

Mother's Learning Library
Supplement Two

Well-Educated Mother's Heart Learning Library

Libraries of Hope

Mother's Learning Library
Supplement Two

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

Libraries of Hope

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IMAGINATION

AND

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

SOME PRACTICAL STEPS FOR THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is a study of vocal expression, as the direct revelation of the processes of the mind in thinking and feeling; and as the manifestation of the elliptic relations of thought which words cannot symbolize, such as the convictions, the beliefs, the interest, and the purpose of the speaker. According to this view, vocal expression is a significant, not a symbolic language, and is more subjective, complex, and nearer to Nature than words, and hence cannot be developed in the same way as a symbolic or representative language, nor be made subject to the same mechanical rules.

The work is meant to furnish simple and practical suggestions. In nearly every case a poem or selection is placed before the mind of the student, and the remarks made are intended to aid in the study of the extract, and especially in its interpretation by the living voice. "To know a thing, we must do it" is a fundamental principle of education. The mind must be brought directly into contact with nature. Experiment is the true method of scientific study, but the principle applies even more to literary or artistic work. The student must be set to doing, — explanation must be subordinate, and only for guidance in the discovery or study of the principles for himself in practice. This book is an endeavor to furnish a practical means of studying and training the Imagination and Dramatic Instinct. It aims to bring the mind of the student into direct contact with the noble works of Literature, not

merely to analyze or to understand the thought in such works, but to stimulate and awaken the faculties in the reader which are awake in the writer, to study the processes of the mind in creating and assimilating ideas for the true artistic interpretation of literature by the living voice. It furnishes a practical means of educating some important actions of the mind by the oldest of all artistic agents, the voice.

In certain cases problems are definitely stated, but more frequently there are suggestions which can be formulated by the teacher, or by the student himself. All great artists sketch and make studies of the objects of nature. This is the true method of art study ; there is no substitute for it. Hence, the same method must be used by the student of literature, or of vocal expression. There must be long-continued study in the rendering of single lines or phrases. Such studies must be arranged for students according to their needs, and the student himself must direct his efforts to those points in which he is weakest.

In using the book in class, my custom is to assign certain selections a week beforehand and have students study and read them alone ; then afterward with the teacher for suggestions and criticisms. The studies are to be read over to aid the student in comprehending criticisms and difficulties in the rendering of a poem, or to stimulate deeper studies or broader investigations. The student's understanding and assimilation of the principles involved are chiefly to be judged by his rendering of a passage, or by his method of speaking. Occasionally, questions should be asked to test the student's conception of the deeper meanings of a passage of literature or the apprehension of its vocal interpretation or by his understanding of the steps which are being taken. My own aim is usually to keep many things before the student's mind, such as the essential nature of all ex-

pression, of all artistic endeavor, the steps he is taking in vocal expression, the spirit of the literary work he is studying, or the speech he is trying to make, and also his own special needs or tendencies; first one and then another of these is emphasized to stimulate his harmonious growth.

This work is intended to follow "Lessons in Vocal Expression." That volume takes up the simpler processes of thinking, the more elemental or logical relations of ideas, while this takes up the imaginative and sympathetic elements, the ideal and dramatic relations of ideas to feeling and experience.

Practice in vocal expression should always be connected with vocal training. At every stage of his progress the teacher should give the student definite steps for the training of his voice, using the same or different extracts. The student must realize the character of his tone, and the effect of his mind upon it. Do the qualities of his voice change with his ideas and feelings? Does he feel his ideas, his imaginative conceptions of relations and background, his deeper feelings in the tones and modulations of his voice?

The book has grown from practical struggles in teaching for twenty years, from a realization of the importance of awakening the Imagination and Dramatic Instinct of college, theological, or law students, and in fact of every man and woman of whatever aim in life. The volume is larger than it would otherwise have been on account of the neglect or misconceptions of many aspects of the subject at the present time. Many of the lessons may be easily extended or related to wider courses, the History of Humor, Forms of Poetry, History of Lyric Poetry, and many other subjects. In fact, the volume is intended as a companion to the student in the study of literature to throw light upon practical vocal interpretation as one of the chief means to get at the spirit of literary work.

No one realizes its inadequacy, its imperfections, more than the writer. It has been prepared in the midst of the continual and engrossing duties of practical teaching. It is hoped that, while it has the imperfections of the teacher, it will also have the spirit of practical teaching, and prove suggestive and helpful to a large number of students, and meet a great variety of needs.

S. S. C.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
September, 1896.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT is the imagination? Is it of any use? Can it be trained? Is it not a merely ornamental appendage to human nature, impractical and untruthful? Unfortunately, such questions are common, and indicate widespread misconception of the faculty.

The relation of education to imagination has hitherto received slight attention at the hands of educators in general. The development of the imagination has been given little or no place in the courses of study in our schools, nor has it been regarded as worthy of any distinctive attention in college training. "In the curriculums of most of our higher institutions of learning in America and England," says Professor Charles Eliot Norton, "no place is given to that instruction which has for its end the cultivation of the imagination and the sentiments, through the refining of the perceptions and the quickening of the love of beauty." Education, say some of our legislators, must give a man the means of making a living; our public schools must train up practical citizens; boys and girls must be educated in the practical arts of life; the ornamental has no place in the school-room.

Such views of education utterly fail to grasp the nature of the imagination and its relation to daily life. They overlook the need of securing the right action of all the faculties, and do not perceive that the harmonious development of the whole man is necessary to the adequate performance of the simplest and most practical business of life. Work without imagination is drudgery, but with it the humblest employment is lifted into the realm of beauty and art. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The imagination is the source of all inspiration and interest in life; its activity creates beauty in the commonest objects of handicraft, and gives charm to the humblest home.

But why should the imagination be trained? Because its perversion or abnormal action is one of the leading causes of the degradation of character, while its right use is one of the highest characteristics of the normal human being. It should be developed because it is the chief creative faculty. It is this which gives man taste and refinement; which raises him out of a narrow prison into communion with the universe; which lifts him from a groove into relation with all things and all men; which develops the comprehension of universal principles; which prevents man from regarding Nature as a mere mechanical product, and enables him to feel it as a process, and consciously to follow that process in his own art.

Imagination should be developed because all true appreciation of art and literature is dependent upon its exercise. Man can appreciate art only by the same faculty which creates it. That which is awake in the artist in the act of production must be awakened in the beholder, or there can be no genuine realization. In short, imagination not only creates all art, but it appreciates art. Without its presence there can be no genuine love of art; without it, the language of art is unintelligible, its voice unheard, its spirit unfelt.

Imagination makes the individual a citizen of the world, an heir to all the ages; it enables him to appreciate not only the art of his own age and his own country, but that of all other lands and times. By its power he can become a Greek, and see as the Greeks saw, and feel as the Greeks felt.

Imagination lies at the foundation of all altruistic instinct, whether of art or ethics. Unless it is developed, there can be little improvement in the ideals of a man or a nation. No man has ever become great without an ideal, and the faculty which gives birth to ideals is imagination. This is the prophetic faculty of the soul, which gives hope, and which enables us to see a new and better world in the midst of the old, a new life in the midst of death, a new character in the midst of degradation. No man can ever rise higher than his ideal; but without an ideal, no man can ever rise at all. No age, no nation, no individual, can ever be elevated except by elevating its ideals.

Imagination is the faculty which enables us to enter into sympathy with our fellow-men. By its power alone can we appreciate the point of view of those different from ourselves. Without imagination, each of us would be alone; each of us would be cold and selfish.

Imagination gives us the power to penetrate to the heart of Nature; it is the faculty which sees beauty and loveliness; which discovers grace in the motion of the storm; "that leans her ear in many a secret place," until "beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face."

Imagination is the faculty which enables man to realize eternity. The ordinary conceptions of the mind cannot embrace infinity, or God. Imagination alone enables man to transcend the fetters of time and space, to see the eternal through the temporal, the spiritual beneath the physical, the soul underlying all. It is imagination which penetrates through all seeming, through the wild whirlwind and storm which are part of every life and every human soul, to "the central peace existing at the heart of endless agitation."

The imagination should be trained because the whole man should be trained, because it is the fountain-head of all noble feeling, and upon its discipline depends any true education of the emotions.

Dramatic instinct has received even less recognition than imagination. All men more or less admire imagination, though they may not think of it as an object of education; but few persons regard dramatic power as a characteristic of a strong and noble human being. It is frequently considered an unnatural, if not an abnormal power. Nor do many consider it capable of education, but due to some accident of temperament peculiar to a few; while even those who regard its education as possible, look upon its development as on the same plane as the practice of sleight-of-hand.

There are some exceptions, however, to this superficial view. A prominent judge, at a dinner of the alumni of his college, is reported to have said that if he were a rich man he would endow

a chair in all the colleges for the development of the dramatic instinct. Upon this instinct, he held, success in every walk of life depends. The teacher cannot teach unless he sees as the student sees; the preacher cannot preach without the power of putting himself in another man's place; the merchant succeeds on account of the ability to read the wishes and needs of his customers. And so it is throughout all human experience and endeavor: an instinctive knowledge of human nature is the basis of success. All men are great in proportion to their ability to get outside of themselves.

A proper conception of dramatic instinct must be gained apart from the stage. Many of the exhibitions upon the stage are devoid of anything essentially dramatic. If the stage were a place for the pure and noble representation of dramatic instinct, there would be few who would have any objection to it. The men with the strongest dramatic instinct whom it has been my privilege to meet or hear have not been actors, — such men as Beecher and Gough.

Dramatic instinct should be trained because it is a part of the imagination, because it gives us practical steps towards the development of the imagination, because it is the means of securing discipline and power over feeling. Dramatic instinct should be trained because it is the insight of one mind into another. The man who has killed his dramatic instinct has become unsympathetic, and can never appreciate any one's point of view but his own. Dramatic instinct endows us with broad conceptions of the idiosyncrasies, beliefs, and convictions of men. It trains us to unconscious reasoning, to a deep insight into the motives of man. It is universally felt that one's power to "other himself" is the measure of the greatness of his personality. All sympathy, all union of ourselves with the ideals and struggles of our race, are traceable to imagination and dramatic instinct.

The relation of imagination to dramatic instinct has not been sufficiently appreciated. Many years ago the editor of the "North American Review" published a symposium from various actors upon the nature of dramatic instinct. It is curious to note that nearly all these said that dramatic instinct had two elements, —

imagination and sympathy. Imagination affords insight into character; sympathy enables us to identify ourselves with it. Thus, imagination and dramatic instinct are essentially united. The little child who is imaginative always shows it by dramatic actions in his play.

While imagination and dramatic instinct may be separated in conception, while the difference in their actions may be distinguished, practically they are always united, especially in their higher actions. Together they form the chief elements of altruism. They redeem the mind from narrowness and selfishness; they enable the individual to appreciate the point of view, the feelings, motives, and characters of his fellow-men; they open his eyes to read the various languages of human art; they enable him to commune with his kind on a higher plane than that of commonplace facts; they lift him into communion with the art and spirit of every age and nation. Without their development man is excluded from the highest enjoyment, the highest communion with his kind, and from the highest success in every walk of life.

One of the chief needs of the education of our time is a practical method for the development of the imagination and the dramatic instinct, — a method which will prevent their abuse, bring the mind into direct contact with the greatest products of the imagination, and train students to appreciate the highest literature and art. There are many methods of studying and training these powers, but the one here to be indicated has proved successful through many years of experience, and is essentially the same as that adopted in the schools of the Greeks, whose development of the artistic nature is universally considered to have been the highest ever known.

The best method of developing the imagination is by the study of Nature and poetic expression. A sympathetic love of the beautiful in Nature is characteristic of noble imagination. Even in the study of art there must ever be a comparison with Nature. George F. Watts once said, "People must be trained to a higher appreciation of art by being led to see what a great artist Nature is."

The influence of Nature in the education of the human mind cannot be over-estimated. Wordsworth has taught us to realize the power of Nature to stimulate and unfold the energies of the soul. All art proceeds from wonder. A sympathetic observation of life has been instrumental in every age in stimulating the mental and artistic faculties.

Nature alone, however, is inadequate to secure the full power of imagination. Thousands have grown up in the midst of the greatest beauty of Nature with low and sensuous ideals, and without having their sense of beauty awakened. Art is therefore needed to show us Nature's subtleties, to give us a right attitude of mind towards her, and to awaken sympathetic attention to her revelations.

What form of art should be studied? Every form as far as possible; for each art is a distinct language, which expresses some aspect of the human soul and realizes some truth apprehended in no other way. Music and poetry are "arts in time," and can reveal the sequence of ideas and the movement of life; but painting works in space, and is confined to the intense realization of one moment. It is intensive, where other arts are extensive. Both are needed for adequate expression.

Any one of these arts — even poetry, the highest of all, and the most capable of being used as a means of developing the imagination — may, when studied alone, cause the student to become one-sided. The painter who never studies anything but his own art becomes superficial. The poet who fails to see the depth and force in plastic and pictorial art becomes merely literary. Painters condemn a picture which is too "literary," — this use of the word indicating those who merely write, who merely look at Nature as a means of literary description. On the other hand, the painter who never studies books or other arts almost ceases to think; some have even gone so far as to say "the painter has no business to think at all."

Every great art is a special language of the human spirit, and he who desires to awaken his artistic nature will learn to read all these languages. The possession of merely literary and artistic knowledge does not imply culture; for this results from the

harmonious activity of all the faculties of the mind. It is dependent upon appreciation, upon insight into art and poetry, upon sympathy with the ideals of humanity.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the erection of beautiful public buildings, and of museums of art. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when every village will have its art collections, when every school-room and every home will be filled with objects of art.

Art which has to do with imagination is called poetry; and while poetry belongs to painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, its chief expression is in certain forms of literary composition. A love of poetic literature has nearly always preceded a desire for other forms of art. It is always associated with a love of the beautiful in Nature; its greatest masterpieces can become the possession of all, and hence it must serve as the chief means of educating the imagination.

Again, poetry is fullest of imaginative life and energy. In every poem there are possibilities of innumerable paintings, if only the artistic nature can intensely realize each successive picture. Its materials are the simple words of common minds; its form or body is simply an orderly or rhythmic arrangement of human speech.

Taking for granted, then, that literature will best educate the imagination, the question arises, What methods of studying it are best adapted to exercise this faculty?

Until comparatively recent times, the highest culture was supposed to be embodied in the Greek and Latin languages. The study of these constituted for centuries the chief means of literary training. But the great discoveries in every field of scientific investigation, during the present century, have led many to doubt the power of Greek and Latin to furnish the broadest possible education. With this tendency to doubt the advantage of studying these languages, there has grown up also a neglect of all literary culture. At the present time, a majority of the studies in all grades of schools concern themselves chiefly with the acquisition of knowledge.

The too exclusive study of science, however, is in turn slowly leading to the realization of the inadequacy of facts to develop the whole man harmoniously and completely. Slowly but surely our leading educators are coming to feel that science alone is insufficient for the complete development of the whole man. A great scientist of our age, Charles Darwin, has said: "I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's 'Seasons,' and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this, because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare."

In another part of the biography from which this extract is taken, he adds: "Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds — such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley — gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great, delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work upon, instead of giving me pleasure. . . . My mind seems to have become a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." [1]

[1] Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, i. 30, 81.

So innumerable have modern discoveries been, that it is almost impossible for any human being to acquire a mastery of all the facts in every department of human knowledge. Hence, there is a renewed disposition among some educators to defend the true principle of education; namely, mental discipline, rather than dependence upon the acquisition of unrelated facts.

This disposition, however, has not been shown in a renewal of interest in the study of Greek and Latin, but in the study of one's own language and literature. This is the most hopeful sign in modern education. It is a man's native literature which lies nearest his heart. It is upon this that the creative energy of the imagination must be exercised. "The highest mark of culture in any man is shown by his ability to speak and write his own language with accuracy, ease, and elegance."

In turning to the study of our own language, however, the true method of using it for the stimulation of the artistic nature has hardly been reached. Two influences have made the first method in the study of literature largely a study of philology. In the first place, the reverence given to Latin and Greek has led us to trace the origin of our words. In the second place, the scientific spirit of the age has affected even the study of literature; so that the courses of studies in literature in our different colleges have been chiefly studies in philology.

The study of literature, however, could not long remain thus limited. Such courses were presently felt to be a study, not of literature, but of words; and while etymology and philology are very important, they are simply aspects of scientific study, and have little to do with the development of the artistic nature. Everything may be studied both scientifically and artistically. The difference in training is not in the subject, but in the method of procedure and the faculties which are called into exercise.

The next step was the study of the facts of literature. This is at present regarded as a great advance in the study of literature. That it is a gain, no one will deny; but the method is still scientific. The facts about a poem — the aim, the subject, and the language used — are all analyzed and discussed. I have known many students to say that they never desired to recite or study or

even read again those poems which they have analyzed during their college course. A great advantage, however, has come about by this method. Poetry and general literature are studied, and the fact that the student's attention is turned to them, even though in the wrong way, has the effect of stimulating him to some appreciation of their value.

Still, the problem of the practical development of the imagination has not yet been solved by either of these methods. Art can be studied only as art and by means of art. It is not science, nor can it be studied as science, or by exercising merely the analytical faculties of the mind. All art is a form of poetic expression, and the artistic nature can be awakened only by exercise in poetic expression in some of its forms.

The lessons in this book are arranged according to the principle that the artistic nature must be developed by being brought into active exercise, and that this can be achieved by using the simplest and most natural form of art, — that of *the spoken word.*

It was the attention given by the Greeks to the spoken word that caused them to be the most artistic of peoples. By far the most of the work of their schools was the study and recitation of the works of their poets. While they may have slighted the written word, and exaggerated too much the importance of speech, we in our day have gone to the other extreme, and are exaggerating the importance of writing as an agent of education, to the exclusion of the earlier and more simple and natural method of the human voice. The voice is the little child's first conscious agent of expression; it is man's chief means of communication; it is fullest of the life and energy of the human soul; it is the simplest and most natural agent of the faculties of the mind. Some may consider the Greeks to have been the greatest masters of writing in the world, and this is true; but their writing was great because founded upon and developed by their speech.

It is a well-known fact that all poetry was first written with reference to delivery; and many of our greatest poets have felt that the higher development of poetry cannot come until it is once more written with reference to its vocal expression. Milton has said, —

" Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse !
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce."

Be this as it may, the most adequate method of studying literature and of developing the imagination and artistic nature is by means of the spoken word; and for this there are many reasons.

Vocal expression is the most direct revelation of the processes of thought and emotion. It is the most immediate manifestation of the living activity of the soul, of which literature is the embodiment. Matthew Arnold called literature " the criticism of life." The higher the literature, the more it embodies and suggests life; hence the more immediately is it related to the natural languages, and the more capable of being interpreted by them.

The study of vocal expression furnishes a means of following the processes of thought. The most subtle movements of the imagination and feeling can be studied in connection with their vocal response, and this response can be used also as an agent in developing right imaginative and emotional action. If education is " learning the use of tools," and if the exercise of the higher faculties depends upon the use of a tool, then the voice furnishes the simplest of tools for testing and exercising them.

Again, imagination and the artistic nature can be exercised only by means of the most familiar agents. The artist can express only what is native and inherent to his heart. Millet, the painter, is said to have paused in the midst of his early work, on overhearing a remark about its character, to ask himself what really was the most intense affection of his heart. It was because of this that he turned to the portrayal of French peasants, and the interpretation of the life of the poor. He thus led a new movement in art; the real spirit of the poor, their heroic devotion, their tenderness, their pain, had never before been made the subject of art. No amount of contempt on the part of the critics nor neglect on the part of the public could ever turn him from his conviction that art can portray only the central affection of the heart of the artist. The greatest artists of every age have used the simple means which lay near to their hands.

