half penetrating and defiant, half dejected. When a man's hindrances have sprung up from within, and the ill-fought battle of his days has been with his own passions and morbid broodings and unchastened dreams, the eye and the facial lines that stamp character tell the story of that profound moral defeat, which is unlighted by the memories of resolute combat with evil and weakness, and leaves only external desolation and the misery that is formless. Our English artist has produced a vision from that prose *Inferno* which is made so populous in the modern epoch by impotence of will; and those who have seen the picture may easily understand how largely the character of the original, at the time when it was painted, must have been pregnant with harrassing confusion and distress." *

The passage illustrates, too, how easy is the transition, for interpretative purposes, from the medium of color to the medium of words. The unknown painter interpreted Rousseau by his discriminative portrayal of "the eye and the facial lines that stamp character." The biographer

* John Morley : *Rousseau*, Vol. II, p. 282.

simply interprets this interpretation, that none may miss its significance.

What Mr. Morley has done for this portrait, Carlyle has done for the portrait of Dante:

"To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it, the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante. I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent scornful one, the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing; as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest and life-long unsundering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation;—an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, why the world was of such a sort! This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.' " *

Note the phrase near the end, "This is Dante." It is an indication of the writer's sense that he is here dealing

* Carlyle: *Heroes and Hero-worship; The Hero as Poet*.

not with appearance, but with reality,—or rather, that appearance, rightly interpreted, is reality,—and of his feeling, when he finished portraying the face, that he had portrayed the man himself.

In both these passages the writer is dealing with a portrait, and we have, therefore, an exposition of an exposition. That the process is essentially the same as if he had dealt directly with the original, will be evident from the following passage where such is actually the case:

‘The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his ‘object’ and ‘subject,’ terms of continual recurrence in the Kantian province; and how he sang and snuffled them into ‘om-m-mject’ and ‘sum-m-

mject,’ with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.” *

Here Carlyle, in dealing with the poet whose friend he had been, does exactly what he did in dealing with the poet of centuries ago; in the latter case he dealt with a face whose features were furnished him through the interpreting brush of the Florentine artist; in the former case, it was his own interpreting eye on which he relied. Not, however, the eye alone; for here the wealth of his experience gave him a range of appeal from which in dealing with Dante he was cut off, and the whole passage is a fine instance of the manifold devices to which one may resort in presenting “the man himself.” We get not merely the face but the full-length figure, and this not in repose alone, but in characteristic activity. Characteristic habits, tricks of gesture and manner, quality and intonation of voice, are all used to serve this final end, the presentation of the man’s self.

Clearly, there is no reason why the expositor should stop here at features and gesture and tone of voice. He may widen his field, and in the constantly maintained purpose of presenting the real thing, “the man himself,” he may call in the aid of all the man’s words, his habits, his tastes, his manners; he may touch upon his life-history or treat it in full; he may examine his writings. His exposition may thus gain in completeness and elaboration, but it is essentially all work of the same kind.

Thus Green’s exposition of the character of Queen Elizabeth † is an instance of wonderfully successful exposition, and all the more interesting because the reader can,

* Carlyle: *Life of Sterling*.

† Cited on pp. 115-130.

if he will, go to the historian's sources and see how he has converted description and chronicle-narrative into exposition by the interpretative activity of his mind. His material he found in the records of Elizabeth's state acts, in her written words, in the careless report of her spoken phrases, or of her gestures, of her manners, her preferences, her influence on others, and so on. Each thing taken alone is comparatively meaningless; as used by Green it becomes instinct with meaning and no one who has once attentively read the passage can ever get away from the impression of character there conveyed.

Similarly when Carlyle wrote his lecture on Mahomet, his object was to interpret to his hearers the character of the man, to make them see him as Carlyle believed him really to have been. And as Green gathered up material from chronicle and state paper and contemporary gossip, and made it yield its meaning, so Carlyle gathered up the vague and seemingly conflicting testimony of tradition and unified it by a clear line of interpretation so that it took its proper place in his exposition of the hero-soul. Having less to work from than Green, he has of necessity resorted to different devices to attain his end. Where Green explains as well as sets forth the incongruities in Elizabeth's character by tracing her descent, Carlyle has to interpret the nature of his prophet in the light of general race-features and tribal conditions. But the underlying method is the same, as the purpose is the same.

In Pater's *Leonardo da Vinci*,* the end is the portrayal of Leonardo the artist, but artist is taken in a wide sense, to imply, not merely a painter, but a lover of art in all its aspects, and of all knowledge as it affects art. Hence

* Pater: *The Renaissance*.

the means employed are even more various than in these other instances. Use is made of the tradition as to Leonardo's early life, of his personal appearance and manners, his friends, his position, his influence on them. Then his actual art-work is considered, as throwing light on the artist himself; his studies and fantastic designs, his caricatures, his finished paintings. It is in this connection that his *Mona Lisa* is discussed—a discussion which, taken by itself, is simply an interpretation of the idea embodied in a work of art, but taken in its context has yet another use as showing what were the underlying ideals and purposes of the artist.

Thus we see that our impressions of the tangible world may have different values for us and we may in communicating them to others have different purposes. We may want to convey simply our immediate sense-impression, or we may want to convey our sense of the meaning of the impression, our conviction as to the nature of the thing perceived. Not that any antithesis is assumed between appearance and reality. Appearance rightly understood is reality. But because this right understanding does not always inhere in the immediate sense-impressions, because the reality is implicit rather than explicit in their sensuous appeal, the record of this appeal, where its full significance has been perceived, ought to be so made as to carry this significance with it. When the description subserves such an interpretative purpose, we call it expository, since it has ceased to be a final end and has become a means. But there is naturally no definite boundary to be fixed between the one and the other kind of thing, and we may often be in doubt how to class a given bit of writing. Thus the Ruskin description of St. Mark's* is perhaps not

* Cf. pp. 23-24.

merely description, though we have classed it as such. All its phrases do, indeed, appeal to the senses, but the sum of their appeal is not to the senses merely; for as we read we begin to perceive a meaning in this sense appeal, we begin to share a little of Ruskin's sense of an inherent idea embodied in sensuous expression. If we do feel this, and just so far as we do, the description has proved itself to be interpretative, that is, expository.

Since, then, we cannot rightly distinguish between description and exposition, we shall not expect to find any real difference in method. We saw that in description the order was a development from the general to the specific; that the first impression contained a germ of the final one so that the detailed perceptions grew out of the general, as the plant, to its slenderest ramifications, develops from the seed, always keeping its wholeness, even in its most delicate complexity. The same is true of expository writing. Of course, where it resorts wholly to description, the laws of description hold good, and the interpretation is simply implicit, in the selective emphasis of these descriptions. Where the interpretation is more explicit, the first "general impression" will be one not of sense, but of thought, but the principle is the same. Thus Mr. Burroughs got from the cardinal-flower an impression whose chief constituent was a sense of redness. Carlyle got from the picture of Dante an impression whose chief constituent was a sense of spiritual sensitiveness perverted into hardness. The one impression is immediately sensuous, the other is not. With this difference, however, the development of the impression is fundamentally the same in each case. In the second case the two elements of the impression, approximately suggested by the terms "sensitiveness" and "hardness," are each followed out into

the elements that compose them, with an occasional reference to some physical trait of the face from which the impression sprang. The following diagram (fig. 2, page 66) may crudely illustrate the process, though no diagram can properly represent it. Similarly, in the passage descriptive of Coleridge, we have a growth from the general to the detailed, as is roughly shown in the diagram on page 67.

So far we have considered expository writing as it deals with one broad field of subjects—those having to do with the character of men. In this field there appears to be larger opportunity for it than in the lower orders of nature. It may be partly because of our scanty knowledge that the latter seem more simple and external, or it may be that their complexity is really nearer the surface and so more easily mastered by the senses; but we certainly feel that pure description is able to deal more adequately with "nature" than with man; that when we try adequately to portray the passing of rain over a lake we make a less profound appeal to the interpretative activities of the senses than when we try to portray the passing of an expression over a face.

There is, however, another field for interpretative description, though one intimately connected with man—the field, namely, of man's activity in art. In endeavoring to convey an adequate notion of a picture or a statue, we have somewhat the same feeling as in regard to a face—that there is need not of description merely, but of interpretation. There is, however, this difference, that in the picture there is the element of artistic purpose, not found in the face. The artist looks at the world around him and seeing it in a certain way, he fashions his artistic embodiment of it so as to express his way of seeing; he looks at things, that is, with an interpreting eye and his

FIG. 2.

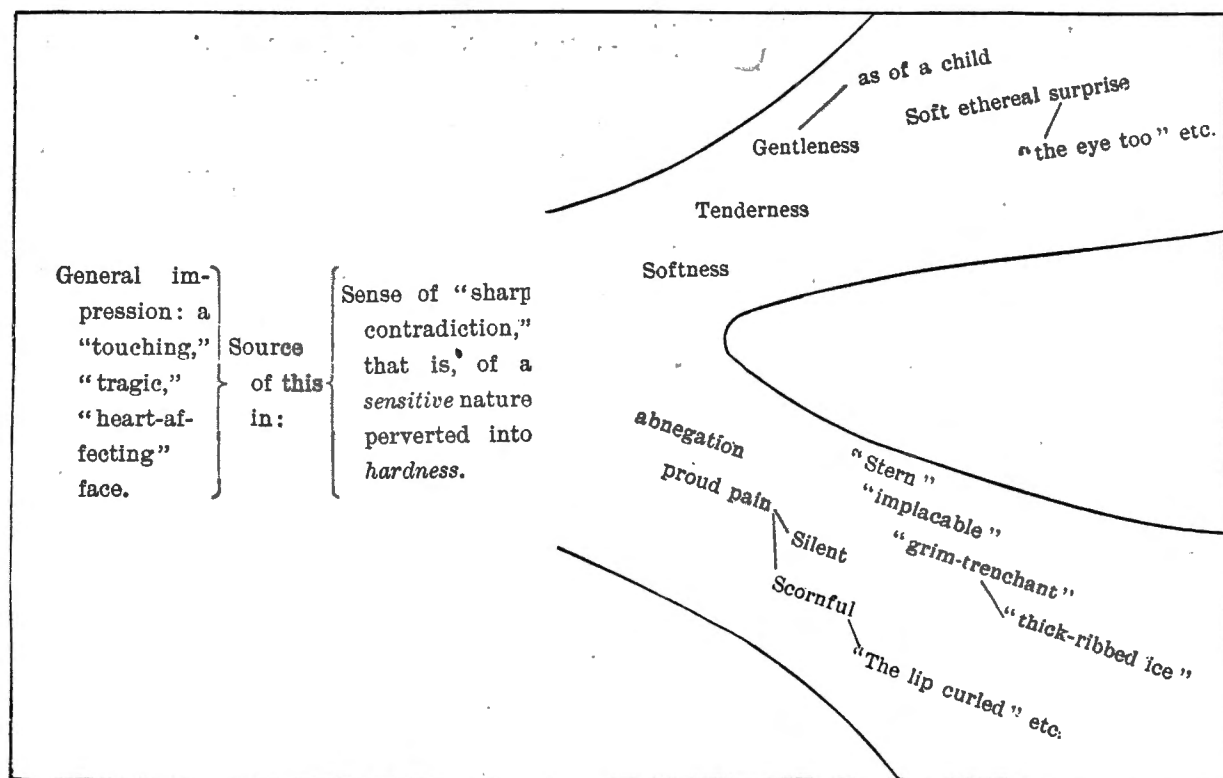
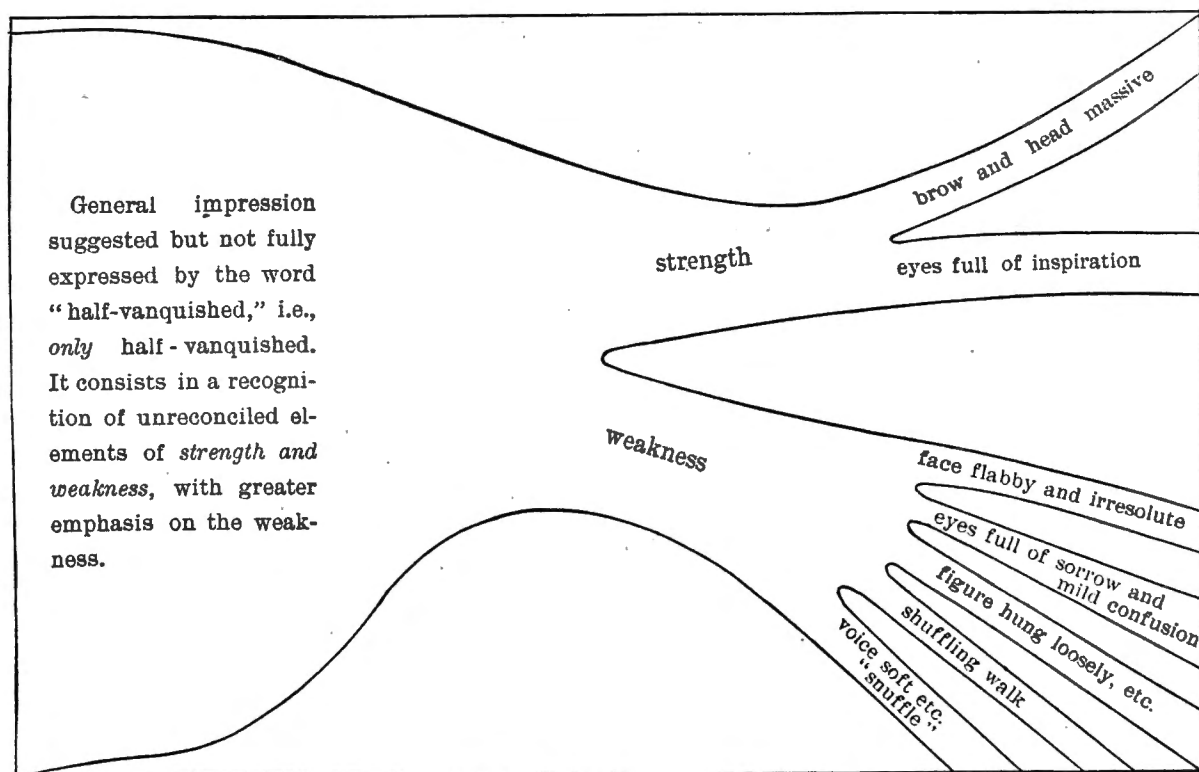


FIG. 3.



work, consciously or unconsciously to himself, embodies his interpretation. And so as we stand before a true work of art—say, a painting—we feel that it has, as the phrase goes, “a meaning”; that is, we are, at first rather vaguely, conscious that the painted scene somehow means more to us than the real scene would have meant. This is what Ruskin means when he says: “Although, to the small, conceited, and affected painter displaying his narrow knowledge and tiny dexterities, our only word may be, ‘Stand aside from between that nature and me,’ yet to the great imaginative painter—greater a million times in every faculty of soul than we—our word may wisely be, ‘Come between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me; temper it for me, interpret it to me; let me see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have help and strength from your great spirit.’” *

Gradually his vague sense develops into a consciousness of just what the meaning of the picture is, how the original has been interpreted. If we try to express this to some one else, we shall be expounding the picture just as the picture is expounding its subject in nature. We are dealing with something which is itself interpretative and are only recognizing or emphasizing, by our appreciations, the interpretation already implicit in our subject. This double process, the interpretation of nature by the picture and of the picture by the “appreciator,” as Pater might have called himself, is illustrated by this passage from one of his essays: “In an actual landscape we see a long white road, lost suddenly on the hill-verge. That is the matter of one of the etchings of Mr. Legros; only,

* *Modern Painters*, Part III, Chap. X.

in this etching, it is informed by an indwelling solemnity of expression, seen upon it or half-seen, within the limits of an exceptional moment; or caught from his own mood, perhaps, but which he maintains as the very essence of the thing, throughout his work.” * How the interpretative work of the portrait-painter may in its turn be followed by the appreciative pen of the writer, we have seen in the case of Rousseau and Dante. For examples of art-exposition—or, as it is oftener and less happily called, art-criticism—we need only turn to the writings of Ruskin and Pater. One citation may suffice, as exemplifying the treatment of a very different subject from those just taken up; it is Ruskin’s interpretation of Botticelli’s *Fortitude*:

“But Botticelli’s *Fortitude* is no match, it may be, for any that are coming. Worn, somewhat; and not a little weary, instead of standing ready for all comers, she is sitting,—apparently in reverie, her fingers playing restlessly and idly,—nay, I think—even nervously, about the hilt of her sword.

“For her battle is not to begin to-day; nor did it begin yesterday. Many a morn and eve have passed since it began—and now—is this to be the ending day of it? And if this—by what manner of end?

“This is what Sandro’s *Fortitude* is thinking, and the playing fingers about the sword-hilt would fain let it fall, if it might be: and yet, how swiftly and gladly will they close on it, when the far-off trumpet blows, which she will hear through all her reverie!” †

Note here the way in which the writer, following the painter, makes the physical fact of attitude, of gesture,

* *The Renaissance*, p. 141.

† *Mornings in Florence*; *The Third Morning*.

hold in itself spiritual significance. It is virtually the same process as that in Carlyle's exposition of Coleridge.

In thus dealing with works of art, however, we must of course carefully guard against seeming to dis sever the art-form from the content, to dissociate the sensuous expression from the meaning. For the ideal of art, as Pater especially is always emphasizing, consists in the attainment of complete identity between its sensuous appeal and its appeal to the "imaginative reason,"* and though, perhaps, the two things are intellectually separable, their actual union is the thing to be always recognized; the treatment of a picture which first describes it, and then proceeds to explain its meaning as something quite separable from it, is in most cases the farthest possible from a truly appreciative treatment.

Such identity in the means of appeal is, indeed, not always reached in painting, and we find it ranging from frankly allegorical work, involving as nearly as may be a severance of form and content, to symbolism so subtle as to be really inseparable from the form of its expression, or a naturalism whose interpretative element is even more inextricably bound up in its imitative. Of the first order, the paintings of Fra Angelico and sometimes of Giotto may serve as examples; of the second, those of Leonardo da Vinci, impressing us as almost overweighted with their non-sensuous content which is yet inseparable from its sensuous embodiment,—“symbolical inventions in which the ostensible subject is used, not as a matter for definite pictorial realization, but as the starting-point of a train of sentiment as subtle and vague as a piece of music,”†—and of the last, in different ways, the work of

* Cf. Pater: *The Renaissance; The School of Giorgione*.

† Pater: *The Renaissance*, p. 123.

Titian, of Raphael (when he is not forcedly allegorical), of Michelangelo, etc.

The expository comment on art will naturally vary in somewhat the same way. Ruskin's expositions of the naïve, semi-allegorical painters, itself shows a tendency to set off form from content, whereas Pater's appreciation of the Renaissance art shows an interpretation of the sensuous by the "imaginative reason." Art-criticism will follow its subject, and keeping as its aim "the seeing of the thing as in itself it really is," it will simply see what is there to be seen, and try to make others see the same.

In its interpretative character, painting is not alone among the arts. Poetry has, at least since Arnold, been accorded rather special recognition as the interpreter of life,—as a "criticism of life":*

"The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and of our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us, as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects."† It is in connection with Maurice de Guérin that Arnold writes this, and the writings of Guérin himself do indeed justify it; his descriptions—or more properly, expositions—of natural scenery are like Pater's in a certain rare union of the sensuous with the interpretative that recalls the work of great landscape-painters. If we turn to another field, we find in Shakespeare's plays an illustration of the interpretation of human character through

* Cf. Arnold: *The Study of Poetry*.

† Arnold: *Maurice de Guérin*.

action, while in their treatment of nature they have that illuminating power which Arnold calls "natural magic."*

When we try to interpret poetry, then, we are trying to make others feel its full value, and as in the case of painting, we shall do this by conveying to others the whole effect of the poem on us,—the images it suggests, the mood it induces, the perceptions we have gained through it of relations in things not before understood.

In the following citations these are the means used:—De Quincey, vaguely conscious of a certain effect produced upon him by the knocking on the gate in *Macbeth*, institutes an inquiry into the source of this effect, and by the very inquiry makes more clear just what the nature of his feeling was, while the discussion also brings us to a clearer perception of the significance of this passage in the play. Dr. Furness, in showing why much of Shakespeare's poetry cannot be perfectly translated, investigates the sources of this untranslatable effect in the fullness of suggestive meaning possessed by the words and the metre. Such comment interprets the lines in the same way that we may interpret the work of a painter by examining its characteristic traits of color and form. Again, Mrs. Oliphant interprets Coleridge's mystical poem by giving us in series the pictures that arise in her mind as she reads, with the mood, the perception of new meanings in things, that accompanies these pictures.

(1)

‘ Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

Making the green one red.

MACBETH, Act 2, Scene 1.

* Maurice de Guérin.

“ From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. . . .

“ In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has since been done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, ‘ There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of.’ But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered, that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs), the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete), did actually occur, which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then,

was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem; at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct, which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree), amongst all living creatures; this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace.' But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion,—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred,—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

"In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Mac-

both the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to expound 'the deep damnation of his taking off,' this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, that is, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man,—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis, on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man,—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at

no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us

profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them." *

(2) "A fairer test of translation is to be found in lines where words have a peculiar signification and an inherent charm to English ears, without which the whole passage is naught, and where, if a single word be changed, the spell is snapped, just as the fractured point of a Prince Rupert's tear reduces the crystal globule to sand. For instance, take those lines which Iago utters as he sees Othello approaching after the first administration of the 'poisonous mineral.'

" 'Look where he comes: not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owd'st yesterday.'

"It seems sheer impertinence to attempt to point out to English readers any especial charm where every phrase is full of beauty, but for my present purpose I must be pardoned for calling attention to three words here. Is there any other word in the English tongue that can be substituted for 'drowsy'? *Sleepy* certainly cannot. There is no resistance in *sleepy*. For sleep one composes his limbs, and repose is wooed. *Narcotic* is worse, it has a repulsive odor; and *soporific* is pedantic. But in 'drowsy' there is half-wakefulness, utter weariness, and nodding resistance to the potent drug. Thus, also, 'syrup,' which is not *juice*, or *poison*, or *essence*, or *extract*, nor anything but that heavy liquid sweetness whose very sluggishness suggests its power in reserve, whose inertness by contrast renders its essence more quick, and it is redolent of its home in the East. Lastly

* De Quincey: *Essays in Literary Criticism; On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*, Works, Vol. IV.

comes 'medicine,' with its suggestion of illness, and disease, and restoration. Of course all the other words in these lines are exquisitely chosen, but then they are such as can be transferred readily from one language to another. The vague sonorousness of 'mandragora' speaks quite as powerfully, it may be supposed, to French or German or Italian ears as to ours. But the three words which I have specified, 'drowsy,' 'syrup,' and 'medicine,' must be felt, or the translation falls short; it may be through the fault of the translator or through the deficiency of his mother tongue.

"Furthermore, in examining the following translations, another question suggests itself,—a question which I have never been able to answer satisfactorily. Should a translation of poetry be in prose or rhythm? In the prose translations which follow, the suggestions of the original are reproduced somewhat more completely than in those in rhythm. But, alack the day, what does the passage amount to without the exquisite cadence of 'Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world?' which seems, in its undulation merely, to suggest the quiet 'unfurling' of twilight and the solemn tolling of the curfew. 'In every language,' said Southey, 'there is a magic of words as untranslatable as the *sesame* in the Arabian tale,—you may retain the meaning, but if the words be changed the spell is lost.' Of course, this is true in German. Not while the world lasts will Gretchen's song be translated:

" 'Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer.' " *

The only possible exception to be taken is to the quotation from Southey: "You may retain the meaning,

* H. H. Furness: *Variorum Shakespeare; Othello*, pp. 453-4.

but if the words be changed, the spell is lost." For Dr. Furness' whole masterly appreciation goes to show that when the "spell" is lost, a part of the meaning is lost too.

(3) "The life of every day is going on gaily, the wedding guests are close to the festal doors, when Mystery and Wonder suddenly interpose in the way, shutting out everything else around. The sounds of the other existence are heard through them, and even by glimpses that life is visible—the merry minstrels 'nodding their heads,' the bride in her blushes—but the unwilling listener has entered into the shadow, and the unseen has got hold of him. It is a parable, not only of the ship and the albatross (which is hard of interpretation), but of mankind, a stranger upon earth, 'moving about in worlds not realized,' always subject to be seized upon by powers unknown to which he is of kin, though he understands them not. 'There is more of the invisible than the visible in the world, *plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate*,' is the poet's motto, and with a great splendor and force of imagination he enforces his text. 'There was a ship,' quoth he,—and the weird vessel glides before the unwilling listener's eyes, so that he can see nothing else. It comes between him and the feast, between him and those figures of his friends which flit like ghosts out of every door. Which is the real, and which the vision? The mind grows giddy, and ceases to be able to judge; and while everything tangible disappears, the unseen sweeps triumphantly in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable, than anything that eye can see.

"This was what Coleridge meant when, seated on the breezy hillside with shadow and sunshine pursuing each

other over the broad country at his feet, he took in hand to add to the common volume a poem which should deal with the supernatural and invisible 'so as to transfer from our outward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of the imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.' We might even find a further symbolism in the scene, within which this tale of mystery and fate came into being, and the circumstances which have framed, in a lovely picture of greenness and summer beauty, indulgent skies and youthful happiness, one of the gravest, profoundest, and most lofty utterances of poetry—a song which was 'chanted with happy heart,' with pleasant breaks of laughter and eager discussion, with glad gazings upon sun and shadow, with many a playful interruption and criticism—out of the heart of as sad a life as ever enacted itself in tragic pain and darkness before the eyes of men.

"Nor was the story of the Mariner itself unworthy of its aim, or of the wonderful wealth of poetic resource poured forth upon it. When the struggle between the actual and the invisible is over, and the Mariner is triumphant, what a stillness as of the great deep falls upon the strain! The sun comes up out of the sea, and goes down into it—grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the boundless, noiseless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and almost impressive reality; all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm, and the mist, and the snow, the flitting vision of the albatross, the specter vessel against the sunset, the voices of the spirits, all derive their importance from that one center of human

life, driven before the tyrannous wind or held at the pleasure of the still more terrible calm, yet the only thing that gives meaning to either. The one man who is the chronicler of all, and to whose fate everything refers, is never withdrawn from our attention for a moment. He is, as it were, the epitome of humankind, the emblem of the sinner and sufferer, shut up within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sere. The awful trance of silence in which his being is involved,—a silence of awe and pain, yet of a dumb, enduring, unconquerable force,—descends upon us and takes possession of our spirits also; no loud bassoon, no festal procession, can break the charm of that intense yet passive consciousness. We grow silent with him, 'with throat unslaked, with black lips baked,' in a sympathy which is the very climax of poetic pain. And then what touches of tenderness are those that surprise us in this numbness and trance of awful solitude—

" 'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love rushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware'—

or this other which comes after the horror of the reanimated bodies, the ghastly crew of the dead-alive:—

" 'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.
Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun:
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.
Sometimes a-dropping from the sky

I heard the sky-lark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!
 And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 Which makes the heavens be mute.'