Now, the native speech of every man lies nearest to his imagination and creative instinct. Vocal expression furnishes a simple and universal means of awakening the artistic nature. Speech is the primary, the most natural, language, and can be filled fullest of the life and spirit of man. The use of his native language carries him farther away from the dominion of mechanical rules. It is the most spontaneous and unconscious manifestation of the natural action of all his faculties. Before the imagination can show itself in painting, sculpture, or music, the student must have thoroughly mastered its mechanism; but the student's native tongue requires least of such mechanical and artificial mastery, and hence can most easily become the agent for the expression and testing of imaginative action.

"Style is the man himself." This statement has received careless acceptance, with very little realization of its truth, or of the postulates of such a truth. If style be the man, then artistic training must begin with disciplining his powers, and not with the external mechanical acquisition of certain facts or artificial rules. The *cause* of expression must be awakened; imagination and instinct must be quickened.

The study of general literature must begin by awakening those faculties and powers in ourselves which in another created the literature. Speech is the first form of expression. We talk before we write or draw or paint or model. Hence, the first language is the chief one to be used.

Of course, the objection will be urged that elocution is at present the most degraded of the arts; that the recitation of a poem frequently perverts its spirit,—and this is true. But the power of vocal expression to pervert literature or to destroy imaginative action only shows its influence. Its power may be used to elevate as well as to destroy.

Two methods of developing vocal expression grow out of two diverse views regarding the nature of delivery.

The advocates of one method consider vocal expression as a matter of pronunciation; and delivery a mechanical act having little, if any, relation to thinking. A few rules for inflection

based upon phraseology, some mechanical directions for stress or pausing, according to grammatical structure, and for the "tone" to use for a given emotion, form, unfortunately, the common conception of vocal expression. According to this method, thought and imagination belong only to the author. The reader must not interpose his mental action between the author and the auditor: he must present correctly the form of the author's words. Exactly as the printed page presents the language of the author to the eye, so the reader must present the words of the author to the ear.

The other method regards vocal expression as the manifestation of the processes of thought and feeling; that it conveys these by natural signs in speaking the words which are only symbols, or conventional representatives, of thought. Vocal expression is the giving of thought with its associated experience. It presents thoughts in such a way as to make another mind realize in the fullest possible degree their nature and relations. This view holds also that if vocal expression be the translation, the reincarnation of thought and feeling, then the reader must re-think the thought; must reproduce its processes and the feeling it awakens, according to the laws and associations of his own mind.

According to this theory, vocal expression is regarded as an interpretative art, whose exercise requires the direct action of imagination and feeling. Reading is not only an art, but the interpretation of the most exalted forms of art and literature. Though delivery has a physical and mechanical side; though enunciation is necessary and cannot be done too well, — this is not the most important element in vocal expression. Vocal expression is the direct manifestation of thought and feeling. It is the translation into natural language of ideas expressed in words. It is the interpretation, or the bringing to life, of the first processes of thought and emotion as suggested by the language of words, and manifesting these by means of the other co-ordinate languages or modulations of voice and body. Vocal expression manifests the speaker's own thought and feeling, or his assimilation and realization of that of others.

Again, the action of the mind in writing is not the same as that in reading and speaking. The reader uses the natural languages

as his medium, not the pen; hence, he must think and feel with greater intensity than the writer. By him the ideas of the writer are made salient, their movement more natural, their realization more vivid.

According to any adequate view of the nature of vocal expression and delivery there must, therefore, be a definite training of those faculties concerned with the realization of truth. The development of vocal expression is dependent upon and simultaneous with the acquisition of literary taste. A man cannot express what he does not possess. The refinement of feeling, the intense realization of ideas, is fundamentally necessary.

Right vocal expression, then, is dependent upon the realization of truth; and the faculty most concerned with this is imagination. Where the imagination is inactive, all expression is mechanical and cold. "Imagination," says Fénelon, "is the only creative faculty of the human mind." It is the faculty which lies at the fountain-head of all art. Hence, that faculty which enables man to live in a mental world, to hold such an ideal before his mind that he can rise out of the literal and the actual; that faculty which enables him to live in a process of thought, to see and hear whatever is conceived by the mind as if it had real existence,— is especially necessary in vocal expression.

Again, the mind must continually change its point of view. There must be insight not only into truth and Nature, but into men. The reader, speaker, or actor must have quick and instinctive insight into character. He must see as others see, and feel as others feel. He must have that sympathy which will enable him to identify himself with all situations.

Sympathy, it has been said, is synonymous with insight. A lack of sympathy is a lack of imagination. Without imagination there can be no true appreciation, no earnest feeling.

Imagination appeals to imagination. Literature and poetry cannot be interpreted without the help of imagination to appreciate the highest ideals and most poetic visions. An interpretative art must accentuate the deepest and most fundamental elements in the matter interpreted. Imagination is needed to stimulate the deeper impulses, and to bring voice and body into unity. It

alone can give such a vivid realization of ideas as to awaken all the complex impulses and languages of man. It is needed to prevent isolation of ideas, and the hardening of truths into mere facts. It is needed to place ideas and facts in sympathetic relationship with one another; to give the spirit and not the letter, truth and not mere fact, the soul and not the mere body.

Vocal expression is the direct result of the free, spontaneous impulses of mind and heart. The actions and characteristics of the imagination furnish the most essential qualities of vocal expression. No form of art is more intuitive and immediate; nowhere are rules so impossible as in its sphere. All actions in vocal expression are the direct and immediate result of insight. Nowhere is there needed more penetration, more stimulus to feeling; nowhere is there such need to awaken a play of free and spontaneous activity.

The object of rendering a passage of poetry, the function of delivery in oratory, is to make truth more vivid; to give it the life of a personality; to bring unity out of diversity; to change abstractions into living and moving creations. All these fundamental requisites of oratory, of eloquence, of poetry, are the direct product of imagination. Hence, this faculty is the chief characteristic of right delivery. Its development will secure naturalness and effectiveness, and prevent artificiality and affectation.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers, —
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Wordsworth

BEAUTY — a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields — like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main — why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
— I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation: — and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted: — and how exquisitely, too —
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish: — this is our high argument.
— Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
Must turn elsewhere — travel and see ill sights
Of madding passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities — may these sounds
Have their authentic comment; that even these
Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn! —
Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st
The human Soul of universal earth,
Dreaming on things to come; and dost possess
A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mighty Poets.

The Recluse. *Wordsworth.*

I.

IMAGINATION, OR THE CREATIVE INSTINCT.

I. CONCEPTION AND IMAGINATION.

In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making of others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will ever be, a crown of thorns. *Carlyle.*

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed:
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on. *Shelley.*

In the first of the two sentences of the first extract a truth is stated plainly. In the second, the mind is made to realize the same idea with ten-fold force. What causes the difference? In the first there is a sequence of simple conceptions; in the second the mind suddenly and spontaneously discovers unity and relationship among diverse ideas. In the first clause a plain truth is stated in a simple and direct way; in the second, a concrete picture is made to stand for a universal truth.

In the far North stands a Pine-tree, lone, upon a wintry height;
It sleeps: around it snows have thrown a covering of white.
It dreams forever of a Palm that, far i' the Morning-land,
Stands silent in a most sad calm midst heaps of burning sand.
From Heine. *Lanier.*

Diverse objects and situations are here brought into direct and vivid contrast, while unity is discovered between them. The

attention is so attracted by living images that the powers of the mind are quickened and made to realize a thought intensely. The importance of vivid conceptions and their relations to vocal expression has already been explained; but in such extracts and selections as the two preceding we find something more than isolated ideas or logical relations. Here are higher relations of ideas to one another and more complex conceptions. A peculiar faculty is found active, which contemplates objects and penetrates through all superficial relations to ideas which are more central and ideal; and which also brings together two more or less commonplace conceptions into such organic unity as to suggest and awaken interest in an exalted truth. It discovers, not by reasoning or conscious comparison, but by an intuitive, spontaneous, prophetical vision a hidden truth or unity amid seemingly diverse ideas. The power concerned in this process is usually called the imagination.

Poetry was defined by Aristotle as the universal element in human life. The imagination has always something of this universalizing tendency. It is the faculty which gives universal truth by presenting concrete conceptions.

Poetry, however, has never been defined by prose: otherwise prose would be superior to poetry. Neither has imagination ever been adequately defined by reason. Imagination is the transcendent faculty of the human mind. It is a power by which the mind arrives at truth through an immediate process. It is unconscious reason. It sees truth from the heart, and not by external and objective comparison; hence, reason cannot adequately define it.

"If asked," says Mr. Shairp, "what imagination is, who can tell? If we turn to the psychologists, — the men who busy themselves with labelling and ticketing the mental faculties, — they do not help us. Scattered through the poets, here and there, and in some writers on æsthetic subjects, notably in the works of Mr. Ruskin, we find thoughts which are more suggestive." There will be here, therefore, no effort made to analyze this faculty; but certain illustrations will be given of some of its actions, so that its presence and the conditions of its exercise may be recognized.

One of the most common notions regarding the imagination is that it pictures for the mind that which is not an object of sense. It is the image-making faculty: this gives it its name. It is regarded as one of the reproductive faculties, the memory being the other. This definition, however, confuses imagination with conception.

It is well carefully to distinguish imagination from conception. In general, conception has reference to single objects or ideas: imagination to their relation. An idea to be conceived is more or less isolated. Imagination, on the other hand, has a vision of an organic whole, composed of dissimilar objects or ideas. Imagination does not perceive mere fragments: it sees the whole at once. Its action is free and untrammelled. It never repeats itself. It never constructs by patchwork or by process of aggregation. It creates, as Nature does, from the centre outward; its visions grow. It is always characterized by simplicity, by unity and truth. The imagination creates all our ideals, and is the soul of all inspiration. Conceptions may weary, memory may pall upon our attention; but imagination, never.

Conception may be vivid, and imagination dim; for conception deals with distinct features, with things which lie on the plane of sense; whereas imagination may rise into the realm of pure spirit. The difference between conception and imagination has been very simply and plainly stated by Professor Shairp: "To a man's ordinary conception of things imagination adds force, clearness, distinction of outline, vividness of coloring." Imagination vitalizes all knowledge, shows us the kinship of things, gives to every object a situation or background, and so prevents knowledge from becoming isolated or disconnected; enables the soul to feel the life of the universe permeating every object.

We can analyze and read the following Shakespearian lyric so as to destroy all its poetry. A mere lark, or a mere gate, or even the flowers, or sunbeams in isolation, furnish no clew whatever to the thought or beauty of the poem. It is only when we take all these together, give vivid coloring and atmosphere, and idealize them into parts of one beautiful picture of morning, that we have the spirit of the poem: —

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise !
Arise ! arise !

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

Imagination does not isolate conceptions: it not only conceives ideas and makes them clearer, but creates vital relations and restores normal situations and environment. Beauty and art deal with relation. Art is the creation of the right relation of objects. As life depends on environment, so do beauty, truth, and religion. The highest judgment of the human mind is a proper co-ordination of different ideas.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot, —
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with dancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor ; here
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbor hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset ;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,

And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamondèd.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a pleasant page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice. *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

In the first six lines of the foregoing extract we find simple conceptions, given without atmosphere, or without any feeling of connection with other objects. In the next few lines the very same objects are taken up under the dominion of the imagination. Here there is insight into the relation or fellowship of things. Pictures of the simplest and plainest objects are filled by the imagination with all the beauty of light and atmosphere. In the first part, the house and objects are given literally. In the second, we have their fellowship with the sun and sky, with wind and weather. Things are painted as they exist in Nature, sharing in one another's life, reflecting and changing one another's appearance, as they have done every moment through all the history of the ages; and thus they are contemplated and conceived by a sympathetic mind that perceives from the heart.

PROBLEM I. *Read a passage with definite, vivid conceptions, but without imaginative action; and then read the same with vivid conceptions related to one another by the imagination, and note the difference in effect upon the voice.*

PROBLEM II. *Read an imaginative passage with definite, clear, but isolated conceptions, and notice how the spirit of the passage is degraded.*

PROBLEM III. *Read a beautiful passage with, and then without, any background, and note the difference in expression.*

PROBLEM IV. *Distinguish between analytic and synthetic actions of the mind, and their effect upon the voice.*

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

NEW voices come to me where'er I roam;
My heart, too, widens with its widening home:
The former songs seem little; yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore,
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great.

George Eliot.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

OPE your doors and take me in, spirit of the wood!
Wash me clean of dust and din, clothe me in your mood.
Take me from the noisy light to the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night singing Toil's release.
All your dusky twilight stores to my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors, show me how to live.
Lift your leafy roof for me, part your yielding walls:
Let me wander lingeringly through your scented halls.
Ope your doors and take me in, spirit of the wood!
Take me — make me next of kin to your leafy brood.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine, —
The regent cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Shakespeare.

SUCH a starved bank of moss till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across: violets were born!
Sky — what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud: splendid, a star!
World — how it walled about life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out: that was thy face!

Browning.

NOT only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie:
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea. *Lowell*

II. IMAGINATIVE ATTENTION.

THE eye — it cannot choose but see; we cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be, against or with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are Powers which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness.

ONE impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can.
Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things: we murder to dissect.

ONE moment now may give us more than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore the spirit of the season.

Wordsworth.

IF you ask any one whether attention is active or passive, he will be sure to answer, "It is active, of course." The reason for this is on account of the emphasis that is usually placed upon rational analysis, upon intellectual concentration, upon one fact or object or idea, to the exclusion of all others. By attention, most persons mean the concentration of the mind upon one thing to the exclusion of all others. But when we come to observe more carefully, we find that this is not the whole of attention. If at a symphony concert we give our attention to one man only in the orchestra, or to one instrument, excluding by the action of our mind the effect of others, we do not enjoy the music. Again, if we enter a gallery

and observe one little detail in a picture, we shall not get the true impression which the picture is meant to create. The same is true of a poem. We must contemplate the whole. Thus there is an analytic attention which is more active, and an artistic or synthetic attention which is more passive.

To enjoy music, we must hold ourselves in a responsive attitude toward the whole orchestra. To enjoy a painting, we must stand away from it, and allow the unity of the whole to impress us; allow the rhythm, consciously or unconsciously, to dominate us,— until the situation of the whole has been created. Then, and then only, does the true feeling arise which the picture was intended to awaken.

The same mental attitude is needful not only for appreciation of every object of art, but in regard to Nature herself. Even when we listen to a bird, a certain sympathetic or impressionable, not a mechanical or analytic, attention is requisite. In looking upon a flower or beautiful landscape, it is only when we feel the relation of the whole that we get a sense of beauty or loveliness.

Art has been defined as relation; hence, the artistic nature demands the development of contemplative attention. According to Delsarte, contemplation is the most exalted faculty of art. We must gaze upon the face of Nature, or upon a work of art, our whole nature being co-ordinate, and with such intensity as to cause a sympathetic response; only thus do appreciation and comprehension become possible.

In the study of our conceptions, we find, that, in attempting to vivify and make clear our ideas, there is a natural tendency to isolate conceptions from one another. As we think one thing, we exclude all else, that our ideas may be distinct and adequate. But in any work of art, ideas or objects, on the contrary, are brought into such living relation as will produce a general impression rather than a specific conception of details.

Some one has said that the supreme faculty of art is the faculty of generalization. There is a great difference between a picture and a statue. A statue is simply a representation of the object,— it corresponds with the conception; but when an artist paints a picture, his greatest problem is to generalize the details of his

work so as to give oneness of impression, and to awaken definite feeling.

All art is expression; and expression is an equivalent that can exist out of the mind. Art is not a representation of objects, or even of the conception of objects: it is the intervention of personality; it is the revelation of the feeling soul; it is the expression of the man. It has been said that one of Corot's paintings of Morning "contains in it something of all the mornings that have ever been." It is not a literal photograph of some specific facts or details of one particular morning, or of certain trees or leaves or colors which he saw, but an impression so given as to awaken the right attitude of the man towards morning. It appeals to the universal human heart, and calls forth the same feeling as the morning itself.

Two forms of attention are therefore necessary. Contemplative attention is just as necessary as active attention. In fact, a failure to change our point of view, and to exercise sympathetic attention, is the chief cause of a lack of love for Nature, music, painting, or art.

We often fail to realize the character of human language. We look upon it as all upon the plane of commonplace or rational action. We do not perceive that every art has a specific nature distinct from every other; that a painting expresses something which can never be told by a poem; that music reveals an aspect of the human spirit which can hardly be suggested by a statue; and that to read the language of art, the attention of the human being must be trained to act in different ways, — passively and responsively as well as actively. At all times the man must be able to vary his point of view, and especially never to lose the fundamental character of realistic attention.

The highest mark of culture is the ability to read all languages of the human soul. This ability is not dependent merely upon knowledge, which may sometimes arouse prejudice or prevent teachableness. To know too much of some period of art may cause us to make this a standard for the judgment of every other movement in art. However much we know about any one form or any one period of art, we must be careful to remain passive and

contemplative in attending to new movements and other forms of art, or to the art of different peoples.

Such passive responsiveness, such reposeful and unprejudiced attitudes of receptivity, are not only necessary to the appreciation of art, but to any exercise of the imagination. The reason may pre-judge, may mechanically compare, may be unreceptive and unresponsive; but not so with the imagination. Intellectual or commonplace attention may dwell upon accidents, but imagination looks to the heart. Imagination is the spontaneous result of sympathetic contemplative attention.

PROBLEM V. — *Read a passage, first with analytic attention, and then with contemplative attention, and note the difference in action.*

MY soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
  And thine doth like an angel sit
  Beside a helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
  It seems to float ever, forever,
  Upon that many-winding river,
  Between mountains, woods, abysses, —
  A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

  Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
  In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
  And we sail on, away, afar,
  Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven, —
  Till through Elysian garden islets
  By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
  Where never mortal pinnace glided,
  The boat of my desire is guided:
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove! Thou messenger of spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat, and woods thy welcome sing.
What time the daisy decks the green, thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path, or mark the rolling year?
Delightful visitant! with thee I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet from birds among the bowers.
The schoolboy, wandering through the wood to pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear, and imitates thy lay.
What time the pea puts on the bloom, thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands, another spring to hail.
Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green, thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy year!
Oh could I fly, I 'd fly with thee! We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe, companions of the spring.

John Logan.

LOVERS AND MUSIC.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. *In such a night as this,*[1]
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, — in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. *In such a night*
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. *In such a night*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. *In such a night*
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. *In such a night*
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

[1] The passages printed in Italics were so marked by Leigh Hunt, to indicate the presence of imagination.

Jes. *And in such a night*
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. *And in such a night*
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, *and he forgave it her.*
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come ;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man. [*Enter* STEPHANO.
Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend ! what friend ? Your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name : and I bring word
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her ?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter : why should we go in ?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears ; *soft stillness and the night*
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion *like an angel sings,*
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it. [*Enter Musicians.*
Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. (*Music.*)
Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
A race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, — bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood :
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, —
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

[*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall ;
How far that little candle throws its beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; *and then his state*
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !
Peace, hoa ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd ! (*Music ceases.*)
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo, —
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Merchant of Venice. *Shakespeare.*

THE champaign with its endless fleece
  Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
  An everlasting wash of air, — . . .
Such life here, through such length of hours,
  Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
  Such letting Nature have her way. *Browning*

III. IMAGINATION AND MEMORY.

IN front the awful Alpine track
Crawls up its rocky stair;
The autumn storm-winds drive the rack
Close o'er it in the air.

Behind are the abandoned baths
Mute in their meadows lone;
The leaves are on the valley paths,
The mists are on the Rhone, —

The white mists rolling like a sea!
I hear the torrents roar.
Yes, Obermann! all speaks of thee;
I feel thee near once more! *Matthew Arnold.*

IN reading these lines by Matthew Arnold, a number of questions naturally spring up in the mind. What is meant by Obermann; what baths are referred to; what special place is in the mind of the poet? We read the whole poem, and find from the poet's notes that it was written after the death of Senancour, the author of "Obermann," and that the sympathies of Matthew Arnold have been deeply stirred. We find also that the "abandoned baths" are the baths of Leuk, and that the "poem was conceived, and partly composed, in the valley going down from the foot of the Gemmi Pass towards the Rhone."

On reading these facts, those who have visited the place may remember the scene; but if they enjoy the poem, though they may begin with memory, the whole situation will be very soon transformed in their minds. They will read the poem, not with an act of memory, but with the aid of imagination. Poetry ex-

presses the universal element in human nature. Arnold's words do not appeal to memory, but to a higher faculty. He meant to place in every reader's mind a background for certain feelings. The poem is not a literal description of what he himself saw.

Some one prepared a book, locating all the events referred to in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King;" but the poet was displeased,— it was foreign to the true spirit of poetry. Tennyson had endeavored to appeal to the universal heart and imagination of mankind. He had written no book of description or travel, and any attempt to locate literally the scenes would be only a hindrance to the universal appreciation or true realization of the poetry.

Poetry appeals to the imagination; memory and conception may furnish the materials, but imagination idealizes and universalizes them. True poetry is but suggestion. This is the function of poetry and art. Before a literal object, no two minds have the same impression. Art alone can awaken a corresponding feeling and impression in different hearts. It does this by an appeal to the imagination. This is the creative power, the faculty which conceives essentials rather than accidentals, and realizes the relations of objects to one another and to human feeling.

Imagination is most active in that which is familiar. It uses the simplest, the most insignificant objects and the most familiar scenes as the material for its exalted flights. Notice in illustration of this the following translation of a poem in which the writer speaks of her own home: —

MY REST.

ROUND yon snowy house green woods dream;
'Twixt the giant boughs moonbeams stream.
Ah! fain I 'd adore ev'ry tree;
Here dreamt I of yore happily.
All my many songs found I here,
'Mid thy branches heard, woodland dear!

In my tiny room, vine entwin'd,
Can I those sweet thoughts once more find?
Here the Rhine like to silv'ry band,
Like to sunbeam, flows o'er the land.
Wind, which 'mid green boughs o'er me blows,
Once thy lullaby brought repose. *Carmen Sylva.*

Of nearly every great scene, — Mont Blanc or Niagara, for instance, — most persons' carry an imaginary picture as well as a memory of the place itself. In reading a poem describing such objects, it is the imagined scene which is foremost. After long familiarity with some locality, the imagination and memory tend to become one. But even in this case there are a thousand memories of different sunrises and sunsets, of different aspects of light, of various conditions of atmosphere; and in reading, it is hardly possible to apply any one of these specially. In nearly all cases the scene is imagined to suit the mental attitude of the moment.

Many persons in travelling see nothing, because they do not use the imagination. A mere superficial glancing at some scene, a rushing through a country on an express train, gives very little food for imagination. The true traveller endeavors to blend his imaginative conception with the observation of the scene itself.

Imagination is not antagonistic to observation. In order to read a poem well, we analyze it, we study all possible references, we look up facts regarding places mentioned, we refer to events of history, we study the lives of any historical characters which may be referred to; but in the act of reading, all this knowledge is so assimilated that it furnishes only a background or material for imaginative conception.

Memory recalls specific facts and objects; but imagination supplies situations and living relations. Imagination takes facts, and gives them vital kinship to other facts. It deals not with the letter, but with the spirit. "Imagination," says Wordsworth, "has no reference to images that are merely a faithful copy, existing in the mind, of absent external objects; but is a word of higher import, denoting operations of the mind upon those objects, and processes of creation or of composition.

> "'half way down
> Hangs one who gathers samphire,'

is the well-known expression of Shakespeare, delineating an ordinary image upon the cliffs of Dover." Here is found "a slight exertion of the faculty which I denominate imagination, in the

use of one word: neither the goats nor the samphire-gatherer do literally hang, as does the parrot or the monkey; but, presenting to the senses something of such an appearance, the mind in its activity, for its own gratification, contemplates them as hanging.

> "'As when far off at sea a fleet descried
> Hangs in the clouds: . . . so seemed
> Far off the flying Fiend.'

Here is the full strength of the imagination involved in the word *hangs*, and exerted upon the whole image. First, the fleet, an aggregate of many ships, is represented as one mighty person, whose track, we know and feel, is upon the waters; but, taking advantage of its appearance to the senses, the Poet dares to represent it as hanging in the clouds, both for the gratification of the mind in contemplating the image itself, and in reference to the motion and appearance of the sublime objects to which it is compared."

PROBLEM VI. *Read an extract, and call into exercise simply the memory: then read the same extract with an imaginative atmosphere, without perverting memory.*

> THE old trees
> Which grew by our youth's home; the waving mass
> Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew;
> The morning swallows with their songs like words, —
> All these seem clear and most distinct amid
> The fever and the stir of after years. *Browning.*

PROBLEM VII. *Read a description of some place, and show how the imagination can build upon memory, and act without perverting it.*

> O ROME! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone Mother of dead empires! and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery.
> What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
> The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
> Whose agonies are evils of a day!
> A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

Byron.

MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.[1]

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and the Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought! entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —
Thou, the mean while wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn!

[1] In parts, a paraphrase of Fredrike Brün's poem, p. 222.

IMAGINATION AND MEMORY.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald — wake! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggèd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded,— and the silence came,—
"Here let the billows stiffen and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, oh, ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Coleridge.*

PROBLEM VIII. *Read an account of some historic event, and show how the imagination may be used to realize its significance more vividly.*

THE CONCORD HYMN.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free!
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee. *Emerson.*

THIS precious stone set in a silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive of a house
Against the enemy of less happier lands:

This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England!—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Richard II. *Shakespeare.*

IV. IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE.

IMAGINATION is not a wild departure from truth. Truth is its material, its life and soul. It uses all the facts of science. Poetry in every age employs discoveries as the rounds of a ladder up which it climbs to a higher outlook upon the mystery of the universe. No age has equalled our own in scientific investigations. These have furnished Tennyson with some of his greatest inspirations; and the deepest philosophical thought of our speculative age has been the theme of Browning. Bacon, the father of all modern science, was contemporaneous with Shakespeare. In our greatest era of poetry the foundations of science were laid. Poetry and science are not antagonistic. In fact, imagination is an agent in scientific investigation; it is part of the initiatory step of the true scientific method. The scientific method begins with preliminary observation or formation of hypothesis; and to this succeeds experiment and observation, to prove or disprove this hypothesis; then follows generalization. Thus imagination precedes and inspires scientific investigation, and true scientific attainment awakens a struggle for higher realization of the new truth.

Imagination goes beyond science; it supplies what science lacks; it brings the facts discovered by science into living unity.

As truth is not antagonistic to fact, so imagination is not antagonistic to reason. Indeed, imagination gives careful observation, and is helpful to reception: as Wordsworth has said, "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

Imagination has a sphere peculiarly her own. She refuses to become the handmaid or servant of any science, philosophy, creed, or

view of life; and yet she sheds light on all. She does not supply or pervert facts, nor is she subservient to them. She unites facts, and discovers higher relations, beauties, and truths. She often points out the path where reason and experiment must walk, and always precedes rather than follows. She transcends external relations, but never warps or acts inconsistently with truth.

In the following illustration, notice with what scientific accuracy Tennyson describes the coming on of night and the rising moon. Nor is the passage any less poetic for its scientific basis.

MOVE eastward, happy Earth! and leave
  Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
  O happy planet! eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
  Thy silver sister-world, and rise
  To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

In the same way, note the scientific facts hinted at in the next illustration from "In Memoriam." The ideas of Tennyson are here also scientifically accurate; he gives established facts, and the poetry is all the more sublime and imaginative from its truthfulness.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
  O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
  There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
  From form to form, and nothing stands;
  They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

PROBLEM IX. *State in plain prose the scientific facts referred to in one of the following poems; then read the poem, and observe the uses made of such facts by the imagination. Are the facts perverted by being idealized, or only more intensely realized?*

ROLL on, and with thy rolling crust
  That round thy poles thou twirlest,
Roll with thee, Earth! this grain of dust,
  As through the Vast thou whirlest:

IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE.

On, on through zones of dark and light
Still waft me, blind and reeling,
Around the Sun, and with his flight
In wilder orbits wheeling.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare;
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl, —
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil!
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

O. W. Holmes.

THE RISING OF THE HILLS.

SINKING, sinking, all the country slowly sank beneath the waves;
And the ocean swept the forests, reptiles, dragons, to their graves;
Afterwards with shells old Ocean all the conquered country paves, —

Singing, "It is mine forever!" — Not forever, not for long,
For the subterranean forces laughed at Ocean's boastful song,
Lifting up the sunken country, for their backs were broad and strong,

Till the sea-shells were uplifted even to the mountain peak.
Far below the waves are moaning, but with voices faint and weak,
Sorrowing for their lost dominion and the toys they vainly seek.

Hamerton

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way:
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain:
Nature revelled in grand mysteries.
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay, —
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design, —
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine, —
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

Mary Bolles Branch.

V. THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

It is the usual opinion that the imagination is concerned with the ideal; that it creates the ideal. This is true; but this is only one function of the imagination. All great art is either a realization of the ideal, or an idealization of the real. In fact, it is usually both.

When we look at the statue in the west pediment of the Parthenon, representing the river Cephissos, we are tempted to call Phidias a realist. The cloth which hangs over the arm is rendered with literal accuracy; only a wet cloth could hang in this position. Yet Phidias is considered the idealist of the idealists.

Ideal art does not mean that form of art which is above or contrary to the facts of Nature, or even that which is obtained by a process of abstraction, but refers to an art product which is an embodiment of the conceptions of the human mind. That is to say, ideal art is a realization in natural form of an imaginative conception. Phidias, therefore, was an idealist because he embodied a mental conception in a statue; the fact that he adopted literal details true to Nature did not make him a realist.

Realism, on the contrary, is the idealization of the real. The imagination is perhaps as much concerned with realistic art as with idealistic art. Rembrandt had a positive imaginative delight in every wrinkle of the old faces whose portraits he has painted. Zorn can give imaginative feeling in the most simple and realistic touch. F. H. Tompkins shows imaginative delight in the simplest shadow.

In fact, realism and idealism are two modes of artistic endeavor. Idealism begins with mental conception, and brings it into the realm of real objects, and makes that an object of sense which was only a dim dream. Realism begins with the physical object, with the definite literal fact; brings imagination to bear upon it; paints the spirit beneath the surface, and so lifts it into the realm of poetry and of beautiful truth. In both the idealistic and the realistic processes a coloring is received from personality. Thus art in each case is "the intervention of personality."

There may, therefore, be unimaginative realistic art. Where there is no intervention of personality, no "conforming of the shows of things to the desires and feelings of the mind," all is a mere copy and reproduction of the literal object. But there may be also unimaginative idealism. The artist has merely reproduced conventional conceptions received from others. He may have even an original conception of the object, and paint it in an artificial, conventional way with total absence of imagination. Some of the most conventional forms, some of the most academic products of art students, are in the line of idealism.

True art, or genuine work of the imagination, — whether it is the embodiment of the mental conceptions in objective form, or a truthful rendering of the simple facts of Nature, — is a union of something which belongs to the feeling heart with something which belongs to objective Nature. Coleridge once said of painting, that it was something between a thought and a thing, "a union of that which is human with that which is natural."

This principle applies also to poetry. Many poems are mere mental conceptions, and seem to have no correspondent existence in the actual world; but they are embodied in conceivable forms, and are communicated from mind to mind by suggestion. Such poems are ideal. But there are also poems which deal faithfully and definitely with the simplest facts of Nature, with the simplest occurrences in human life. Here the imagination is none the less present, having lent its services to the idealization, to the giving of environment and atmosphere.

Nothing is more important than to have an adequate conception of the wide range of imaginative action. Imagination is not the

slave of any theory of art; it is not subservient to any one age, class of men, or view of art. He who tries to decide upon the presence of imagination in any artistic production, on the basis of his own theory or definition of art, is very sure to make a mistake, since the appreciation of poetry and music demands the broadest sympathy. Imagination has been different in every age, and yet the same. It has aided not only the sublimest work, but has lent its charm to the simplest production of human hands.

It must be recognized, in short, that no class of subjects, no class of human beings, no peculiar theory of art or poetry, has a monopoly of imagination. Anything may be made a subject of imaginative contemplation; anything may become poetic by being "intensely realized."

PROBLEM X. *Read a passage describing some real object or scene, and also some passage involving the most ideal thought, and note the action of the imagination in each case, and express this as far as possible by the voice: in other words, idealize the real, and realize the ideal.*

ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would be be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God, the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Wordsworth.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air, —
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
  Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
  And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Coleridge.

FROM POESY.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this:
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
By the meanest object's sight,—
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling,
Or a daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree.
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man;
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull lowness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals that give light
More to Terror than Delight;
This my chamber of Neglect,
Walled about with Disrespect,—

From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for Despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Thou then be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,—
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

Written in Marshalsea Prison. *George Wither.*

VI. IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

THE harmonious nave of the cathedral fell asleep, with its arms extended in the shape of a cross. *Louis Bertrand.*

"SHE comes like the husht beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after."

ONE important function of the imagination is to retain the attention in the study of the simplest objects or events. It can not only penetrate to the depth, but contemplate the simplest aspects of Nature and life. In its workings we often find a conscious or unconscious comparison. There is an unconscious union of conceptions which are remotely separated; but all differences are brought into a harmonious union.

All actions of the imagination are complex; it unites the most diverse ideas; it harmonizes antithetic conceptions; it reconciles opposites, and produces a living, organic unity.

One definition of beauty is "unity in the midst of variety." It is the function of the imagination to discover this unity. It can hold many conceptions simultaneously, and unite them by discovering a central idea.

The combination or comparison of complex conceptions must be immediate and spontaneous, or the result will be the action of fancy, if not of a still lower mental power. The contemplation, too, must be simple and sincere, if not unconscious. Where the comparison is conscious, the process is more the work of fancy; but where contemplation is concentrated at the heart of the object, the union of complex conceptions natural and spontaneous, the relation sincere and sympathetic, then imagination is dominant.

Imagination is often confounded with fancy. To distinguish between them is one of the most helpful means of appreciating the highest action of the imagination.

Fancy has more to do with the playful comparison of objects, with apparent or superficial relation, with the discovery of odd images and illustrations. It is wilder and more extravagant. Imagination deals with the essential nature of objects; fancy, with curious and unexpected resemblances. Imagination is the source of sympathy and insight, and is therefore far more intimately related to feeling than fancy. Fancy is playful and mischievous; it is not the result of a serious mood of mind and heart. Imagination, on the contrary, sees to the depth of things; it is serious, sincere, and truthful. Fancy is often exaggerated and untruthful; it imitates and mocks. Imagination sees things in relation to the heart; it touches the deepest chords of feeling; it is the one faculty which sees the life of things. Without imagination the human soul is imprisoned in a narrow cell, the mind has but one point of view, — never sees with other eyes, catches no gleam of the eternal morning, feels no future in the present.

The difference between fancy and imagination can be better illustrated than defined. Let us take two extracts from Shelley. His poem upon "The Cloud" is popular. It is easy for the mind to carry on its playful and beautiful comparison: —

> I WIELD the flail of the lashing hail,
> And whiten the green plains under;
> And then again I dissolve it in rain,
> And laugh as I pass in thunder.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on my airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

The variety of images in this poem is often mistaken for imagination. But it is not highly imaginative; the heart is not touched; there is no deep insight into the beauty of the cloud and its relations to the Infinite, or to the soul of man. Hence, it is one of the weakest of Shelley's poems.

There is more imagination in the following four lines from "Prometheus Unbound" than in the whole poem of "The Cloud;" more insight, more suggestion of feeling, more realization of the truth of Nature. The subject is the same, but much more simply, sincerely, and sympathetically treated. The mind identifies human experience with Nature, but there is no external comparison.

We wander'd underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

Contrast also with "The Cloud" — his masterpiece, if not the greatest masterpiece of lyric poetry — the "Prometheus Unbound." This poem is not popular; unfortunately, it is rarely read, even by professed lovers of poetry. It demands the highest activity of the imagination for its comprehension. There is little of fancy, but much of imagination. It is not merely a difference of subject, but a difference of insight, a difference of ideal exaltation.

Take, for example, the scene where the spirits speak to Prometheus; that is, where are represented the arts that minister to the human mind; or this where Panthea and Asia, commonly understood in the language of prose to be Faith and Love, make their journey to the far-off cave of Demogorgon, — a journey which suggests the long struggles and progress of the human race through the different ages of gloom to the far-off realization of its ideal. During this journey, delicate voices or echoes ever call them onward and upward, inspiring them with patience and perseverance.

THE JOURNEY OF FAITH AND LOVE.

Morning. A lovely Vale in the Indian Caucasus.

Asia (alone). From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended:
Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes
Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
Which should have learnt repose: thou hast descended
Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O Spring!
A child of many winds! As suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.
This is the season, this the day, the hour;
At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,
Too long desired, too long delaying, come!
How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!
The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in the pale air:
'T is lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?
(*To Panthea entering.*) I feel, I see
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.
Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest
The shadow of that soul by which I live,

How late thou art! the spherèd sun had climbed
The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before
The printless air felt thy belated plumes.
Pan. Pardon, great sister! but my wings were faint
With the delight of a remembered dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer winds
Satiate with sweet flowers.
Asia. Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.
Pan. As I have said,
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.
The mountain mists, condensing at our voice
Under the moon, had spread their snowy flakes,
From the keen ice shielding our linkèd sleep.
Then two dreams came. One I remember not;
But in the other his pale wound-worn limbs
Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night
Grew radiant with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within, and his voice fell
Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,
Faint with intoxication of keen joy:
"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the world
With loveliness, — more fair than aught but her
Whose shadow thou art, — lift thine eyes on me."
I lifted them: the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er
By love, which, from his soft and flowing limbs,
And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes,
Steamed forth like vaporous fire, — an atmosphere
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew.
Asia. Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not: oh, lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!
Pan. I lift them, though they droop beneath the load
Of that they would express: what canst thou see
But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?
Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.
Pan. Why lookest thou as if a spirit past?
Asia. There is a change; beyond their inmost depth

I see a shade, a shape: 't is he, arrayed
In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread
Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded morn.
Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!
Say not those smiles that we shall meet again
Within that bright pavilion which their beams
Shall build on the waste world? The dream is told.
What shape is that between us? Its rude hair
Roughens the wind that lifts it; its regard
Is wild and quick, yet 't is a thing of air,
For through its grey robe gleams the golden dew
Whose stars the noon has quenched not.

Dream. Follow! Follow!

Pan. It is mine other dream.

Asia. It disappears.