"When the tale has reached the height of mystery and emotion, a change ensues; gradually the greater spell is removed, the spirits depart, the strain softens—with a weird yet gentle progress the ship comes 'slowly and smoothly,' without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As the voyage approaches its conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities appear once more. There is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, 'like a meadow gale in spring,' then the blessed vision of the lighthouse-top, the hill, the kirk, all those well-known realities which gradually relieve the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favor his slow return to ordinary daylight. And then comes the ineffable half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralizings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. After all, the poet seems to say, after this weird excursion into the very deepest, awful heart of the seas and mysteries, here is your child's moral, a tender little half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven:—

" 'He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.'

"This unexpected gentle conclusion brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of

relief and soft quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement which is like nothing else we can remember in poetry. The effect is one rarely produced, and which few poets have the strength and daring to accomplish, sinking from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. The visionary voyage is over, we are back again on the mortal soil from which we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and invisible bear to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have passed the borders of the unseen."*

The interpretative character of music involves more difficulty than that of poetry or painting, because of the very identity of expression and content which is more nearly attained here than in any other art. Pater recognizes this:

"It is the art of music which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other."†

For this reason the exposition of music through the medium of words is more difficult and less satisfactory than that of any other art. We sometimes feel that it is impossible to interpret music at all except by playing it. Certain classes of music do indeed lend themselves more readily to verbal interpretation by virtue of a pictorial quality in them. Thus Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*

* Mrs. Oliphant: *Literary History of England*, Vol. I, pp. 296-301.

† Pater: *The Renaissance; The School of Giorgione*.

(the Sixth) is suggestive of country scenes, and these suggestions may be followed out by the listener; Raff's *Leonore Suite* is similarly suggestive of incidents as well as scenes; Schubert's *Erlkönig* is made yet more explicit by the words that accompany it. But though much music is visually suggestive, its characteristic appeal is not visual, and music embodies not scenes, nor incidents, but—so far as it embodies anything—moods; it is more nearly than any other art a direct expression of human will or human emotion. And what gives greatness to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* is not that it imitates bird-notes and a rain-storm somewhat successfully, but that it expresses the mood of a person amid such surroundings, a distinction upon which Beethoven himself expressly insisted; the greatness of Schubert's *Erlkönig* is in its embodiment of the moods of father and child; while most music-lovers will agree that Beethoven's *Leonore* overtures are greater than Raff's suite partly because they have not descended to the mere imitation of the externals in the situations, the departing soldiers, the return, the midnight ride, etc., but have seized and expressed the central moods of the situation. The feeling that music can express mood, or will, so much more directly than any other medium, is apt to be accompanied by a sense of the futility of trying to interpret it by any other means than its own. It was for this reason that Schopenhauer set it apart from the other arts, as being "the copy of the will itself," and this thought underlies Browning's *Abt Vogler*:

"All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth. . . .

But this is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!"

But the same poem, nevertheless, uses every means possible to words, in portraying the music Abt Vogler is playing. First visual images are used—it is likened to a beautiful building, upreared by the slaves of his magic power, there is a suggestion of swift movement and of flashing light; then strange visions of earth and air are conjured up; then the spiritual "atmosphere" with its unearthly intense serenity; and the whole poem is an exposition of the effect upon the musician himself.

By such means as these it is possible to interpret even music. We may resort to such visual images as are suggested by it, or we may try to catch its "mood"; its spiritual tone; we may frankly record its effect upon us, or we may try through more direct sensuous descriptions of the music, its pitch, quality, rhythm, to make clear its significance. Any of these means are legitimate so long as their value is not overestimated. The danger is that we may, for example, come to think of music as only a translation of a picture, from which the retranslation can be easily made,—that after comparing Schumann's *In der Nacht* to the moon in the clouds, we may deem his work a music-picture of the moon in the clouds, instead of recognizing that our pictured scene only symbolizes certain alternations of struggle and peace which are also expressed, and more perfectly, in the music.

The following passage, visual though its appeal directly is, is quite free from such error:

"Schumann's *In der Nacht* used to summon up before my imagination the picture of the moon struggling through the clouds on a windy night—emerging and disappearing by turns; then for a while reigning 'apparent queen' amid white fleecy clouds, which are not sufficient to intercept its light. During two moments even this

silken veil is withdrawn, only to be succeeded by a bank of black clouds, for a long time impenetrable, at last penetrated at intervals a little more irregular and with a brightness a little wilder and more meteoric than before; finally, the light is put out and quenched by the storm.

"I learnt some years afterward that Schumann also associated this piece with a picture, the idea of which occurred to him after he had written the entire set of *Fantasiestücke* to which it belongs. It was a picture portraying the story of Hero and Leander; his picture is not incompatible with mine. In his the clouds correspond to the waves, the moon to a swimmer, buried and stifled in their troughs or flashing and calling from their crests. Where the moon triumphs in my story, in his there is a love-scene on the shore, accompanied by the distant-rippling of the waves; it seems almost as though

" 'The billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day.'

But, no; there comes the plunge back into waves blacker than before, tossing to and fro—cries from the swimmer and from the shore—and, finally, 'night wraps up everything.' The music can be rendered after the manner of Max Müller either into a lunar myth or into a Greek legend. What the moon does, and what the Greek hero did in the story, are to a great extent the same; and music interprets that important element or attribute which is common to both."*

One more example, from Amiel, may be given space:

"His quartett [Mozart, D minor] describes a day in one of those Attic souls who prefigure on earth the serenity of Elysium. The first scene is a pleasant conver-

* Bosanquet: *History of Aesthetic*, Appendix II.

sation, like that of Socrates on the banks of the Ilissus; its chief mark is an exquisite urbanity. The second scene is deeply pathetic. A cloud has risen in the blue of this Greek heaven. A storm such as life inevitably brings with it . . . has come to trouble the original harmony. The andante is a scene of reproach and complaint, but as between immortals. What loftiness in complaint, what dignity, what feeling, what noble sweetness in reproach! The voice trembles and grows graver, but remains affectionate and dignified. Then,—the storm has passed, the sun has come back, the explanation has taken place, peace is re-established. The third scene paints the brightness of reconciliation. Love, in its restored confidence, and as though in sly self-testing, permits itself even gentle mocking and friendly badinage. And the finale brings us back to that tempered gaiety and happy serenity, that supreme freedom, flower of the inner life, which is the leading motive of the whole composition.

"In Beethoven's, [C major quartett] on the other hand, a spirit of tragic irony paints for you the mad tumult of existence as it dances forever above the threatening abyss of the infinite. No more unity, no more satisfaction, no more serenity. . . . Life triumphs at last, but the victory is not final, and through all the intoxication of it there is a certain note of terror and bewilderment."*

LESSON VIII.

1. Describe a sleeping-room or study.
2. Describe the same room so as to bring out the character of its occupant.

You are asked by common friends to visit a Freshman.

* Amiel: *Journal*, 17 December, 1856.

You call, he is out, but you have a moment to look at his room and get an impression of his character, etc.

3. Turn to Lesson VI, 10 (10); rewrite the description to make it interpretative of the occupant's character.

4. Describe a kitchen, to show the character of the cook; or a workshop or a student's "den," to show the owner's character.

5. Describe a boy's or girl's desk, book-shelves, toolbox, lead pencils, to characterize the owner.

6. Describe a sitting-room, as indicative of the family traits; a nursery; a hat-rack; a row of the family's old shoes; a pictures in the parlor.

7. Describe a church so as to characterize its congregation; a country store so as to suggest the traits of the community.

8. "The rain was still falling, sweeping down from the half-seen hills, wreathing the wooded peaks with a gray garment of mist, and filling the valley with a whitish cloud.

"It fell around the house drearily. It ran down into the tubs placed to catch it, dripped from the mossy pump, and drummed on the upturned milk-pails, and upon the brown and yellow beehives under the maple-trees. The chickens seemed depressed, but the irrepressible bluejay screamed amid it all, with the same insolent spirit, his plumage untarnished by the wet. The barnyard showed a horrible mixture of mud and mire, through which Howard caught glimpses of the men, slumping to and fro without more additional protection than a ragged coat and a shapeless felt-hat.

"In the sitting-room where his mother sat sewing there was not an ornament, save the etching he had brought. The clock stood on a small shelf, its dial so much defaced

that one could not tell the time of day; and when it struck, it was with noticeably disproportionate deliberation, as if it wished to correct any mistake into which the family might have fallen by reason of its illegible dial.

"The paper on the walls showed the first concession of the Puritans to the Spirit of Beauty, and was made up of a heterogeneous mixture of flowers of unheard-of shapes and colors, arranged in four different ways along the wall. There were no books, no music, and only a few newspapers in sight—a bare, blank, cold, drab-colored shelter from the rain, not a home. Nothing cozy, nothing heart-warming; a grim and horrible shed."*

How is the second paragraph unified in its appeal to the senses as well as to the thought?

From the whole description construct the character of the family, or that of the member whose influence was dominant in it. Trace the source of your impressions.

9. From the following account of his room what idea do you get of Sebastian himself? Note the main elements in your impression, and trace their source in the description. If you wish to test your own interpretation further, read the rest of the "portrait."

"His preference in the matter of art was, therefore, for those prospects *a vol d'oiseau*—of the caged bird on the wing at last—of which Rubens had the secret, and still more Philip de Koninck, four of whose choicest works occupied the four walls of his chamber; visionary escapes, north, south, east, and west, into a wide-open, though, it must be confessed, a somewhat sullen land. For the fourth of them he had exchanged with his mother a marvelously vivid Metsu, lately bequeathed to him, in

* Hamlin Garland: *Main Travelled Roads*.

which she herself was presented. They were the sole ornaments he permitted himself. From the midst of the busy and busy-looking house, crowded with the furniture and pretty little toys of many generations, a long passage led the rare visitor up a winding staircase, and (again at the end of a long passage) he found himself as if shut off from the whole talkative Dutch world, and in the embrace of that wonderful quiet which is also possible in Holland at its height all around him. It was here that Sebastian could yield himself, with the only sort of love he had ever felt, to the supremacy of his difficult thoughts. A kind of *empty* place! Here, you felt, all had been mentally put to rights by the working out of a long equation, which had zero is equal to zero for its result. Here one did, and perhaps felt, nothing; one only thought. Of living creatures only birds came there freely, and sea-birds especially, to attract and detain which there were all sorts of ingenious contrivances about the windows, such as one may see in the cottage scenery of Jan Steen and others." *

LESSON IX.

Analyze the devices used in the three following passages, for showing character. Compare the quality of the final impression of character with that gained from Carlyle's descriptions (pp. 59-61). Account for the difference.

1. "Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or—as the novels say—he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is so often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to

* Pater: *Imaginary Portraits*; *Sebastian van Storck*.

a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black riband round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse-tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress: while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had. Books of practice, heaps of papers, and open letters were scattered over the table, without any attempt at order or arrangement; the furniture of the room was old and rickety; the doors of the bookcase were rotting in their hinges; the dust flew out from the carpet in little clouds at every step; the blinds were yellow with age and dirt; and the state of everything in the room showed, with a clearness not to be mistaken, that Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was far too much occupied with his professional pursuits to take any great heed or regard of his personal comforts." *

2. "Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff, especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus' purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which

* Dickens: *The Pickwick Papers*, Vol. II, Chap. III.

fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste that shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man; fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there, but these were his enemies, the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. 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 gray, 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 eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, 'Behold the moral Pecksniff!' '*

3. "The passenger [was] standing alone upon the point of rock, a tall slender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking-cane upon his wrist. As he so stood, he waved the cane to Captain Crail by way of salutation, with something both of grace and mockery that wrote the gesture deeply on my mind. . . .

"I was now near enough to see him, a very handsome figure and countenance, swarthy, lean, long, with a quick,

alert, black look, as of one who was a fighter and accustomed to command; upon one cheek he had a mole, not unbecoming; a large diamond sparkled on his hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, were of a French and foppish design; his ruffles, which he wore longer than common, of exquisite lace; and I wondered the more to see him in such a guise, when he was but newly landed from a dirty smuggling lugger." *

4. "This vocal organ was in itself a rich endowment; insomuch that a listener, comprehending nothing of the language in which the preacher spoke, might still have been swayed to and fro by the mere tone and cadence. Like all other music, it breathed passion and pathos, and emotions high or tender, in a tongue native to the human heart, wherever educated. Muffled as the sound was by its passage through the church-walls, Hester Prynne listened with such intentness, and sympathized so intimately, that the sermon had throughout a meaning for her, entirely apart from its indistinguishable words. These, perhaps, if more distinctly heard, might have been only a grosser medium, and have clogged the spiritual sense. Now she caught the low undertone, as of the wind sinking down to repose itself; then ascended with it, as it rose through progressive gradations of sweetness and power, until its volume seemed to envelop her with an atmosphere of awe and solemn grandeur. And yet, majestic as the voice sometimes became, there was forever in it an essential character of plaintiveness. A loud or low expression of anguish,—the whisper or the shriek, as it might be conceived, of suffering humanity, that touched a sensibility in every bosom! At times this deep strain of

* Dickens: *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. II.

* Stevenson: *The Master of Ballantrae*.

pathos was all that could be heard, and scarcely heard, sighing amid a desolate silence. But even when the minister's voice grew high and commanding,—when it gushed irrepressibly upward,—when it assumed its utmost breadth and power, so overfilling the church as to burst its way through the solid walls, and diffused itself in open air,—still, if the auditor listened intently, and for the purpose, he could detect the same cry of pain. What was it? the complaint of a human heart, sorrow-laden, perchance guilty, telling its secret, whether of guilt or sorrow, to the great heart of mankind; beseeching its sympathy or forgiveness,—at every moment,—in each accent,—and never in vain! It was this profound and continual undertone that gave the clergyman his most appropriate power.”*

From this description reconstruct as much of the man's character as you can.

5. “ ‘Angry!’ she repeated; ‘angry with you, Clifford!’ ”

“ Her tone, as she uttered this exclamation, had a plaintive and really exquisite melody thrilling through it, yet without subduing a certain something which an obtuse auditor might still have mistaken for asperity. It was as if some transcendent musician should draw a soul-thrilling sweetness out of a cracked instrument, which makes its physical imperfection heard in the midst of ethereal harmony.”†

6. “ None of the many sketches of Carlyle that have been published since his death have brought out quite distinctly enough the thing which struck me more forcibly than all else, when in the actual presence of the man;

* Hawthorne: *The Scarlet Letter*, Chap. XIII.

† Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. VII.

namely, the peculiar quality and expression of his laugh. It need hardly be said that there is a great deal in a laugh. One of the most telling pieces of oratory that ever reached my ears was Victor Hugo's vindication, at the Voltaire Centenary in Paris, of the smile of Voltaire. Certainly Carlyle's laugh was not like that smile, but it was something as inseparable from his personality, and as essential to the account, when making up one's estimate of him. It was as individually characteristic as his face or his dress, or his way of talking or of writing. It seemed indeed indispensable for the explanation of all of these. I found in looking back upon my first interview with him that all I had known of Carlyle through others, or through his own books, for twenty-five years, had been utterly defective,—had left out, in fact, the key to his whole nature,—inasmuch as nobody had ever described to me his laugh. . . .

“ After the most vehement tirade he would suddenly pause, throw his head back, and give as genuine and kindly a laugh as I ever heard from a human being. It was not the bitter laugh of the cynic, nor yet the big-bodied laugh of the burly joker; least of all was it the thin and rasping cackle of the dyspeptic satirist. But it was a broad, honest, human laugh, which beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and diaphragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child. Nor did it convey the impression of an exceptional thing that had occurred for the first time that day, and might never happen again. It rather produced the effect of something habitual; of being the channel, well worn for years, by which the overflow of a strong nature was discharged. It cleared the air

like thunder, and left the atmosphere sweet. It seemed to say to himself, if not to us, 'Do not let us take this too seriously; it is my way of putting things. What refuge is there for a man who looks below the surface in a world like this, except to laugh now and then?' The laugh, in short, revealed the humorist; if I said the genial humorist, wearing a mask of grimness, I should hardly go too far for the impression it left. At any rate it shifted the ground, and transferred the whole matter to that realm of thought where men play with things. The instant Carlyle laughed, he seemed to take the counsel of his old friend Emerson, and to write upon the lintels of his doorway, 'Whim.'''*

How does the characterization of other laughs help the characterization of Carlyle's? Examine the meaning of the words used in these characterizations; what is the figure implied in "bitter," "big-bodied," "thin," "broad?" What is suggested by "rasping cackle" and "dyspeptic?" Is it possible to describe a laugh except by such suggestion? Try. Describe, using any means you find, the laughs of several of your friends, preferably of people known to your classmates. Read your descriptions to them for the test of recognition.

In the following descriptions of voices study the means used, and note the resulting impression. Notice, too, how the comparison is always with something very familiar. Why? Why cannot a thing be described "in terms of itself?"

7. "Mrs. Waule [speaking of relatives who were her social superiors] had happened to say this very morning (not at all with a defiant air, but in a low, muffled, neutral

* Higginson: *Atlantic Monthly*, 48: 463-4.

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tone, as of a voice heard through cotton-wool) that she did not wish 'to enjoy their good opinion.'''*

8. Turn to p. 60 and note especially the use made of Coleridge's voice, and on p. 132 that made by Hawthorne of Clifford's.

9. "There floated out a voice of the kind that in his childhood he used to call 'creamy.'''†

10. (1) "It was a thick voice—a muddy voice that would have made you shudder—a voice like something soft breaking in two."‡

(2) "I heard," said the adjutant, in a voice like a blunt saw going through a thick board—"§

11. Write an exposition of character from dress.

(1) A classmate.

(2) A cook, the description being sent to a married friend who has asked you to get her a servant.

(3) A store clerk, or applicant for the position.

(4) A public singer or speaker.

(5) An old lady:

(6) Mrs. M——, when not dressed for company.

12. How do you recognize a friend's approach by his step?

13. Describe the voices of two people reading aloud.

14. Describe a bit of handwriting as revealing character; first, of some one you know, then of a stranger (say of an applicant for a situation as teacher).

LESSON X.

1. Compare and contrast the method in the following passage, and the results, with those of Mr. Morley's exposition which treats of the same man (p. 58).

* George Eliot: *Middlemarch*, Chap. XII.

† Rudyard Kipling: *The Brushwood Boy*.

‡ *Ib.*: *The Undertakers*, § *Ib.*

"We passed through a very small antechamber, where the household utensils were neatly arranged, and from that into a room where Jean Jacques was seated in an overcoat and a white cap, busy copying music. He rose with a smiling face, offered us chairs, and resumed his work, at the same time taking a part in conversation. He was thin and of middle height. One shoulder struck me as rather higher than the other. . . . Otherwise he was very well proportioned. He had a brown complexion, some color on his cheek-bones, a good mouth, a well-made nose, a rounded and lofty brow, and eyes full of fire. The oblique lines falling from the nostrils to the extremity of the lips, and marking a physiognomy, in his case expressed great sensibility and something even painful. One observed in his face three or four of the characteristics of melancholy—the deep receding eyes and the elevation of the eyebrows; you saw profound sadness in the wrinkles of the brow; a keen and even caustic gaiety in a thousand little creases at the corners of the eyes, of which the orbits entirely disappeared when he laughed."*

2. "A certain miniature, done in Malbone's most perfect style, and representing a face worthy of no less delicate a pencil. . . . It is the likeness of a young man, in a silken dressing-gown of an old fashion, the soft richness of which is well adapted to the countenance of reverie, with its full, tender lips, and beautiful eyes, that seem to indicate not so much capacity of thought as gentle and voluptuous emotion."†

How much further can you carry the characterization? Develop, as far as you can, the good and the bad possibilities of the character here suggested.

* Bernardin de St. Pierre: *Letter on Rousseau*.

† Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. VI.

3. "The notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world: This is your Yankee Englishman, such limbs we make in Yankee land! As a logic-fencer, advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed—I have not traced as much of silent Berserkir-rage, that I remember of in any other man."*

Sum up the total impression. How is it developed? What would be the effect if the description began with "the tanned complexion," etc.? leaving out "magnificent" and its first development into detail?

4. "Celia said, 'How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!'

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets.'

'Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on n?'

'Oh, I dare say! When people of a certain sort xed at him,' said Dorothea, walking away a little.

'Mr. Casaubon is so sallow.'

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with complexion of a *cochon de lait*.'

"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were mere'y animals, with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face.'

* Carlyle: *Letter to Emerson*.

“ ‘Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?’ ” *

Construct, as far as you are able from this conversation, Mr. Casaubon's face. What is Celia's contribution to your impression? What Dorothea's? Would either be complete alone? Was Celia necessarily seeing only superficially?

5. What is the suggestive value of Chaucer's statement regarding the “somnour”?—

“Of his visage children were afeard.” †

6. Describe a face from a photograph, giving its more immediate appeal to the eye.

Give an interpretative description of the same face.

7. Describe a face:

- (1) By the first general impression;
- (2) By the effect on others (e.g., on men, on women, on children, on timid or self-confident people, on beggars or tramps.)

8. Emphasize the interpretative element in 7 so as to bring out the character further.

9. Interpret a face as its expression changes—from a smiling to a sad aspect, or to a frown, etc.

10. Expound a face which appears to embody a contradiction, so as to bring out clearly the significance of the contradictory elements, and, if possible, to reconcile them; e.g., Huxley, William the Silent, Shakespeare.

11. Contrast the character seen in the faces of George Eliot (profile) and Savonarola.

12. Describe to some one, in order to find out her name:

- (1) The prettiest girl in the class.

* George Eliot: *Middlemarch*, Chap. II.

† Chaucer: Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, l. 628.

- (2) The most “distinguished-looking” girl in the class.

- (3) The cleverest-looking girl in the class.

- (4) The happiest-looking girl in the class.

- (5) The most conceited-looking girl in the class.

13. Criticize the following description of a face, and, if possible, reconstruct it on lines in closer conformity to the laws of perception.

“To begin, then, Muriel was tall, with a slight, erect figure, a quick step, and an air of youth and vigor which did the beholder good to look at. Her face was oval, as nearly oval at least as a face can be, in which the chin is a good deal more pronounced than is usual in classic beauties. The cheeks were pale, paler than they had any business to be, judging from the rest of the physique; the most noticeable fact in point of coloring being that the eyes, hair, brows, and lashes were all of the same, or pretty nearly the same color—a deep, dark brown, inclining to chestnut above the temples, from which the hair was brushed courageously back, so as to form a small knot at the back of the head. Her eyes—not, perhaps, by the way, a strikingly original trait in a heroine—were large and bright; indeed, brighter or pleasanter eyes have seldom looked out of a woman's face, their beauty consisting less in their size and color than in this very vividness and brightness which seemed to shine out of the irises themselves. For all that, the face in repose was not exactly a bright one, or rather the brightness came to it only by fits and starts, its prevailing expression being a somewhat sober one; a sobriety giving way, however, at a touch, and being replaced by a peculiarly sunshiny smile and glance.” *

* Quoted by Mr. Arlo Bates in his *Talks on Writing English*, p. 195.

14. What is the suggestive value of the following catalogue? Expand to a character sketch the suggestion contained in it. [My landlady's daughter] "Aet. 19 +. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes?' when you tell her anything." *

15. What impression of Clara do you get from the following passage? Give your own interpretation of Mrs. Mountstuart's phrase.

Clara Middleton was pronounced by Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to be "a dainty rogue in porcelain." Sir Willoughby, Miss Middleton's fiancé, was displeased.

" 'Why rogue?' he insisted with Mrs. Mountstuart.

" 'I said—in porcelain,' she replied.

" 'Rogue perplexes me.'

" 'Porcelain explains it.'

" 'She has the keenest sense of honor.'

" 'I am sure she is a paragon of rectitude.'

" 'She has a beautiful bearing.'

" 'The carriage of a young princess.'

" 'I find her perfect.'

" 'And still she may be a dainty rogue in porcelain.'

" 'Are you judging, by the mind or the person ma'am?'

" 'Both.'

" 'And which is which?'

" 'There is no distinction.' " †

16. What impression is conveyed by the following description of Mr. Harum?

* Holmes: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, I.

† George Meredith: *The Egoist*, Chap. V.

"Rather under the middle height, he was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clean-shaven, red face, with—not a mole—but a slight protuberance the size of half a large pea on the line from the nostril to the corner of the mouth; bald over the crown and to a line a couple of inches above the ear, below that thick and somewhat bushy hair of yellowish red, showing a mingling of gray; small but very blue eyes; a thick nose, of no classifiable shape, and a large mouth with the lips so pressed together as to produce a slightly downward and yet rather humorous curve at the corners. He was dressed in a sack coat of dark 'pepper and salt,' with waistcoat and trousers to match. A somewhat old-fashioned standing collar, flaring away from the throat, was encircled by a red cravat, tied in a bow under his chin. A diamond stud of perhaps two carats showed in the triangle of spotless shirt front, and on his head was a cloth cap with ear lappets. He accosted our friend with, 'I reckon you must be Mr. Lennox. How are you? I'm glad to see you,' tugging off a thick buckskin glove, and putting out a plump but muscular hand." *

LESSON XI.

In the following passages, discover the personality involved in the activities described, and note the sources of your impression.

1. "A little old woman was the owner of the voice. In a fourth-story room of the red and black tenement she was trudging on a journey. In her arms she bore pots and pans, and sometimes a broom and dust-pan. She wielded them like weapons. Their weight seemed to have

* Edward Noyes Westcott: *David Harum*, pp. 119-120.

bended her back and crooked her arms until she walked with difficulty. Often she plunged her hands into water at a sink. She splashed about, the dwindled muscles working to and fro under the loose skin of her arms. She came from the sink, steaming and bedraggled as if she had crossed a flooded river.

"There was the flurry of the battle in this room. Through the clouded dust or steam one could see the thin figure dealing mighty blows. Always her way seemed beset. Her broom was constantly poised lance-wise at dust demons. There came clashings and clangings as she strove with her tireless foes.

"It was a picture of indomitable courage, and as she went on her way her voice was often raised in a long cry, a strange war chant, a shout of battle and defiance that rose and fell in harsh screams, and exasperated the ears of the man with the red-mottled face.

"Should I be car-reed tew th' skies
O-on flow'ry be-eds of ee-ease. . . ."