Pan. It passes now into my mind. Methought,
As we sate here, the flower-enfolding buds
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-tree,
When swift from the white Scythian wilderness
A wind swept forth wrinkling the earth with frost:
I looked, and all the blossoms were blown down;
But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue-bells
Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,
OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Asia. As you speak, your words
Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep
With shapes. Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young grey dawn,
And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;
And there was more which I remember not;
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written
FOLLOW, OH, FOLLOW! As they vanished by,
And on each herb from which heaven's dew had fallen
The like was stamped, as with a withering fire,
A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard: OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME!
And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."

But in the depth of those beloved eyes
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

Echo. Follow! Follow!

Pan. The crags, this clear spring morning, mock our voices
As they were spirit-tongued.

Asia. It is some being
Around the crags. What fine clear sounds! Oh, list!

Echoes (unseen). Echoes we: listen!
We cannot stay:
As dew-stars glisten,
Then fade away —
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Hark! Spirits speak. The liquid responses
Of their aërial tongues yet sound.

Pan. I hear.

Echoes. Oh, follow, follow,
As our voice recedeth
Through the caverns hollow,
Where the forest spreadeth; (*More distant.*)
Oh, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue
Where the wild bee never flew,
Through the noontide darkness deep,
By the odour-breathing sleep
Of faint night-flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves.
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently-falling feet,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It grows more faint
And distant.

Pan. List! the strain floats nearer now.

Echoes. In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the ebbing wind!

Echoes. Oh, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow;
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noontide dew;
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,

Through the many-folded mountains;
To the rents and gulfs and chasms,
Where the earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when he and thou
Parted, to commingle now,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine,
And follow, ere the voices fade away.

Shelley.

One of the first to make a distinction between fancy and imagination was Wordsworth, in one of his famous prefaces to his poems. No better words can be found to explain their differences than a few sentences from this famous Essay: "Fancy," he says, "does not require that the materials which she makes use of should be susceptible of change in their constitution from her touch; and, where they admit of modification, it is enough for her purpose if it be slight, limited, and evanescent. Directly the reverse of these are the desires and demands of the Imagination. She recoils from everything but the plastic, the pliant, and the indefinite. When the Imagination frames a comparison, if it does not strike on the first presentation, a sense of the truth of the likeness, from the moment that is perceived, grows, and continues to grow, upon the mind, — the resemblance depending less upon outline of form and feature than upon expression and effect; less upon casual and outstanding than upon inherent and internal properties: moreover, the images invariably modify each other. The law under which the processes of Fancy are carried on is as capricious as the accidents of things; and the effects are surprising, playful, ludicrous, amusing, tender, or pathetic, as the objects happen to be appositely produced or fortunately combined. Fancy depends upon the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her thoughts and images; trusting that their number, and the felicity with which they are linked together, will make amends for the want of individual value: or she prides herself upon the curious subtilty and the successful elaboration with which she can detect their lurking affinities. If she can win you over to her purpose, and impart to you her feelings, she cares not how unstable or transitory may be her influence, knowing that it will not be out of her power to

resume it upon an apt occasion. But the Imagination is conscious of an indestructible dominion: the Soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur; but if once felt and acknowledged, by no act of any other faculty of the mind can it be relaxed, impaired, or diminished. Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal."

Another writer who has done much to awaken a true appreciation of the exalted function of imagination as distinguished from fancy is Ruskin. The student cannot do better than to take a few of his illustrations and test them by vocal expression.

"WHERE the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold."

"WHO is she that looketh forth as the morning, — fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Of the first of these extracts, Ruskin says: "The outward shiver and coldness of fear is seized on, and irregularly but admirably attributed by the fancy to the drift of the banners." Of the second: "The imagination stays not at the outside, but dwells on the fearful emotion itself."

A NUN demure of lowly port; or sprightly maiden, of Love's court, in thy simplicity the sport of all temptations; a queen in crown of rubies drest; a starveling in a scanty vest, — are all, as seems to suit thee best, thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye staring to threaten and defy, — that thought comes next; and instantly the freak is over, the shape will vanish — and behold a silver shield with boss of gold, that spreads itself, some faery bold in fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar — and then thou art a pretty star; not quite so fair as many are in heaven above thee! Yet like a star, with glittering crest, self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest: may peace come never to his nest, who shall reprove thee!

Bright Flower! for by that name at last, when all my reveries are past, I call thee, — and to that cleave fast, sweet silent creature! that breath'st with me in sun and air, do thou, as thou art wont, repair my heart with gladness and a share of thy meek nature!

From "To a Daisy." *Wordsworth.*

Which stanza here is the most imaginative? Ruskin says: "Observe how spiritual, yet how wandering and playful the fancy is in the first stanzas, and how far she flies from the matter in hand, never stopping to brood on the character of any one of the images she summons, and yet for a moment truly seeing and believing in them all; while in the last stanza the imagination returns with its deep feeling to the heart of the flower and 'cleaves fast' to that." There is more imagination in the last, because it is more simple, more genuine, truer to human experience, and centres the mind's attention, as the imagination always does, at the heart of things.

BRING the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies;	(Imag.)
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,	(Nugatory.)
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,	(Fancy.)
The glowing violet,	(Imag.)
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine,	(Fancy, vulgar.)
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,	(Imag.)
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.	(Mixed.)

Milton.

O, PROSERPINA,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon: Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty. Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids.

Shakespeare.

Ruskin contrasts these extracts from Milton and Shakespeare. "Observe," he says, "how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidness, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that without this bit of paper-staining would

have been the most precious to us of all. 'There is pansies, that 's for thoughts.' "

While the imagination is superior to fancy, it must be borne in mind that fancy is not to be despised. It has a high and important function, though one distinct from imagination. The true office of each of these is best illustrated by Shakespeare. He gives the greatest variety, as well as the highest action, of both of these faculties.

PROBLEM XI. *Contrast the play of fancy with imagination; note the difference in mental action, and in the effect upon the voice.*

O, THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairy midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat.
And in this state, she gallops night by night
Though lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. *Shakespeare.*

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Shakespeare.

By wells and rills, in medowes greene,
We nightly sing our heydey guise;
And to our fairy king and queene
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:
When larks 'gan sing, away we fling;
And babes new-borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Shakespeare.

There is an eminence of these our hills,
The last that parleys with the setting sun.

Wordsworth.

AMONG THE ROCKS.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old Earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet!

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;
Such is life's trial, as old Earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give Earth yourself, go up for gain above!

Browning.

THERE 's one great bunch of stars in heaven
That shines so sturdily,
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

And also there 's a little star
So white, a virgin's it must be, —
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me.

Theophile Marzials.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

LOW hanging in a cloud of burnished gold,
The sleepy sun lay dreaming ;
And where, pearl-wrought, the Orient gates unfold,
Wide ocean realms were gleaming.
Within the night he rose and stole away,
And, like a gem adorning,
Blazed o'er the sea upon the breast of day, —
And everywhere was morning.

Eugene Field.

VII. ACTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE Poet should communicate an Infinitude to his delineation. By intensity of conception, by that gift of transcendental Thought which is fitly named *genius* and inspiration, he should *inform* the Finite with a certain Infinitude of significance ; or, as they sometimes say, ennoble the Actual into Idealness. *Carlyle.*

THE outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, —
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

Wordsworth.

THE most diverse opinions are held regarding the imagination. One of the latest theories is that there is no such faculty, but that the human mind is full of "imaginations." According to this view, the imagination is simply a general word for perceptive

action. Another theory is that the imagination is not a separate faculty, but is the spontaneous and harmonious union of all the faculties and powers of the mind acting together contemplatively or creatively.

Theories, however, are of little value in comparison with the direct study of the action and products of the faculty itself. What are some of the simplest and most elemental actions of the imagination?

Imagination can unite a general idea to an individual conception. According to logic, a general idea has greater "extension," and an individual idea greater intension. The word *tree*, for example, covers far more objects than *oak*. There is a less number of marks characteristic of the conception awakened in the mind by the word *tree*, and a greater number by the word *oak*. Extension and intension are thus in direct opposition. Now, observe the imagination: —

> THEY lay along the battery's side,
> Below the smoking cannon;
> Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
> And from the banks of Shannon.

Song of the Camp. *Bayard Taylor.*

The thought expressed in plain prose in these lines is simply that there lay on the battle-field soldiers from England, Scotland, and Ireland; but this general thought is stated imaginatively. The poet names or suggests each place by a characteristic which awakens a vivid picture and sympathetic feeling. He does not suggest a map of the regions, but brings before us three rivers. "Brave hearts" names not only soldiers, but suggests also the thought which he wishes to emphasize in his poem. Thus he leads us to realize that the soldiers are living men, with homes and affections. The picture of the river is in the foreground of each conception, while the general thought of the country is in the background. The truth is stated not only clearly and adequately, but with far greater force. It brings mutual facts into the realm of feeling; it makes everything living and human.

Logic and reason secure a universal by eliminating the specific and concrete marks; the result is an abstraction. But the imagination secures a universal in exactly the opposite way. It penetrates beneath the accidents, and fixes the attention upon the essential elements; and by vivid realization and by getting at the heart of objects, or the distinct character of a scene, it chooses such an expression that a specific and concrete fact becomes a suggestion of a universal truth. It unites a specific and definite image with all the marks of intension, and gives it in such a way as to suggest extension. The imagination is thus a power that can unite intension and extension in conception; and this explains, partly at least, why reason and imagination, poetry and science, are so antithetic to each other.

The imagination realizes ideas. It translates abstractions into more conceivable forms. Out of vague and chaotic ideas, it creates an organic unity; out of the dryest abstractions, it makes vivid pictures. It brings the coldest conceptions of the intellect into sympathy with the heart; it turns dry facts into living truth. It sees the life in all the operations of Nature, and creates a new world.

L'ESPÉRANCE.

Only a brave old maple,
  Shorn of its scarlet and gold,
And traced in the scroll of sunset
  As a handwriting — black and bold.

A low, wailing wind frets the branches,
  The dead leaves start up in surprise,
Till, in the hush of the gloaming,
  The dryad's sad monody dies.

O desolate tree in the meadow,
  With pleading hands stretched to the sky!
Do you know the glad hopes of the springtide
  Asleep in your folded arms lie?

And never a breath of the storm-king,
  And never a waft of the snow,
Can snatch the frail bud from its casket,
  Or loose the firm anchor below?

'Bide patiently, then, the bleak winter,
And change the sad wail to a song:
Bear up, for the robins and bluebirds
And south winds are coming ere long.

Anon.

Again, the imagination elevates or idealizes the simplest objects, scenes, or events. "The ideal," says Charles Blanc, "is the primitive divine exemplar of all things; it is, so to speak, a reminiscence of having already witnessed perfection, and the hope of seeing it once again." This is but one of the many echoes of the greatest of all definitions of the ideal. "It is," says Plato, "a recollection of those things our soul formerly beheld when in company with God, despising the things that we now say are, and looking upward towards that which really is."

Bacon expresses what is perhaps the most prevalent modern view regarding the idealizing action of the mind. "Poetry," says he, "has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do."

What more simple and more familiar experience than falling asleep! To many it is in the highest degree commonplace, but notice how the imagination may lift it into the realm of interest and beauty: —

Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her smoothèd limbs, and soul, fatigued away,
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal, where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Eve of St. Agnes. *Keats.*

Every one will speak of the silent sky and the lonely hills, but notice how the imagination of the poet seizes the characteristic which brings these two objects of human attention together,

creating in the mind a perfect picture and awakening noble feeling with the simplest words. We can read the following lines so as to make them seem commonplace and lacking in poetry; but when we give up our imagination to the suggestions of the author, we realize how superficial was our first impression: —

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Brougham Castle. *Wordsworth.*

Imagination, as already implied, penetrates to the depth; it does not deal in external accidents and mechanical relations, but sees the heart of the object, or its relations, act, or character; it finds the elements and the cause in everything which it touches, and goes to the true fountain-head of expression. Witness in this extract how forcible simple ideas and simple words may become:

> Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
> Finds the down-pillow hard.

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

Here Shakespeare does not say sleeps soundly, peacefully slumbers, or rests in repose; he uses only one word, but it is the one word that can give the most definite impression. He does not say hardest bed, nor floor, nor ground, nor even stone, but "flint;" and then he contrasts with this, not bed, but something more specific, a "down-pillow." Thus the imagination reaches to that which is most simple and fundamental. It gives the one object and finds the one word which will suggest by one image, without detail, the deepest idea and most definite contrast.

Before the dawn, comes the marginal minute of the dark, when the grove is still mute, save for one prophetic bird, who sings with a clear-voiced conviction that he at least knows the correct time of day, — the rest preserving silence, as if equally convinced that he is mistaken.

Thomas Hardy.

Plain prose will tell us that a guitar is made of wood, and the ordinary mind will go no further than to look simply at the accidentals, and perhaps wonder at the texture of the wood and its resonance. Now listen to Shelley. He sent this poem, with an instrument, as a present, to Mrs. Williams. Here is the very soul of music. All the history, the breezes, and the storms which have passed over the tree are imprisoned in the wood, and can only be set free by the master hand: —

TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR.

ARIEL to Miranda: — Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken:
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun

Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot
This is all remember'd not ;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave —
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree —
Oh that such our death may be ! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells :
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound

Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as it answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Friend alone.

Shelley.

Thus the imagination sees, contemplates, and creates such an individual conception that it can stand for a most general truth. It idealizes, it gives life and feeling to every object. It compares the unknown with the known; makes the seen a window through which the mind beholds the unseen. It surrounds or environs ; it shows the kinship of things; it paints a picture which blends harmoniously into one vision; it makes the desert a dwelling-place; it fathoms the life of the universe, and enters the most secret chambers of the human soul.

PROBLEM XII. *Read a variety of passages, and exercise the many diverse actions of the imagination.*

THE mountains rose, — the valleys sank
Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

THE moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare.

SWEET as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

LIFE, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Shelley.

THE bees are stirring — birds are on the wing —
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !

Coleridge.

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

THE stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

THOU dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

THE winds come to me from the fields of sleep.

Wordsworth.

THERE is a budding morrow in midnight.

Keats.

THIS is the very heart of the woods all round
Mountain-like heaped above us; yet even here
One pond of water gleams; far off the river
Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land; but one, —
One thin, clear sheet has over-leaped and wound
Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
Still, as but let by sufferance; the trees bend
O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl.

Browning.

THE LOST CHURCH.

OFT in the forest far one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legends old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells.
From the Lost Church, 't is thought, that soft
Faint ringing cometh on the wind;
Once many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find.

Not long since, deep into the wood
I stray'd, where path was none to see:
Weary of human wickedness,
My heart to God yearn'd longingly.
There, through the silent wilderness,
Again I heard the sweet bells stealing,
Ever, as higher yearn'd my heart,
The nearer and the louder pealing.

My spirit was so self-indrawn,
  My sense with sweetness rapt so high,
That how those sounds within me wrought
  Remaineth yet a mystery.
It seem'd as if a hundred years
  Had laps'd while thus I had been dreaming,
When, lo ! above the clouds a space
  Free opened out, in sunshine gleaming.

The heaven was so darkly blue,
  The sun so full and glowing bright —
And rose a minster's stately pile,
  Expanding in the golden light.
Seemed the clouds resplendently,
  Like wings, to bear it up alway,
And in the blessed depths of heaven
  Its spired tower to melt away.

The bells' delicious harmony
  Down from the tower in quiverings flow'd,
Yet drew not hand of man the strings, —
  They moved but to the Breath of God.
As if upon my throbbing heart
  That self-same Breath its influence shed,
So entered I that minster high
  With timorous joy and faltering tread.

Words cannot paint what there-within
  Awoke my spirit's ecstasies ;
The darkly-brilliant windows glow'd
  With martyrs' pious effigies ;
Into a new and living world,
  Rich imag'd forth, I gaz'd abroad, —
A world of holy women and
  Of warriors of the host of God.

Down at the altar low I knelt,
  Thrilling with awe and holy love —
Heaven and its glorious mysteries
  Were pictur'd on the vault above.
But when again I looked up,
  Roof, arch, and pictur'd vault were gone —
Full opened was the door of heaven,
  And every veil had been withdrawn.

What then, in silent prayerful awe,
  Of majesty I saw reveal'd,
What heard of sound more blissful far
  Than aught to human ear unseal'd,
Lies not within the might of words ;
  Yet whoso longeth for such good,
Let him take heed unto the bells
  That ring in whispers through the wood.

Uhland.

VIII. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE most imaginative poem may be turned into commonplace prose if read without a proper realization of its spirit. The imagination does not act mechanically or by artificial analysis. It is synthetic, natural, and simple. No rules can be framed to interpret poetry, or to understand its nature, without proper imaginative and emotional exercise. Imagination appeals to imagination, and can be inter reted onl by imagination. It acts by intuition and intensity of gaze, not by reasoning. t gives a more essential truth than can be seized by the eye. It does not accumulate accidents or multiply details, but penetrates immediately to the life and soul.

. . . SWEET bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Il Penseroso. *Milton.*

Here we perceive no process of reasoning about the moon being lost in heaven; we feel the immediate creative action of the mind.

Imagination never goes by rule, or by experiments, by accumulation or by aggregation of facts; it acts *spontaneously*. We never know the process by which it arrives at its pictures, or the road it travels. We are brought face to face with a truth which exists at the heart of things.

> It winds all noiselessly through the deep wood,
> Till thro' a cleft way, thro' the moss and stone,
> It joins its parent-river with a shout.
>
> *Browning.*

Again, imagination acts *immediately*. It moves with the vigor of life and at once, without deliberation, conscious medium, or chosen by-paths, and causes the soul of the hearer to vibrate in response. As Fuseli has said: "Invention never suffers the action to expire, nor the spectator's fancy to consume itself in preparation, or stagnate into repose. It neither begins from the egg, nor coldly gathers the remains." As Athena was born fully grown from the brain of Zeus, so the creations of the imagination spring into the highest vigor of life. Imagination realizes life in everything. It is the outgoing of the living, unconscious energy of one mind and awakens the life of another. It is the faculty that brings the soul into most immediate contact with ideas, feelings, or objects, and with other minds or beings.

Again, the imagination acts *simply;* it is never stilted or affected; it sees things as they are. It is by this simplicity that the greatest masters of the imagination are recognized. Simplicity is the climax of art. Homer, Phidias, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, and Shakespeare, — the greatest masters of simplicity can be counted upon the fingers. Simplicity and truthfulness are conditions without which imagination can hardly act. Imagination is the centring of the human soul in the midst of the universe. It is the seeing eye that looks deepest into Nature's heart, and the hearing ear that catches her simplest and most delicate tones.

> Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Gray.

The imagination acts *freely*. Not only must the mind in conception, but still more must the imagination obey its own law of action. For example, in reading, while we use the words of the author, the ideas must be our own.

Boughs are daily rifled by the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature getteth short of leaves.

Seasons. *Hood.*

In this play of fancy from Hood's "Seasons," what particular place, or kind of trees or leaves, come before the mind of the reader? These vary with every individual mind. The pictures may be vivid, but the imagination creates freely; it is governed only by association of ideas.

I saw two clouds at morning, tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on, and mingled into one.

Brainard.

Here is stated one of the most familiar facts regarding clouds; but imagination rather than memory is awakened in the reader's mind, and the kind of cloud, the size, the form, the color, and the light and shade are the spontaneous results of processes of which the man himself is not conscious. Poetry and art are great in proportion as they stimulate this free, spontaneous creation of the mind.

The imagination always acts *easily;* it is never labored. Physical labor not only constricts the body, but the normal action of the higher faculties as well. The development, therefore, of the imagination must differ essentially from the development of other powers of the mind. It calls for simple contemplation, reposeful observation, and the free and easy giving of ourselves to the objects around us.

Again, the imagination does not act literally, but *suggestively;* it does not dictate, but hints and intimates. Sometimes

a single word suggests a whole situation, awakens a conception of a whole life or character, and gives sympathetic insight into feelings which are too delicate almost for expression. Notice the use of the word "alien" in the following stanza from the "Nightingale": —

THOU wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

From "The Nightingale." *Keats.*

Does not the expression "found a path" impart a sense of Ruth's homelessness, of the vague dread she had in the midst of a foreign nation, and the confusion and conflict of emotions which made her almost doubt the course she had taken, and feel like one lost in a forest? With her heart in this condition, the sweet song of the bird makes a path for hope. Or we may imagine the alien looks and suspicious glances of strangers, their silent contempt, that shut the doors to her heart. But through these the song, which she had heard in childhood, finds a path and awakens a response.

Such discussions of poetry are perhaps useless. It is impossible to interpret in prose these delicate touches, — they are only apprehended by imagination; but we all delight to hear another's honest opinion of the meaning of a poem. We must not, however, allow prosy explanations to fetter our own imaginative action and thorough study. A work of art means something peculiar to every individual soul. It is strong, not for what it communicates, but for what it evokes.

The characteristics of the imagination have been well stated by Ruskin in his famous section on the Imagination in "Modern Painters." The whole deserves careful attention; but a few paragraphs are reproduced here for convenience of study: —

"It is the power that works into the very rock heart, no matter what may be the subject submitted to it; substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle it has, laid bare, and that which has no truth, life, nor principle dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at men's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them Genii.

"Every great conception of poet or painter is held and treated by this faculty. Every character that is so much as touched by men like Eschylus, Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare is by them held by the heart; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking or seeming, is seized by process from within, and is referred to that inner secret spring of which the hold is never lost for an instant, — so that every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, leads us to the centre, and then leaves us to gather what more we may. It is the open sesame of a huge, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it. The wandering about and gathering the pieces may be left to any of us, — all can accomplish that; but the first opening of that invisible door in the rock is of the imagination only.

"The unimaginative writer, on the other hand, as he has never pierced to the heart, so he can never touch it. If he has to paint a passion, he remembers the external signs of it; he collects expressions of it from other writers, he searches for similes; he composes, exaggerates, heaps term on term, figure on figure, till we groan beneath the cold, disjointed heap: but it is all faggot and no fire; the life breath is not in it. His passion has the form of the Leviathan, but it never makes the deep boil; he fastens us all at anchor in the scaly rind of it; our sympathies remain as idle as 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

"A writer with neither imagination nor fancy, describing a fair lip, does not see it, but thinks about it, and about what is said of it, and calls it well-turned or rosy or delicate or lovely, or afflicts us with some other quenching and chilling epithet. Now hear fancy speak: —

> "'Her lips were red, and one was thin;
> Compared with that was next her chin:
> Some bee had stung it newly.'

"The real, red, bright being of the lip is there in a moment; but it is all outside, — no expression yet, no mind. Let us go a step farther with Warner, of fair Rosamond struck by Eleanor: —

"'With that she dashed her on the lips,
So dyed double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.'

"The tenderness of mind begins to mingle with the outside color; the imagination is seen in its awakening. Next Shelley: —

"'Lamp of life, thy lips[1] are burning
Through the veil that seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them.'

"There dawns the entire soul in that morning; yet we may stop, if we choose, at the image still external, — at the crimson clouds. The imagination is contemplative rather than penetrative. Last, hear Hamlet: —

"'Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?'

"Here is the essence of lip, and the full power of the imagination."

PROBLEM XIII. — *Find some of the characteristics of the action of the imagination, and simply and naturally apply these to the vocal rendering of the passages where they are found.*

MISCONCEPTIONS.

THIS is a spray the bird clung to,
Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
Fit for her nest and her treasure:
Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to, —
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the queen leant on,
Thrill'd in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on, —
Love to be sav'd for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

Robert Browning.

[1] Ruskin here prints "lips" for "limbs," — doubtless a slip of memory.

THEN rode Geraint into the castle court,
His charger trampling many a prickly star
Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.
Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern ;
And here had fall'n a great part of the tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers :
And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
A knot beneath of snakes ; aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,
Singing ; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form, —
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint,
And made him, like a man abroad at morn,
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labour of his hands,
To think or say, "There is the nightingale !"
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel; and Enid sang :

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud ;
Turn that wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud :
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown :
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd:
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

The Marriage of Geraint. *Tennyson.*

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

Tennyson.

IX. SITUATION AND BACKGROUND.

ONE of the most important functions of the imagination is its power to supply the natural surroundings of an object, action, or conception. Ordinary thinking, as has been shown, on account of the necessity of definite concentration, is apt to conceive ideas in isolation; but however adequate a conception may be, it cannot be truthfully expressed in isolation. Expression results from a synthetic product of the imagination. Natural expression is hardly possible without *situation*. The power of conceiving and feeling a background is most important; the most isolated fact must be brought into sympathetic relation with other things, and with the human soul, — then expression becomes possible.

The power to conceive a situation is the chief characteristic of a natural, effective reader or speaker. The expression of any truth must lift it into the realm of interest. Hence the relations of the human soul to the thought it conceives, and to the feeling of its life and kinship with other things, are the soul of all artistic expression. "It is where the bird is that makes the bird," said William M. Hunt. Certainly if science endeavors to tell *what* a thing is, art shows *where* it is. The elliptic relations of an object,

or those which cannot be expressed in words, are the chief elements in all imaginative or dramatic power. These elements give any truth its interest and its influence over the human mind. Where these are lacking, everything is untruthful, unnatural, artificial, and dead.

A situation or background in some form, or with some degree of vividness, is present in every act of the mind. If we read the simplest phrase, we find that there is not only an idea suggested, but that this idea is located or environed.

The background, however, is especially important in poetry; it is the primary function of poetry to suggest and create a right background or relation for truth. Read, for example, some lines from one of the simplest and most popular of poems; and we find from first to last, not an isolated conception, but a vivid picture of every object as a part of a living scene: —

> At eve they all assembled: then care and doubt were fled;
> With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
> The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
> And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursèd land!
>
> "The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
> Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
> The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
> But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.
>
> Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again);
> Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;
> Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
> That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die!"
>
> With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;
> Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
> She loosed the strong white charger that fed from out her hand,
> She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native land.
>
> Out — out into the darkness — faster, and still more fast!
> The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
> She looks up: the clouds are heavy: why is her steed so slow?
> Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

Legend of Bregenz. — *Adelaide Procter.*

Now, if in reading these lines we present mere facts, the effect is tame. Every fact must be given, but it must become an event

in a series. The spirit of the time and place must rise in our mind as a background. The imagination must penetrate to the heart of the girl, and realize her resolution, her patriotism, her heroism. The reader must perceive her deliberation and her decision; in short, he must re-create all the workings of her mind: the events described are but a means of manifesting her mind and heart. Expression is concerned primarily with the human soul. A fact in itself is dead; it must be assimilated; it must be seen; it must become food for the imagination, before it becomes a living truth.

Thus, imagination in conceiving the smallest event makes it a part of a complete whole: the whole poem, the whole history, the whole situation is held and sustained by the mind, as each idea unfolds itself. The mental conception of the age gives atmosphere and character to the expression of the individual event. The study of a specific object, or even of a scene in its isolation, is called by the artist a sketch or study. A picture is the bringing of all the facts or objects into one degree of light, one color, one tone, one complete whole. Unity is the fundamental law of all art, and it is not a human invention, — it is the expression of the relation of things in Nature.

The situation, or background, must be intuitively and instinctively conceived; it cannot be reasoned out, it cannot be produced by mechanical adjustment. This process is called composition, and is not imagination. The proper apprehension of situation must come from dramatic instinct, from imaginative intuition.

One of the most common violations of this function of the imagination is found in the public reading of the Scriptures. Much of the Bible is poetry, and belongs to the realm of the sublimest art; but passages are often rendered with an entire disregard of any imaginative situation. Objection is even made to studies which endeavor to give the sublime, poetic passages in the Prophets or the Psalms any specific background; and often many passages of the highest exaltation are given in a vague, sad, mournful, or didactic manner, with no situation of any kind.

To read appreciatively the poetry of the Prophets or of the Psalms, there must be study to find the historical situation. The

imagination must create an environment. What was the occasion? What was in the mind of the poet? In many cases, of course, it will be impossible to find the historic situation; but the attempt to do so brings a deeper comprehension of the poem: the mind will seize upon some conception which will approximate to the right one, so as to give specific feeling to the passage. Even a wrong situation is better than none. Dr. Cheyne, than whom there is no better authority, says: "The historical occasions of the Psalms are not to be determined by a dictatorial assertion;" and in speaking of two views of Psalm L. he says: "Neither view do I myself hold; but I would rather that my readers adopted one or the other than that they rejected all attempts to find historical situations for the sacred lyrics. Without reconstructing the porticoes, we shall not be in a position to do full justice to the inner glories of the palaces of the Psalter."

The conception of a situation by a critic colors even his translation of specific words. For example, Ewald thinks that verses 7 and 8 of Psalm CIV. refer to the great earthquake which took place near the close of Uzziah's reign, — a calamity which made a deep impression on the national mind, as shown by the imagery of many prophets and psalmists; he therefore translates the passage thus: —

> At thy rebuke the mountains flee;
> At the voice of thy thunder they tremble away;
> Mountains rise and valleys sink
> To the place which thou hast founded for them.

Most critics, however, think there is a reference here to creation, and so they give a different tense to the verbs; but the ordinary translation means little or nothing. It is foreign to the spirit of Hebrew poetry not to refer to definite places and events. In fact, it is untrue to the spirit of all poetry. The highest flights of the imagination, in dealing with a general truth, start from specific thought and a definite situation.

In speaking of the words of Jeremiah, "Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them!" Dr. Cheyne says that "one of

the psalmists who thought themselves back into the soul of this prophet, was so moved by this passage that he amplified it in lyric verse." Psalm LV., at any rate, embodies the bitter experience of some soul in a similar situation; and if a reader, before reading the fifty-fifth Psalm, will make a thorough study of the whole life of Jeremiah, enter into imaginative sympathy with some one of his despondent moods in the midst of trickery and disappointment, and bring all his feeling to an intense realization of these lines, he will realize the true spirit of lyric poetry, and also the true nature of vocal expression and its use of the imagination.

> FEAR and trembling have come upon me,
> And horror overwhelmeth me;
> And I say, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
> Then would I fly away, and be at rest:
> Lo, then would I wander far off,
> I would lodge in the wilderness;
> I would haste me to my safe retreat
> From the stormy wind and the tempest.

Translated by De Witt. *Psalm lv. 5-8.*

The student must, in every way, endeavor to be accurate. He must consult many authorities, and, above all, from internal evidence judge for himself what was the real situation; but when he comes to read, he must give his imagination some freedom. For example, in this fifty-fifth Psalm, it makes little difference in the reading whether he considers the Psalm to have been written by Jeremiah, or by one of his contemporaries, or by a later psalmist "who thought himself back into the situation," — the feeling will be the same. The imagination will centre upon Jeremiah as the real situation, and the reader will think himself back into a realization of the great prophet and the spirit of his time.

At times a personal situation may be present. For example, in reading the ninety-first Psalm, one may see rising before him the worn face of some poor woman upon her dying bed, to whom he once read the words, "Under His wings shalt thou trust," which gave her hope. That event may take such hold upon his mind that it becomes a situation, or background of the Psalm. Such

situations are in accordance with the true spirit of poetry, which is "the expression of the universal element in human nature." This universal element, however, will not be felt without the definite grasp by the imagination of a specific situation.

Poetry, wherever it may be found, is governed by the same laws. It is the product of the same faculties, and it can be interpreted only by the imagination. It is not primarily didactic; "it does the thing that breeds the thought." It deals with truth, not with falsehood. It is synthetic, and not analytic; but it is founded upon vivid ideas and specific thought. No poetry is founded upon confusion or misunderstanding or inadequacy of conception. The sublimest poem issues from a vivid and clear realization of truth.

Many persons, even clergymen, who would be ashamed not to be able to give the argument of Hamlet, or King Lear, or David Copperfield, or "Les Misérables," allow themselves to remain without any definite conception of the argument of the Book of Job, of the second Psalm, of the Book of Amos, or of the greatest Hebrew classic, Isaiah. Much of the Bible is vague and confused to many minds.

As an example of the imaginative use which may be made of the results of the most severe critical study, note how the fortieth chapter of Isaiah takes definite shape and awakens the most exalted feeling, when studied and read in the light of the situation which is now accepted by almost every one, — that the prophet was at Babylon in captivity, and was speaking to his fellow-captives of their return. The six hundred miles from Babylon to Jerusalem westward across the desert is "the wilderness" through which is to open "the way of the Lord." Through this is to be prepared a "highway" for God's deliverance of his people. Through this seemingly impassable region "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill be made low." The prophet sees far away on the hills of Judea his native country, idealized into an angelic form that looks out across the desert and beholds the returning wanderers, as a herald proclaims the good news to the desolated land; or, as others think, that calls the captives by their ancient name to awaken their patriotism, and to rouse them

to proclaim to one another the fact that their bondage is over. The passage is inexplicable without some such situation which took hold of the ideas of a nation and became prophetic of even higher events. A reader should study such a passage with at least as much intensity and earnestness as he would give to a monologue of Browning or a play of Shakespeare. It is the sublimest poetry, and will inspire the dullest imagination.

THE VOICES.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
Speak ye home to the heart of Jerusalem and call unto her,
That her affliction is ended, that her debt is paid;
That she hath received from the hand of Jehovah double for all her sins.

Hark, one calling:
"In the wilderness prepare ye a way for Jehovah!
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God!
Let every valley be exalted,
And every mountain and hill be made low;
And let the rugged be made a plain,
And the ledges of rocks a valley,
And the glory of Jehovah be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

Hark! one saying, "Cry!"
And I said:
"What can I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all its beauty as a wild-flower.
Grass is withered, flower faded:
For the breath of Jehovah hath blown upon it.
Surely grass is the people."

"Grass withereth, flower fadeth:
Yet the word of our God will stand forever."

Up on a high mountain, get thee up,
O Evangelistess Zion!
Lift up thy voice with strength,
Evangelistess Jerusalem!
Lift up, be not afraid, say to the cities of Judah:
Behold your God.
Behold the Lord, Jehovah: as a mighty one will he come,

His arm ruling for Him ;
Behold, His reward is with Him,
And His recompence before Him.
He will feed His flock like a shepherd,
Gather the lambs with His right arm
And carry them in His bosom,
And tenderly lead the ewe-mothers.

Who hath measured the waters with the hollow of His hand, and regulated the heavens with a span, and taken up the dust of the earth in a third measure, and weighed the mountains with scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of Jehovah, and instructed Him as His counsellor? With whom took He counsel, and who would have explained to Him and instructed Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and helped Him to know the way of intelligence? Behold, nations! as a drop from a bucket, and like a grain of sand in a balance, are they esteemed ; behold, islands! like an atom of dust that rises in the air. And Lebanon is not enough for burning, nor its game enough for an offering. All the nations are as nothing before Him ; as spent and as waste are they regarded for Him.

To whom then can ye liken God, and what kind of image can ye place beside Him?

The image! A smith cast it, a smelter plates it with gold, and smelts for it silver chains. He that is straightened for an offering, — he chooses a block of wood that will not rot ; he seeketh for himself a skilful carver to set up an image that will not totter.

Have ye not known? Have ye not heard? Hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? He who is enthroned above the vault of the earth, and its dwellers are before him as grasshoppers; who stretcheth the heavens as a fine veil, and spreadeth them like a dwelling tent. He who bringeth great men to nothing, maketh judges of the earth like a desolation. They are hardly planted, hardly sown, their stem has hardly taken root in the earth, and he only blows upon them, and they dry up, and the storm carries them away like stubble. "To whom then will ye liken me that I may match with him?" saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and see! Who hath created these? It is He who bringeth out their host by number, calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for He is powerful in strength : there is not one that is missing. Why sayest thou then, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, "My way is hidden from Jehovah, and my right is overlooked by my God"?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that an everlasting God is Jehovah, Creator of the ends of the earth? He fainteth not, neither becomes weary. His understanding is unsearchable. Giver to the weary of strength! And upon him that is of no might He lavisheth power. Even youths may grow faint and weary, and young men utterly fall; but they who hope in Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

X. IMAGINATION AND FEELING.

AND there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

Byron.

SUDDENLY the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Roushan Beg. *Longfellow.*

THE first line of the second extract may be read in many ways. The reader may imagine a simple walk, a race for pleasure, or some game; the pathway may end so as to excite mere curiosity, pleasant surprise, simple disappointment; or its sudden ending on the brink of a precipice may mean life and death, as it does in the above illustration. If the passage is read abstractly or without relation to a specific situation, no feeling whatever can be awakened in reader or listener. Thus to read even one line with feeling, a definite situation must be conceived.

The first clause of the extract from Byron can also be read as the expression of entirely different situations. The mounting may

be for a hunt, as an act in some comical story, to go for a physician, to escape danger, to save life, or to take a ride for pleasure. It may also be seen and felt as one act among thousands in preparation for the battle of Waterloo,— about this one act being gathered the situation and atmosphere of the whole event. Vocal expression can be still more definite. The mounting may be simply on the part of an individual, or it may be the whole army. Such variations can be applied to every phrase and sentence in both extracts.

From these illustrations it may be seen that feeling depends upon situation; that with every change of situation there is a change in emotion; and, in fact, that imaginative conception of a situation is the source of true emotion.

Feeling also results from the vivid realization of relations or associations. Here, for example, is a little coat. To the ordinary observer it is a mere rag; but the mother folds it away with tears, for it recalls a little form with the sunshine and tenderness, the joys and hopes, of other days. Memory thus plays an important part in awakening feeling; but the imagination uses the material furnished by memory and creates a background, gives relations and associations. Thus the most familiar objects or events are often so related or associated by the imagination as to awaken exalted emotion.

Here are a few scraps of cloth sewed together floating upon the breeze from the mast of a ship; but for this men will give their lives: it is the flag of their country.

Notice how the poet makes the season, the cold, leafless trees and the stillness, all co-operate to awaken feeling for the bird: —

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her Love
  Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
  The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
  No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
  Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Shelley.

One of the most important functions of imagination is to prevent the mind from forming a mere literal conception of any object or scene, and to connect it with deeper and more significant relations to life. Blood to the outer eye awakens horror; the imagination of a Shakespeare uses it so as to become the means of stimulating exalted feeling: —

> THROUGH this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
> And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
> Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
> As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
> If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

This passage is considered one of the most imaginative in the English language. Prose explanations of it only spoil it. By a simple, natural process, home-like images are drawn forth from every heart, and the observer does not see mere blood, but beholds a living embodiment of the love of Cæsar for Brutus.

Imagination lifts the commonplace into the realm of interest; it surrounds the smallest object with the atmosphere of infinity. It makes the most trivial event throb with the spirit of ages, and the life of the race thrill in an individual soul.

We are tempted to dwell merely upon the literal and commonplace. A drudge in any profession is one who works without imagination. Imagination exalts and ennobles all life; it awakens the mind to feel what will be in what is, — to see the ideal in the actual; it penetrates beneath the surface of mere sense-perception, and discovers hidden relations of the life which throbs at the heart of the universe, and thus awakens a thrill of feeling in the dullest breast.

The imagination also brings the individual mind into sympathy with the race. It creates the possibility of that true altruism by which each soul can appreciate the point of view of another soul, of another race or age. It enables man to realize that which can only be suggested or vaguely hinted at in language. It gives power to create art, and to read and feel the message of the art of every age.