"Finally she halted for a moment. Going to the window she sat down and mopped her face with her apron. It was a lull, a moment of respite. Still it could be that she even then was planning skirmishes, campaigns. She gazed thoughtfully about the room and noted the strength and position of her enemies. She was very alert.

"At last she turned to the mantel. 'Five o'clock,' she murmured, scrutinizing a little, swaggering nickel-plated clock.

"Presently she sprang from her nest and began to buffet with her shriveled arms. In a moment the battle was again in full swing. Terrific blows were given and

received. There arose the clattering uproar of a new fight. The little intent warrior never hesitated or faltered. She fought with a strong and relentless will. Beads and lines of perspiration stood upon her forehead.

"Three blue plates were leaning in a row on the shelf back of the stove. The little old woman had seen it done somewhere. In front of them swaggered the round nickel-plated clock. Her son had stuck many cigarette pictures in the rim of a looking-glass that hung near. Occasional chromos were tacked upon the yellow walls of the room. There was one in a gilt frame. It was quite an affair in reds and greens. They all seemed like trophies.

"The little old woman looked at the clock again. 'Quarter a six.'

"She had paused for a moment, but she now hurled herself fiercely at the stove that lurked in the gloom, red-eyed like a dragon. It hissed, and there was renewed danger of blows. The little old woman dashed to and fro."*

2. "The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak-paneling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough gray shepherd

* Stephen Crane: *George's Mother*, Chap. II.

dog had made himself a pleasant bed and was lying with his nose between his forepaws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the center of a wooden mantelpiece. It was to this workman that the strong baritone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer, singing:

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth. . . .'

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigor,

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.'

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned, muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win a prize for feats of strength; yet the long, supple hand with its broad fingertips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood. The face was large and roughly hewn, and when in repose had no other beauty than such as belongs to an expression of good-humored, honest intelligence.

"It is clear at a glance that the next workman is Adam's brother. He is nearly as tall; he has the same type of features, the same hue of hair and complexion; but the strength of the family likeness seems only to render more conspicuous the remarkable difference of expression both in form and face. Seth's broad shoulders have a slight ~~less~~ ^{more} repose than his brother's and his gaze, instead of being keen, is confiding and benignant. He has thrown off his paper cap, and you see that his hair is not thick and straight, like Adam's, but thin and wavy, allowing you to discern the exact contour of a coronal arch that predominates very decidedly over the brow.

"The idle tramps have always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they scarcely ever spoke to Adam.

"All hands worked on in silence for some minutes until the church clock began to strike six. Before the first stroke had died away, Sandy Jim had loosed his plane, and was reaching his jacket; Wiry Ben had left a screw half driven in, and thrown his screw-driver into his tool-basket; Mum Taft, who, true to his name, had kept silence throughout the previous conversation, had flung down his hammer as he was in the act of lifting it; and Seth, too, had straightened his back, and was putting out his hand toward his paper cap. Adam alone had gone on with his work as if nothing had happened. But observing the cessation of tools he looked up and said, in a tone of indignation, 'Look there, now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools in that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much.'

"Seth looked a little conscious, and began to be slower in his preparations for going, but Mum Taft broke silence and said, 'Ay, ay, Adam, lad, ye talk like a young un. When you are six an' forty like me, instid o' six an' twenty, ye nonna be so flush o' working for naught.'

"'Nonsense,' said Adam, still wrathful, 'what's age got to do with it, I wonder? Ye arena getting stiff yet, I reckon. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.' '*

4. "'Sir Humphry Davy?' said Mr. Brooke, over the soup, in his easy smiling way, taking up Sir James Chetham's remark that he was studying Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry*. 'Well, now, Sir Humphry Davy: I dined with him years ago at Cartwright's, and Wordsworth was there too—the poet Wordsworth, you know. Now there was something singular. I was at Cambridge when Wordsworth was there and I never met him—and I dined with him twenty years afterward at Cartwright's. There 's an oddity in things now. But Davy was there; he was a poet, too. Or, as I may say, Wordsworth was poet one and Davy was poet two. That was true in every sense you know.'

"'I am reading the *Agricultural Chemistry*,' said this excellent baron, 'because I am going to take one of the farms into my own hands, and see if something cannot be done in setting a good pattern of farming among my tenants. Do you approve of that, Miss Brooke?'

"'A great mistake, Chetham!' interposed Mr. Brooke,

'going into electrifying your land and making a parlor of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal at one time; but I saw it would not do. It leads to . . . you can let nothing alone. No, no—see that ye . . . don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing; and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy! You may as well keep a pack of hounds.'

"'Surely,' said Dorothea, 'it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it. It is not a sin to make yourself poor in performing experiments for the good of all.'

"'Young ladies don't understand political economy, you know,' said Mr. Brooke, smiling toward Mr. Casaubon. 'I remember when we were all reading Adam Smith. *There* is a book, now. I took in all the new ideas at one time—human perfectibility, now. But some say, history moves in circles; and that may be very well argued; I have argued it myself. The fact is human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up; I pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have always been in favor of a little theory; we must have thought; else we shall be landed in the Dark Ages. But talking of books, there is Southey's *Peninsular War*. I am reading that of a morning. You know Southey?'

"'No,' said Mr. Casaubon, not keeping pace with Mr. Brooke's impetuous reason, and thinking of the book only . . . 'I have little leisure for such literature just now

I have been using up my eyesight on old characters lately; the fact is I want a reader for my evenings; but I am fastidious in voices, and I cannot endure listening to an imperfect reader. It is a misfortune in some senses; I feed too much on the inward sources; I live too much with the dead. My mind is something like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be, in spite of ruin and confusing changes. But I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eyesight.'''*

5. "Supper was announced. The move began; and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, till her being seated at the table and taking up her spoon.

"Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be drafts in the passage, though everything has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill, oh! you are too obliging!—How well you put it on!—so gratified! Excellent dancing indeed! Yes, my dear, I ran home as I said I should to help grandmamma to bed and got back again, and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandmamma was quite well; had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat and backgammon. Tea was made down-stairs, biscuits and baked apples and nine before she came away; amazing luck in some of her throws; and she inquired a great deal about you. How you were amused, and who were your partners. "Oh!" said I, "I shall not

forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otnay; she will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow; her first partner was Mr. Elton; I do not know who will ask her next; perhaps Mr. William Cox." My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there no one else you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm, and me on the other! Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs. Elton is going; dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks—beautiful lace!—Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening!—Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh! no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd! I was convinced there were two and here is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane,—there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first; and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus boiled enough, sent it out again. Now there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus, so she was rather disappointed; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting around to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned!—Well, this is brilliant! I am all amazement!—Could not have supposed anything!—Such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since—Well, where shall we sit? Anywhere, so that Jane is not in a draft. Where I sit is of no consequence. Oh! do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good—but just as you please; What you direct in this house

* George Eliot: *Middlemarch*, Chap. II.

cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma! Soup, too! Bless me! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent and I cannot help beginning.'''*

6. Turn back to the conversation between Celia and Dorothea quoted for another purpose on pp. 99-100, and see what it tells you of the speakers' characters.

7. "The Old Maid was alone in the old house. . . . Inaudible, consequently, were poor Miss Hepzibah's gusty sighs. Inaudible the creaking joints of her stiffened knees as she knelt down by the bedside. . . . The maiden lady's devotions are concluded. Will she now issue forth over the threshold of our story? Not yet, by many moments. First, every drawer in the tall, old-fashioned bureau is to be opened, with difficulty, and with a succession of spasmodic jerks; then, all must close again, with the same fidgety reluctance. There is a rustling of stiff silks; a tread of backward and forward footsteps to and fro across the chamber. We suspect Miss Hepzibah, moreover, of taking a step upwards into a chair in order to give heedful regard to her appearance on all sides, and at full length, in the oval, dingy-framed toilet-glass that hangs above her table. . . .

"A few more footsteps to and fro: and here, at last,—with another pitiful sigh, like a gust of chill, damp wind out of a long-closed vault, the door of which has accidentally been set ajar,—here comes Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon! Forth she steps into the dusky time-darkened passage; a tall figure, clad in black silk, with a long and shrunken waist, feeling her way toward the stairs like a near-sighted person, as in truth she is."†

* Jane Austen: *Emma*, Chap. X.

† Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. II.

8. "Rosamond and Mary had been talking faster than their male friends. They did not think of sitting down, but stood at the toilet-table near the window while Rosamond took off her hat, adjusted her veil, and applied little touches of her finger-tips to her hair—hair of infantine fairness, neither flaxen nor yellow. Mary Garth seemed all the plainer standing at an angle between the two nymphs—the one in the glass and the one out of it—who looked at each other with eyes of heavenly blue, deep enough to hold the most exquisite meaning an ingenious beholder could put into them, and deep enough to hide the meanings of the owner if these should happen to be less exquisite. Only a few children in Middlemarch looked blond by the side of Rosamond, and the thin figure displayed by her riding-habit had delicate undulations. In fact, most men in Middlemarch, except her brothers, held that Miss Vincy was the best girl in the world, and sometimes called her angel. Mary Garth, on the contrary, had the aspect of an ordinary sinner; she was brown; her curly dark hair was rough and stubborn; her stature was low; . . .

When she and Rosamond happened to be reflected in the glass, she said, laughingly, 'What a brown patch I am by the side of you, Rosy! You are the most unbecoming companion.'

"'Oh, no! No one thinks of your appearance, you are so sensible and useful, Mary. Beauty is of very little consequence in reality,' said Rosamond, turning her head toward Mary, but with eyes swerving toward the new view of her neck in the glass.

"'You mean *my* beauty,' said Mary, rather sardonically.

"Rosamond thought, 'Poor Mary, she takes the kindest things ill.' Aloud she said, 'What have you been doing lately?'"*

9. Disclose the character of a business man by describing his treatment of an employee (e.g., an office boy or a clerk); or that of a mistress, by the way she treats her servants. Contrast, so as to bring out their characters, the way in which two students enter a class-room when they are late, or the behavior of two boys during a football game; the way in which two servants sweep a room, or wash dishes, or wait on the table.

10. Interpret the manner of a shop-clerk (man or woman) or of a car-conductor.

11. Walk along a street and draw conclusions as to the characters of your acquaintances from their salutations.

12. Make a stenographic report of an actual conversation, such as takes place at table or between classes, or at a school recess, etc. (The report may be brief, but should be exact, including abbreviations, slang, etc.)

An overheard street-car conversation will often be available.

13. Report an actual conversation that seems to reveal character. This should be accurate but may be selective.

14. Revise this report so as to bring out its significance more clearly. Expand or alter the conversation somewhat, or change the situation, etc.

15. Take the work of a fellow-student and from the conversation given construct so far as you can the characters of the participants. Compare your results with the writer's intentions, and if there is disagreement, seek its causes.

* George Eliot: *Middlemarch*, Chap. XII.

16. In response to the request of a friend write a characterization of some one. Use any devices you find fitting.

- (1) A confidential report on a servant or a clerk.
- (2) An account of a boy or a girl who is to be your friend's room-mate next year.
- (3) A characterization of the boy who is likely to be made captain of the team or president of the club.
- (4) A sketch of some one who may be your friend's companion in a trip abroad.

17. Write the first paragraphs of a story, which shall sufficiently characterize the hero or heroine, or both.

LESSON XII.

Analyze carefully the various devices used in the following passages to reveal character. Construct the characters where this is not fully done in the passage itself.

1. Condense the exposition of Elizabeth's character into a single sentence.

Summarize her character somewhat at length, omitting all Green's concrete instances and illustrations. What is the difference in the vividness of the result? Account for this by referring it to the natural order of our experiences.

2. Analyze the paragraphs singly. Are they unified? What is the relation of each to the entire exposition?

3. In the exposition, Green begins with her personal appearance and ends with her policy towards the Church. Give the most fundamental reason you can why this course should be more effective than the reverse. Following this line of reasoning, trace the main lines of appeal throughout the body of the essay.

"Never had the fortunes of England sunk to a lower

ebb than at the moment when Elizabeth mounted the throne. The country was humiliated by defeat and brought to the verge of rebellion by the bloodshed and misgovernment of Mary's reign. The old social discontent, trampled down for a time by the mercenary troops of Somerset, still remained a perpetual menace to public order. The religious strife had passed beyond hope of reconciliation, now that the Reformers were parted from their opponents by the fires of Smithfield, and the party of the New Learning all but dissolved. The Catholics were bound helplessly to Rome. Protestantism, burnt at home and hurled into exile abroad, had become a fiercer thing; and was pouring back from Geneva with dreams of revolutionary change in Church and State. England, dragged at the heels of Philip into a useless and ruinous war, was left without an ally save Spain; while France, mistress of Calais, became mistress of the Channel. Not only was Scotland a standing danger in the north, through the French marriage of Mary Stuart and its consequent bondage to French policy, but its Queen had assumed the style and arms of an English sovereign, and threatened to arouse every Catholic throughout the realm against Elizabeth's title. In presence of this host of dangers the country lay utterly helpless, without army or fleet, or the means of manning one; for the treasury, already drained by the waste of Edward's reign, had been utterly exhausted by Mary's restoration of the Church-lands, and by the cost of her war with France.

"England's one hope lay in the character of her Queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had much of her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long, but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up

amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court, a bold horse-woman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She read every morning a portion of Demosthenes, and could 'rub up her rusty Greek' at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her Court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. In spite of the affectation of her style, and her taste for anagrams and puerilities, she listened with delight to the 'Faery Queen,' and found a smile for 'Master Spenser' when he appeared in the Presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break, now and then, into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a Caliph's dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to

win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. 'To see her was heaven,' Hatton told her, 'the lack of her was hell.' She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto, that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood, and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her 'sweet Robin,' Lord Leicester, in the face of the Court.

"It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman; or that Philip of Spain wondered how 'a wanton' could hold in check the policy of the Escorial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The willfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in State affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber

became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counselors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. Her expenditure was parsimonious and even miserly. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she is the instrument of none. She listens, she weighs, she uses or puts by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole is her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity, perhaps, backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal to the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her 'head of the Religion' and 'mistress of the Seas.' But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counselors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her power.

"Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the keyboard, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Such a nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan, in fact, just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources, and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. 'No War, my Lords,' the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, 'No War!' but her hatred of war sprang less from aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manoeuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. It was her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity which broke out in a thousand puckish freaks, freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She reveled in 'byways' and 'crooked ways.' She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story

of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand dispatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the Queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was only equalled by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the Queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate

the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

"As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But, wrapt as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper, indeed, tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. 'Her Majesty counts much on Fortune,' Walsingham wrote bitterly; 'I wish she would trust more in Almighty God.' The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censured at the next her 'obstinacy' her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. 'This woman,' Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance,—'this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils.' To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her manœuvres and retreats, of her 'byways' and 'crooked ways,' she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of bravery lay with their Queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equaled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful

power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. None of our sovereigns ever gathered such a group of advisers to their council-board as gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth, but the sagacity which chose Burleigh and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success, indeed, in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss Euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over dispatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the Queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the 'Faery Queen,' throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant Queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal.

Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she hacked off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved the stump round his head, and shouted 'God save Queen Elizabeth.' Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the Royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and, above all, by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions, which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in Elizabeth's favor. In one act of her civil administration she showed the boldness and originality of a great ruler; for the opening of her reign saw her face the social difficulty which had so long impeded English progress, by the issue of a commission of inquiry which ended in the solution of the problem by the system of poor-laws. For commerce, indeed, laws could do little; and Elizabeth's active interference hindered rather than furthered its advance; but the interference was for the most part well meant, and her statue in the center of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant-class to the interest with which she watched, and shared personally in, its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the Martyrs threw into bright relief the

aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all, there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy had unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home, in fact, was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. 'Nothing,' she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire, 'nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects.' And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

"She clung perhaps to her popularity the more passionately that it hid in some measure from her the terrible loneliness of her life. She was the last of the Tudors, the last of Henry's children; and her nearest relatives were Mary Stuart and the House of Suffolk, one the avowed, the other the secret claimant of her throne. Among her mother's kindred she found but a single cousin. Whatever womanly tenderness she had, wrapt itself around Leicester; but a marriage with Leicester was impossible, and every other union, could she even have bent to one, was denied to her by the political difficulties of her position. The one cry of bitterness which burst from Elizabeth revealed her terrible sense of the solitude of her life.

'The Queen of Scots,' she cried at the birth of James, 'has a fair son, and I am but a barren stock.' But the loneliness of her position only reflected the loneliness of her nature. She stood utterly apart from the world around her, sometimes above it, sometimes below it, but never of it. It was only on her intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. It was a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people; when honor and enthusiasm took colors of poetic beauty, and religion became a chivalry. But the finer sentiments of the men around her touched Elizabeth simply as the fair tints of a picture would have touched her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives were only counters on her board. She was the one soul in her realm whom the news of St. Bartholomew stirred to no lasting thirst for vengeance; and while England was thrilling with its triumph over the Armada, its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost, and making her profit out of the spoilt provisions she had ordered for the fleet that saved her. To the voice of gratitude, indeed, she was absolutely deaf. She accepted service, such as never was rendered to an English sovereign, without a thought of return. Walsingham spent his fortune in saving her life and her throne, and she left him to die a beggar. Whatever odium or loss her manœuvres incurred she flung upon her counselors. To screen her part in Mary's death she called on Davison to perish broken-hearted in the Tower. But, as if by a strange irony, it was to this very want of sympathy that she owed some of the grander features of her character. If she was

without love, she was without hate. She cherished no petty resentments; she never stooped to envy or suspicion of the men who served her. She was indifferent to abuse. Her good-humor was never ruffled by the charges of wantonness and cruelty with which the Jesuits filled every court in Europe. She was insensible to fear. Her life became at last the mark for assassin after assassin, but the thought of peril was the one hardest to bring home to her. Even when the Catholic plots broke out in her very household, she would listen to no proposals for the removal of Catholics from her court.

"It was this moral isolation which told so strangely both for good and for evil on her policy toward the Church. No woman ever lived who was so totally destitute of the sentiment of religion. While the world around her was being swayed more and more by theological beliefs and controversies, Elizabeth was absolutely untouched by them. She was a child of the Italian Renaissance rather than of the New Learning of Colet or Erasmus, and her attitude toward the enthusiasm of her time was that of Lorenzo de' Medici towards Savonarola. Her mind was unruffled by the spiritual problems which were vexing the minds around her; to Elizabeth, indeed, they were not only unintelligible, they were a little ridiculous. She had the same intellectual contempt for the coarser superstition of the Romanist as for the bigotry of the Protestant. She ordered images to be flung into the fire, and quizzed the Puritans as 'brethren in Christ.' But she had no sort of religious aversion for either Puritan or Papist. The Protestants grumbled at the Catholic nobles whom she admitted to the presence. The Catholics grumbled at the Protestant statesmen whom she called to her council-board. But to Elizabeth the

arrangement was the most natural thing in the world. She looked at theological differences in a purely political light. She agreed with Henry the Fourth that a kingdom was well worth a mass. It seemed an obvious thing to her to hold out hopes of conversion as a means of deceiving Philip, or to gain a point in negotiation by restoring the crucifix to her chapel. The first interest in her own mind was the interest of public order, and she never could understand how it could fail to be first in every one's mind. Her ingenuity set itself to construct a system in which ecclesiastical unity should not jar against the rights of conscience; a compromise which merely required outer 'conformity' to the established worship, while, as she was never weary of repeating, it 'left opinion free.' For this purpose she fell back from the very first on the system of Henry the Eighth. 'I will do,' she told the Spanish ambassador, 'as my father did.' She let the connection with Rome drop quietly without any overt act of separation. The first work of her Parliament was to undo the work of Mary, to repeal the Statutes of Heresy, to dissolve the refounded monasteries, and to restore the Royal Supremacy. At her entry into London Elizabeth kissed the English Bible which the citizens presented to her, and promised 'diligently to read therein.' Further she had no personal wish to go. A third of the Council, and two-thirds of the people, were as opposed to any radical changes in religion as the Queen. Among the gentry the older and wealthier were on the conservative side, and only the younger and meaner on the other. But it was soon necessary to go further. If the Protestants were the less numerous, they were the abler and the more vigorous party; and the exiles who returned from Geneva brought with them a fiercer hatred of Catholicism. Transubstan-

tiation and the Mass were identified with the fires of Smithfield, while Edward's Prayer-book was hallowed by the memories of the Martyrs. But, in her restoration of the English Prayer-book, some slight alterations made by Elizabeth in its language showed her wish to conciliate the Catholics as far as possible. She had no mind to commit herself to the system of the Protectorate. She dropped the words 'Head of the Church' from the Royal title. The forty-two Articles were left for some years in abeyance. If Elizabeth had had her will, she would have retained the celibacy of the clergy, and restored the use of crucifixes in the churches. But she was again foiled by the increased bitterness of the religious division. The London mob tore down the crosses in the streets. Her attempt to retain the crucifix fell dead before the fierce opposition of the Protestant clergy. On the other hand, the Marian bishops, with a single exception, discerned the Protestant drift of the changes she was making, and bore imprisonment and deprivation rather than accept them. But to the mass of the nation the compromise of Elizabeth seems to have been fairly acceptable. The whole of the clergy, save two hundred, submitted to the Act of Supremacy, and adopted the Prayer-book. No marked repugnance to the new worship was shown by the people at large; and Elizabeth was able to turn from questions of belief to the question of order. On one point in the treatment of the Church she was resolved to make no difference. To the end of her reign she remained as bold a plunderer of its wealth as either of her predecessors, and carved out rewards for her ministers from the Churchlands with a queenly disregard of the rights of property. Lord Burleigh built up the estate of the house of Cecil out of the demesnes of the see of Peterborough. The

neighborhood of Hatton Garden to Ely Place recalls the spoliation of another bishopric in favor of the Queen's sprightly chancellor. Her reply to the bishop's protest against this robbery showed what Elizabeth meant by her Ecclesiastical Supremacy. 'Proud prelate,' she wrote, 'you know what you were before I made you what you are! If you do not immediately comply with my request, by God! I will unfrock you.' But she suffered no plunder save her own, and she was earnest for the restoration of order and decency in the outer arrangements of the Church."*

4. From the following passage what idea do you form of Clifford (1) as he actually is, (2) as he might have been? Express each in a sentence as Carlyle did his conception of Dante, or of Coleridge.

5. What is the value of each incident in revealing Clifford's character?

"Meanwhile, there was a step in the passageway, above stairs. Phoebe recognized it as the same which had passed upward, as through her dream, in the night-time. The approaching guest, whoever it might be, appeared to pause at the head of the staircase; he paused twice or thrice in the descent; he paused again at the foot. Each time, the delay seemed to be without purpose, but rather from a forgetfulness of the purpose which had set him in motion, or as if the person's feet came involuntarily to a standstill because the motive power was too feeble to sustain his progress. Finally, he made a long pause at the threshold of the parlor. He took hold of the knob of the door, then loosened his grasp without opening it. Hepzibah, her hands convulsively clasped, stood gazing at the entrance.

* Green: *Short History of the English People*, Chap. VII.

"The final pause at the threshold proved so long, that Hepzibah, unable to endure the suspense, rushed forward, threw open the door, and led in the stranger by the hand. At the first glance, Phoebe saw an elderly personage, in an old-fashioned dressing-gown of faded damask, and wearing his gray or almost white hair of an unusual length. It quite overshadowed his forehead, except when he thrust it back, and stared vaguely about the room. After a very brief inspection of his face, it was easy to conceive that his footstep must necessarily be such a one as that which, slowly, and with as indefinite an aim as a child's first journey across a floor, had just brought him hitherward. Yet there were no tokens that his physical strength might not have sufficed for a free and determined gait. It was the spirit of the man that could not walk. The expression of his countenance—while, notwithstanding, it had the light of reason in it—seemed to waver, and glimmer, and nearly to die away, and feebly to recover itself again. It was like a flame which we see twinkling among half-extinguished embers; we gaze at it more intently than if it were a positive blaze, gushing vividly upward—more intently, but with a certain impatience, as if it ought either to kindle itself into satisfactory splendor, or be at once extinguished.

"For an instant after entering the room, the guest stood still, retaining Hepzibah's hand, instinctively, as a child does that of the grown person who guides it. He saw Phoebe, however, and caught an illumination from her youthful and pleasant aspect, which, indeed, threw a cheerfulness about the parlor, like the circle of reflected brilliancy around the glass vase of flowers that was standing in the sunshine. He made a salutation, or, to speak nearer the truth, an ill-defined, abortive attempt at

courtesy. Imperfect as it was, however, it conveyed an idea, or, at least, gave a hint, of indescribable grace, such as no practiced art of external manners could have attained. It was too slight to seize upon at the instant; yet, as recollected afterward, seemed to transfigure the whole man.

“‘Dear Clifford,’ said Hepzibah, in the tone with which one soothes a wayward infant, ‘this is our cousin Phœbe—little Phœbe Pyncheon—Arthur’s only child, you know. She has come from the country to stay with us awhile; for our old house has grown to be very lonely now.’

“‘Phœbe?—Phœbe Pyncheon?—Phœbe?’ repeated the guest, with a strange, sluggish, ill-defined utterance. ‘Arthur’s child! Ah, I forget! No matter! She is very welcome!’

“‘Come, dear Clifford, take this chair,’ said Hepzibah, leading him to his place. ‘Pray, Phœbe, lower the curtain a very little more. Now let us begin breakfast.’

“The guest seated himself in the place assigned him, and looked strangely around. He was evidently trying to grapple with the present scene, and bring it home to his mind with a more satisfactory distinctness. He desired to be certain, at least, that he was here, in the low-studded, cross-beamed, oaken-paneled parlor, and not in some other spot, which had stereotyped itself into his senses. But the effort was too great to be sustained with more than a fragmentary success. Continually, as we may express it, he faded away out of his place; or, in other words, his mind and consciousness took their departure, leaving his wasted, gray, and melancholy figure—a substantial emptiness, a material ghost—to occupy his seat at table. Again, after a blank movement,

there would be a flickering taper-gleam in his eyeballs. It betokened that his spiritual part had returned, and was doing its best to kindle the heart’s household fire, and light up intellectual lamps in the dark and ruinous mansion; where it was doomed to be a forlorn inhabitant.