Again, imagination arouses feeling by vividly conceiving ideas as present realities; by it the distant is made near, the past made

present. The world of ideas becomes a living world, and every object is conceived in a natural, a living scene. "It is by means of ideal presence," says Lord Kames, "that our passions are excited; and till words produce that charm, they avail nothing; even real events entitled to our belief must be conceived present and passing in our sight, before they can move us. And this theory serves to explain several phenomena otherwise unaccountable. A misfortune happening to a stranger makes a less impression than one happening to a man we know, even where we are in no way interested in him; our acquaintance with this man, however slight, aids the conception of his suffering in our presence. Even genuine history has no command over our passions but by ideal presence only. Without it the finest speaker or writer would in vain attempt to move any passion; our sympathy would be confined to objects that are really present; and language would lose entirely its signal power of making us sympathize with beings removed at the greatest distance of time as well as of place."

These facts indicate that imagination and feeling are closely connected. Imagination has been defined as "the mind of passion, the thinking of the heart." "Imagination," says Professor Shairp, "seems to be a power intermediate between intellect and emotion, looking towards both, and partaking of the nature of both. In its highest form, it would seem to be based on 'moral intensity.' The emotional and the intellectual in it act and react on each other, — deep emotion kindling imagination, and expressing itself in imaginative form, while imaginative insight kindles and deepens emotion. Whenever the soul comes vividly in contact with any fact, truth, or existence; whenever it realizes and takes them home to itself with more than common intensity, — out of that meeting of the soul and its object there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of feeling. . . . Emotion, then, from first to last, inseparably attends the exercise of imagination, — pre-eminently in him who creates, in a lesser degree in those who enjoy his creations."

All this applies with double force to speaking, or to any form of vocal expression. It is the imagination which conceives an

idea in its relation to others, and supplies the right background; which brings ideas or objects into sympathetic association with the human mind, and makes them live and act; it is the only faculty that can create ideal presence. Hence imagination is the chief cause of feeling in all forms of art, but especially in speaking.

It is only an unimaginative speaker who says he cannot read a poem or story because he never "saw the place" or experienced the emotion. Such a person entirely misunderstands the nature of feeling. Every scene in history, sacred or profane, is imaginary. Hardly a scene in the Bible can be definitely located; and even if the few scraggy trees called Gethsemane mark the real spot, what help are they to feeling? None. The imagination must create a Capernaum and a Calvary. In fact, without imagination, noble emotion is impossible.

Besides, emotion arises from an imaginative situation more than from a literal scene or object. When Mark Antony steps down from the rostrum, Shakespeare does not make him try to awaken feeling by showing Cæsar's body to the Roman populace. He displays at first only the mantle, and appeals to their memory and imagination, not to their eyes. He even carries them back to a great historical battle which was a part of their national pride. Even then he does not show them the body, but makes them feel Cæsar's death by showing the thrusts of the daggers through his mantle. He appeals to the imagination and not to the eye to awaken emotion. People have been so stunned, so shocked, by the sight of a dead body — of a father or a mother or a child — that no tear could be shed; but afterward the sight of a vacant chair, or a pair of little shoes, has wrung the heart and caused a flood of tears. The deepest passion is awakened by suggestion, because suggestion is associated with imagination. The higher the thought, the deeper the feeling, the more impossible it is for expression to be literal. "The art of expression," says Goethe, "is the art of intimation."

Without imagination there can be no genuineness in art. It is only by imagination that a speaker can make real the scenes of other days; it is only by imagination that we identify ourselves

with the sorrows of our kind. Sympathy is insight, and insight is sympathy. The unimaginative person is unsympathetic and lacks feeling. He can sympathize only with experiences he has had himself. Hence, he measures all by himself; he is selfish, unable to enter into sympathy with people of other ages, other lands, or other relations of life.

> Weep no more, lady, weep no more, thy sorrow is in vain;
> For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers will ne'er make grow again.
>
> *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

In the first of these lines there is an endeavor to awaken sympathy; but it is in the delicate suggestion in the next line, by means of a specific imaginative picture, that the deeper tenderness of the heart is touched.

> It was a lovely sight to see
> The lady Christabel, when she
> Was praying at the old oak-tree:
> Amid the jagged shadows
> Of mossy leafless boughs,
> Kneeling in the moonlight
> To make her gentle vows;
> Her slender palms together press'd,
> Heaving sometimes on her breast;
> Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
> Her face, oh call it fair, not pale!
> And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
> Each about to have a tear.
>
> *Coleridge.*

Exercises in situation and vision are very important, because they develop imagination and dramatic instinct. They impart a sense of the value of situation and surroundings to truth and emotion. They develop also that emotional response to ideas which lies at the foundation of all noble expression. Such exercises tend to correct monotony, and that vague neutrality and cold artificiality which are so common. When the imagination is brought to bear upon a scene, it creates vital interest; it makes everything live; it secures precision and definiteness of emotion, truthfulness, and variation of expression.

Students should practise reading aloud poems in which they positively delight. There should, however, be meditation upon them; the pleasure must not be superficial. A selection which at first seems to create interest will soon grow uninteresting if it has not in itself imagination of a high order. On the contrary, a selection which to the ordinary student may at first seem uninteresting, when rightly studied will begin to grow in interest, and awaken more and more appreciation. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Imagination not only awakens emotion on the instant, — more than this, it arouses that permanent condition of thought which is the chief joy and pleasure of the human soul.

Notice how the greatest of all masters in the portrayal of character, makes successive facts or scenes rack Shylock with conflicting passions. Does Tubal give these successive situations alternately from careless dulness, or intentionally?

SHYLOCK AND TUBAL.

Shylock. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were heãrsèd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what 's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa —

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! — Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. — Good news, good news! ha, ha! — Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ; — I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him: I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal! It was my turquoise: I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Shakespeare.

Again, in the speeches of Cassius, observe how imagination works upon feeling. His hatred becomes active as he recalls or creates a picture of Cæsar's weakness in the water, or when he had the fever in Spain.

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?
Brutus. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I 'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, — then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troublèd Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutrèd as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together : yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them: it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em :
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further movèd. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Shakespeare.

PROBLEM XIV. — *Read a poem referring to common objects or expressing simple ideas, conceiving the ideas so vividly and uniting them so harmoniously as to awaken noble emotion.*

SOMETIMES with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade.

TO MARGUERITE.

YES: in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone.*
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows light,
And they are swept by balms of spring;
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour, —

Oh then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;
For surely once, they feel we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain —
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd that their longing's fire
  Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ? —
  A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
    And bade betwixt their shores to be
    The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Matthew Arnold.

XI. EFFECT OF PASSION UPON IMAGINATION.

"BETWEEN the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The mortal instruments are then in council ;
And the state of man, like to a little kingdom
Suffers then the nature of an insurrection."

NOT only does imagination awaken feeling, but feeling arouses imagination. After Horatio and his companions have seen the ghost at the close of the first scene in "Hamlet," their talk rises to a much higher plane. "The morn with russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill." Some have considered this as being untrue to Nature; but these men have seen the ghost, and their imaginations have been aroused.

Macbeth after the murder of Duncan, with conscience quickened and every feeling awake, reveals great activity of imagination. His metaphors are more or less mixed, but their vigor and force manifest the excitement of his mind. The activity of his imagination is the direct effect of the activity of passion.

Notice how Othello, about to strangle Desdemona, sees the little candle, and his awakened feeling impels the imagination to create images and analogies: —

IF I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me ; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume: when I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital breath again ;
It needs must wither.

Othello. *Shakespeare.*

The emotions of Romeo in the garden are stirred by the sight of Juliet at the window, and the result is vivid and complex figures. His imagination is intensely, "passionately active."

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it: cast it off.
It is my lady; oh, it is my love!
Oh that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in face another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

Romeo and Juliet. *Shakespeare.*

Intensity of feeling arouses and stimulates the imagination. It has been said by some one that the "literary language is a stagnant pool." The words which men use under pressure of real emotion, these are the running stream, the living spring. That is to say, the domination of passion and imagination are necessary to any effective use of figurative language or literary style. Man must give himself up to feeling, to have any true use of his imagination. Imagination is a spontaneous faculty which cannot be

governed or guided in any deliberative manner. No one can use illustrations by rule, or by any mechanical or artificial process; they must result from abandon to feeling and imagination; they must be dictated by spontaneous impulse.

This is not only true of words in literary composition; it is still more true of the modulations of the voice and the body in reading, acting, or speaking. If words to be living must be dominated by imagination and feeling, how much more must the inflections and textures of the voice and the actions of the body, which belong to natural and more spontaneous modes of expression.

The necessity of abandon has already been shown;[1] but the more fully we pass into the realm of imagination, the more exalted the form of poetry that we read, the more we find mere mechanical or deliberative action inadequate for any effective and natural expression. We must abandon ourselves to the free and spontaneous sway of imagination and feeling.

Imagination and feeling are thus always connected. To awaken imagination we must sympathetically contemplate an object. To read a poem we must meditate upon it quietly, and assimilate every situation. Imagination cannot act without emotion. It refines and ennobles feeling; but feeling in its turn is the motive power of imagination.

WE parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapour-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.

Tennyson.

OH, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass;
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

Tempest. *Shakespeare.*

[1] See lessons in Vocal Expression, pp. 35–41, and Province of Expression, pp. 184–189.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing.

Gratiano in "Merchant of Venice." — *Shakespeare.*

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. — [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. —
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his designs

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they take, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth (entering). That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. — Hark ! — Peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth (within). Who 's there ? — what, ho !

L. Macb. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done : — the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark ! — I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband ! [*Enter* Macb.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

L. Macb. I heard the owl scream, and the cricket cry.
Did you not speak ?

Macb. When ?

L. Macb. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

L. Macb. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! —
Who lies i' the second chamber ?

L. Macb. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

L. Macb. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, " Murder ! "
That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

L. Macb. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried " God bless us ! " and " Amen," the other ;
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"
L. Macb. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
L. Macb. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —
L. Macb. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
L. Macb. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
L. Macb. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. 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. [*Re-enter* Lady Macbeth.
L. Macb. My hands are of your color, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking

At the south entry : — retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy it is then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — (*Knocking.*) Hark ! more knocking.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself (*knock*).
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !

Macbeth. *Shakespeare.*

XII. IMAGINATION AND FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

IMAGINATION affects every form of expression, but its action is especially apparent in its modification of written language. It is the chief cause of figures of speech. A figure of speech is a departure from plain language, to express higher associations and relations of ideas, to awaken more vivid images, and to stimulate deeper feeling.

This figurative action of the mind is manifest in the most familiar words. "Words are fossil poetry." Nearly all our words have been derived from some action of the imagination, and hold still an element of poetic expression. "He who first spake of a dilapidated fortune," says Archbishop Trench, "what an image must have risen up before his mind's eye of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin! Or he who to that Greek word which signifies 'that which will endure to be held up to and judged by sunlight,' gave first its ethical signification of 'sincere,' 'truthful,' or, as we sometimes say, 'transparent,' can we deny to him the poet's feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them 'sierras,' or 'saws,' — the name by which now they are known, as Sierra Morena, Sierra Nevada; but that man coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named." Take the names of flowers or of animals, or almost any class of words, and from their etymology it can be easily seen that they have been derived from imaginative conceptions.

A more apparent effect of imagination on language is seen in the various rhetorical figures which especially characterize all poetic verbal expression.

There have been many attempts to find a common principle underlying all figures. Without reviewing the many speculations, possibly the chief figures are due to two mental acts which are more or less the result of imagination. One is comparison. We compare the unknown with the known, and find a deeper principle of explanation, and so enlarge the scope of our minds. We discover unity in the midst of variety, and this is the secret of beauty. The act of discrimination is one of the most fundamental in the mind. The discovery of analogy, and of the kinship of things, is implied more or less in all thinking or expression.

The other principle is personification. Imagination makes objects live. In our every-day speech, we are continually giving living attributes to physical things. To a vivid imagination nothing is dead. Many figures are at heart personifications, though we do not at first think of putting them under this name.

The associative or comparative action of the imagination gives rise to simile, metaphor, contrast, antithesis, and many other figures. The other action of the mind — the power that makes things live — gives rise to personification, vision, apostrophe, allegory, and the like.

The imagination is not present in the same degree in all figures. In some, it is hardly present at all; in others, it is almost the only element. For example, in the comparison of images, — the more complete the union, the greater will be the abandon to the imagination. For this reason, there is usually more imaginative action in metaphors than in similes; the union is more immediate, and the identification more complete.

Again, the imagination is more active where there is delicate allusion, or suggestion of some pictures, which brings about a union of the most complex ideas, suddenly discovers similarity, and causes great pleasure.

> The healing of the seamless dress is by our beds of pain;
> We touch him in life's throng and press, and we are whole again.
>
> *Our Master.* — *Whittier.*

The figures of speech have been so carefully defined and so often illustrated that the student need only refer to his rhetoric for information. While it is very important to analyze and be able to recognize all rhetorical figures, the student should remember that the power to do so does not presuppose any imaginative action, or any power to use such figures.

There should not be too much analysis and naming of figures. A certain amount of this work is helpful, but too much may make the study mechanical.

The best way to simplify or to understand figures, is to study the action of the imagination which creates them. The means of developing the power to use them consist in stimulating the creative and artistic faculties of the mind, to cause their use in speaking or writing, and such an appreciation of their force as will enable them to be rendered by the voice.

PROBLEM XV. *Arrange short illustrations of all the rhetorical figures, and render their spirit by vocal expression.*

INTO her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odours with the violet.

Keats.

ONE night, after ten hours' walking, I reached a little dwelling quite by itself at the bottom of a narrow valley which was about to throw itself into the sea a league farther on.

Guy de Maupassant.

E'EN at the last I have her still,
With her delicious eyes as clear as heaven
When rain in a quick shower has beat down mist,
And clouds float white in the sun like broods of swans.

Browning.

ON poured the Trojan masses; in the van
Hector straight forward drove in full career, —
As some huge bowlder, from its rocky bed
Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurled down the steep cliff's face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermined:
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more.

Homer.

For the main criminal I have no hope
Except in such a suddenness of fate.
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all :
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze —
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
Through her whole length of mountain visible :
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

Browning.

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth : so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
To see th' enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows — white and azure — laced
With blue of heaven's own tint.

Cymbeline. *Shakespeare.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave. . . .
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

Collins.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise, and very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone half-hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know when Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh the difference to me !

Wordsworth.

SEE this our new retreat
Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old, and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs turned water-plants:
And tall trees over-arch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts;
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together
Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land: all wildness,
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters.

Pauline. *Browning.*

AH, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

Whittier.

AND the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

THE member did his party all the harm in his power: he spoke for it, and voted against it.

WHERE snow falls, there is freedom.

HE cannot see the wood for trees.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! The silence of thy face is pleasant. Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O Moon!

Ossian.

A-FLOATING, a-floating across the sleepless sea,
All night I heard a singing bird upon the topmost tree.
"Oh, came you from the isles of Greece or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free, which fringe the western main?"
"I came not of the old world, nor yet from off the new;
But I am one of the birds of God which sing the whole night through."
"Oh, sing and wake the dawning! Oh, whistle for the wind!
The night is long, the current strong, my boat it lags behind."
"The current sweeps the old world, the current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow, ere thou hast sailed them through."

A Myth. *Charles Kingsley*

A GOOD method of studying figures is to take some great poem, such as Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," and read it many times. On the first reading, note the beauty of the entire poem; then meditate over every line and phrase, seeing and realizing the process of the author's mind in each specific picture; then afterwards it may be well to go over the whole, and mark or name as far as possible the various figures. It is important to study a poem from as many points of view as possible. Careful study of the figures may bring us into contact with new beauties. The poem should be learned, and its every picture contemplated and meditated over, till its real beauties dawn upon the mind, till the imagination has recreated its life and spirit. Lines and images of the poem will haunt the mind for years, continually growing in beauty and depth of meaning.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; —
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal —
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there 's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon, —
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended :
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity !
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind, —

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
— Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither —
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway:
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears —
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

HE, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge.

Milton.

XIII. FORMS OF POETRY.

As analytic definitions of poetry have never been satisfactory; as reason cannot explain imagination, nor science, poetry, — so adequate discriminations have rarely been made between lyric, epic, dramatic, and other forms of poetry. But the reader must feel and definitely manifest such differences through the natural languages, by realizing and expressing the imaginative and emotional activities of which these forms are the embodiment in words. Hence, a few suggestions may be given to assist or initiate the study of their essential nature.

A lyric is subjective and personal; it is the result of a vivid realization of some simple and specific situation. It is distinct from ballad poetry, which is narrative, and which produces its effect by a sequence of events. A lyric holds our interest by the pulsation of thought and feeling in the realization of this one idea or situation. Other pictures, situations, or events are brought up in contrast, or in some way are related to the one specific or governing event or idea. It may be the revelation of the love or tenderness of the human heart for some other soul, of the deepest experience face to face with great sorrow or great sin. It may be the expression of admiration for Nature, or of the worship of

God. Songs, hymns, and odes are forms of the lyric. They are nearly always short; and on account of their shortness, they are nearly always concentrated and intense.

There are an innumerable number of lyrics in the language; but, unfortunately, they are not often found in our school-readers. But a student can find large numbers of them in various collections; or, what is better, he can himself go to the great masters of poetry, where he will always find lyrics.

The Psalms are the most exalted examples of lyric expression. The reason is that they are the manifestation of an individual soul exalted or awakened by a thought of the Supreme Being. The nobility of the ideas, the simplicity and tenderness of the expression, the depth of insight, and the intensity of the passion have made these Psalms a medium of worship for the whole race.

Lyrics are the simplest of all forms of imaginative expression. They should, therefore, be first mastered by the student of vocal expression. When rightly practised, they have a wonderful effect upon the voice, tending to remove harshness, and developing sympathetic vibration and texture. The practice of a lyric tends to make the whole body, as well as the voice, responsive and flexible, and to bring them into sympathetic unity with the mind; such an exercise stimulates the breathing, and especially joyous lyrics furnish an exercise of untold value for health. Lyrics have been shown by the ablest authorities, such as Professor Norton, to be the most effective means of developing the imagination and the artistic nature. They develop insight; they secure the power to hold the mind in one simple specific situation; they secure control of feeling. They are short, and can be remembered and practised anywhere.

To read a lyric calls for such a vigorous exercise of the imagination as to awaken the reader's whole nature. The only way anything is made poetic is by intensity of realization. The reader must bring his imagination and whole nature to bear upon the specific situation until the thought and impulse are made personal and the expression spontaneous. All lyric art, especially poetry, must be the inevitable effect of the life and feeling caused by one situation.

Epic poetry is thought by many to be the most exalted form of poetry. It deals with a great era or epoch; it creates or portrays national types. It creates an Achilles as the representative or ideal of the Greeks, of their warlike spirit, their love of independence; it creates an Odysseus as the embodiment of that great people's conception of temperance, or "patience under trial by pleasure," long-suffering, and fortitude, or "patience under trial by pain," — and so the Iliad and the Odyssey became a kind of Bible for the religion of a race. The epic is considered the most exalted form of poetry, because it unfolds not the ideal of an individual, but the ideal of a race. It portrays the subjective and objective combats of men; shows the individual and the nation their character and feeling, their struggles, failures, and successes.

The great epics are few, — such as the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Æneid, the Niebelungen Lied, the Divina Comedia, the Lusiad, Jerusalem Delivered, Paradise Lost; but narratives, tales, ballads, historical poems, and prose fiction are usually considered as belonging to lower forms of the epic. The highest epic work of the nineteenth century is possibly the "History of the French Revolution," by Carlisle.

The vocal rendering of the epic must be full of dignity. It must be ideal and noble; there must be simplicity and tenderness, deep emotions which are serious and noble, and which are felt by the whole race. Characters must be seen and felt as if alive; but they must also be typical. The whole nature of man must be awakened, and yet the expression must be extremely simple.

Dramatic poetry is objective. It is the human soul identifying itself with the point of view, the character, the feeling, the surroundings of another soul. It is the action or movement which is the expression of character; it is the conflict of soul with soul. It deals with the success or failure of life. Dramatic art deals with the motives and characteristics of men, and interprets the processes of developing or perverting character.

The lyric, the epic, and the dramatic are rarely separated completely from one another. In Homer's Iliad and Odyssey many of the dialogues are essentially dramatic. The finest parts of Milton's "Paradise Lost" are the lyrical outbursts of passion.

The Chorus was a lyric element which had a prominent place in the Greek drama. The lyrics in Shakespeare do not represent, as the Greek drama does, the audience, but are placed directly upon the stage as occasional songs. In Shakespeare's "Henry V.," where there are narrative links between the acts spoken by a so-called Chorus, there is an approach to the epic.

So akin are these forms of poetry that the reader must be able to render them all, in order to give any one form well. Dramatic without the lyric is apt to be imitative, and the lyric without the epic is apt to be too subjective. The true reader must, therefore, develop the mental and emotional action which causes these forms of poetry.

In speaking of the two forms of poetical impulse, — dramatic imagination and lyric or egoistic imagination, — Mr. Theodore Watts has made some valuable remarks which should be carefully weighed by the student of vocal expression: "The nature of this absolute vision, or true dramatic imagination, is easily seen if we compare the dramatic work of writers without absolute vision — such as Calderon, Goethe, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and others — with the dramatic work of Æschylus and of Shakespeare. While of the former group it may be said that each poet skilfully works his imagination, of Æschylus and Shakespeare it must be said that each in his highest dramatic mood does not work, but is worked *by*, his imagination. Note, for instance, how the character of Clytæmnestra grows and glows under the hand of Æschylus. The poet of the Odyssey had distinctly said that Ægisthus, her paramour, had struck the blow; but the dramatist, having imagined the greatest tragic female in all poetry, finds it impossible to let a man like Ægisthus assist such a woman in a homicide so daring and so momentous. And when in that terrible speech of hers she justifies her crime (ostensibly to the outer world, but really to her own conscience), the way in which, by the sheer magnetism of irresistible personality, she draws our sympathy to herself and her crime is unrivalled out of Shakespeare, and not surpassed even there. In the great drama — in the Agamemnon, in Othello, in Hamlet, in Macbeth — there is an imagination at work whose laws are inexorable, are inevitable, as the laws by the operation

of which the planets move round the sun." In another part of his essay, this high authority has said: "The artist's power of thought is properly shown not in the direct enunciation of ideas, but in mastery over motive." That is to say, the imagination is roused by the concentration of the mind of the writer upon the motive springs of character, and of his drama or story.

All this applies with double force to one who seeks to give expression to these sublime works. There must be a vision created by the dramatic imagination of the reader in epic or the higher dramatic forms of poetry, and a vivid scene so intensely realized and felt as to cause the inevitable modulations of the voice. The reader must not use or "skilfully work" his imagination; he must be moved *by* his imagination. The delicate textures, colors, and modulations of the voice, the supple actions of the face and of the body must be the direct result of poetic impulses.

As has been said, the full realization of the differences between the various forms of poetry cannot be attained by mere discussion. Poetry, like all art, must be felt and realized by each individual soul; for art is personal. It is "intrinsic, not extrinsic." It is only its surface that can be explained. The art faculties are too deep for complete rational analysis; their nature and energy must be felt in their exercise. Hence in the struggle to comprehend and to render any passage, the silent meditation over the masterpieces of poetry, followed by the effort to give them vocal interpretation, furnishes the best means of enabling any one to understand and to appreciate the essential nature of the sublimest forms of imaginative creation.

PROBLEM XVI. *Render passages from every form of poetry and literature, and note the peculiar action of the imagination in each case.*

SONG.

AH! my heart is pained with throbbing,
  Throbbing for the May, —
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
  Where in laughing and in sobbing
    Glide the streams away.
  Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
    Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings:
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside, I wandered by the mill, —
I could not hear the brook flow, the noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper, nor chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree, I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall, I listened for a word, —
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not: the night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one, each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek, the leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing, when something stood behind:
A hand was on my shoulder, — I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer, — we did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard.

Lord Houghton

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My King, and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee [Selah.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee,
In whose heart are the high ways to Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob [Selah.

Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Psalm lxxxiv

But up Achilles rose, the lov'd of Heaven;
And Pallas on his mighty shoulders cast
The shield of Jove; and round about his head
She put the glory of a golden mist,
From which there burnt a fiery-flaming light.
And as, when smoke goes heavenward from a town,
In some far island which its foes besiege,
Who all day long with dreadful martialness
Have poured from their own town; soon as the sun
Has set, thick lifted fires are visible,
Which, rushing upward, make a light in the sky,
And let the neighbors know who may perhaps
Bring help across the sea, — so from the head
Of great Achilles went up an effulgence.
Upon the trench he stood, without the wall,
But mix'd not with the Greeks, for he rever'd
His mother's word: and so, thus standing there,
He shouted; and Minerva, to his shout,
Added a dreadful cry; and there arose
Among the Trojans an unspeakable tumult.
And as the clear voice of a trumpet, blown
Against a town by spirit-withering foes,
So sprang the clear voice of Æacides.
And when they heard the brazen cry, their hearts
All leap'd within them; and the proud-maned horses
Ran with the chariots round, for they foresaw

Calamity ; and the charioteers were smitten,
When they beheld the ever-active fire
Upon the dreadful head of the great-minded one
Burning ; for bright-eyed Pallas made it burn.
Thrice o'er the trench divine Achilles shouted ;
And thrice the Trojans and their great allies
Roll'd back ; and twelve of all their noblest men
Then perish'd, crush'd by their own arms and chariots.

Iliad, book xviii. 203-231. *Homer.*

He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the hand of God ; around him and under his feet, the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs, and (unaccountablest of all) himself standing here. He stood in the lapse of Time ; he saw Eternity behind him and before him. The all-circling mysterious tide of Force, thousand-fold (for from force of thought to force of gravitation what an interval!) billowed shoreless on ; bore him along, — he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished in perpetual change the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory (which was Being); and ever anew rose and vanished ; and ever that lordliest many-colored scene was full, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang : men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light : in other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble ; they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility; returned back to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the parting spot ; cannot hear *them;* they are far, how far! It was sight for angels and archangels ; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly.

Carlyle.

LAST APPEARANCE OF LADY MACBETH.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, — having no witness to confirm my speech. [*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.*] Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gen. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet, here 's a spot.

Doc. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

L. Macb. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; two: why, then 't is time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

L. Macb. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to! you have known what you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

L. Macb. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well, —

Gen. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

L. Macb. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doc. Even so?

L. Macb. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come! give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*

Doc. Will she go now to bed?
Gen. Directly.
Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: — so, good-night.
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Shakespeare.

XIV. DEGREES OF IMAGINATION.

Not only is imagination characteristic of all art and poetry, of all eloquence and beauty; not only is it the faculty which gives insight into the spiritual essence and loveliness of Nature and of all forms of human production, — but the degree of imagination is also the test of greatness in art. The greater the activity of imagination embodied in a work of art, or awakened by its contemplation, the higher the rank of that work.

Art has been divided into the Beautiful, the Poetic, and the Sublime. A painting, a poem, or a story may have the simplest subject for its theme. A painting may represent a mere reflection of light upon a barn, and be beautiful. A poem upon a daisy or a bluebird may be imaginative and pleasing. The greatness of a work of art is not dependent upon its subject except in so far as this subject is a means of revealing insight. When such an object as a pool of water or some aspect of light and shade is the motive of a painting, or a brook the subject of a poem, the imagination may be present and the work may be made beautiful; but it is not the highest exercise of the faculty.

But whenever the human soul is portrayed with an object, though it be a mere pool of water; whenever the object becomes a mirror of the heart of man, of his love of Nature, his gloom or his hope, his earnestness, his sincerity, and his realization of life and the universe, — art then becomes poetic. Anything is poetic in proportion as the human soul becomes the central element. Hu-

man loves, human interests, human suffering and aspiration, these are really the subjects of poetry. Outward objects are the mere means of expression

Art, however, can go further. It is sublime in proportion as the human element preponderates. In beautiful art the natural preponderates. In poetic art the human and the natural elements are in equipoise. In sublime art the human preponderates over the medium or the language, which is suggestive and in the background. In sublime art the idea is all absorbing; it must be so great as to overshadow the form; it must lift the soul above and beyond any external object or accident.

Science, it is said, is always impersonal. Art is always personal. Great art is dependent upon the ascendency of the personal element over the impersonal.

It is the imagination that makes the universe personal; that "conforms the outward show of things to the desires of the mind;" that penetrates below mere facts to truth; that throws aside all superficial accidents. It is the imagination that enables the human mind to disengage itself from a prison of literal facts.

The whole struggle for expression is, after all, dependent upon the manifestations of the soul through the tones and modulations of the voice and the body. Whenever the imagination and the passions are united, and the voice and the body are made subordinate, or brought into such control that the action of imagination and feeling is at once seen through them, the first step in training has been taken.

Dobson's "Song of Four Seasons" is beautiful. There is, of course, some imagination required, but the action of the faculty is not very high. But in such a poem as Gosse's "Return of the Swallows," while there is not the highest activity of the imagination, the mind is yet called upon to carry a more ideal conception. The same is true of Browning's "Apparitions" and "Love among the Ruins," of Tennyson's "Bugle Song" and "Day Dream." But such poems as Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," "Prometheus Unbound," Coleridge's "Ode to France," Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," some portions of Job, and the Prophecy of Isaiah, are rightly termed sublime.

PROBLEM XVII. — *Distinguish by vocal expression that which is simply beautiful from that which is more profound, that which is poetic from that which is more sublime.*

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

WHEN Spring comes laughing by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking and daffodil, —
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, — and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip the orchard long, —
Sing hid, sweet honey that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, — and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain, —
Sing flutes of harvest where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers, — and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring and ingle warm, —
Sing first sad going of friends that part:
Then sing glad meeting, — and my Love's heart.

Austin Dobson.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass springs,
  Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoot into air with our strong young wings,
  Spirally up over level and lea;
Come, O Swallows, and fly with us,
Now that horizons are luminous!
  Evening and morning the world of light,
  Spreading and kindling, is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the south,
  The hills of olive and slopes of fern
Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,
  Under the heavens that beam and burn;
And all the swallows were gathered there
Flitting about in the fragrant air,
  And heard no sound from the larks, but flew
  Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said:
"Musical thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead!
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unaware,
And the drooping eaves and the elm-trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song.

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,
Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,
Flitted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far, from far:
Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tones, —
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils, —
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
"Swallows, O Swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain."

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square;
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
"To-morrow the swallows will northward fly!"

Edmund William Gosse.

THOU deadly crater, moulded by my muse,
Cast thou thy bronze into my bowed and wounded heart,
And let my soul its vengeance to thy bronze impart.

On the cannon purchased by receipts from his public readings. *Victor Hugo.*

THOU who passest by, say at Lacedaemon we lie here in obedience to her laws.

Inscription at Thermopile. *Simonides.*

WHEN, loved by poet and painter, the sunrise fills the sky;
When night's gold urns grow fainter, and in depths of amber die;
When the moon-breeze stirs the curtain, bearing an odorous freight, —
Then visions strange, uncertain, pour thick through the Ivory Gate.

Then the oars of Ithaca dip so silently into the sea,
That they wake not sad Calypso — and the Hero wanders free:
He breasts the ocean-furrows, at war with the winds of Fate;
And the blue tide's low susurrus comes up to the Ivory Gate.

The Ivory Gate. *Mortimer Collins.*

SWEET nurselings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes, —
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet —
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Flowers. *Keble.*

WHERE wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb, —
When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,
And prescribed for it my decree,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

Book of Job.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted — ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining :
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Christabel. *Coleridge.*

XV. USES OF IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is characteristic of every form of art and literature. There may be a poetic building or statue or painting, a poetic singer or reader, a poetic story in prose. Imagination is the faculty, poetry is the product. It is the faculty which sees through the actual to the ideal. It is the only power that can idealize the real, and realize the ideal. It is for this reason that imagination is so potent in the development of character.

The functions it discharges, the uses it serves, the forms it takes, are innumerable. One of the earliest objective forms is the myth. These show the early efforts of the race to interpret natural phenomena; the rising and the setting of the sun, the drifting clouds, the wandering and changing moon, embody the universal conceptions of the meaning of human life. The mythopœic instinct is an action of the imagination, and while many myths may have come down from barbarous ages and contain elements of cruelty, they are the products of this faculty. The myth is a struggle of the imagination to interpret life and to solve the riddle of the Sphinx.

The mythopœic faculty is supposed by many to be lost in modern civilization; but the same power that created the myth of Apollo, or traced the meaning of Athene and the Dawn, is still active in man's mind. We still speak of the dawn of a new civilization. "Morning" has an imaginative and poetical as well as a literal meaning.

Again, folk-lore and fairy tales are the products of the imagination; and poets of our own day, consciously or unconsciously, often adopt the same form for the interpretation of the truth. Tennyson's "Day-Dream" is a part of his embodiment of the old fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty.

THE DEPARTURE.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn. . . .
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"Oh, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

The Day-Dream. *Tennyson.*

Again, imagination is a faculty most important to oratory; eloquence is one of its most immediate manifestations. The speaker

needs imagination for the exaltation of his theme. He must give "a local habitation and a name" to mystic and abstract truths, must feel and make others feel the truth. The most abstract idea must be given concrete expression. The heart cannot be moved without a concrete or poetic embodiment of that which would otherwise be vaguely and dimly realized. The most important truth may be so given that its entire force is lost. Truth stated in mere abstract terms, or expressed in cold, hard tones by the voice, not only fails to kindle the heart, but it may awaken doubt, cool enthusiasm, and cause indifference. Unless the speaker gives an exalted vision, he will not awaken or elevate the conceptions of ordinary people. True oratory demands an active use of the imagination. The real office of oratory is to show truth as an object worthy to be sought. It aims not so much to teach or to give men new truth as to awaken a more vivid conception of a truth already known, and to stir deeper feeling, and to awaken a living motive for action. Oratory calls upon men to give their lives for their homes, for their country, or for the cause of truth. It aims to bring them to a more intense realization of their own ideals and convictions.

PROBLEM XVIII. *Study and read selections showing various uses of the imagination by the historian, the speaker, the story-teller, and the poet, and observe their peculiarities.*

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beats no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

OUR fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. *Webster.*

AGITATION means liberty. As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust. "In distrust," said Demosthenes, "are the nerves of the mind." Let us see to it that these sentinel nerves are ever on the alert. If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be the emblem of Despotism, the ever-restless ocean is ours, which, girt within the eternal laws of gravitation, is pure only because never still.

Wendell Phillips.

TO those who live by faith, everything they see speaks of that future world; the very glories of Nature, the sun, moon, and stars, and the richness and the beauty of the earth, are as types and figures, witnessing and teaching the invisible things of God. All that we see is destined one day to burst forth into a heavenly bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. Heaven at present is out of sight; but in due time, as snow melts and discovers what it lay upon, so will this visible creation fade away before those greater splendors which are behind it, and on which at present it depends. In that day shadows will retire, and the substance show itself. The sun will grow pale and be lost in the sky, but it will be before the radiance of Him whom it does but image, the Sun of Righteousness. . . . Our own mortal bodies will then be found in like manner to contain within them an inner man, which will then receive its due proportions, as the soul's harmonious organ, instead of the gross mass of flesh and blood which sight and touch are sensible of.

Newman.

WE are like southern plants, taken up to a northern climate and planted in a northern soil. They grow there, but they are always failing of their flowers. The poor exiled shrub dreams by a native longing of a splendid blossom which it has never seen, but is dimly conscious that it ought somehow to produce. It feels like the flower which it has not strength to make in the half-chilled but still genuine juices of its southern nature. That is the way in which the ideal life, the life of full completions, haunts us all. Nothing can really haunt us except what we have the beginning of, the native capacity for, however hindered, in ourselves. The highest angel does not tempt us because he is of another race from us; but God is our continual incitement because we are His children. So the ideal life is in our blood, and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. Every time we see a man who has attained our human idea a little more fully than we have, it wakens our languid blood and fills us with new longings. When we see Christ, it is as if a new plant out of the southern soil were brought

suddenly in among its poor stunted, transplanted brethren, and, blossoming in their sight, interpreted to each of them the restlessness and discontent which was in each of their poor hearts. When, led by Christ, we see God, it is as if the stunted, flowerless plants grew tall enough to stand up and look across all the miles that lie between, and see the glory of the perfect plant as it blooms in unhindered luxuriance in its southern home. And when we die and go to God, it is as if at last the poor shrub were plucked out of its exile and taken back and set where it belonged, in the rich soil, under the warm sun, where the patience which it had learned in its long waiting should make all the deeper and richer the flower into which its experience was set free to find its utterance.

The Withheld Completions of Life. *Phillips Brooks.*

THEY gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers there lives an unwritten record in every heart — felt, though never embodied.

Funeral Oration. *Pericles.*

XVI. FREEDOM OF THE IMAGINATION.

HE who, having no touch of the Muse's madness in his soul, comes to the door and thinks he will get into the temple by the help of Art, — he, I say, and his poetry, are not admitted. *Plato.*

IMAGINATION is original; its action differs as widely as men do. Compare the imagination of Milton, for example, with that of any other author who has written in the English language. We find a peculiarity in him distinct from all others. He sees all objects in human form. His imagination acts in accordance with the mythopœic instinct of the Greeks. If he had been an artist, he would have been a sculptor. Take "L'Allegro," one of the simplest of his poems. Every little relation or effect of joy is here embodied in a plastic form. Quips, cranks, wiles, nods, laughter, and care are all transformed into living beings.

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides, —
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprovèd pleasures free. *Milton.*

Contrast this with Wordsworth, who if he had been an artist would probably have been a musician. So peculiar and distinct is the action of Wordsworth's imagination, that Coleridge said of certain lines that if he had met them in the wilds of Africa, he would have cried out "Wordsworth!"

I HEARD a stock-dove sing, or say,
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze;
He did not cease, but cooed and cooed,
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee:
That was the song — the song for me!

Wordsworth.

How different is the imagination of Shelley! If he had been an artist, he would certainly have been a painter. No one but a painter's eye could have seen this beautiful picture: —

WE paused beside the pools that lie under the forest bough;
Each seemed as 't were a little sky gulfed in a world below, —
A firmament of purple light, which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night, and purer than the day;
In which the lovely forests grew, as in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, and through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views, which in our world above can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love of that fair forest green.
And all was interfused beneath with an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath, a softer day below.
Like one beloved the scene had lent to the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament with more than truth exprest,
Until an envious wind crept by, like an unwelcome thought,
Which from the mind's too faithful eye blots one dear image out.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

A Fragment. *Shelley.*

Now, if the imagination acts differently in each author, it must act differently in each reader. A reader must be free to use his imagination in his own way; and true education will not interfere with his freedom, but will rather seek to develop differences and peculiarities.