“At one of these moments of less torpid, yet still imperfect animation, Phœbe became convinced of what she had at first rejected as too extravagant and startling an idea. She saw that the person before her must have been the original of the beautiful miniature in her cousin Hepzibah’s possession. Indeed, with a feminine eye for costume, she had at once identified the damask dressing-gown, which enveloped him, as the same in figure, material, and fashion with that so elaborately represented in the picture. This old, faded garment, with all its pristine brilliancy extinct, seemed, in some indescribable way, to translate the wearer’s untold misfortune, and make it perceptible to the beholder’s eye. It was the better to be discerned, by this exterior type, how worn and old were the soul’s more immediate garments; that form and countenance, the beauty and grace of which had almost transcended the skill of the most exquisite of artists. It could the more adequately be known that the soul of the man must have suffered some miserable wrong, from its earthly experience. There he seemed to sit, with a dim veil of decay and ruin betwixt him and the world, but through which, at flitting intervals, might be caught the same expression, so refined, so softly imaginative, which Malbone—venturing a happy touch, with suspended breath—had imparted to the miniature! There had been something so innately characteristic in this look, that all the dusky years, and the burden of unfit calamity which had fallen upon him, did not suffice utterly to destroy it.

"Hepzibah had now poured out a cup of deliciously fragrant coffee, and presented it to her guest. As his eyes met hers, he seemed bewildered and disquieted.

"'Is this you, Hepzibah?' he murmured, sadly; then, more apart, and perhaps unconscious that he was overheard, 'How changed! how changed! And is she angry with me? Why does she bend her brow so?'

"Poor Hepzibah! It was that wretched scowl which time, and her near-sightedness, and the fret of inward discomfort, had rendered so habitual that any vehemence of mood invariably evoked it. But at the indistinct murmur of his words her whole face grew tender, and even lovely, with sorrowful affection; the harshness of her features disappeared, as it were, behind the warm and misty glow.

"'Angry!' she repeated; 'angry with you, Clifford!'

"Her tone, as she uttered the exclamation, had a plaintive and really exquisite melody thrilling through it, yet without subduing a certain something which an obtuse auditor might still have mistaken for asperity. It was as if some transcendent musician should draw a soul-thrilling sweetness out of a cracked instrument, which makes its physical imperfection heard in the midst of ethereal harmony—so deep was the sensibility that found an organ in Hepzibah's voice!

"'There is nothing but love here, Clifford!' she added—'nothing but love! You are at home!'

"The guest responded to her tone by a smile, which did not half light up his face. Feeble as it was, however, and gone in a moment, it had a charm of wonderful beauty. It was followed by a coarser expression; or one that had the effect of coarseness on the fine mold and outline of his countenance, because there was nothing intellectual to temper it. It was a look of appetite. He eat

food with what might almost be termed voracity; and seemed to forget himself, Hepzibah, the young girl, and everything else around him, in the sensual enjoyment which the bountifully spread table afforded. In his natural system, though high-wrought and delicately refined, a sensibility to the delights of the palate was probably inherent. It would have been kept in check, however, and even converted into an accomplishment, and one of the thousand modes of intellectual culture, had his more ethereal characteristics retained their vigor. But as it existed now, the effect was painful and made Phoebe droop her eyes.

"In a little while the guest became sensible of the fragrance of the yet untasted coffee. He quaffed it eagerly. The subtle essence acted on him like a charmed draught, and caused the opaque substance of his animal being to grow transparent, or at least, translucent; so that a spiritual gleam was transmitted through it, with a clearer luster than hitherto.

"'More, more!' he cried, with nervous haste in his utterance, as if anxious to retain his grasp of what sought to escape him. 'This is what I need! Give me more!'

"Under this delicate and powerful influence he sat more erect, and looked out from his eyes with a glance that took note of what it rested on. It was not so much that his expression grew more intellectual; this, though it had its share, was not the most peculiar effect. Neither was what we call the moral nature so forcibly awakened as to present itself in remarkable prominence. But a certain fine temper of being was now not brought out in full relief, but changeably and imperfectly betrayed, of which it was the function to deal with all beautiful and enjoyable things. In a character where it should exist as

the chief attribute, it would bestow on its possessor an exquisite taste, and an enviable susceptibility of happiness. Beauty would be his life; his aspirations would all tend toward it; and, allowing his frame and physical organs to be in consonance, his own developments would likewise be beautiful.

"Not to speak it harshly or scornfully, it seemed Clifford's nature to be a Sybarite. It was perceptible, even there, in the dark old parlor, in the inevitable polarity with which his eyes were attracted toward the quivering play of sunbeams through the shadowy foliage. It was seen in his appreciating notice of the vase of flowers, the scent of which he inhaled with a zest almost peculiar to a physical organization so refined that spiritual ingredients are molded in with it. It was betrayed in the unconscious smile with which he regarded Phoebe, whose fresh and maidenly figure was both sunshine and flowers—their essence, in a prettier and more agreeable mode of manifestation.

"Not less evident was this love and necessity for the beautiful, in the instinctive caution with which, even so soon, his eyes turned away from his hostess, and wandered to any quarter rather than come back. It was Hepzibah's misfortune—not Clifford's fault. How could he—so yellow as she was, so wrinkled, so sad of mien, with that odd uncouthness of a turban on her head, and that most perverse of scowls contorting her brow—how could he love to gaze at her?

"The guest leaned back in his chair. Mingled in his countenance with a dreamy delight there was a troubled look of effort and unrest. He was seeking to make him-

self more fully sensible of the scene around him; or, perhaps, dreading it to be a dream, or a play of imagination, was vexing the fair moment with a struggle for some added brilliancy and more durable illusion.

"How pleasant! How delightful!" he murmured, but not as if addressing any one. "Will it last? How balmy the atmosphere through that open window! An open window! How beautiful that play of sunshine! Those flowers, how very fragrant! That young girl's face, how cheerful, how blooming!—a flower with the dew on it, and sunbeams in the dew-drops! Ah! this must be all a dream! A dream! A dream! But it has quite hidden the four stone walls!"

"Then his face darkened, as if the shadow of a cavern or a dungeon had come over it; there was no more light in its expression than might have come through the iron grates of a prison window—still lessening, too, as if he were sinking further into the depths. Phoebe (being of that quickness and activity of temperament that she seldom long refrained from taking a part, and generally a good one, in what was going forward) now felt herself moved to address the stranger.

"Here is a new kind of rose, which I found this morning in the garden," said she, choosing a small crimson one from among the flowers in the vase. "There will be but five or six on the bush this season. This is the most perfect of them all; not a speck of blight or mildew in it. And how sweet it is!—sweet like no other rose! One can never forget that scent!"

"Ah!—let me see!—let me hold it!" cried the guest, eagerly seizing the flower, which, by the spell peculiar to remembered odors, brought innumerable associations along with the fragrance that it exhaled. "Thank you!"

This has done me good. I remember how I used to prize this flower—long ago, I suppose, very long ago!—or was it only yesterday? It makes me feel young again! Am I young? Either this remembrance is singularly distinct, or this consciousness strangely dim! But how kind of the fair young girl! Thank you! Thank you!

"The favorable excitement derived from this little crimson rose afforded Clifford the brightest moment which he enjoyed at the breakfast-table. It might have lasted longer, but that his eyes happened, soon afterward, to rest on the face of the old Puritan, who, out of his dingy frame and lusterless canvas, was looking down on the scene like a ghost, and a most ill-tempered and ungenial one. The guest made an impatient gesture of the hand, and addressed Hepzibah with what might easily be recognized as the licensed irritability of a petted member of the family.

"Hepzibah!—Hepzibah!" cried he, with no little force and distinctness, 'why do you keep that odious picture on the wall? Yes, yes!—that is precisely your taste! I have told you, a thousand times, that it was the evil genius of the house!—my evil genius particularly! Take it down at once!'

"Dear Clifford," said Hepzibah, sadly, 'you know it cannot be!'

"Then, at all events,' continued he, still speaking with some energy, 'pray cover it with a crimson curtain, broad enough to hang in folds, and with a golden border and tassels. I cannot bear it! It must not stare me in the face!'

"Yes, dear Clifford, the picture shall be covered,' said Hepzibah, soothingly.

"This very day, remember!' said he;

"But the several moods of feeling, faintly as they were marked, through which he had passed, occurring in so brief an interval of time, had evidently wearied the stranger. He was probably accustomed to a sad monotony of life, not so much flowing in a stream, however sluggish, as stagnating in a pool around his feet. A slumberous veil diffused itself over his countenance, and had an effect, morally speaking, on its naturally delicate and elegant outline, like that which a brooding mist, with no sunshine in it, throws over the features of a landscape. He appeared to become grosser—almost cloddish. If aught of interest or beauty—even ruined beauty—had heretofore been visible in this man, the beholder might now begin to doubt it, and to accuse his own imagination of deluding him with whatever grace had flickered over that visage, and whatever exquisite luster had gleamed in those filmy eyes.

"Before he had quite sunken away, however, the sharp and peevish tinkle of the shop-bell made itself audible. Striking most disagreeably on Clifford's auditory organs and the characteristic sensibility of his nerves, it caused him to start upright out of his chair.

"Good heavens, Hepzibah! what horrible disturbance have we now in the house?' cried he, wreaking his resentful impatience—as a matter of course, and a custom of old—on the one person in the world that loved him. 'I have never heard such a hateful clamor! Why do you permit it? In the name of all dissonance, what can it be?''*

* Hawthorne: *The House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. VII.

LESSON XIII.

1. Describe a picture as vividly as you can while laying the least possible emphasis on its interpretative value.

- (1) Michelangelo's *Fates*.
- (2) Leonardo's *Madonna of the Rocks*.
- (3) An "impressionist" picture.
- (4) A "realistic" picture.

2. Describe the same picture, emphasizing its interpretative aspect.

3. Contrast two pictures embodying a different treatment of the same subject.

- (1) A Madonna by Rubens and by Botticelli.
- (2) An Annunciation (e.g., by Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Rossetti).
- (3) Christ (Hoffmann and Munkacsy).
- (4) St. Anne teaching the Virgin (Rubens and Müller).
- (5) A Holy Family (Raphael, del Sarto, Michelangelo, etc.).
- (6) The Fates (Michelangelo, Thurmman, Simmons).

4. Expound Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*.

5. Give an expository description of a piece of statuary.

- (1) The Winged Victory.
- (2) Niobe.
- (3) Laocoön.
- (4) The Dying Gaul.
- (5) The Venus of Milo and the Medici Venus.
- (6) The Discobolus, compared with Michelangelo's David.

(7) Mr. George Barnard's Pan, or his colossal group, "I feel two natures struggling within me."*

* An incident connected with this group illustrates the real power of art to embody a given meaning, provided the mean-

Analyze the expository uses of description in the following passages:

6. "Of all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of a woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

"The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defense, where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the

ing be one whose appeal is grounded in universal human experience. At the "press view" of the Champs du Mars Salon in 1894, seven of Mr. Barnard's groups and figures were exhibited; they were numbered, but not yet labeled with their titles. Mr. Thiebault Sisson, then first art-critic of France, approached Mr. Barnard, and leading him to the group in question asked him what was its title. Mr. Barnard quoted, "Je sens deux etres en moi," and Mr. Sisson said, "It is strange—while looking at the group the first time, an hour ago, I felt an irresistible impulse to express my impressions in verse and the first line was, 'Je sens deux etres en moi.'"

left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right (as the restorer has properly imagined), is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything.

"That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defense is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger;—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

"Everything is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and un-

quenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

"It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

"The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fullness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial." *

7. "Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen:—the 'Old Shepherd's Chief-mourner.' Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and

* Shelley: *Remarks on some of the Statues in the Gallery of Florence.*

crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood; the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle; the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds; the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness; the rigidity of repose, which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid; the quietness and gloom of the chamber; the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep—these are all thoughts, thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin or the fold of a drapery, but as the Man of Mind.”*

In what ways has Ruskin a right to use as synonymous the words poem and picture? In what ways not?

8. “The sacristan was quickly found, however, and lost no time in disclosing the youthful Archangel, setting his divine foot on the head of his fallen adversary. It was an image of that greatest of future events, which we hope for so ardently—at least, while we are young—but find so very long in coming—the triumph of goodness over the evil principle.

“‘Where can Hilda be?’ exclaimed Kenyon. ‘It is

* Ruskin: *Modern Painters*, Vol. I, Chap. II.

not her custom ever to fail in an engagement; and the present one was made entirely on her account. Except herself, you know, we were all agreed in our recollection of the picture.’

“‘But we were wrong, and Hilda right, as you perceive,’ said Miriam, directing his attention to the point on which their dispute of the night before had arisen. ‘It is not easy to detect her astray as regards any picture on which those clear, soft eyes of hers have ever rested.’

“‘And she has studied and admired few pictures so much as this,’ observed the sculptor. ‘No wonder; for there is hardly another so beautiful in the world. What an expression of heavenly serenity in the Archangel’s face! There is a degree of pain, trouble, and disgust at being brought in contact with sin, even for the purpose of quelling and punishing it; and yet a celestial tranquility pervades his whole being.’

“‘I have never been able,’ said Miriam, ‘to admire this picture nearly so much as Hilda does, in its moral and intellectual aspect. If it cost her more trouble to be good, if her soul were less white and pure, she would be a more competent critic of this picture, and would estimate it not half so high. I see its defects to-day more clearly than ever before.’

“‘What are some of them?’ asked Kenyon.

“‘That Archangel, now,’ Miriam continued; ‘how fair he looks, with his unruffled wings, with his unhacked sword, and clad in his bright armor, and that exquisitely fitting sky-blue tunic, cut in the latest paradisiacal mode! What a dainty air of the first celestial society! With what half scornful delicacy he sets his prettily sandaled foot on the head of his prostrate foe! But, is it thus that virtue looks the moment after its death-struggle with

evil? No, no; I could have told Guido better. A full third of the Archangel's feathers should have been torn from his wings; the rest all ruffled, till they looked like Satan's own! His sword should be streaming with blood, and perhaps broken half-way to the hilt; his armor crushed, his robes rent, his breast gory; a bleeding gash on his brow, cutting right across the stern scowl of battle! He should press his foot hard down upon the old serpent, as if his very soul depended upon it, feeling him squirm mightily, and doubting whether the fight were half over yet, and how the victory might turn! And, with all this fierceness, this grimness, this unutterable horror, there should still be something high, tender, and holy in Michael's eyes, and around his mouth. But the battle never was such child's play as Guido's dapper Archangel seems to have found it.'

" 'For Heaven's sake, Miriam,' cried Kenyon, astonished at the wild energy of her talk, 'paint the picture of man's struggle against sin according to your own ideal! I think it will be a masterpiece.'

" 'The picture would have its share of truth, I assure you,' she answered; 'but I am sadly afraid the victory would fall on the wrong side. Just fancy a smoke-blackened, fiery-eyed demon, bestriding that nice young angel, clutching his white throat with one of his hinder claws; and giving a triumphant whisk of his scaly tail, with a poisonous dart at the end of it! That is what they risk, poor souls, who do battle with Michael's enemy.' " *

Write a comparison of the underlying thought here and that in Ruskin's comment on *Fortitude*, cited on p. 69.

* Hawthorne: *The Marble Faun*, Chap. XX.

9.

" '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 'gray 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." *

Why is it necessary to tell the story of this picture? Is anything gained by telling it before the picture is described?

10. Compare with your own interpretation of *Mona*

* Hazlitt: *On a Landscape of Nicholas Poussin*.

Lisa the following by Pater. If the two disagree, discover the cause, and endeavor to reconcile them.

"*La Gioconda* is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.

"The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh; the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and molded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for

strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as St. Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea." *

11. Read Sill's *The Venus of Milo*, and compare its interpretation with yours (5, (5)).

Larger than mortal woman I see thee stand,
With beautiful head bent forward steadily.
As if those earnest eyes could see
Some glorious thing far off, to which thy hand
Invisibly stretched onward seems to be.
From thy white forehead's breadth of calm, the hair
Sweeps lightly, as a cloud in windless air.
Placid thy brows, as that still line at dawn
Where the dim hills along the sky are drawn,
When the last stars are drowned in deeps afar.
Thy quiet mouth—I know not if it smile,
Or if in some wise pity thou wilt weep—
Little as one may tell, some summer morn,
Whether the dreamy brightness is most glad,
Or wonderfully sad—
So bright, so still thy lips serenely sleep;
So fixedly thine earnest eyes the while,
As clear and steady as the morning star,
Their gaze upon that coming glory keep.
Thy garment's fallen folds
Leave beautiful the fair, round breast

* Pater: *The Renaissance*; Leonardo da Vinci.

In sacred loveliness; the bosom deep
 Where happy babe might sleep;
 The ample waist no narrowing girdle holds,
 Where daughters slim might come and cling and rest,
 Like tendriled vines against the plane-tree pressed.
 Around thy firm, large limbs and steady feet
 The robes slope downward, as the folded hills
 Slope round the mountain's knees, when shadow fills
 The hollow cañons, and the wind is sweet
 From russet oat-fields and the ripening wheat.*

LESSON XIV.

1. Describe, so that a child would get a vivid picture of it:

The Parthenon, or the temple at Ægina
 An Egyptian building.

The cathedral at Cologne or Milan.

2. Use one of these buildings to make clear the character of the people who built it or the nature of their religion.

3. The following passage falls into two parts dealing respectively with the cathedral itself and with Gothic architecture generally. How does each help the other? How do they differ in method and effect? Which stages of the original impression has the memory picture lost and which has it retained? Is this usual in a memory of anything?

"The traces remaining in my memory represent it [Lichfield cathedral] as airy rather than massive. A multitude of beautiful shapes appeared to be comprehended within its single outline; it was a kind of kaleidoscopic mystery, so rich a variety of aspect did it assume from each altered point of view, through the presentation of a different face, and the rearrangement of its peaks and

* SILL: *The Venus of Milo*.

pinnacles, and the three battlemented towers with the spires that shot heavenward from all three, but one loftier than its fellows. Thus it impressed you at every change as a newly created structure of the passing moment, in which yet you lovingly recognized the half-vanished structure of the instant before, and felt, moreover, a joyful faith in the indestructible existence of all this cloudlike vicissitude. A Gothic cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved; so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange, delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend within one idea, and yet all so consonant that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough."*

LESSON XV.

1. Explain, as for a younger audience, the meaning of the lines:

(1) "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." †

(2) "I am a part of all that I have met." ‡

(3) "Henceforth ask not good fortune; I myself am good fortune." §

(4) "Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 Or what's a heaven for?" ||

(5) "Time's current strong
 Leaves us true to nothing long." ¶

* Hawthorne: *Our Old Home*; *Lichfield and Uttoxeter*.

† Tennyson: *Morte d'Arthur*.

‡ *Ib.*: *Ulysses*.

§ Whitman: *The Open Road*.

|| Browning: *Andrea del Sarto*.

¶ Arnold: *A Memory Picture*.

2. Trace the source of the effect in the following lines:

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.*

3. Interpret the thought in the following poems:

- (1) Rudyard Kipling's *The Miracles, The King*.
- (2) Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*.
- (3) Rossetti's *Wood-spurge*.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips drawn in, said not alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The wood-spurge flowered, three cups in one.

* Tennyson: *The Lady of Shalott*. If enough volumes are accessible, the entire poem would be a fascinating subject for the student to work at, getting out its means of sensuous appeal, through metre, through images directly presented or suggested, through the sounds and the associative values of words, etc. This could be done in class as well. The poem ought, of course, to be read aloud or half its effect is lost.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory;
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The wood-spurge has a cup of three.

- (4) Emily Dickinson's *I asked no other thing*.

I asked no other thing,
No other was denied.
I offered Being for it;
The mighty merchant smiled.

Brazil? He twirled a button,
Without a glance my way;
"But, madam, is there nothing else
That we can show to-day?"

4. Discover and trace to its source the total effect of the following poems:

- (1) The first or "spring" chorus in Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*.
- (2) The choric song in Tennyson's *Lotos-eaters*.
- (3) Arnold's *Forsaken Merman*.
- (4) Poe's *Raven*.
- (5) Browning's *Prospice*.
- (6) Rudyard Kipling's *Mandalay* and *Recessional*.
- (7) William Morris's "Apology" at the beginning of the *Earthly Paradise*.

Note that in interpreting this effect different means may be taken in different cases. Thus, the *Raven* and the *Choric Song* are perhaps best expounded by describing the mood into which they throw the hearer, the *Forsaken Merman*, by telling the story and emphasizing some of its aspects, etc.

5. Compare a picture and a poem which it has inspired. This may best be done by giving an interpretation of the

picture itself, then comparing and reconciling it with the interpretation embodied in the poem.

Orpheus and Eurydice and Browning's poem.

The Milo and the Medici Venus, and Sill's poem.

Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself and his wife, and Browning's poem.

Burne-Jones' *Vampire*, and Mr. Kipling's poem.

Leonardo's *Madonna of the Rocks*, and Rossetti's sonnet, *Our Lady of the Rocks*.

6. Expound a piece of music, using any of the means noted on pp. 83-85.* For example:

(1) Liszt : *Les Preludes*. (Cf. Liszt's own somewhat fanciful but interesting exposition of it.)
Hungarian Rhapsodies.

(2) Beethoven : Pathetic Sonata.

Andante movement in the Fifth Symphony.

Music to Schiller's Hymn to Joy (end of the Ninth Symphony).

Overture to Coriolanus.

* If this is attempted, some care should be taken to guard against misunderstandings. The student should not try to force himself to an expression of sensibilities that he does not possess, nor should he be allowed to suppose that the "meaning" in a musical composition can be reported with the exactness of an answer to a puzzle. It is well to play over to the class a number of passages where we can be sure what mood the composer intended to express, as is the case in oratorio music, in Schubert's and Grieg's songs, in Liza Lehmann's musical setting of the Rubáiyát, *In a Persian Garden*. After this, other things may be played, to be interpreted by them. It is well to avoid resorting to "program music," and choose such as keeps to the legitimate sphere of music, the expression of mood.

(3) Wagner: Music for the death of Siegfried, *Götterdämmerung*.

The Rhinedaughters' song.

The call of the Walküre.

Waldweben.

Siegfried's horn (in *Rheingold* and elsewhere throughout the trilogy).

7. In the following passage the writer interprets Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* by describing the images it calls up to her mind, and the mood this suggests. Define what this underlying mood is.

"For from far away somewhere came the softest, sweetest song. A woman was singing, somewhere. Nearer and nearer she came, over the hills, in the lovely early morning, louder and louder she sang—and it was the Spring-song! Now she was with us—young, clear-eyed, happy, bursting into delicious flights of laughter between the bars. Her eyes I know were gray. She did not run nor leap—she came steadily on, with a swift, strong, swaying, lilting movement. She was all odorous of the morning, all vocal with the spring. Her voice laughed even while she sang, and the perfect, smooth succession of the separate sounds was unlike any effect I have ever heard. Now she passed—she was gone by. Softer, fainter, ah, was she gone? No; she turned her head, tossed us flowers and sang again, turned, and singing, left us. One moment of soft echo—and then it was still.*

* Josephine D. Daskam: *Smith College Monthly*, Vol. V, pp. 11-12.

CHAPTER IV.

DEFINITION IN ITS RELATION TO EXPOSITION.

THE word "definition" naturally brings to our mind the notion of such formal statements as this: "An animal is a living organism broadly distinguished from a plant by incapacity to convert inorganic into organic matter." What is the object of such a definition, and how is it attained? Evidently it aims to tell us exactly what an animal is, and this is accomplished by doing two things: first, by assigning the object to a large class, in this case, "living organisms;" and second, by distinguishing it from other members of that class, in this case, "plants." We might picture a tabular scheme of the result, thus:

Living organisms.	{	Those which can convert	}Plants
		inorganic into organic matter.	
		Those which cannot.....	Animals

This is the method pursued by all definitions; they, on the one hand, assign the subject defined to a class or genus, and, on the other, state what qualities it has which are not found in all members of the class and which therefore constitute a distinct species within the class. The two processes are respectively designated by the terms "classification" or "identification" on the one hand,

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and "discrimination" or "differentiation" on the other, and a definition is technically said to define an object by giving its "genus" and its "differentia."

Clearly, the aim of definition is identical with that of exposition as we have observed it in the preceding chapter: both aim to convey an adequate notion of the thing itself, of its real nature, both therefore must be called exposition. But do they pursue this common aim by totally dissimilar methods? Is exposition by definition, as a process, to be set absolutely apart from exposition by description? Or is it possible that this new form of exposition may be related to the other as that was to description?

Suppose we reconsider some of the cases already discussed,—Carlyle's Mahomet, for example. This essay, as we saw, embodied the exposition of a character chiefly through description of its external manifestations,—chiefly, but not wholly, for besides emphasizing the individual traits in Mahomet, his appearance, his manner, his words, it also emphasized certain traits which he possessed in common with others, that is, the essay not only characterizes him, but assigns him to a class; the class "Prophet," and to a yet larger class, that of "Great Men." This is the significance of such passages as the following:

"A silent, great soul; he was one of those who cannot *but* be in earnest; whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere . . . he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. . . . Such *sincerity*, as we have named it, has in very truth something of divine."

And throughout the essay there is a continual reverting to the qualities, called by Carlyle "sincerity," "originality," "the seeing eye," and an emphasis on these

qualities not as the exclusive possession of Mahomet, but as belonging to all heroic natures. Having established the relation between Mahomet and this large class, Great Men, Carlyle proceeds to further classification, subdividing Great Men into two classes, Poets and Prophets:

"Fundamentally, indeed, they are still the same; in this most important respect especially, that they have penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the universe; what Goethe calls 'the open secret.' . . . The *Vates* Prophet, we might say, has seized that sacred mystery rather on the moral side, as Good and Evil, Duty and Prohibition; the *Vates* Poet on what the Germans call the æsthetic side, as Beautiful and the like," etc.

Having got his two sub-classes, Carlyle assigns Mahomet to one, the Prophets, and finally proceeds to a discrimination of him from all the other prophets.

The method pursued in this essay is followed also in the others of the same group, "On Heroes," those on Dante, Shakespeare, Odin, etc. In every case the author takes his great man and assigns him to his class, while differentiating him from all other members of that class. The rough scheme of classification thus established is easily tabulated:

Heroes or Great Men.	Divinities	Odin
	Prophets	Mahomet
	Poets	{ Dante Shakespeare
	Priests	{ Luther Knox
	Men of Letters	{ Johnson Rousseau Burns
	Kings	{ Cromwell Napoleon

This group of essays is a good illustration of a process common to all such work,—the double process, that is, of discrimination, or individualization, on the one side, and of identification or classification on the other. In them, the emphasis, to be sure, is often on the individual, yet the class is kept in view, and the very title of the series "On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History," is in itself an indication of the importance the writer attached to the generalization underlying his treatment of the concrete.

In other cases the process is just as truly involved, though the manifestations of it may not be so apparent.

Examine, for instance, Mr. Morley's essay on Macaulay. It might, from one standpoint, be classed along with Pater's essay on Leonardo da Vinci as an endeavor at an exact estimate of a man. There is, however, some difference of method, or rather of emphasis.

Almost at the outset the purpose of the essay is stated, as being to discover "what kind of significance or value belongs to Lord Macaulay's achievements and to what place he has a claim among the forces of English literature." This gives us, then, the beginning of a classification:

Writers who are forces in English Literature.....Macaulay

There follows further subdivision of the large class, also rather implied than fully expressed, yet clear enough. Mr. Morley mentions Mill and Carlyle as representatives of forces in literature, classifying Carlyle as rather apart because "he is a poet, while the other two are in their degrees serious and argumentative writers, dealing in different ways with the great topics that constitute the

matter and business of daily discussion," etc. This gives us our next grade of classification:

Writers who are { Poets.....Carlyle
forces in English { Serious and argumentative { Mill
Literature { writers, who have, etc. { Macaulay

He next proceeds to discriminate between Mill and Macaulay on the basis of their influence upon journalism, Mill's influence being, briefly, good, and Macaulay's bad, and the next step in classification is made:

Writers who are, { Poets.
etc. { Serious, { Influence good..... Mill
etc. { etc. { Influence bad..... Macaulay

Leaving classification for a while, the writer now turns to Macaulay as an individual, and seeks out not only the qualities in him in virtue of which he belongs to this class, but also those qualities which make him individual. In this part of the essay, constituting the greatest bulk of it, the method pursued is, of course, generally speaking, the method of interpretative description. From the man's work he gives us the man, but since it is merely with the man as a writer that he is concerned, it is by his writing only that he is judged; and the means of appeal have therefore a much more limited range than in such cases as the essay on Leonardo, or Green's essay, if we may call it so, on Elizabeth.

By means of concrete illustration, then, his character as a writer is made plain, and we get impressions which might be suggested in a list something like the following:

He has a genius for narration.

He talks about interesting people.

His thought is in line with that of his public.

He is emphatic.

He is lucid.

He is learned.

On the other hand:

He is commonplace.

He is overconfident.

He is untrue.

He is superficial.

He is inelastic and narrow.

He is hard-natured.

He lacks depth and firmness.

He is coarse, vulgar, brutal, crude.

Having completed this characterization of Macaulay, Mr. Morley returns again to the classification of him (the italics are ours):

"This remark is no disparagement of Macaulay's genius, but a *classification* of it. We are interrogating our own impressions and asking ourselves *among what kind of writers* he ought to be placed." And following this line of thought Mr. Morley arrives finally at the conclusion that Macaulay was a rhetorician of the second rank. Our final classification, therefore, is this:

Writers who are forces in English Literature.	{ Poets.....Carlyle Serious and argumenta- tive, etc.	{ Classification not elabo- rated Rhetoricians	 Mill
			{ 1st rank }
			{ 2d rank } Macaulay

Thus we find that, while in this essay the emphasis on the individual is greater than in Carlyle, yet as in Carlyle there is present the provision for a classification of the individual. The same is true of every such treatise, although naturally the degree of emphasis on the one or the other kind of thing will be infinitely varied. In the essays of Arnold the classification side is usually rather clear. In his essay on Heine he says, "I wish to mark

Heine's place in modern European literature, the scope of his activity, and his value." * That is, he wishes both to characterize and to classify, or—to use the technical terms of definition—to discriminate and to identify. His essay on Wordsworth is an avowed endeavor more justly to classify the poet; so is his essay on Byron; so is that on Shelley, though its attempt is to characterize and classify Shelley as a man rather than as a poet, and although the emphasis is less on the classification than on the characterization, the individualization.

In connection with the essay on Macaulay, Pater's essay on Leonardo da Vinci was referred to as showing a slight difference of method, "or rather of emphasis." The difference can now be readily appreciated as being in fact one of emphasis. Pater's delight was less in a discovery of those qualities by virtue of which things are grouped in classes than in the delicate, discriminating emphasis on those traits which set them apart from their fellows. And the essay in question, like much of his work, assumes instead of stating a classification, and itself is occupied wholly with what might technically be called the differentia, of the subject: "What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure, which his work has the property of exciting in us, and which we cannot get elsewhere?" he continually asks, "For this . . . is always the chief question which a critic has to answer." † And yet even in these essays the explicit classification now and then appears, and in this very commentary on Botticelli, which is so frankly occupied with its inquiry after "peculiar" traits, there may be discovered considerable generalization. Botticelli, we hear,

* *Essays in Criticism*; First Series, p. 170.

† Pater: *The Renaissance*; *Sandro Botticelli*, p. 53.

was "a poetical painter," "a visionary painter," like Dante in poetry, but he lived in "a generation of naturalists," and his contemporaries were "dramatic painters," etc. Here is his classification, as clear as was Macaulay's:

Artists.	{ Visionary artists {	Poets	Dante
		Painters	Botticelli
	{ Dramatic artists .	Painters	{ Giotto Masaccio, etc.

The question which arose as to the relation between such exposition and the exposition by definition is now answered. Not only do the two have the same end, they use the same method, the method of classification and differentiation; only, whereas in the formal definition the method is immediately apparent, in the cases we have just been considering it is sometimes discernible only after some scrutiny, being obscured by the emphasis placed on the "differentia" of the subject instead of on the "genus." The manner in which the emphasis will fall will vary infinitely, being dependent on the writer's habit of mind, on his purpose, and on the nature of his subject.

That both processes must be at least implicit in any expository expression follows from the nature of our mental processes. We are aiming to convey what we conceive to be the true nature of a thing. But in reaching, ourselves, this perception of its true nature, we must consider something besides the individual thing; for we do not really know what it is until we know what it is not; we cannot recognize its characteristic traits as characteristic unless we know which traits are not characteristic but common to other things as well. We cannot know the individual unless we also know the class.

Even in the processes of immediate sense-perception—

* Pater: *The Renaissance*; *Sandro Botticelli*, pp. 54-56.

and therefore in description as the record of that process—this consciousness of the class is involved, although the emphasis is more consistently upon the individual than anywhere else. In Mr. Burroughs' description of the columbine, for example, there is a recognition of the class as well as of the individual; indeed, the significance of the passage depends on our perception of contrasts between class and individual. The thought implied is: the columbine belongs to that class of flowers which are most exquisitely beautiful. This particular columbine belongs to its class and possesses the class-characteristics, but it also possesses individual characteristics, not shared by all columbines: it is also "magical and audacious." The classification, partly implied, partly expressed, and indispensable to the effect of the description, might be represented thus:

Familiar wild-flowers.	{	Those which are exquisitely beautiful.	}	Columbine	{	This columbine, whose exquisite beauty was fur- ther differenti- ated by being magical and au- dacious.
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A little observation of one's own experience will show how inevitable is this process of classification as an accompaniment of all our sense-perception. In the experiment with the poppies, for example, the immediate sense-perception reached a certain stage, and then came the classification of the perception with other remembered perceptions, and along with the thought "poppies" came the memory-supplement of traits known to be common to all members of the class. The simple naming

of a thing involves such classification, although it is so rapid and habitual that its nature is no longer recognized.

On the whole, however, all the writing we have thus far considered, except the formal definition quoted at the beginning of the chapter, is characterized by the fact that, while both processes are involved, it is the discrimination process which is given most scope. The genus is rather assumed, and the attention is invited to the differentia, our faces are set toward the individual. In Carlyle's *Heroes* this is least true; he looks both ways and it would be hard to say in which direction he looks most constantly. From this case it is easy to see how the relative proportion might be reversed, and the emphasis be placed on the genus instead of the individual, on hero-souls instead of on Mahomet and Dante, on rhetoricians instead of on Macaulay, on columbines instead of that columbine "I saw one spring day."

Both processes will in such cases still be involved, but instead of assuming the generic qualities and elaborately discussing the individual, we shall assume the individual traits and elaborate the generic.

Take the case of the columbine. Mr. Burroughs' description would, with a few topographical directions, have enabled us easily to find that particular columbine; but in order to identify any columbine, we should need a different guide. We should want to know not the traits that this columbine alone possessed, but those common to all of its species. Chief of these would be:

Color: scarlet and yellow.

Manner of the plant's growth: in clumps, but each flower pendent from its separate stem.

Shape of the flower: five spurs, protruding stamens, etc.

Size of the flower: two inches long.

Shape of the leaf: compound, deeply cleft and lobed.
Etc., etc.

Suppose, now, that we wish to be able to recognize not merely this species of columbine *Aquilegia Canadensis* but any species of the genus, including cultivated varieties.

To begin with, the color-differentia must go, since other species are blue, purple, white, etc.; and the size of the flower must have wider range. The traits that characterize the genus, then,—keeping so far as possible free from the technical terminology,—may be summed up about as follows:

Columbines are low herbs growing in delicately massed clumps, with finely cut leaves, and flowers nodding from slender stems. The flowers themselves, varying in color, are from one and a half to three inches long, and look something like a shuttle-cock, with spurs instead of feathers.

We might elaborate this account, but it is enough to illustrate the method. Such an account of a class of objects, as distinct from a single object, is called "generalized description." Its emphasis is the reverse of that in pure description, and, as we have just seen, the means by which it characterizes its subjects are less purely sensuous in their appeal.

In subjects of greater complexity, the direct appeal to the senses becomes even slighter. Suppose, for example, we are trying to tell a friend how to recognize the orchids at the next flower-show. How shall we do it? We cannot describe the color, since it varies infinitely; nor the shape, for no two genera are alike, and even the species show great differences; nor the manner of growth, for there is no generally characteristic manner. We

perhaps resort to an account of the way the flowers impress us: "Oh, all the orchids are simply queer beyond measure, some of them are positively uncanny." "Are they any queerer than the cactus?" he may ask. "Well,—it's a different kind of queerness," we answer, and our next attempt will be to show just what this "queerness" consists in. Ultimately we may arrive at very much the kind of statement found in Gray's Botany, though our phrasing will be less technical; and the general traits which we shall use to define the orchid family will be those which concern the *relation* between the parts of the plant and the number of those parts. Stated roughly, our information would run about as follows:

Orchids are herbs with (usually) showy flowers and inconspicuous leaves. The flowers are irregular, usually striking and "interesting" in either form or color, or both. Their petals and petal-like sepals are each three, but one of the petals is always much modified into some sort of lip, platform, or bag. The stamens have usually been modified, too, into something that looks like a queer extra petal opposite the lip-petal. The stigma is there, but you usually can't find it. The flowers range over almost all colors, and are often curiously spotted or streaked.

Shall we call this "generalized description"? It is not quite like description, because though the sensuous appeal is suggested, it is not definite. What one can describe—if it be visual—one can paint, provided one has skill enough. One could paint Mr. Burroughs' columbine, one could paint any given orchid, but one couldn't paint the general notion "orchid" contained in the above account. Neither, indeed, could one paint

"columbine," for there could be no color and even the outline would be hazy.

Perhaps it does not matter whether we call such work "generalized description" or "definition;" our decision will depend on whether we are thinking more of the reminiscence of sense-appeal still lurking in the generalizations or more of the method, which is, of course, exactly the same as in formal definition. How vivid will be the sense-reminiscence in the traits adduced will depend upon the range of variation in the subject; thus any genus of orchid would probably permit less than any genus of columbine. The range of variation in the subject will depend partly upon how far removed it is from the concrete individual; thus, we can describe a particular tortoise-shell cat, we can give a generalized description of tortoise-shell cats, still with considerable sensuous appeal; when we pass to a generalized description—or must we call it a definition?—of the species cat (*Felis domestica*) we cut loose from appeal to the senses, and rely upon perception of relation of parts; if we deal with the whole genus *Felis* or the family *Felidae*, our means grow more and more abstract.

Informal definition of this kind often has to resort to another means besides this of generalized description. Suppose, for example, one wants to tell some one just what a game of basket-ball is like, or a set of tennis, or an afternoon of golfing. The case resembles that of the orchids, or the columbines, in that while all games of basket-ball have certain common traits, no two games are exactly alike. But there is a difference in the fact that even any single game does not stay still to be described, it keeps doing things, and in what it does consists its character. In telling what the game is, then, we shall

resort to "generalized narration," which of course stands in the same relation to narration that generalized description does to description. It is mentioned here, because, though with subject-matter different from that of description, it meets description in the field of definition, and becomes an important factor of definition whenever the subject treated is one of processes, of things in activity instead of things in repose.

Much that has been said in connection with the process of definition is well illustrated by the first chapter of Mr. Lloyd Morgan's *Animal Life and Intelligence*, in which he begins with the scrappy attempts of some schoolboys at defining "an animal;" and with these as his basis, works out a complete definition, though not reduced to formal statement, of the animal organism as one class of living beings. The passage is cited here especially as an example of method.

"I once asked a class of schoolboys to write down for me in a few words what they considered the chief characteristics of animals. Here are some of the answers:

"1. Animals move about, eat and grow.

"2. Animals eat, grow, breathe, feel (at least most of them do), and sleep.

"3. Take a cat, for example. It begins as a kitten; it eats, drinks, plays about, and grows up into a cat, which does much the same, only it is more lazy, and stops growing. At last it grows old and dies. But it may have kittens first.

"4. An animal has a head and tail, four legs, and a body. It is a living creature and not a vegetable.

"5. Animals are living creatures, made of flesh and blood.

Combining these statements, Mr. Morgan has the following characteristics of animals:

" 1. Each has a proper and definite form, at present described as a head and tail, four legs, and a body.

" 2. They breathe.

" 3. They eat and drink.

" 4. They grow.

" 5. They also 'grow up.' The kitten grows into a cat which is somewhat different from a kitten.

" 6. They move about and sleep.

" 7. They feel—'at least some of them do.'

" 8. They are made of 'flesh and blood.'

" 9. They grow old and die.

" 10. They reproduce their kind. The cat may have kittens.

" 11. They are living organisms, but 'not vegetables.' "

This is raw material for a definition of "animal." Not quite "raw," indeed, but in an intermediate stage between perception of individual animals and knowledge of their common qualities. Mr. Morgan proceeds to sift his material and correct the results:

" 1. *An animal has a definite form.* My schoolboy friend described it as a head and tail, four legs, and a body. But it is clear that this description applies only to a very limited number of animals. It will not apply to the butterfly, . . . nor to the lobster, . . . to the limbless snake and worm . . . but . . . we may say that each animal has a definite form and shape or series of shapes."

The statement that animals are made of 'flesh and blood' is found to need modification, thus:

"An American is said to have described the difference

between vertebrates and insects by saying that the former are composed of flesh and bones, and the latter of skin and squash. But even if we amend the statement that animals are made of 'flesh and blood' by the addition of the words, 'or of skin and squash,' we shall hardly have a sufficiently satisfactory statement of the composition of the animal body."

After some discussion, therefore, Mr. Morgan modifies these statements and reaches the conclusion "that the living substance of which animals are composed is a complex material called protoplasm," etc.

The result of the chapter is a complete definition of animals as distinct from vegetables, and a classification of both under the class living organisms; this class being in turn, somewhat less explicitly, distinguished from inorganic, or dead, matter. The definition, though not reduced to form, is in close agreement with that given at the beginning of the chapter, only its terms are explained, and their remote significance made clear.

The great bulk of so-called "scientific" writing can be thus reduced to definition, with the difference just stated, that what in the formal definition is put as tersely as possible, is in the treatise elaborately explained.

What holds good of our method in arriving at our notions of classes, holds also of all other abstract notions. They are gained by noting a common feature in a number of concrete instances and giving to this common feature a name. The notion "honor" is gained by noting in a number of acts a common quality, which we call honorableness, and from which we infer a corresponding quality, called sense of honor, or simply honor, in the persons who do the act. The same is true of all such terms,—"courtesy," "beauty," "activity," etc. A

proof that the order really is from concrete to abstract is found in the fact that primitive languages are poor in abstract terms, or are nearly lacking in them. They may, for example, possess names for various kinds of trees, which shows some advance in power to generalize, but not for "tree"; names for various kinds of motion—running, walking, leaping, dancing,—but not for "motion," "movement," "activity." After such abstract notions are once apprehended, there comes a time when, along with the sense of their value, there arises a desire to test and refine them. This is done by the same double method that characterizes all our search for knowledge, and the endeavor to communicate our results to others finds expression in either condensed definitions, or the more natural and therefore more interesting and successful expositions which follow the method of definition—they can follow no other—but deviate from its set form and studied conciseness. We may have the "dictionary" definition of honor: "a nice sense of what is right, just, and true, with course of life correspondent thereto"—or it may be less formal:

Say, what is honor?—'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to reclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done.*

or it may be comic in intention, like Falstaff's definition:
"What is honor? a word. What is in that word honor? What is that honor? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible then?

* Wordsworth.

yea; to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism."*

For poetry, we may cite Arnold's "Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things;"† where the two elements of definition are plainer than in that of culture as "a study of perfection."‡ This last definition is not merely given in a phrase, it is elaborated into an essay§ in which each word of the definition is in turn expounded somewhat as follows:

Culture is a study of perfection.		
Study is.....	{ love, desire to make prevail, }	perfection.
Perfection is....	{ sweetness, light. }	
Sweetness is.....etc.		
Light is.....etc.		

and so on, until all the notions inherent in the first phrase have been discovered to the reader.

Furthermore, as in the earlier expository essays on writers, artists, etc., we found that the relative emphasis on classification or discrimination was infinitely varied; so, in all definition, formal or informal, the emphasis will vary according to the subject and the purpose. A large amount of expository writing concerns itself especially with discrimination, not as in the cases previously con-

* *I. Henry IV*, V, i.

† Arnold: *Essays in Criticism; First Series; Heinrich Heine*, p. 161.

‡ Arnold: *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 7.

§ Arnold: *Culture and Anarchy*, Chap. I.

sidered, of one individual from the mass of all others, but of one thing—be it individual or class, concrete or abstract—from another thing. Often the most effective way of showing the real nature of anything is by placing it beside some other thing not too dissimilar and noting the differences and resemblances. The value of this is especially well illustrated in cases where the true nature of the thing treated is still not quite comprehended, as, for instance, the terms “instinct” and “reason.” Romanes’ *Animal Intelligence* is an attempt at discrimination through the citing of concrete instances. He prefaces the attempt by definition of the two terms, discriminating them, the one from the other:

“Instinct is reflex action into which there is imported the element of consciousness. The term is therefore a generic one, comprising all those faculties of mind which are concerned in conscious and adaptive action, antecedent to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed.

“Reason or intelligence is the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to ends. It therefore implies conscious knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained, and may be exercised in adaptation to circumstances novel alike to the experience of the individual and to that of the species.”*

Mr. Lloyd Morgan works in a similar way toward the true discrimination of instinct and reason. Confronted with the necessity of defining “the power of individual choice,” he does it by discriminating choice from necessity in a number of concrete instances:

“Two weathercocks are placed on adjoining church

* Romanes: *Animal Intelligence*, p. 17.

pinnacles, two clouds are floating across the sky, two empty bottles are drifting down a stream. None of these has any power of individual choice. They are completely at the mercy of external circumstances. On the other hand, two dogs are trotting down the road and come to a point of divergence; one goes to the right hand, the other to the left hand. Here each exercises a power of individual choice as to which way he shall go. Or, again, my brother and I are out for a walk and our father’s dog is with us. After a while we part, each to proceed on his own way. Pincher stands irresolute. For a while the impulse to follow me and the impulse to follow my brother are equal. Then the former impulse prevails and he bounds to my side. He has exercised the power of individual choice.”*

Similarly, fancy and imagination, wit and humor, humor and satire are profitably treated in pairs, the discrimination being expressed in a phrase or an essay or a volume. A number of such discriminations are expressed by means of symbolic description in the following passage:

“You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less: and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes and accepting the correction their image of you proposes.

“If you detect the ridicule and your kindness is chilled by it, you are slipping into the grasp of Satire.

“If, instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod to make him writhe and shriek aloud, you prefer to sting him under a semi-caress by which he shall in his anguish be rendered dubious whether indeed anything has hurt him, you are the engine of Irony.

* Lloyd Morgan: *Animal Life and Intelligence*, p. 458-9.

"If you laugh all round him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack and drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbor, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is a spirit of Humor that is moving you." *

Such discrimination is, of course, involved in all expository work; it is only emphasis that decides whether its name shall be given to the whole bit of writing.

The same is true of another kind of work called "division." This, as its name implies, is simply a process of dividing up any class of things so that the things contained in it shall fall into groups according to some determined principle. Thus, we may divide cats into male and female or into domesticated and wild, or into cats that are all of one color and cats that are party-colored, etc., according to what our purpose is in treating cats. The only necessary condition is that the criterion of division shall be the same for all the groups under the class—that we shall not, for example, divide cats into party-colored cats and domesticated cats. †

* Meredith: *Essay on Comedy*, pp. 72-4.

† A lecturer on the sculptures of the Medici chapel divided them as follows:

1. Allegorical.

2. Sedentary.

And a school-girl a short time ago handed to her teacher the following analysis, embodying her division of the chosen subject:

One of my Friends.

I. Her height.

III. Her dressing,

1. Her complexion.

1. Her ways.

2. Her hair.

2. Her voice.

II. Her age.

IV. Her walk.

1. Her teeth.

1. Her legs.

2. Her hands.

2. Her religion.

The title of the Massachusetts "State Board of Health,

This process, of course, is involved in definition, for it is a step toward determining just what a class is, if we determine how its constituent members may be grouped, while the ascertaining of good principles of grouping will be of great assistance in the detailed investigation of the constituency. The process of division is exemplified in a number of the cases discussed in this chapter. It is suggested, though not really worked out in Carlyle's classes of heroes, in Mr. Morley's hinted division of influential writers into poets and argumentative writers, and in Pater's visionary artists and dramatic artists. It is the chief value of systematic botany and is indeed the backbone of much scientific exposition.

LESSON XVI.

1. (a) Write a description of a Norway spruce, trying to individualize it as much as you can.

(b) Write a generalized description of the spruce.

2. Compare the result with Ruskin's exposition of the "pine-tree." *

"Of the many marked adaptations of nature to the mind of man, it seems one of the most singular, that trees intended especially for the adornment of the wildest mountains should be in broad outline the most formal of trees. The vine, which is to be the companion of man, is waywardly docile in its growth, falling into festoons beside his cornfields, or roofing his garden-walks, or casting its shadow all summer upon his door. Associated always with the trimness of cultivation, it introduces all

Lunacy, and Charity," is not above criticism. At least, its phrasing is scarcely happy.

* In the passage quoted he uses the generic term "pine," but in the context he defines his subject as the Norway spruce.

possible elements of sweet wildness. The pine, placed nearly always among scenes disordered and desolate, brings into them all possible elements of order and precision. Lowland trees may lean to this side and that, though it is but a meadow breeze that bends them, or a bank of cowslips from which their trunks lean aslope. But let storm and avalanche do their worst, and let the pine find only a ledge of vertical precipice to cling to, it will nevertheless grow straight. Thrust a rod from its last shoot down the stem;—it shall point to the center of the earth as long as the tree lives.

“Also it may be well for lowland branches to reach hither and thither for what they need, and to take all kinds of irregular shape and extension. But the pine is trained to need nothing, and to endure everything. It is resolutely whole, self-contained, desiring nothing but rightness, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted also to these soft lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom, and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword-points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasure-fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain:—such service must we do him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies, also, are at his service: softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. Let him take them as pleases him, for his houses

and ships. So also it may be well for these timid lowland trees to tremble with all their leaves, or turn their paleness to the sky, if but a rush of rain passes by them; or to let fall their leaves at last, sick and sere. . . . But we pines must live carelessly amidst the wrath of clouds. We only wave our branches to and fro when the storm pleads with us, as men toss their arms in a dream.

“And finally, these weak lowland trees may struggle fondly for the last remnants of life, and send up feeble saplings again from their roots when they are cut down. But we builders with the sword perish boldly; our dying shall be perfect and solemn, as our warring: we give up our lives without reluctance, and for ever.*

“I wish the reader to fix his attention for a moment on these two great characters of the pine, its straightness and rounded perfectness; both wonderful, and in their issue lovely, though they have hitherto prevented the tree from being drawn. I say, first, its straightness. Because we constantly see it in the wildest scenery, we are apt to remember only as characteristic examples of it those which have been disturbed by violent accident or disease. Of course such instances are frequent. The soil of the pine is subject to continual change; perhaps the rock in which it is rooted splits in frost and falls forward, throwing the young stems aslope, or the whole mass of earth around it is undermined by rain, or a huge boulder falls on its stem from above, and forces it for twenty years to grow with weight of a couple of tons leaning on its side. Hence, especially at edges of loose cliffs, about waterfalls, or at

* “Crœsus therefore, having heard these things, sent word to the people of Lampsacus that they should let Miltiades go; and, if not, he would cut them down like a pine tree.”—*Herod.* VI, 37.

glacier banks, and in other places liable to disturbance, the pine may be seen distorted and oblique; and in Turner's *Source of the Arveron*, he has, with his usual unerring perception of the main point in any matter, fastened on this means of relating the glacier's history. The glacier can not explain its own motion; and ordinary observers saw in it only its rigidity; but Turner saw that the wonderful thing was its non-rigidity. Other ice is fixed, only this ice stirs. All the banks are staggering beneath its waves, crumbling and withered as by the blast of a perpetual storm. He made the rocks of his foreground loose—rolling and tottering down together; the pines, smitten aside by them, their tops dead, bared by the ice wind.

"Nevertheless, this is not the truest or universal expression of the pine's character. I said long ago, even of Turner: 'Into the spirit of the pine he can not enter.' He understood the glacier at once; he had seen the force of sea on shore too often to miss the action of those crystal-crested waves. But the pine was strange to him, adverse to his delight in broad and flowing line; he refused its magnificent erectness. Magnificent!—nay, sometimes, almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of

Hades, not knowing each other—dumb forever. You can not reach them, can not cry to them;—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock: yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride:—unnumbered, unconquerable.

"Then note, farther, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge;—so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery; for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs: but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage; for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine-glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear;

but is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine-glade in Chamouni, 'Fairies' Hollow.' It is in the glen beneath the steep ascent above Pont Pelissier, and may be reached by a little winding path which goes down from the top of the hill; being, indeed, not truly a glen, but a broad ledge of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice (which, however, the gentle branches hide) over the Arve. An almost isolated rock promontory, many-colored, rises at the end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by cliffs, from which a little cascade falls, literally down among the pines, for it is so light, shaking itself into mere showers of seed pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know it from mist, and grow through it without minding. Underneath, there is only the mossy silence, and above, forever, the snow of the nameless Aiguille.

"And then the third character which I want you to notice in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes.* You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason, it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which we saw before had been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become

* Keats (as is his way) puts nearly all that may be said of the pine into one verse, though they are only figurative pines of which he is speaking. I have come to that pass of admiration for him now, that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work: but others must not leave unread, in considering the influence of trees upon the human

trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual luster of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them,—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself.

"Yet I have been more struck by their character of finished delicacy at a distance from the central Alps, among the pastoral hills of the Emmenthal, or lowland districts of Berne, where they are set in groups between the cottages, whose shingle roofs (they also of pine) of deep gray blue, and lightly carved fronts, golden and

soul, that marvelous ode to Psyche. Here is the piece about pines:—

"Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
In some untrodden region of my mind,
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,
Instead of pines, shall murmur in the wind:
Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains, steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'd to sleep;
And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,
With all the Gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same.
And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win;
A bright torch, and a casement ope, at night,
To let the warm Love in."

orange in the autumn sunshine,* gleam on the banks and lawns of hill-side,—endless lawns, mounded, and studded, and bossed all over with deeper green hay-heaps, orderly set, like jewelry (the mountain hay, when the pastures are full of springs, being strangely dark and fresh in verdure for a whole day after it is cut). And amidst this delicate delight of cottage and field, the young pines stand delicatest of all, scented as with frankincense, their slender stems straight as arrows, and crystal white, looking as if they would break with a touch, like needles; and their arabesques of dark leaf pierced through and through by the pale radiance of clear sky, opal blue, where they follow each other along the soft hill-ridges, up and down.

“I have watched them in such scenes with the deeper interest, because of all trees they have hitherto had most influence on human character. The effect of other vegetation, however great, has been divided by mingled species; elm and oak in England, poplar in France, birch in Scotland, olive in Italy and Spain, share their power with inferior trees, and with all the changing charm of successive agriculture. But the tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the Pine and the Sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests, as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end, nor any other horizon;—still the dark green trees, or the dark green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe, or their foam. And whatever elements

* There has been much cottage-building about the hills lately, with very pretty carving, the skill in which has been encouraged by travelers; and the fresh-cut larch is splendid in color under rosy sunlight.

of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian and the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the South of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.”*

In what relation does the first paragraph stand to the rest of the passage? Give its main thought in a sentence. How is the method of contrast used to bring out the thought? In what relation does the first sentence stand to the paragraph?

What is the theme of the second paragraph? Does the first part of the paragraph through “small or large it will be round,” really belong to this or to the first paragraph? Defend your answer. Try to improve the arrangement of material in these first three paragraphs.

By what means does the fourth paragraph “fix the attention” of the reader on the straightness of the pine? What is its immediate theme and by what method does it enforce this?

How does the fifth paragraph deepen the impression of “straightness?” Is this done by mere reiteration? How does the description of Ruskin’s own feeling help to interpret the pine itself?

In the sixth paragraph analyze the growth of the thought. What is the value of the concrete description at the end? Criticise this description by itself, after considering whether it leaves a satisfactory impression upon you?

Do the next two paragraphs read as easily as the others? If not, can you discover the reason in their plan?

Are the final phrases, “green roofs” and “wild pene-

* Ruskin: *Modern Painters*, Part VI, Chap. IX.

tralia," in harmony with the total impression you have gained? Compare especially the sixth paragraph.

How much of Ruskin's exposition could be embodied in a painting?

3. "Every traveler going south from St. Louis can recall the average Arkansas village in winter. Little strings of houses spread raggedly on both sides of the rails. A few wee shops, that are likely to have a mock rectangle of façade stuck against a triangle of roof, in the manner of children's card houses, parade a draggled stock of haberdashery and groceries. To right or left a mill buzzes, its newness attested by the raw tints of the weather boarding. There is no horizon; there seldom *is* a horizon in Arkansas,—it is cut off by the forest. Pools of water reflect the straight black lines of tree-trunks and the crooked lines of bare boughs, while a muddy road winds through the vista. Generally there are a few lean cattle to stare in a dejected fashion at the train, and some fat black swine to root among the sodden grasses. Bales of cotton are piled on the railway platform, and serve as seats for half a dozen listless men in high boots and soft hats. Occasionally a woman, who has not had the time to brush her hair, calls shrilly to some child who is trying to have pneumonia by sitting on the ground. No one seems to have anything to do, yet every one looks tired, and the passenger in the Pullman wonders how people live in 'such a hole.' " *

What is the general impression left by the description? Is it explicitly stated? What are the means chosen to emphasize it?

4. Would a regrouping of its elements make the fol-

* Octave Thanet.

lowing passage easier reading? Examine, among other things, the paragraphing. What stage has been reached in the perception of the rooms? Are the earlier stages represented?

"If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enameled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocketbook, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet built up high and round, to look well, and with curtain of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyes

sheep at their feet, all in colored ware; the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gypsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold, —containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocketbooks for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bedroom. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved armchairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantelpiece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper

colors; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals; and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be 'her work, Jan. 14, 1762.' The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa*. *John Bunce* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may see her going out on the same kind of a visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

"Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her

opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, etc., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life:—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed

loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and 'Daughter of England.' '*

5. "The parlor of middle-class households in the cold climate of the Northern states generally is a consecrated apartment, with a chill atmosphere and much of the solemnity of a tomb. It may be called the high altar of the careful housewife; but even here her sense of cleanliness and dustless perfection is such that she keeps it cold. No sacred fire burns, no cheerful ministry is allowed; everything is silent and veiled. The apartment is of no earthly use. . . . But take it away, and the housewife is miserable; leave it, and she lives on contentedly in her sitting-room all the year round, knowing it is *there*." †

Compare the method used in this description with that of the preceding. What is the difference in the effect? Note that in the second the perception is arrested a very little beyond its first stage, while in *The Old Lady* the first impressions of the room are passed over and the description comes at once to details. Recast the description of the Old Lady's bedroom so that it may embody the early as well as the later stages of perception.

6. "A great author, Gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his

* Leigh Hunt: *Essays*; *The Old Lady*.

† C. F. Woolson: *Anne*, Chap. III, p. 58.

characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, 'nil molitur ineptè.' If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only 'distinctè' and 'splendidè' but also 'aptè.' His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

" 'Quo fit, ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita senis.'

" He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and

his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

" Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it." *

What are the means employed to characterize the "great author?" In what does his greatness consist? In characterizing "the great man" what would be the difference in the means you would use?

7. "Men of Berkeley's type are born to see God face to face; and when they see him, they do so without fear, without mystical trembling, without being driven to dark and lofty speech. They take the whole thing as a matter of course. They tell you of it frankly, gently, simply, and with a beautiful childlike surprise that your eyes are not always as open as their own. Meanwhile, they are true philosophers, keen in dialectic, skillful in the thrust and parry of debate, a little loquacious, but never wearisome. Of the physical world they know comparatively little, but what they know they love very much. A very few lines of philosophical research they pursue eagerly, minutely, fruitfully; concerning others they can make

* Newman: *Lectures on University Subjects.*

nothing but the most superficial remarks. They produce books young, and with marvelous facility. They have a full-fledged system ready by the time they are twenty-five. They will write an immortal work, as it were, over night. They are, for the rest, through and through poetical. Each one of their essays will be as crisp and delicate as a good sonnet. Yet what they lack is elaboration, wiliness, and architectural massiveness of research. They take after Plato, their father, as to grace and ingenuity. His life-long patience and mature productiveness they never reach. The world finds them paradoxical; refutes them again and again with a certain Philistine ferocity; makes naught of them in hundreds of learned volumes; but returns ever afresh to the hopeless task of keeping them permanently naught. In the heaven of reflection, amongst the philosophical angels who contemplate the beatific vision of the divine essence, such spirits occupy neither the place of the archangels, nor of those who speed o'er land and sea, nor yet of those who only stand and wait. Their office is a less serious one. They cast glances now and then at this inspiring aspect or at that of the divine essence, sing quite their own song in its praise, find little in most of the other angels that can entertain them, and spend their time for the most part in gentle private musings, many of which (for so Berkeley's own portrait suggests to me) they apparently find far too pretty to be uttered at all. We admire them, we may even love them; yet no one would call them precisely heroes of contemplation. They themselves shed no tears, but they also begin no revolutions, are apostles of no world-wide movements." *

* J. Royce: *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, pp. 86-7.

Embody the impression gained from this in a description of Berkeley's face as you imagine it. If possible, compare your results with an actual picture. If this is not possible, all the students may compare results in class, and discuss their differences, with the passage just cited as a basis of reference.

8. The following description will be found excellent in material, but unevenly good in presentation. Test it by reading aloud to some one else, and by noting its effect on yourself, on a first reading and on a second. Discover and strengthen the weak parts. Trace the line of thought, and compare with the summary in the last paragraph.* Examine each paragraph to test the way in which its theme is developed.

"The young lady of 1837 has been to a fashionable school; she has learned accomplishments, deportment, and dress. She is full of sentiment; there was an amazing amount of sentiment in the air about that time; she loves to talk and read about gallant knights, crusaders, and troubadours; she gently touches the guitar; her sentiment, or her little affectation, has touched her with a graceful melancholy, a becoming stoop, a sweet pensiveness. She loves the aristocracy, even although her home is in that part of London called Bloomsbury, whither the belted Earl cometh not, even though her papa goes into the city; she reads a good deal of poetry, especially those poems which deal with the affections, of which there are many at this time. On Sunday she goes to church religiously, and pensively, followed by a footman carrying her prayer-book and a long stick; she can play on the guitar and the piano a few easy pieces which she has

* This can be made very interesting in a class discussion, after the students have done some independent study on it.

learned. She knows a few words of French, which she produces at frequent intervals; as to history, geography, science, the condition of the people, her mind is an entire blank; she knows nothing of these things. Her conversation is commonplace, as her ideas are limited; she cannot reason on any subject whatever because of her ignorance, or, as she herself would say, because she is a woman. In her presence, and indeed in the presence of ladies generally, men talk trivialities. There was indeed a general belief that women were creatures incapable of argument, or of reason, or of connected thought. It was no use arguing about the matter. The Lord had made them so. Women, said the philosophers, cannot understand logic; they see things, if they do see them at all, by instinctive perception. This theory accounted for everything, for those cases when women undoubtedly did 'see things.' Also it fully justified people in withholding from women any kind of education worthy the name. A quite needless expense, you understand.

"The girl who lived in Bloomsbury Square, or in the suburbs,—say Clapham Common,—had in those days to make herself happy with slender and simple materials. There were few concerts; I think the 'Philharmonic' was already in existence; oratorios were sometimes performed, but it was not every girl who liked what was then called classical music; the general cultivation of music was poor and meager and within very narrow limits; people liked songs, it is true, especially pathetic songs. These, like the poetry of the 'Keepsake' and 'Friendship's Offering,' mostly turned on the domestic affections. The young ladies recognized this sentiment, bought or copied those songs, and sang the most mournful of ditties. Everybody, in every class which respected itself and claimed gentility

of any kind, talked about the Opera, to which the well-to-do young lady was taken once a year solemnly. This gave her the right for the rest of the year to talk about the *répertoire* and to speak with disrespect of the leading singers.

"The theater was very seldom visited; indeed, there were reasons why it was not desirable that young ladies should go to the theater; if they did go it was an event very much discussed both before and after. There were only one or two theaters that respectable people could possibly attend, and the one part of the house where ladies could be seen was the dress circle. Now, in the 'Thirties,' if my information is correct, there were good actors, but the plays were monstrously bad. The Queen, however, used to like going to the theater. If you walk down to those north of the Strand, you may see how the road was widened for her to go to the Adelphi melodramas.

"The reading of girls was carefully selected for them; in serious circles—there were many circles in 1840 privileged to be serious—fiction was absolutely forbidden; its place was taken by religious biography; it is wonderful to think how large a part was played by religious biography about that time. I do not know what books besides these biographies and records of 'conversation' were allowed, but I imagine that there were not many. At all events a young woman was not allowed to read anything which would suggest to her the wickedness of the world, the realities of the world, the truth about men and women, or the meanings of humanity. She was to leave her mother's nest not only innocent—girls do still leave their mothers in innocence,—but also in a state of ignorance, which was then mistaken for a state of grace. How far she really was ignorant no one but herself could tell; one imagines

that there may have been some knowledge behind that demure countenance that was not generally suspected.

"As for her accomplishments, they comprised, apart from the knowledge of a few pieces on the guitar and the piano, some slight power of sketching or flower-painting in water colors. Of course, it was nothing better than the amusement of an amateur. As for attempting literature, no one, with very, very few exceptions, ever thought of it. There was then but a limited demand for women's literary work, a very limited demand; yet there had already been some very fine work done by women. Mrs. Ellis was writing those famous and immortal works of hers on the 'Women of England,' the 'Mothers of England,' the 'Wives of England,' the 'Daughters of England,' and, so far as I know, for the subject is inexhaustible, the 'Housemaids of England.' These essays, which I fear, dear reader, you have never seen, endeavored to mould women on the theory of recognized intellectual inferiority to man. She was considered beneath him in intellect as in physical strength; she was exhorted to defer to man; to acknowledge his superiority; not to show herself anxious to combat his opinions. At this very time, one woman at least—Harriet Martineau—was proving to the world that there were exceptions to the inferiority of the sex in matters of reason, while another woman, Marian Evans ('George Eliot'), already grown up, was shortly to enter the field with another illustration of the same remarkable fact.

"It has been often charged against Thackeray that his good women were insipid. Thackeray, like most artists, could only draw the women of his own time; and at that time they were undoubtedly insipid. Men, I suppose, liked them so; liked them to be childishly ignorant, to

carry shrinking modesty so far as to find the point of a shoe projecting beyond the folds of a frock indelicate, to confess that serious subjects were beyond a woman's grasp, never even to pretend to form an independent judgment; to know nothing of art, history, science, literature, politics, sociology, manners. Men liked these things; women yielded to please the men; their very ignorance formed a subject of laudable pride with the Englishwoman of the 'Forties.'

"As for doing serious work, the girl of that period shrank appalled at the very thought. To earn one's livelihood was the deepest degradation; the most sincere pity was felt for those unhappy girls whose fathers died or failed, or left them unprovided for, so that they must needs do something. It was pity mingled with contempt. Even this meek and gentle maiden of the early Victorian period could feel, and could show, the emotion of contempt. Readers of *Cranford* will remember how the unfortunate lady opened a tea-shop; those ladies who were too old or too ignorant for teaching—"going out" as a governess—sometimes set up a 'fancy' shop, where children's things, lace, embroideries, things in wool, and pretty trifles, were sold. I remember such a shop kept by two gentlewomen, old, reduced, decayed; but they were very sad, always in the lowest depression; I fear it was but a poor business. There were no professions open to women. Those who did not marry—they were comparatively few—stayed at home with one of the brothers, generally the eldest, and, as often as not, such an unmarried sister proved the angel of the house. Sometimes, to be sure, the lot was hard, and she was made to feel her dependence. In general, I like to believe, the single woman of the family, in whom all confided, in whom all trusted,

the nurse of the sick, the contriver and designer of the girls' frocks, the maker of fine cakes and the owner of choice receipts, who knew all the branches of a numerous family, who kept together the brothers and cousins who would fly apart but for her, was as much valued as she deserved to be.

"There were many ways of 'going out' as a governess. The most miserable lot of all was considered—and no doubt was—to be a resident teacher in a girls' school. In this position there was no society of any kind; there was no chance of meeting young men; there was no pleasure; there was an enforced and unnatural pretense at virtue; there was no hope of change, no hope of happiness, no hope of love. There was not even any chance of making money. One might also become a visiting governess and undertake the children of a house for the day: this gave liberty for the evening. One might become a resident governess in a house: this exposed a girl to the insolence of the servants, the advances of the sons, the caprices or snubs of her employer; novels of thirty years ago are full of the downtrodden governess. One pities her because the position, even at the best, must have been vile. Indeed, I remember very well, the position was intolerable, because of snubs and slights. At the same time her employer complained that she was meek to exasperation, and resigned to a point which maddened. I have known ladies who were quite carried away, they became speechless, in trying to tell of the meekness of a governess. Again, a girl might teach music if she knew any—a thankless task when the stupidities of the pupils were visited on the teacher. A woman was not allowed to teach dancing, for a most praiseworthy reason—you cannot teach dancing without showing more than the tips

of the toes—half the foot perhaps; where then is feminine modesty? This accomplishment was therefore taught by a 'professor,' generally a man who had played in his youth some small part in the operatic ballet; he carried a little 'kit' or small fiddle, with which he discoursed a scraping, watery kind of music, while his nimble feet showed the way, and his thin legs cut single or double capers, which the girls admired but naturally were not invited to imitate. Nor could a woman teach writing and arithmetic—I cannot possibly explain why; for some unknown reason these useful arts were always taught by men. Yet women could add up, women could write, even in the year 1840. One male teacher of arithmetic and penmanship I knew. He practiced entirely in girls' schools. He was proud of his profession, which he mixed with those of divinity and law. He was full of innocuous jokes, and, so to speak, non-alcoholic stories. He died about twenty years ago, ruined, he told me, by the introduction of women into the profession.

"I say, then, that in the year 1840, as far as I can remember, there was hardly a single occupation in which a gentlewoman could engage, except that of teaching. Miniature painting can hardly be called an exception, because it is given to so few to be painters. She could not lecture or speak in public. St. Paul's admonition to women, that they must not 'chatter' in church, interpreted to forbid public speaking in church, was extended to every kind of public speaking. No woman so much as dreamed of speaking in public at this time. Later on, a Mrs. Clara Balfour astonished people by lecturing in literary institutes. I believe she was the first. I remember hearing her lecture. The people sat with gloomy faces, and when they came away they shook their heads:

'Irregular, my dear Madam.' 'Sir, it is irreligious.' 'Madam, it was an unfeminine and revolting exhibition.' These comments were heard on the stairs. This system of artificial restraints certainly produced faithful wives, gentle mothers, loving sisters, able housewives. God forbid that we should say otherwise, but it is certain that the intellectual attainments of women were then what we should call contemptible, and the range of subjects of which they knew anything was absurdly narrow and limited. I detect the woman of 1840 in the character of Mrs. Clive Newcome, and indeed, in Mrs. George Osborne, and in other familiar characters of Thackeray.

"I must not forget, in considering the Englishwoman of 1840, her extraordinary cowardice; it was impressed upon her from childhood that she was a poor, weak creature; that she needed protection, even in broad daylight. Therefore, when a young lady of fortune went abroad, unless she drove in her carriage, she had a hulking footman walking behind her. If she was not a lady of fortune, she was escorted by a maid; she could go nowhere by herself; she saw danger at every corner, and was ready to scream at meeting a strange man in the open street. Nor must we forget her little affectations. She could not help them; they were part of her education. For instance, it was a very common affectation with girls that they could not eat anything at all, such was their extraordinary delicacy and elevation above the common mortal. So they sat at dinner with a morsel upon their plates which they left untouched; some girls made up for this privation by a valiant lunch; some habitually lived low and practiced, though in no religious spirit, abstemious austerities. I think, however, that the girl who

wished to be thought consumptive, cultivated a hectic bloom, and coughed and fainted, carried affectation perhaps too far.

"Such was the woman of 1840; in London, among the richer sort, a gentle doll, often good and affectionate; unselfish and devoted; religious, charitable, tender-hearted; sometimes, through the shutting up of all the channels for intellectual activity, snappish, impatient, and shrewish; in the country, in addition to these qualities, a housewife of the very first order." *

9. Write a generalized description on one out of each of the following groups of subjects.

- (1) The college man's or girl's room.
- (2) The parlor of the country hotel, or of the city boarding-house.
- (3) The country store.
- (4) The suburban picnic ground.
- (5) The city (or village) street at church time.

Note the difference in method from that of the writing done in Lesson VI.

10. (1) Trout streams. Written to tell some one else what sort of streams are worth trying.
- (2) Old-fashioned gardens.
 - (3) City parks.
 - (4) City back yards. Written for a country child.
 - (5) The places where cowslips grow (or columbine, or cardinal flower, or fringed gentian, etc.). Written to a city child who doesn't know where to look.
 - (6) The white birch (or the sycamore, or the apple tree).

* Walter Besant.

11. (1) City newsboys.
 (2) Shop-girls. Written to rouse some sympathy with their hard life.
 (3) Hand-organ grinders. Written to a country boy, or to a city-bred man who has gone to the country for rest. What would be the difference in the two cases, in what you would say and how you would say it?
 (4) The trained nurse. An effort to persuade an old lady to employ one, or to dissuade her from doing so.
 (5) The old negro mammy.
 (6) The ideal waiter.
 (7) The country belle.
 (8) The hired girl.
 (9) The tramp.
 (10) The old-fashioned grandfather.
 (11) The traveling agent.
 (12) The country fisherman.
 (13) The village loafer.
 (14) The family doctor.
 (15) The "wall-flower."
 (16) The professional shopper.

Note that these subjects demand more emphasis on character than the earlier ones. Yet more is required in the following.

12. (1) The younger brother (or sister).
 (2) The unselfish member of the family.
 (3) The village humorist.
 (4) The neighborhood gossip.
 (5) The person without a sense of humor.
 (6) The unsuccessful man.
 (7) The over-conscientious person.
 (8) The philanthropist.

- (9) The society leader.
 (10) The character that makes an ideal club-member, as contrasted with the club-leader; or the workman and the overseer, the soldier and the officer, the maid and the mistress.

LESSON XVII.

1. Write an account of the way in which some particular holiday was spent, e.g., Christmas, Easter, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day, etc.

2. Write a generalized narrative describing the typical order of affairs on such a day.

Examine the difference between the method used here and that in 1.

3. Expound some of the following subjects by generalized narration.

- (1) Getting ready for a party.
 (2) Cleaning a wheel, the morning after you have been surprised by a thunder shower.
 (3) Setting the table at a picnic.
 (4) Packing a trunk in a hurry, or for the summer vacation.
 (5) Hunting for some lost article.
 (6) Going chestnutting.
 (7) Learning to skate, or play golf, or wheel.
 (8) The order of business in a woman's club.
 (9) Going shopping with a bargain-hunter.*
 (10) How M— learns her Latin lesson.
 (11) Losing one's temper.
 (12) Making up a quarrel.

* Notice that the use of generalized narration will reach about the same results as generalized description, in Lesson XVI, 11, (16), and cf. pp. 168-9.

4. "That stormy winter after the Ladybrig murder our fancies and the wind together played Eleanor and me sad tricks. When once we began to listen we seemed to hear a whole tragedy going on close outside. We could distinguish footsteps and voices through the bluster, and then a struggle in the shrubbery, and a *thud*, and a groan, and then a roar of wind, half-drowning the sound of flying footsteps—and then an awful pause, and at last faint groaning and a bump, as of some poor wounded body falling against the house. At this point we were wont to summon courage and rush out, with the kitchen poker and a candle shapeless with tallow shrouds from the strong draughts. We never could see anything; partly perhaps because the candle was always blown out; and when we stood outside it became evident that what we had heard was only the wind, and a bough of the old acacia-tree which beat at intervals upon the house." *

Recount experiences which were thus habitual with you in childhood or have since become so. Distinguish between this account and that of a single one of these experiences.

5. "A sword-dance is still (I believe) kept up in Northumberland, in the course of which there is a transition from lyric to dramatic. At the opening it is all skill and martial spirit; the ballad rings of combat and the gestures are feats of sword-play. But gradually the dance works into a plot; as it increases in passion the Rector rushes in to part the combatants, receives a thrust and falls. Then all say 'Not I' and 'O for a doctor!' A doctor enters, painting himself in accordance with popular conceptions: his is a ten-pound fee, but for a favor

* Mrs. J. H. Ewing: *Six to Sixteen*.

he will make it nine pound, nineteen and elevenpence; he has a pill that will cure

" 'The plague, the palsy, and the gout,
The devil within, the devil without,
Everything but a love sick maid
And the consumption in the pocket.'

Examining the patient he comes to a favorable conclusion, whercupon all cry

" 'Parson, rise up and fight again,
The doctor says you are not slain.'

The Rector comes to, and all ends with rejoicings. The performance which began as pure dancing concludes as pure acting." *

What is the idea which is here expounded? Explain the relation between the first sentence and the rest of the passage.

6. "In the season of hot weather in the central part of the Mississippi Valley, there often come successions of days when the atmosphere is not stirred by the winds, but remains as still as the air of a cave. Despite the steady gain in the heat, the sky stays cloudless, or at most is flecked by those light clouds that lie five miles or more above the surface of the earth. All nature seems cowed beneath the fervent heat, yet there is nothing of distinct portent in earth or air. At last, toward evening there may be seen a sudden curdling of the western sky; in a few minutes the clouds gather, coming from nowhere, growing at once in the lurid air. In less than half an hour the forces of the storm are organized, and its dreadful advance begins. If we were just beneath the gather-

* Richard G. Moulton: *The Ancient Classical Drama*, pp. 257-8.

ing clouds we would find that the air over a space a mile or so in diameter was spinning around in a great whirlpool, and while the revolving mass slowly advanced, the central part moved rapidly upwards. Beginning slowly, all the movements of the storm, the whirling action, the vertical streaming of the air, its onward movement, all gain speed of motion with astonishing rapidity. In a minute or two some cubic miles of air are in a state of intense gyratory movement, mounting upwards as violently as the gases over a volcano. To replace this strong whirling uprush, there is an indraught from every side towards the center of the whirlwind; and as this center moves quickly forward, the rush of air is strongest from behind towards the advancing hurricane. The rate at which the storm goes forward is very variable, though it is generally as much as forty to one hundred miles an hour; but this is not the measure of its destructive power. The rending effect of the storm is much greater than would be given by a simple blast of air moving at this speed. Much of this peculiar capacity for destruction may perhaps be due to the gyratory motion of the wind in the storm-center, which on one side of the whirlwind adds the speed arising from its circular movement to the translatory velocity of the whirlwind itself. Some of the records tell us that houses with closed windows have been known to burst apart, as if from an explosion of gunpowder, while others, that had their doors and windows wide open, remained essentially unharmed. It has been conjectured that this action may be due to a sudden rarefaction of the air on the outside of the building; but this cause cannot be sufficient to produce such effects, and if such explosions occur the cause must be looked for elsewhere. After the storm is once developed, it seems

very quickly to acquire its maximum of destructive power and its speed of translation. At the outset and during the period of most efficient action, the strip of country affected is generally very narrow, not often exceeding a mile in width; as the storm advances the path seems gradually to grow wider, and the gyratory movement as well as the translatory motion of the meteor less considerable, until at last it fades into an ordinary thunder-storm or dies into a calm."

What purpose, not to be accomplished by a conventional definition, is here accomplished by the narrative form?

7. Read the following essay on *Walking Tours*. What impression does it leave with you? What impression did the author mean to give you?

WALKING TOURS.

"It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to

pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curaçoa in a liqueur glass, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need of bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

"Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thought take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to

play upon. 'I cannot see the wit,' says Hazlitt, 'of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country,'—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

"During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, 'give three leaps and go on singing.' And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, whatever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is

all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, 'from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it:—

“ ‘Give me the clear blue sky over my head,’ says he,

‘and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours’ march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.’

“Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours’ march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

“Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying-clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long

as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

"In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveler moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

"Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember time and seasons no more. Not

to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, to live forever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. 'Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure,' says Milton, 'he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness.' And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

"But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and

aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favor. 'It was on the 10th of April, 1798,' says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, 'that I sat down to a volume of the new *Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.' I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

"If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the thick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part

freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

"Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been 'happy thinking.' It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry

flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco-pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end.

"You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more: whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite." *

8. Re-read the essay, noticing its method of development, the means it employs to give you certain impressions, etc. How are the ideas in the fourth sentence related to the rest of the essay? Make this the basis for an appreciative analysis of the plan. What is the function of every seeming digression? Are there any real

* Stevenson.

digressions? Incidentally, define what you mean by digression, first by means of a formal definition, next by a generalized description or a generalized narrative.

9. In the following generalized narrative what is the sphere of the events described? Is it in this respect wholly different from Stevenson's narrative? Determine its theme, and compare this with the fourth sentence in *Walking Tours*. How does the treatment of the theme differ?

"Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embrace him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession." *

* Webster: *The Murder of White*.

10. Try to express Webster's thought by means of generalized description. Which brings the better result? Why?

LESSON XVIII.

1. Determine in the following essay the exact value of every paragraph as an element in the definition. What is the value of paragraph XI compared with the rest? What paragraphs may be classed together as having a similar function? What classification of the university is effected in paragraphs II and III? What relation has paragraph IV to these?

Try to describe the difference between what the definition meant to you as first stated in paragraph I, and what it meant as stated again in paragraph XI. How has this change been accomplished?

I. "If I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or 'School of Universal Learning.' This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;—*from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a University seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

II. "There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University,

then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *litera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements

are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

III. "I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called 'a good article,' when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centers of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society, which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called 'a world.' It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

IV. "If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz. :—that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *litera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living

man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis;—perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the color, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or to Dresden: you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely, as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom, we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions of it may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books; but the fullness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books

themselves, the masterpieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

V. "The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point are so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have done justice to the doctrine which it has been intended to enforce.

VI. "For instance, the polished manners and high-bred bearing which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained,—which are so much admired in society, from society are acquired. All that goes to constitute a gentleman,—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books? are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society? The very nature of the case leads us to say so; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some

school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centers to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of the social accomplishments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the 'gentlemanlike' can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

VII. "And now a second instance: and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I have figured in the *beau monde*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centers of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the Legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation, which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them, with a distinctness which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to impart to them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one kind or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion

thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal; that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics.

VIII. "As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle which I am illustrating, in the periodical meetings for its advance, which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, Science is conveyed, is propagated, by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence; discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyric solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board, the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions

or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts, and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations; these and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer to the annual Act, or Commencement, or Commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, and a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, of an ardent love of the particular study, which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

IX. "Such meetings, I repeat, are ~~b/t~~ periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their usual concomitants, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate means of instruction which involve no interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London a

University scarcely exists except as a board of administration. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect, which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has, with the change of times, moved away to the center of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the *employés* and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised to them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their own object in coming is concerned. They have not learned any particular religion, but they have learned their own particular profession well. They have, moreover, become acquainted with the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. We cannot then be without virtual Universities; a metropolis is such: the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

X. "Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centers of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case. It is intended for the many not the few; its subject-matter is truth necessary for us, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the prin-

ciple of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, Oral Tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imaginations, and reason; it is poured into his mind and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and re-questioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word 'catechising.' In the first ages, it was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures indeed were at hand for the study of those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenæus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity, without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the deserts were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Anthony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books but passed on by successive tradition. The teaching on the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appears to have been so handed down

for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, it has filled many folios, yet has not been exhausted.

XI. "But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began;—a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the center of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a center. And such, for the third or fourth time, is a University; I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of

enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

XII. "Such is a University in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it." *

2. Tabulate the following definitions so as to show the classification and discrimination involved in them:

Religion is morality touched with emotion.†

Curiosity is a liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind.‡

A Philistine is a strong, dogged opponent of the chosen people, of the children of light.§

3. The following passage embodies—with comic coloring, to be sure—a definition. It was in fact the only definition which would have served the purpose. If this be doubted, try to make other definitions such as would meet Miss Pellicoe's needs.

* Newman: *The Rise and Progress of Universities*, Chap. II.

† Arnold: *Literature and Dogma*, Chap. I, ii.

‡ *Ib.*: *Culture and Anarchy*, pp. 5-6.

§ *Ib.*: *Essays in Criticism; First Series*, p. 163.

" 'Sir,' she said, in true Johnsonian style, 'what height should a mastiff dog attain at the age of six months?'

" 'The policeman stared at her in utter astonishment.

" 'They do be all sizes, Mum,' he replied blankly, 'like a piece of cheese.'

" 'My relative in the West,' explained Miss Pellicoe, 'has sent me a dog, and I am given to understand that his age is six months. As he is phenomenally large, I have thought it best to seek for information. Has my relative been imposed upon?'

" 'It's har-r-rd to tell, Mum,' replied the policeman dubiously. Then his countenance brightened. 'Does his feet fit him?' he inquired.

" 'What,—what do you mean?' asked Miss Pellicoe, shrinking back a little.

" 'Is his feet like blackin' boxes on th' end of his legs?'

" 'They are certainly very large.'

" 'Thin 'tis a pup. You see, Mum, with a pup, 'tis this way. The feet starts first, an' the pup grows up to 'em like. Av they match him, he's grown. Av he has arctics on, he's a pup.' '*

4. Express, in the form of a table or diagram, the chief definition involved in the following exposition, and also the subordinate definitions used to make the chief one clear.

" Let us ask ourselves—What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would

* H. C. Bunner: *Short Sixes; Hector*.

give our children. Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

" Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

" Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

"Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

"It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

"And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of

social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

"To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts.

"Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the 'Poll,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compul-

sory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left you to find out why your ears are boxed.

"The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work, that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience;

who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

"Such an one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever-beneficent mother, he as her mouth-piece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter." *

5. "This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise, of home." †

6. In the following discourse, how does the writer manage to present his idea so that it is not "shocking to common sense"?

* Huxley: *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*.

† Ruskin: *Sesame and Lilies; Of Queens' Gardens*.

7. From the essay, write a definition of protoplasm, first in a short paragraph, then in a sentence.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.

"In order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term 'Protoplasm,' which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words 'the physical basis of life.' I suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel—so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected, may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase, '*the physical basis or matter of life,*' that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense.

"What, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another, in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the brightly colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

"Again, think of the microscopic fungus—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuri-

ance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference. Or, turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finer whale, hugest of beasts that live, or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would flounder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules—mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could, in fact, dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the Schoolmen could, in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask, what community of form, or structure, is there between the animalcule and the whale; or between the fungus and the fig-tree? And, *a fortiori*, between all four?

"Finally, if we regard substance, or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins; or, what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element?

"Such objections as these must, I think, arise in the mind of every one who ponders, for the first time, upon the conception of a single physical basis of life underlying all the diversities of vital existence; but I propose to demonstrate to you, that, notwithstanding these apparent

difficulties, a threefold unity—namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition—does pervade the whole living world.

“No very abstruse argumentation is needed in the first place to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

“Goethe has condensed a survey of all powers of mankind into the well-known epigram:—

“‘Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit? Es will sich ernähren

Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.

* * * * *

Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell’ er sich wie er auch will.’

“In physiological language, this means that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three categories. Either they are immediately directed towards the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend towards the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life, covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or

animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable, that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence.

“I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plants, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and at the same time more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a cornfield.

"But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general-stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

"The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is,

after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

"Among the lower plants, it is the rule rather than the exception, that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of *Algae* and *Fungi* becomes, under many circumstances, partially or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one, or more, hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile cilia. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest, is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm may successively take on the function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

"On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing is at present known.

"With such qualifications as arise out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predictable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions, and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvelous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

"The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body which existed, but

was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

"Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units variously modified.

"But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less

than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock builders.

"What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fiber, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

"Under these circumstances it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? why call one 'plant' and the other 'animal'?

"The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthidium septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthidium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of

animality. Is this a plant; or is it an animal? Is it both; or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand, or the animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

"Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter: which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

"Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

"In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis,—and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime, is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it

may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again; but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar? Such a statement would be absurd; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies which have yielded them.

"One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and this is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union, and that they behave similarly towards several re-agents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of *Proteine* has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said, that all protoplasm is proteinaceous, or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure *proteine* matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

"Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shown to be affected by this agency increases every day.

"Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence, that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of 40°-50° centigrade, which has been called 'heat-stiffening,' though Kühne's beauti-

ful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

"Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the character of the protoplasm, or physical basis, of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that, under all these Protean changes, it is one and the same thing.

"And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

"Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves; but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations, into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated? Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter, when its work is done?

"Modern science does not hesitate for a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life—

'Debemur morti nos nostraque,'

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved

into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

"In the wonderful story of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass' skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin*, disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

"Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

"Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

"For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I

shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

"But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

"Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by the sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacean might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.

"Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal or what plant I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of

which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal portion of some other saline matter, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal or some plant—the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

"Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. A fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

"Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances—carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts—to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known

plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this, in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied except nitrogenous salts, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

"Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous compounds, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world agoing. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse." *

8. Contrast with the definitions given under 2, definitions of the same terms given by various dictionaries.

Write a brief expository essay, defining one of the following subjects.

- (1) A college degree.
- (2) A school diploma.
- (3) Good breeding.

* Huxley. The rest of the paper is an argument based upon the exposition.

- (4) Taste.
- (5) Truthfulness.
- (6) Charitable judgment.
- (7) Selfishness.
- (8) Class loyalty.
- (9) Exercise.
- (10) Play.
- (11) Work.
- (12) Fun.
- (13) Duty.
- (14) "Stunt."
- (15) "Dig."
- (16) Slang.

After you have written the essay, sum up its result in a concise defining phrase. Write this on a separate paper which you retain, and exchange themes, each student then writing also a phrase which seems to sum up in a short definition the paper he has received. The two definitions may then be read in class and compared with the longer exposition, which may be rewritten or partly altered in the light of these results.

9. Write two short definitions for each of several subjects chosen, the first conventional, "dictionary-like," and the second searching, original, setting forth the real nature of the thing. Choose any of the subjects under 8, or some of the following:

- (1) Prosperity.
- (2) Religion.
- (3) A blunder.
- (4) A student.
- (5) A kitten.
- (6) Childhood.
- (7) Conventionality.

- (8) A fairy-story.
- (9) Gossip.
- (10) A lie.
- (11) A picnic.

10. Expand one of these definitions into a brief essay; or let two students, one being the author of the definition, expand it and compare their results.*

LESSON XIX.

How does the emphasis on discrimination, in the following cases, help to define the subjects?

1. "Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its significance to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; Humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; Humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; Humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting,

* There will be two things to consider here: first, the interpretation; second, the means used for its elaborate expression.

scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; Humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; Humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; Humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes, in an instant; Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime, produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise, uses the whip of scorpions, and the branding-iron, stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; Humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is an humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is 'the image of God cut in ebony,' is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the task-master is 'the image of the devil cut in ivory,' is witty. Wit can co-exist with fierce and malignant passions; but Humor demands good feeling and fellow-feeling, feeling not merely for what is above us, but for what is around and beneath us. When Wit and Humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its objects somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait,—running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills, and in so doing 'using him as though he loved him!'

Sidney Smith and Shakespeare's *Touchstone* are examples." *

Segregate all the phrases concerning humor and all concerning wit, and compare the separate effect of the two groups with that of the original passage. What is the reason for the difference? Is it based on the manner in which we originally discovered the nature of wit and humor? Explain.

2. By what means does Mr. Everett in the following passage enforce his distinction between the understanding and the imagination? Compare the means used in this passage with those in the preceding passage. Would it be possible to treat Mr. Everett's subject in Whipple's manner?

"We are now ready to compare the imagination with that faculty of the mind which is most distinctly opposed to it. This antithetical faculty is the understanding. The understanding represents the mind in its analytical activity, as the imagination represents it in its constructive activity. Practically, analysis is for the most part connected to a greater or less degree with synthesis. We can, however, abstract it from all connection of the sort, and consider it purely in itself. The understanding then gives us the details of prose; the imagination gives us the fullness and unity of poetry. The understanding thus claims to give us the actual; the imagination gives us the ideal. The understanding, tearing the world apart, analyzing it into its ultimate particles, gives us the poor fragments that remain as its equivalent; the imagination rests content with nothing less than the rounded beauty of the whole." †

3. "For all books are divisible into two classes, the

* Whipple: *Literature and Life; Wit and Humor.*

† C. C. Everett: *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty*, p. 25.

books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

“The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some persons whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend’s present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend’s letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional

reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a ‘book’ at all, nor, in the real sense, to be ‘read.’ A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once;—if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously, if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, ‘This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.’ That is his ‘writing’; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a ‘Book.’” *

(1) From this passage write a definition of “book,” as Ruskin understands it.

* Ruskin: *Sesame and Lilies; Of Kings’ Treasuries.*

(2) Define, by discriminating, the good and the bad books of the hour.*

4. In the following passage De Quincey tries to tell what literature is, by telling how it affects us. Note that he first divides his subject and then supports his division by his discrimination.

"Here, however, to prevent all mistakes, let me establish one necessary distinction. The word *literature* is a perpetual source of confusion, because it is used in two senses, and those senses liable to be confounded with each other. In a philosophical use of the word, Literature is the direct and adequate antithesis of Books of Knowledge. But, in a popular use, it is a mere term of convenience for expressing inclusively the total Books of a language. In this latter sense, a dictionary, a grammar, a spelling-book, an almanac, a pharmacopœia, a Parliamentary report, a system of farriery, a treatise on billiards, the Court Calendar, etc., belong to the literature. But in the philosophical sense, not only would it be ludicrous to reckon these as parts of the literature, but even books of much higher pretensions must be excluded—as, for instance, books of voyages and travels, and generally all books in which the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner or form of its communication ('ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri'). It is difficult to construct the idea of 'literature' with severe accuracy, for it is a fine art—the supreme fine art, and liable to the difficulties which attend such a subtle notion; in fact, a severe construction of the idea must be the *result* of a

* Note that this may be done by various means: by an account of their effect upon us, or of the characteristic manner and method of each book, or of the character and purpose of their respective authors, etc.

philosophical investigation into this subject, and cannot precede it. But for the sake of obtaining some expression for literature that may answer our present purpose, let us throw the question into another form. I have said the antithesis of Literature is Books of Knowledge. Now, what is that antithesis to *knowledge* which is here implicitly latent in the word literature? The vulgar antithesis is *pleasure*: ('aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ'). Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! However, not to spend any words upon it, I suppose you will admit that this wretched antithesis will be of no service to us. And, by the way, let me remark to you, in this as in other cases, how men by their own errors of understanding, by feeble thinking and inadequate distinctions, forge chains of meanness and servility for themselves. For this miserable alternative being once admitted, observe what follows. In which class of books does the *Paradise Lost* stand? Among those which instruct, or those which *amuse*? Now, if a man answers, among those which instruct, he lies; for there is no instruction in it, nor could be in any great poem, according to the meaning which the word must bear in this distinction, unless it is meant that it should invoke its own antithesis. But if he says, 'No, amongst those which amuse,' then what a beast must he be to degrade, and in this way, what has done the most of any human work to raise and dignify human nature! But the truth is, you see, that the idiot does not wish to degrade it; on the contrary, he would willingly tell a lie in its favor, if that would be admitted; but such is the miserable state of slavery to which he has reduced himself by his own puny distinction; for as soon as he hops out of one of his little cells, he is under a necessity of hopping

into the other. The true antithesis to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but *power*. All that is literature, seeks to communicate power; all that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I, in my turn, would ask by what name a man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness, emotions, which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unawakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness—as myriads of modes of feeling are at this moment in every human mind for want of a poet to organize them. I say when these inert and sleeping forms *are* organized, when these possibilities *are* actualized, is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*, or what is it?

“When, in *King Lear*, the height, and depth, and breadth of human passion is revealed to us, and, for the purposes of a sublime antagonism, is revealed in the weakness of an old man’s nature, and in one night two worlds of storm are brought face to face—the human world and the world of physical nature—mirrors of each other, semi-choral antiphonies, strophe and antistrophe heaving with rival convulsions, and with the double darkness of night and madness,—when I am thus suddenly startled into a feeling of the infinity of the world within me, is this power, or what may I call it? Space, again, what is it in most men’s minds? The lifeless form of the world without us, a postulate of the geometrician, with no more vitality or real existence to their feelings than the square root of two. But if Milton has been able to *inform* this empty theater, peopling it with Titanic shadows, forms

that sat at the eldest counsels of the infant world, chaos and original night,—

‘ Ghostly shapes,
To meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow,’—

so that, from being a thing to inscribe with diagrams, it has become under his hands a vital agent on the human mind,—I presume that I may justly express the tendency of the *Paradise Lost* by saying that it communicates power; a pretension far above all communication of knowledge. Henceforth, therefore, I shall use the antithesis power and knowledge as the most philosophical expression for literature (that is Literæ Humaniores) and anti-literature (that is, Literæ didacticæ—*παιδεία*).” *

5. (1) Show, by defining them, that this antithesis between the terms “knowledge” and “power” can be resolved, the difference between them being one of degree, not of kind.
- (2) Keeping the same line of thought, define “exposition,” so as to make it include both of De Quincey’s classes.
6. From the following estimate of Lowell, construct an antithetic definition of “latent” and “patent” patriotism.

“If there be two kinds of patriotism, the latent and the patent, his kind was essentially the latter. Some people for whom the world is various and universal, and who dread nothing so much as seeing it cornered, regard this particular sentiment as a purely practical one, a prescription of duty in a given case, like a knack with the

* De Quincey: *Letters to a Young Man*, III.

coiled hose when the house is on fire, or the plunge of the swimmer when a man is overboard. They grudge it a place in the foreground of the spirit—they consider that it shuts out the view. Others find it constantly comfortable and perpetually fresh—find, as it were, the case always given; for them the immediate view *is* the view and the very atmosphere of the mind, so that it is not a question only of performance, but of contemplation as well. Mr. Lowell's horizon was too wide to be curtained out, and his intellectual curiosity such as to have effectually prevented his shutting himself up in his birth chamber; but if the local idea never kept his intelligence at home, he solved the difficulty by at least never going forth without it. When he quitted the hearth it was with the household god in his hand, and as he delighted in Europe it was to Europe he took it. Never had a household god such a magnificent outing, nor was made free of so many strange rites and climes; never, in short, had any patriotism such a liberal airing. If, however, Mr. Lowell was loath to admit that the American order could have an infirmity, I think it was because it would have cost him so much to acknowledge that it could have communicated one to an object that he cherished as he cherished the English tongue. *That* was the innermost atmosphere of his mind, and he never could have afforded, on this general question, any policy but a policy of annexation. He was capable of convictions in the light of which it was clear that the language he wrote so admirably had encountered in the United States not corruption, but conservation. Any conviction of his on this subject was a contribution to science, and he was zealous to show that the speech of New England was most largely that of an older and more vernacular England than the

England that to-day finds it queer. He was capable of writing perfect American to bring out this archaic element. He kept in general the two tongues apart, save in so far as his English style betrayed a connection by a certain American tact in the art of leaving out. He was perhaps sometimes slightly paradoxical in the contention that the language had incurred no peril in its western adventures; this is the sense in which I meant just now that he occasionally crossed the line. The difficulty was not that his vision of pure English could not fail in America sometimes to be clouded—the peril was for his vision of pure American. His standard was the highest, and the wish was often, no doubt, father to the thought. *The Biglow Papers* are delightful, but nothing could be less like *The Biglow Papers* than the style of the American newspaper. He lent his wit to his theories, but one or two of them lived on him like unthrifty sons."*

7. "Nature, natural, and the group of words derived from them, or allied to them in etymology, have at all times filled a great place in the thoughts and taken a strong hold on the feelings of mankind. That they should have done so is not surprising, when we consider what the words, in their primitive and most obvious signification, represent; but it is unfortunate that a set of terms which play so great a part in moral and metaphysical speculation, should have acquired many meanings different from the primary one, yet sufficiently allied to it to admit of confusion. The words have thus become entangled in so many foreign associations, mostly of a very powerful and tenacious character, that they have come to excite, and to be the symbols of, feelings which

* Henry James: *Atlantic Monthly*, 69:46.

their original meaning will by no means justify; and which have made them one of the most copious sources of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and even bad law.

"The most important application of the Socratic Elenchus, as exhibited and improved by Plato, consists in dissecting large abstractions of this description; fixing down to a precise definition the meaning which as popularly used they merely shadowed forth, and questioning and testing the common maxims and opinions in which they bear a part. It is to be regretted that among the instructive specimens of this kind of investigation which Plato has left, and to which subsequent times have been so much indebted for whatever intellectual clearness they have attained, he has not enriched posterity with a dialogue *περὶ φύσεως*. If the idea denoted by the word had been subjected to his searching analysis, and the popular commonplaces in which it figures had been submitted to the ordeal of his powerful dialectics, his successors probably would not have rushed, as they speedily did, into modes of thinking and reasoning of which the fallacious use of that word formed the corner-stone; a kind of fallacy from which he was himself singularly free.

"According to the Platonic method which is still the best type of such investigations, the first thing to be done with so vague a term is to ascertain precisely what it means. It is also a rule of the same method, that the meaning of an abstraction is best sought for in the concrete—of a universal in the particular. Adopting this course with the word Nature, the first question must be, What is meant by the 'nature' of a particular object? as of fire, of water, or of some individual plant or animal? Evidently the *ensemble* or aggregate of its powers or properties: the modes in which it acts on other things

(counting among those things the senses of the observer) and the modes in which other things act upon it; to which, in the case of a sentient being, must be added, its own capacities of feeling, or being conscious. The Nature of the thing means all this; means its entire capacity of exhibiting phenomena. And since the phenomena which a thing exhibits, however much they vary in different circumstances, are always the same in the same circumstances, they admit of being described in general forms of words, which are called the *laws* of the thing's nature. Thus it is a law of the nature of water that under the mean pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit.

"As the nature of any given thing is the aggregate of its power and properties, so Nature in the abstract is the aggregate of the powers and properties of all things. Nature means the sum of all phenomena, together with the causes which produce them; including not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening; the unused capabilities of causes being as much a part of the idea of Nature as those which take effect. Since all phenomena which have been sufficiently examined are found to take place with regularity, each having certain fixed conditions, positive and negative, on the occurrence of which it invariably happens, mankind have been able to ascertain, either by direct observation or by reasoning processes grounded on it, the conditions of the occurrence of many phenomena; and the progress of science mainly consists in ascertaining those conditions. When discovered they can be expressed in general propositions, which are called laws of the particular phenomenon, and also, more generally, Laws of Nature. Thus the truth that all material objects tend towards one another with a

force directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distance, is a law of Nature. The proposition that air and food are necessary to animal life, if it be as we have good reason to believe, true without exception, is also a law of Nature, though the phenomenon of which it is the law is special, and not, like gravitation, universal.

"Nature, then, in this its simplest acceptation, is a collective name for all facts, actual and possible; or (to speak more accurately) a name for the mode, partly known to us and partly unknown, in which all things take place. For the word suggests, not so much the multitudinous detail of the phenomena, as the conception which might be formed of their manner of existence as a mental whole, by a mind possessing a complete knowledge of them: to which conception it is the aim of science to raise itself, by successive steps of generalization from experience.

"Such, then, is a correct definition of the word Nature. But this definition corresponds only to one of the senses of that ambiguous term. It is evidently inapplicable to some of the modes in which the word is familiarly employed. For example, it entirely conflicts with the common form of speech by which Nature is opposed to Art, and natural to artificial. For in the sense of the word Nature which has just been defined, and which is the true scientific sense, Art is as much Nature as anything else; and everything which is artificial is natural—Art has no independent powers of its own: Art is but the employment of the powers of Nature for an end. Phenomena produced by human agency, no less than those which as far as we are concerned are spontaneous, depend on the properties of the elementary forces, or of the elementary substances and their compounds. The united

powers of the whole human race could not create a new property of matter in general, or of any one of its species. We can only take advantage, for our purposes, of the properties which we find. A ship floats by the same laws of specific gravity and equilibrium, as a tree uprooted by the wind and blown into the water. The corn which men raise for food grows and produces its grain by the same laws of vegetation by which the wild rose and the mountain strawberry bring forth their flowers and fruit. A house stands and holds together by the natural properties, the weight and cohesion of the materials which compose it: a steam-engine works by the natural expansive force of steam, exerting a pressure upon one part of a system of arrangements, which pressure, by the mechanical properties of the lever, is transferred from that to another part, where it raises the weight or removes the obstacle brought into connection with it. In these and all other artificial operations the office of man is, as has often been remarked, a very limited one; it consists in moving things into certain places. We move objects, and by doing this, bring some things into contact which were separate, or separate others which were in contact; and by this simple change of place, natural forces previously dormant are called into action, and produce the desired effect. Even the volition which designs, the intelligence which contrives, and the muscular force which executes these movements, are themselves powers of Nature.

"It thus appears that we must recognize at least two principal meanings in the word Nature." In one sense, it means all the powers existing in either the outer or the inner world, and everything which takes place by means of those powers. In another sense, it means, not everything which happens, but only what takes place without

the agency, or without the voluntary and intentional agency, of man. This distinction is far from exhausting the ambiguities of the word; but it is the key to most of those on which important consequences depend." *

Reduce to a single sentence the antithesis by which the definition of nature is brought out.

8. Interpret in a manner consonant with Mill's definition, the following passage, so that a child of high-school age could understand its meaning.

Perdita. Sir, . . . the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
. . . and I care not

To get slips of them.

Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your gardens rich in gillyvors.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well.†

* John Stuart Mill: *Three Essays on Religion; Nature.*

† Shakespeare: *The Winter's Tale*, Act 2, Scene 3.

9. Write one or two paragraphs defining, by the method of discrimination, the nature of contrasted objects.

- (1) Stories for children and stories about children.
- (2) Real poetry and sham poetry.
- (3) Games of skill and games of chance.
- (4) Formal and informal calls.
- (5) The enjoyment of Saturday and of Sunday.
- (6) The enjoyment of the slow waltz and of the two-step.
- (7) The pleasures of early rising and of sleeping late.
- (8) The girl and the young lady.

10. Discriminate, by a clean-cut and searching antithesis, some of the following:

- (1) Comfort and luxury.
- (2) Work and exercise.
- (3) Play and recreation; or play and rest.
- (4) Fun and sport.
- (5) Pleasure and joy.
- (6) Conversation and talking.
- (7) Truth and fact.
- (8) Culture and polish.
- (9) Pity and sympathy.
- (10) Scorn and contempt.
- (11) Genius and talent.
- (12) Sentiment and sentimentality.
- (13) Wisdom and knowledge.
- (14) Novel and romance.
- (15) Unselfishness and good-nature.
- (16) News and gossip.

11. What division of the subject is expressed or implied, and how does it help to define the subject, in the passages previously cited? e.g.:

- (1) Newman, on the great author, p. 191-193.

- (2) Walter Besant, on the young lady of 1837, pp. 195-203. (The division here has to do with the various phases of her life).
- (3) Newman, on universities, pp. 220-231.
- (4) Whipple, on wit and humor, pp. 255-257.
- (5) Ruskin, on books, pp. 257-259.
- (6) De Quincey, on literature, pp. 260-263.

(Note that in all definition by antithesis, the discrimination involves division.)

12. Divide, in a number of different ways, one of the following subjects, preparatory to treating it in an expository essay. Try to make your division searching and fundamental, so that in itself it shall convey much suggestion as to the true nature of the subject treated.

- (1) Colleges; or, schools.
- (2) Poetry.
- (3) Law.
- (4) Science.
- (5) Games.
- (6) Work.
- (7) Recreation.
- (8) Reading.
- (9) Afternoon teas.
- (10) Lectures.
- (11) Athletics.
- (12) Magazine literature.
- (13) Novels.
- (14) Text-books.

13. Write, as if for an educational journal, a criticism of the table of contents of any text-book, e.g., a Latin Grammar, Hygiene, Rhetoric, History, etc.

14. Prepare the plan, including the title-page, the preface, and the table of contents, for a text-book of

rhetoric or composition, adapted for use with children of ten or under. Specify the grade for which it is written. In the preface briefly defend, as if in anticipation of criticism, the system of division embodied in your table of contents.

LESSON XX.

Make a careful study of Mr. John Fiske's *The Meaning of Infancy*,* as a further instance of expository writing by definition. It will repay about a week of study, which should keep in mind rather the general management of the subject, the main lines of the thought, and the choice of illustrations, than the smaller details of its presentation.

1. How is infancy classified? What else is included in the larger class to which it is assigned?

2. How does the essay make clear the meaning of this classification?

3. Condense each paragraph of the essay into a short sentence or clause, writing these consecutively so that they shall constitute an abstract of the essay.

4. Examine carefully the exact impression made upon you by each of the concrete illustrations, and determine in this way its value to the essay. Ask yourselves such questions as these: Why does he begin with the piano-playing, instead of with the *Mécanique Céleste*? What is gained by the mention of Rubinstein? Why would it not be better to begin with the codfish and work up to Rubinstein and Laplace? In selecting the animals he will mention, how he has been guided by (1) the require-

* The essay has been reprinted in cheap form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ments of his thought; (2) the character of his audience (presumably the rank and file of the reading classes).

5. What use is made of "generalized narration" in the essay? Why did the purpose of the essay require this method rather than that of generalized description?

6. Show, either by the method of generalized narration, or by the use of concrete instances, or by both means:

(1) The value (or the dangerous character) of habit.

(2) The meaning of instinct.

(3) The true meaning of "the newspaper habit," or the habit of reading nothing but magazines or novels, or funny papers.

(4) College education; its meaning as a further prolongation of infancy.

(5) Natural selection; what it really is. (Explain as to a younger boy or girl.)

7. Study your own paragraph structure in these papers, side by side with that of Mr. Fiske's essay.*

THE MEANING OF INFANCY.†

"What is the Meaning of Infancy? What is the meaning of the fact that man is born into the world more helpless than any other creature, and needs for a much longer season than any other living thing the tender care

* For further class discussion of the separate paragraphs, it is helpful to assign to each student a single paragraph in the essay, making him responsible for a complete exposition of it to the class.

† A very brief restatement, in simple language, of the main points of the theory of man's origin first suggested in my lectures at Harvard University in 1871, and worked out in *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, Part II, Chaps. XVI, XXI, and XXII.

and wise counsel of his elders? It is one of the most familiar of facts that man, alone among animals, exhibits a capacity for progress. That man is widely different from other animals in the length of his adolescence and the utter helplessness of his babyhood, is an equally familiar fact. Now between these two commonplace facts is there any connection? Is it a mere accident that the creature which is distinguished as progressive should also be distinguished as coming slowly to maturity, or is there a reason lying deep down in the nature of things why this should be so? I think it can be shown, with very few words, that between these two facts there is a connection that is deeply inwrought with the processes by which life has been evolved upon the earth. It can be shown that man's progressiveness and the length of his infancy are but two sides of one and the same fact; and in showing this, still more will appear. It will appear that it was the lengthening of infancy which ages ago gradually converted our forefathers from brute creatures into human creatures. It is babyhood that has made man what he is. The simple unaided operation of natural selection could never have resulted in the origination of the human race. Natural selection might have gone on forever improving the breed of the highest animal in many ways, but it could never *unaided* have started the process of civilization or have given to man those peculiar attributes in virtue of which it has been well said that the difference between him and the highest of apes immeasurably transcends in value the difference between an ape and a blade of grass. In order to bring about that wonderful event, the Creation of Man, natural selection had to call in the aid of other agencies, and the chief of these agencies was the gradual lengthening of babyhood.

"Such is the point which I wish to illustrate in few words, and to indicate some of its bearings on the history of human progress. Let us first observe what it was that lengthened the infancy of the highest animal, for then we shall be the better able to understand the character of the prodigious effects which this infancy has wrought. A few familiar facts concerning the method in which men learn how to do things will help us here.

"When we begin to learn to play the piano, we have to devote much time and thought to the adjustment and movement of our fingers and to the interpretation of the vast and complicated multitude of symbols which make up the printed page of music that stands before us. For a long time, therefore, our attempts are feeble and stammering and they require the full concentrated power of the mind. Yet a trained pianist will play a new piece of music at sight, and perhaps have so much attention to spare that he can talk with you at the same time. What an enormous number of mental acquisitions have in this case become almost instinctive or automatic! It is just so in learning a foreign language, and it was just the same when in childhood we learned to walk, to talk, and to write. It is just the same, too, in learning to think about abstruse subjects. What at first strains the attention to the utmost, and often wearies us, comes at last to be done without effort and almost unconsciously. Great minds thus travel over vast fields of thought with an ease of which they are themselves unaware. Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch once said that in translating the *Mécanique Céleste* he had come upon formulas which Laplace introduced with the word 'obviously,' where it took, nevertheless, many days of hard study to supply the intermediate steps through which that transcendent mind had passed

with one huge leap of inference. At some time in his youth no doubt Laplace had to think of these things, just as Rubinstein had once to think how his fingers should be placed on the keys of the piano; but what was once the object of conscious attention comes at last to be well-nigh automatic, while the flight of the conscious mind goes on ever to higher and vaster themes.

"Let us now take a long leap from the highest level of human intelligence to the mental life of a turtle or a cod-fish. In what does the mental life of such creatures consist? It consists of a few simple acts mostly concerned with the securing of food and the avoiding of danger, and these few simple acts are repeated with unvarying monotony during the whole lifetime of these creatures. Consequently these acts are performed with great ease and are attended with very little consciousness, and moreover the capacity to perform them is transmitted from parent to offspring as completely as the capacity of the stomach to digest food is transmitted. In all animals the new-born stomach needs but the contact with food in order to begin digesting, and the new-born lungs need but the contact with air in order to begin to breathe. The capacity for performing these perpetually-repeated visceral actions is transmitted in perfection. All the requisite nervous connections are fully established during the brief embryonic existence of each creature. In the case of lower animals it is almost as much so with the few simple actions which make up the creature's mental life. The bird known as the fly-catcher no sooner breaks the egg than it will snap at and catch a fly. This action is not so very simple, but because it is something the bird is always doing, being indeed one out of the very few things that this bird ever does, the nervous connections needful

for doing it are all established before birth, and nothing but the presence of the fly is required to set the operation going.

With such creatures as the codfish, the turtle, or the fly-catcher, there is accordingly nothing that can properly be called infancy. With them the sphere of education is extremely limited. They get their education before they are born. In other words, heredity does everything for them, education nothing. The career of the individual is predetermined by the careers of his ancestors, and he can do *almost* nothing to vary it. The life of such creatures is conservatism cut and dried, and there is nothing progressive about them.

"In what I just said I left an 'almost.' There is a great deal of saving virtue in that little adverb. Doubtless even animals low in the scale possess some faint traces of educability; but they are so very slight that it takes geologic ages to produce an appreciable result. In all the innumerable wanderings, fights, upturnings, and cataclysms of the earth's stupendous career, each creature has been summoned under penalty of death to use what little wit he may have had, and the slightest trace of mental flexibility is of such priceless value in the struggle for existence that natural selection must always have seized upon it, and sedulously hoarded and transmitted it for coming generations to strengthen and increase. With the lapse of geologic time the upper grades of animal intelligence have doubtless been raised higher and higher through natural selection. The warm-blooded mammals and birds of to-day no doubt surpass the cold-blooded dinosaurs of the Jurassic age in mental qualities as they surpass them in physical structure. From the codfish and turtle of ancient family to the modern lion, dog, and

monkey, it is a very long step upward. The mental life of a warm-blooded animal is a very different affair from that of reptiles and fishes. A squirrel or a bear does a good many things in the course of his life. He meets various vicissitudes in various ways; he has adventures. The actions he performs are so complex and so numerous that they are severally performed with less frequency than the few actions performed by the codfish. The requisite nervous connections are accordingly not fully established before birth. There is not time enough. The nervous connections needed for the visceral movements and for the few simple instinctive actions get organized, and then the creature is born before he has learned how to do all the things his parents could do. A good many of his nervous connections are not yet formed, they are only formable. Accordingly, he is not quite able to take care of himself; he must for a time be watched and nursed. All mammals and most birds have thus a period of babyhood that is not very long, but is on the whole longest with the most intelligent creatures. It is especially long with the higher monkeys, and among the man-like apes it becomes so long as to be strikingly suggestive. An infant orang-outang, captured by Mr. Wallace, was still a helpless baby at the age of three months, unable to feed itself, to walk without aid, or to grasp objects with precision.

"But this period of helplessness has to be viewed under another aspect. It is a period of *plasticity*. The creature's career is no longer exclusively determined by heredity. There is a period after birth when its character can be slightly modified by what happens to it after birth, that is, by its experience as an individual. It becomes educable. It is no longer necessary for each generation to be exactly like that which has preceded. A door is

opened through which the capacity for progress can enter. Horses and dogs, bears and elephants, parrots and monkeys, are all teachable to some extent, and we have even heard of a learned pig. Of learned asses there has been no lack in the world.

"But this educability of the higher mammals and birds is after all quite limited. By the beginnings of infancy the door for progressiveness was set ajar, but it was not all at once thrown wide open. Conservatism still continued in fashion. One generation of cattle is much like another. It would be easy for foxes to learn to climb trees, and many a fox might have saved his life by doing so; yet quick-witted as he is, this obvious device never seems to have occurred to Reynard. Among slightly teachable mammals, however, there is one group more teachable than the rest. Monkeys, with their greater power of handling things, have also more inquisitiveness and more capacity for sustained attention than any other mammals; and the higher apes are fertile in varied resources. The orang-outang and gorilla are for this reason dreaded by other animals, and roam the undisputed lords of their native forests. They have probably approached the critical point where variations in intelligence, always important, have come to be supremely important, so as to be seized by natural selection in preference to variations in physical constitution. At some remote epoch of the past—we cannot say just when or how—our half-human forefathers reached and passed this critical point, and forthwith their varied struggles began age after age to result in the preservation of bigger and better brains, while the rest of their bodies changed but little. This particular work of natural selection must have gone on for an enormous length of time, and as its

result we see that while man remains anatomically much like an ape, he has acquired a vastly greater brain with all that this implies. Zoölogically the distance is small between man and the chimpanzee; psychologically it has become so great as to be immeasurable.

"But this steady increase of intelligence, as our forefathers began to become human, carried with it a steady prolongation of infancy. As mental life became more complex and various, as the things to be learned kept ever multiplying, less and less could be done before birth, more and more must be left to be done in the earlier years of life. So instead of being born with a few simple capacities thoroughly organized, man came at last to be born with the germs of many complex capacities which were reserved to be unfolded and enhanced or checked and stifled by the incidents of personal experience in each individual. In this simple yet wonderful way there has been provided for man a long period during which his mind is plastic and malleable, and the length of this period has increased with civilization until it now covers nearly one third of our lives. It is not that our inherited tendencies and aptitudes are not still the main thing. It is only that we have at last acquired great power to modify them by training, so that progress may go on with ever-increasing sureness and rapidity.

"In thus pointing out the causes of infancy, we have at the same time witnessed some of its effects. One effect, of stupendous importance, remains to be pointed out. As helpless babyhood came more and more to depend on parental care, the correlated feelings were developed on the part of parents, and the fleeting sexual relations established among mammals in general were gradually exchanged for permanent relations. A cow

feels strong maternal affection for her nursing calf, but after the calf is fully grown, though doubtless she distinguishes it from other members of the herd, it is not clear that she entertains for it any parental feeling. But with our half-human forefathers it is not difficult to see how infancy extending over several years must have tended gradually to strengthen the relations of the children to the mother, and eventually to both parents, and thus give rise to the permanent organization of the family. When this step was accomplished we may say that the Creation of Man had been achieved. For through the organization of the family has arisen that of the clan or tribe, which has formed, as it were, the cellular tissue out of which the most complex human society has come to be constructed. And out of that subordination of individual desires to the common interest, which first received a definite direction when the family was formed, there grew the rude beginnings of human morality.

"It was thus through the lengthening of his infancy that the highest of animals came to be Man,—a creature with definite social relationships and with an element of plasticity in his organization such as has come at last to make his difference from all other animals a difference in kind. Here at last there had come upon the scene a creature endowed with the capacity for progress, and a new chapter was thus opened in the history of creation. But it was not to be expected that man should all at once learn how to take advantage of this capacity. Nature, which is said to make no jumps, surely did not jump here. The whole history of civilization, indeed, is largely the history of man's awkward and stumbling efforts to avail himself of this flexibility of mental constitution with which God has endowed him. For many a weary age the

progress men achieved was feeble and halting. Though it had ceased to be physically necessary for each generation to tread exactly in the steps of its predecessor, yet the circumstances of primitive society long made it very difficult for any deviation to be effected. For the tribes of primitive men were perpetually at war with each other, and their methods of tribal discipline were military methods. To allow much freedom of thought would be perilous, and the whole tribe was supposed to be responsible for the words and deeds of each of its members. The tribes most rigorous in this stern discipline were those which killed out tribes more loosely organized, and thus survived to hand down to coming generations their ideas and their methods. From this state of things an intense social conservatism was begotten,—a strong disposition on the part of society to destroy the flexible-minded individual who dares to think and behave differently from his fellows. During the past three thousand years much has been done to weaken this conservatism by putting an end to the state of things which produced it. As great and strong societies have arisen, as the sphere of warfare has diminished while the sphere of industry has enlarged, the need for absolute conformity has ceased to be felt, while the advantages of freedom and variety come to be ever more clearly apparent. At a late stage of civilization, the flexible or plastic society acquires even a military advantage over the society that is more rigid, as in the struggle between French and English civilization for primacy in the world. In our own country, the political birth of which dates from the triumph of England in that mighty struggle, the element of plasticity in man's nature is more thoroughly heeded, more fully taken account of, than in any other community known to history; and herein lies

the chief potency of our promise for the future. We have come to the point where we are beginning to see that we may safely depart from unreasoning routine, and, with perfect freedom of thinking in science and in religion, with new methods of education that shall train our children to think for themselves while they interrogate Nature with a courage and an insight that shall grow ever bolder and keener, we may ere long be able fully to avail ourselves of the fact that we come into the world as little children with undeveloped powers wherein lie latent all the boundless possibilities of a higher and grander Humanity than has yet been seen upon the earth."

LESSON XXI.

Make a careful study of Arnold's *Sweetness and Light*.* The essay contains material to occupy two weeks, or possibly three. The student will do well to give much of his attention to the main lines of thought, but there is opportunity—much more than in the preceding essay—for detailed work as well. In determining the relative emphasis, the needs and interests of the class should be considered.

1. Carry out into completeness a tabular scheme such as is suggested on page 173.
2. Embody the main thought of the essay in a series of sentences, as was done in Lesson XX, 3.
3. What is your impression as to the relative preponderance in the essay of classification and discrimination? Verify or correct this impression by re-examination of the

* This essay is now to be found in a number of cheap editions; it has been reprinted with Pater's *Essay on Style*, by the Macmillan Company.

essay. Embody your final opinion in one or two paragraphs, using the methods of generalized narration and concrete instance.

4. Carefully examine the paragraph-structure in several cases where it illustrates the development of a thought by repetition in varied form or slightly varied aspect. What is the effect of this method? What are its merits, what its defects?

Notice especially the third paragraph, the fourth, the seventh, the eighth, the first part of the tenth, the eleventh.

5. From paragraphs 11-15 formulate Arnold's idea of "machinery." Represent in tabular form his classification of the term, and of other terms in relation to it.

Compare Emerson's use of the same thought in *Works and Days*.*

6. Write an essay, using the method of repetition in expounding a theme such as the following:

- (1) What is a college degree (or a school diploma) but machinery?
- (2) What is our pride in colonial expansion but a pride in machinery?
- (3) What is universal suffrage but machinery?
- (4) Scholarship that is machinery and scholarship that is not.

7. Study Arnold's use of concrete instances. How are these adapted to his public? Substitute in their place instances which will appeal more directly to an American audience, or to an audience of your own town, or your own college or school.

8. Determine roughly the characteristic form of Arnold's sentences by some such method as the follow-

* Emerson: *Society and Solitude*.

ing: Choose one hundred sentences at random from different parts of the essay, and determine in regard to each of them whether it is (a) long or short*; (b) simple, complex, or compound; (c) loose, periodic, or balanced. Make a table of your results. Do you notice any similarity between this characteristic form of Arnold's sentence and the way in which the large plan of the essay develops the idea involved?

9. Aside from the consideration of mere length, how many kinds of sentences do you find in the essay? What is the effect of each kind? What is it good for? What use is made of the dash? With what purpose and what effect?

10. On the basis of this study, define a sentence (1) by means of a conventionally phrased definition; (2) by a generalized narrative recounting the process of its formation in the mind of the writer; (3) by a division of sentences into their kinds; and (4) by a discrimination of these kinds from one another on a basis of their form, their purpose, their effect.†

11. Compare Arnold's sentences with Newman's (Cf. pp. 191-193; 220-231). First note your immediate and spontaneous impression as to the difference between them, then correct this impression by a closer survey of Newman's writing. What relation have these two types of sentence-structure to the typical methods by which Arnold and Newman attempt to establish a new conception in the mind of another person?

* An arbitrary limit of length must of course be set for this purpose, such as, say, twelve or fifteen words. All sentences passing this number may be considered long.

† In this and the following essay the work on sentences may be guided and the suggestions here given may be supplemented by the use of Chap. IV of Scott and Denney's *Composition-Rhetoric*.

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12. Expound by whatever method seems best, the meaning of Arnold's phrase "the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion."

13. Write an expository essay, using the methods of Arnold, on one of the following subjects:

- (1) The real significance to the Freshman of his first college year.
- (2) The relation of athletics to scholarship.
- (3) Poetry as a criticism of life.

14. Read carefully outside of the classroom Emerson's essay on *Culture*, and write a careful comparison of this essay with *Sweetness and Light*, considering not only subject-matter, but methods of treatment both in general plan and in detail.

LESSON XXII.

Study Pater's *Essay on Style*.* Three or four weeks may easily be used for this purpose, and after some consideration of the general proportions of the essay, the attention may best be fixed chiefly upon small sections, single paragraphs, even single sentences and words.

1. Read the essay through, in as leisurely a way as possible, at least three times before trying to make any special study of it. After each reading, however, write out a brief account of the impression it makes upon you. Note carefully the difference between the first and the second reading, the second and the third.

2. Reduce the essay to an abstract, as you did the two preceding ones; notice whether this abstract is easier or harder to make than the others. Discover, if you can, just what the difference is, and try to determine the reason for it.

* Cf. p. 284, footnote.

3. Write a paragraph defining "style" as Pater conceives it.

4. Show, by using *The Meaning of Infancy* and *Sweetness and Light*, what Pater means by "Mind in style."

5. Examine a single paragraph that you consider typical of Pater's style, to determine what are the traits in virtue of which it is typical.*

Compare it with a paragraph of Arnold, of Newman, of Huxley, or of Macaulay.

6. Examine Pater's sentences. What are the differences immediately perceptible between them and Arnold's? Which writer uses more short sentences? Which uses more modifying words and phrases?

7. Make a special study of Pater's appositive words and phrases as modifiers, together with his use of the dash. Ask yourself such questions as these: In the given sentence, what difference does it make to abstract the appositive modifiers? Why did Pater add the appositive? Is it possible to convey the total idea in his mind without resort to this device? What is the temper of mind of the man who makes much use of such devices for modifying and correcting the expression of his thought? Do Macaulay's sentences reveal such a temper of mind?

8. Take the following passage as a basis for an essay on the real significance of Pater's style with particular reference to his sentences.

"Still, trenchancy, whether in speaker or writer, is a most effective tone for a large public. It gives them confidence in their man, and prevents tediousness—except to those who reflect how delicate is the poise of truth, and what steep and pits encompass the dealer in unqualified

* Here again it is well to ask each student to make himself responsible for one paragraph, to be expounded to the class.

propositions. To such persons, a writer who is trenchant in every sentence of every page, who never lapses for a line into the contingent, who marches through the intricacies of things in a blaze of certainty, is not only a writer to be distrusted, but the owner of a doubtful and displeasing style. It is a great test of style to watch how an author disposes of the qualifications, limitations, and exceptions that clog the wings of his main proposition. The grave and conscientious men of the seventeenth century insisted on packing them all honestly along with the main proposition itself, within the bounds of a single period. Burke arranges them in tolerably close order in the paragraph. Dr. Newman, that winning writer, disperses them lightly over his page. Of Macaulay it is hardly unfair to say that he dispatches all qualifications into outer space before he begins to write, or if he magnanimously admits one or two here and there, it is only to bring them the more imposingly to the same murderous end."*

9. What does Pater mean by "the right vocabulary"? Define this in a paragraph.

10. Examine Pater's use of words, in the light of his seventh paragraph and the paragraphs immediately following. Try to perceive the exact "flavor" or value of each word in some single paragraph. Comment, for example, on the phrase, "those long savorious Latin words, rich in 'second intention,'" (paragraph 9).

11. Collect and expound some of Pater's words which are themselves "rich in second intention," and words embodying latent metaphor.

12. Examine the words chosen in the passages from Pater, cited on pp. 43-44 and 148-149.

* John Morley: *Miscellanies*; *Macaulay*.

13. Write a paragraph presenting a careful and delicate discrimination between two things in their nature somewhat akin. Some of the pairs of terms given in Lesson XIX, 10, will respond to such treatment, and it might be well to rewrite your treatment of some of these topics, with minute attention to the form of expression. A few additional subjects are suggested.

- (1) The pedant and the "lover of words."
- (2) Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.
- (3) Restraint is not hindrance.
- (4) Fact and sense of fact.

14. Write an essay on one of the following subjects, trying to make it an embodiment of style as in Pater's sense of the word.

- (1) The spirit of Pater.
- (2) Pater's style is Pater.
- (3) The style of Newman or of Carlyle,—is it "the man"?
- (4) "Beauty is in the last analysis only fineness of truth."

15. Characterize in a single word the styles of various writers you have been studying: Arnold, Huxley, Carlyle, Newman, Pater.

LESSON XXIII.

Read Jefferies' *The Pageant of Summer*. One or two weeks may be given to it; or longer, if it is made the basis of further study of words.

1. After a first reading, try to describe the impression left upon you. Is it a purely sensuous one? If not, what more? Do you get a picture of an individual scene

or place? Is there any difference between this and the description of the cornfield, p. 55?

2. Try to express in a sentence, or a few sentences, the thought of the whole. Can you disassociate the "thought" and the means of expression?

3. Treat with as delicate exactness as possible the theme: "*The Pageant of Summer* is not mere description, it is interpretation." Or, write an appreciation of the passage which shall apply to it Arnold's *dictum* in regard to poetry, that it has the power "to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense" of things, to make us feel ourselves "in contact with the essential nature" of things.

4. Study the appeal to the senses: to sight, in color, form, movement; to touch; to the ear; to the sense of smell; to the temperature sense. Trace the appeal to its source in words possessing direct or indirect sensuous value.

5. Note the choice of verbs which suggest not merely being or activity, but specific phases of being and of activity. Colorless verbs like "be," "do," "have," appear relatively seldom. Note, for example, the number of specific verbs used where the generic one, "flying," might have been allowed to stand.

6. Study Jefferies' use of other words and phrases which are in their nature specific instead of general, e.g., "shaken by a thrush," in the first paragraph, instead of "shaken by a bird," or merely "shaken."

7. Does *The Pageant of Summer* give us "fact" or "sense of fact" in Pater's meaning? Answer in an essay that shall accurately determine the nature of Jefferies' writing.

8. Make a careful and discriminating comparison

between the way in which Ruskin and Jefferies interpret nature, as seen in *The Pine Tree* (pp. 177-185) and *The Pageant of Summer*. Which gives more satisfaction? Why?

9. Characterize Jefferies' style as compared with Pater's, Arnold's, Ruskin's, Newman's, Carlyle's.

10. Try to find the exact word or words for all sorts of out-of-door sensations, such as are suggested in the following:

- (1) Noonday in a clover field.
- (2) Early morning. (Look up Lanier's *Songs of the Marshes*.)
- (3) Sunset in April.
- (4) A June thunder-storm.
- (5) Indian summer.
- (6) The ocean, in a calm.
- (7) A pine grove in June.

11. Try to find the adequate word or phrase for a particular flower. Note first, what is the word that spontaneously suggests itself when you see the flower; compare notes with your classmates, and try to find the final word or phrase.

12. Write an appreciation of Jefferies based on Pater's phrase, "Beauty is only fineness of truth." If you have already written on this phrase (Lesson XXII, 14, (4)), enrich and interpret your entire treatment by making it also a treatment of Jefferies.

13. Try to interpret the spirit of April, of May, of October, as Jefferies does the spirit of summer.

14. Characterize in a single word the style of Jefferies. If this cannot be done satisfactorily, use a sentence. Which type of sentence will be best adapted to this purpose?