Imagination is not limited to any set of subjects. It may deal with a simple description, or with a deep philosophic truth. It may serve to lift the most familiar and commonplace objects into right relations with the infinite and eternal; or it may touch the most profound truth, and bring it home to the heart.

Then, again, one author may lift his whole poem to an exalted height. In all his poems Tennyson "pitches the style at a high artistic level, from which he never once descends. Image follows image, picture succeeds picture, — each perfect, rich in color,

clear in outline." Every line satisfies the most fastidious taste. Imagination envelops the whole. You do not pick out single lines as gems from Tennyson as you do from other authors. His imagination is concerned more in giving the whole an exaltation and coloring rather than in producing transcendent beauties in particular phrases or lines or passages.

ART AND SORROW.

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dreamed a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veiled, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veiled, was known to me, —
The shape of him I loved, and love
Forever: then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea.

And when they learnt that I must go,
They wept and wailed, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that makes the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden weed;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
And rolled the floods in grander space,
The maidens gathered strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watched them, waxed in every limb:
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart:

As one would sing the death of war,
  And one would chant the history
  Of that great race which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
  Began to foam, and we to draw
  From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
  But thrice as large a man he bent
  To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck.

Whereat those maidens with one mind
  Bewailed their lot: I did them wrong.
  "We served thee here," they said, "so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

So rapt I was, they could not win
  An answer from my lips; but he
  Replying, "Enter likewise ye
And go with us:" they entered in.

And while the wind began to sweep
  A music out of sheet and shroud,
  We steered her toward a crimson cloud
That land-like swept along the deep.

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

How different it is with Wordsworth! In his verse the most commonplace lines can be found; but occasionally the imagination has sudden flashes that seem to come from the very heart of Nature or the depth of the poet's soul.

Some one has said that Tennyson moves ever upon the mountain tops, but that Wordsworth quietly and simply descends to the smallest nooks and valleys. His course is more uneven; he is concerned in a truly simple and natural way with the very least objects, while arising at times to the sublimest heights.

Note, for example, in the following extract, how quietly and simply he discusses a most ordinary event, and then toward the close how he suddenly passes with such imaginative force to the "central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation."

I HAVE seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things, —
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And *central peace, subsisting at the heart*
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship, when you know it not;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.

Wordsworth.

Brougham has criticised Burke upon the passage here abridged, and upon his use of the figure of the gathering storm, and has compared it with the same figure in Demosthenes.

Professor Jebb says, however, that this is a failure to appreciate the different points of view. "Burke is a painter; Demosthenes is a sculptor." That is to say, the imagination of the two men acted in a different way; and it is very imperfect criticism that will compare the difference in the creative actions of their minds to the disparagement of either orator. The imagination in every human being is more or less peculiar and different. The imagination never copies or imitates. Whenever it is true it is original. It was impossible for Burke, with his modern training, to have portrayed his images like one educated beneath the Parthenon.

DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC.

WHEN at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He

resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

. . . He drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and of which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, — fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, — were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine. . . . So completely did these masters of their art — Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son — absolve themselves of their impious vow, that, when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. *Burke.*

THE people gave their voice, and the danger that hung upon our borders went by like a cloud. *Demosthenes.*

WITH that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee :
Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show ;
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear.

Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long.
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

From "Prothalamion." *Spenser.*

ITYLUS.

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thy heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south, —
The soft south, whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through, till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew, —
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

. . . . . .

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree,
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow,
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian Sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
"Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?"
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

Swinburne.

To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all the faces that I know, the most so. Blank there, painted 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 mournfullest 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 god-like 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, unsurrendering battle, against the world, affection all converted into indignation, — an implacable indignation; slow, equable, implacable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out as in a kind of surprise, a kind of inquiry, Why was the world of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this "voice of ten silent centuries," and sings us his "mystic, unfathomable song."

The Face of Dante. *Carlyle.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took, —
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Milton.

XVII. MISCONCEPTIONS AND ABUSES.

Of all the faculties the imagination is most frequently misconceived. To many it is simply the faculty of hallucination. Even some painters of the realistic type have declared imagination a hindrance to artistic work. These entirely overlook the fact that the greatest realist must give imaginative feeling to a simple touch of his brush, or he is not an artist.

Imagination does not deceive. Deceit is an abuse of the faculty. It does not cause delusion; it may create artistic illusion, but in this it looks through the external to the internal, through the body to the spirit. It uses facts to find truth. "It is, indeed, pre-eminently a truthful and truth-seeing power, perceiving subtle aspects of truth, hidden relations, far-reaching analogies, which find no entrance to us by any other inlet."

Again, imagination is not extravagant; fancy may exaggerate, but the imagination, never. Imagination is not a drunken, a flippant, or a trivial faculty. It does not dissipate noble emotion, but lies at the heart of our deepest experience.

Again, imagination is not a mere decorative faculty; it sees and creates beauty, but it does not adorn superficially. Its beauty is unfolded from the heart. It is not a faculty for fantastic or fictitious visions. Its highest characteristic is depth of insight. It must not be judged by its perversions and diseases, or by its lower functions, but by its highest and noblest characteristics. Its climax is not the literal fact, but truth. It never acts apart from truth. It is the faculty of all faculties that deals with the heart of things and the heart of man.

Again, imagination is not mere composition. Some one has said that man has the power to arrange and adjust his ideas, subordinate one and accentuate another; but this power he does not have over Nature. This arranging is, however, rather composition than imagination. When the arrangement is such as to manifest the ideal, when it is a spontaneous creation, it may be imaginative; but the imagination never acts mechanically. It does not construct and build; it gives life that unfolds itself in growth.

"Fancy," says Ruskin, "as she stays at the externals, can never feel. She is one of the hardest-hearted of the intellectual faculties, or rather one of the most purely and simply intellectual. She cannot be made serious, — no edge-tools but she will play with; whereas the imagination is in all things the reverse. She cannot be but serious; she sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, too earnestly, ever to smile. There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at."

The imagination is of all faculties most capable of abuse. It must be trained to use the material of real knowledge. There must be no sickly desire to run away from simple facts to that which is extravagant, unnatural, and untrue.

The imagination has much to do with moral life and character, and is kept from abuse by a perception of the true spirit of all things, by the moral and intellectual balance of the whole man; again, the imagination is kept normal by careful observation and thorough investigation. One of the worst abuses is calling upon it for facts as a substitute for hard work and earnest study to find the truth. "The gentleman calls upon his imagination for his facts and his memory for his tropes" was a witty reference to the perversion of each faculty. Lastly, man's creative powers are kept strong and true by constant study of the best poetry and art.

Some think that imagination must create some kind of ideal conception without materials for such a poem as Psalm xlvi. But true imagination finds the specific situation and the historical occasion as far as possible, and founds its creations upon truth. The situation is supposed by many of the best scholars to be after the destruction of the Assyrian hosts of Sennacherib.

The true reader will first study this great event, and his imagination out of the dry facts will create a living scene, and cause him to stand on the morning after that great relief and feel with those who poured forth their thanksgiving in such a noble ode.

THE GREAT DELIVERANCE.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear though the earth be shaken ;
Though the mountains tremble on their bases in the heart of the seas.
Let the waters roar and foam !
Let the mountains shake before their waves !

There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the dwellings of the Most High !
God is in her midst ; she shall not be moved.
God shall help her, with the morning dawn.
The nations raged ; their kingdoms were moved against us ;
He uttered His voice, and the earth melted with fear !
The Lord of Hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the deeds of Jehovah,
What wondrous things He has done in the earth ;
He makes wars to cease to the end of the earth !
He breaks the bow ; He snaps the spear asunder;
He burns the war chariot in the fire !

" Be still, and know that I am God ;
I will be exalted among the nations !
I will be exalted in the earth."
The Lord of Hosts is with us ;
The God of Jacob is our refuge. *Psalm xlvi.*

The imagination is kept from abuse by contact with the grandest and noblest art. The artist must not only live in contact with masterpieces in his own special form of art, but he also needs to study the masterpieces in other forms of art. The true painter will study also good music, as the architect will study to appreciate sculpture, or the public reader or actor endeavor to appreciate painting.

The advice of Longfellow to Mary Anderson was: " Every day look upon some beautiful picture, read some beautiful poem, hear some beautiful piece of music." This not only develops the

imagination, but keeps it active and normal, and prevents those diseases of the imagination some of which are the most fearful that afflict the human mind.

FROM THE DEFENCE OF POETRY.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar; it reproduces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward, in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thought and actions with which it coexists. The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices whose void forever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb.

Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odour and the colour of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendour of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave, and what were our aspirations beyond it, — if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar?

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and

feeling sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression : so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot be but pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sands which pave it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination ; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, — an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hue of this ethereal world ; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world ; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide, — abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Shelley.

IN THE STORM.

A WILD rough night : and through the gloomy gray
One sees the blackness of the headland grow ;
One sees the whiteness of the upflung spray,
The whiteness of the breakers down below.

A wild wild night : and on the shingly rim
The furious sea-surge roars and frets and rives ;
And far away those black specks, growing dim,
Are tossing with their freights of human lives.

And all the while upon the silent height
The strong white star, beneath the starless sky,
Shines through the dimness of the troubled night,
Shines motionless while the vexed winds hoot by.

O steadfast light! across dark miles of sea
How many straining eyes whence sleep is chased
Are watching through the midnight-storm for thee,
Large glimmering through the haze to the gray waste!

And in the night, fond mothers, scared awake,
And lonely wives, pushing the blind aside,
See thee, and bless thee for their sailor's sake,
And thank God thou art there, the dear ship's guide.

O strong calm star! so watching night by night
And hour by hour, when storm-winds are astir,
They find thee changeless with thy patient light,
A beacon to the sea-tossed wanderer.

O strong and patient! Once upon my life
Shone such a star; and when the trouble wave
Reached me, and I grew faint with tempest strife,
Through all I saw that hope-star, and was brave.

O my lost star! my star that was to me
Instead of sunlight that the happy know!
O weary way upon life's trackless sea!
And through the gloom there shines no beacon glow.

Augusta Webster.

XVIII. KNOWLEDGE AND EXPRESSION.

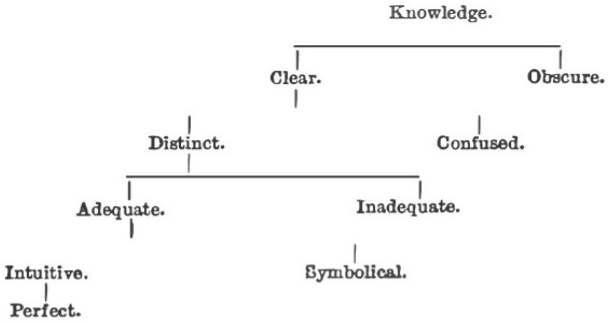
KNOWLEDGE has many degrees of definiteness. Many persons are content with vague ideas of the most common objects around them, as well as of all departments of science, literature, and art. Ask one of these whether he has a love for Shakespeare or not: "Why, of course!" yet he never gave it a thought. He loves poetry as a matter "of course," while he really has only a vague comprehension of what literature is, and no especial love for any author.

Literature is often studied historically, and no love is awakened for any one work. The spirit is not felt, the imagination is not awakened. Authors are but names, poems little more than words. Our understanding of a poem, oration, essay, or story should have the characteristics of perfect knowledge. For an appreciation of poetry or literature it is necessary to have a thorough understanding of the ideas beneath the words; for such an understanding is the basis of imaginative creation and sympathetic assimilation.

Such understanding is especially necessary to vocal expression. No man can express what he does not understand. He must not only understand the meaning of a phrase, — he must have in his mind a definite, ideal presence of which expression is simply the manifestation. The mere repetition of words is not expression. There must be distinct impression, and adequate and definite feeling, before there can be any truth or completeness of expression.

For more than a hundred years the basis of all studies on the relative perfection of knowledge has been an essay by Leibnitz. This essay is more or less obscure and difficult to understand. Professor Jevons has given an abridgment or illustration of it in his "Logic." So important is the subject to every student of vocal expression, that a few passages are selected for special study in relation to expression.

KNOWLEDGE is either obscure or clear; either confused or distinct; either adequate or inadequate; and lastly either symbolical or intuitive. Perfect knowledge must be clear, distinct, adequate, and intuitive; if it fails in any one of these respects it is more or less *imperfect*. We may, therefore, classify knowledge as in the following scheme: —



A notion, that is to say our knowledge of a thing, is *obscure* when it does not enable us to recognize the thing again and discriminate it from all other things. We have a clear notion of a rose and of most common flowers, because we can recognize them with certainty, and do not confuse them with each other. A shepherd acquires by practice a clear notion of each sheep of his flock, so as to enable him to single out any one separately.

Clear knowledge, again, is *confused* when we cannot distinguish the parts and qualities of the thing known, and can only recognize it as a

whole. Though any one instantly knows a friend, and could discriminate him from all other persons, yet he would generally find it impossible to say how he knows him, or by what marks. He could not describe his figure or features but in the very roughest manner. A person unpractised in drawing, who attempts to delineate even such a familiar object as a horse or cow, soon finds that he has but a confused notion of its form, while an artist has a distinct idea of the form of every limb.

To have *adequate* knowledge of things, we must not only distinguish the parts which make up our notion of a thing, but the parts which make up those parts. To be completely adequate, our knowledge ought to admit of analysis after analysis *ad infinitum;* so that adequate knowledge would be impossible. But we may consider any knowledge adequate which carries the analysis sufficiently far for the purpose in view. A mechanist, for instance, has adequate knowledge of a machine if he not only know its several wheels and parts, but the purposes, materials, forms, and actions of those parts, — provided again that he knows all the mechanical properties of the materials, and the geometrical properties of the forms which may influence the working of the machine; but he is not expected to go on still further and explain why iron or wood of a particular quality is strong or brittle, why oil acts as a lubricator, or on what axioms the principles of mechanical forces are founded.

Lastly, we must notice the very important distinction of *symbolical* and *intuitive* knowledge. From the original meaning of the word, *intuitive* would denote that which we gain by seeing (Latin, *intueor*, to look at); and any knowledge which we have directly through the senses, or by immediate communication to the mind, is called *intuitive*. Thus we may learn intuitively what a square or a hexagon is, but hardly what a chiliagon, or figure of 1000 sides, is. We could not tell the difference by sight of a figure of 1000 sides and a figure of 1001 sides. Nor can we imagine any such figure completely before the mind. It is known to us only by name, or symbolically. All large numbers, — such as those which state the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second), the distance of the sun (91,000,000 miles), and the like, — are known to us only by symbols, and they are beyond our powers of imagination.

Whenever in common life we use words without having in mind at the moment their full and precise meaning, we possess symbolical knowledge only.

There is no worse habit for a student or reader to acquire than that of accepting words instead of a knowledge of things. It is perhaps worse than useless to read a work on natural history about Infusoria, Foraminifera, Rotifera, and the like, if these names do not convey clear images

to the mind. Nor can a student who has not witnessed experiments, and examined the substances with his own eyes, derive any considerable advantage from works on chemistry and natural philosophy, where he will meet with hundreds of new terms which would be to him mere empty and confusing signs. On this account we should lose no opportunity of acquainting ourselves, by means of our senses, with the forms, properties, and changes of things, in order that the language we employ may, as far as possible, be employed *intuitively*, and we may be saved from the absurdities and fallacies into which we might otherwise fall.

The application of this to vocal expression is not difficult. A student in preparing for recitation learns his words, and thinks he is ready. There has been little or no meditation over the ideas; his knowledge, if he has any, is in a symbolic, not in an intuitive, state. He has a mere acquisition of terms; the ideas beneath are vague and inadequate, and of course expression must consequently be imperfect.

Effect follows adequate cause. The source of noble expression is thorough knowledge.

The application of these principles to imagination and feeling is of special importance in expression, because the depth and accuracy of knowledge results in adequate and definite feeling. True feeling is a response to knowledge, and true imaginative activity is founded upon accuracy of observation and knowledge. Men may, of course, have very definite knowledge, and discipline themselves to repress all imagination and emotion; but where there is a sympathetic study of a subject in relation to expression, not only is adequate knowledge secured, but vague emotions are intercepted and feeling grows definite. The imagination becomes dominated by the ideas, and changes with every change and point of view.

The distinction between symbolic and intuitive knowledge, and the superiority of the latter, are most important to expression. All imaginative action is intuitive. All true, intuitive conception in speaking is an incentive to right emotion.

No one should be called upon to read that which has not passed into the realm of intuitive knowledge. This principle applies in every case. Man can express only what he adequately understands. A student must be led gradually to secure perfect and

intuitive knowledge of literature, and deeper and truer emotions and fuller expression.

On the other hand, the student must be given literature which demands intellectual effort for its comprehension. He must be encouraged to meditate upon great literature.

The necessity of adequate knowledge for truthful expression may be illustrated by Browning's monologue, "A Woman's Last Word." If one begins to read this without a clear conception of the whole, receiving ideas simply as they happen to come to the mind, expression will be vague. Here and there may be a clear idea, but there is no adequate expression of the whole. The poem requires a complete comprehension of the whole situation, before a single phrase can be realized imaginatively.

A woman is represented as talking to her husband, who has insisted upon her disclosing to him some event in her past life. She feels that she cannot make clear her love for another, and that to talk about it will create only misunderstanding. The poem is her speech, — a yielding, but with a request for postponement. With this knowledge gained, the conception of the poem grows clearer; then, and not till then, does the imaginative action of the poem begin. The reader can now secure an intuitive and imaginative point of view, and a conception of the poem adequate to expression.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

LET 's contend no more, Love, strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love, — only sleep!
What so wild as words are? I and thou
In debate, as birds are, — hawk on bough!
See the creature stalking while we speak!
Hush and hide the talking, cheek on cheek!
What so false as truth is, false to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is, shun the tree —
Where the apple reddens, never pry —
Lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I.
Be a god, and hold me with a charm!
Be a man, and fold me with thine arm!
Teach me, only teach, Love! As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love, think thy thought —

Meet, if thou require it, both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands.
That shall be to-morrow, not to-night:
I must bury sorrow out of sight, —
Must a little weep, Love, (Foolish me!),
And so fall asleep, Love, loved by thee.

Browning.

PROBLEM XIX. *Read passages with different degrees of vividness and clearness of ideas, and note the fact that the imagination is more active and feeling more responsive in proportion to the mastery of the thought and definiteness of the understanding.*

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight land — in No-man's land —
Two hungry Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

T. B. Aldrich.

XIX. DEVELOPMENT OF IMAGINATION.

WHILE the imagination is a creative faculty, whose subtle processes defy analysis, still it must have material with which to act. There must exist in the mind an ample store of apperceptions, of ideal forms and beautiful images, as a basis for activity.

Such material the imagination cannot create for itself. It must come from experience, from a sympathetic and careful observation of Nature, art, and science.

Nature is one source whence it may be drawn. All poets, all artists, have a deep love for Nature. Admiration and wonder are born in each child; when wonder is lost, all teachableness, all receptivity, all hope and faith are lost. The first objects upon which the imagination is exercised is wondering admiration for trees and flowers, birds and brooks, skies and clouds. The imagination makes them live and move. Nature plays a part in

the education of man; she calls forth and complements his spirit. A love of Nature is spontaneous. The child longs to be out of doors. An education that warps this affection for Nature is radically wrong.

Next in importance to the development of a genuine love for Nature comes the study of painting, sculpture, and music. Art is the interpretation of Nature; and it is only by a co-ordinate study of art and Nature that we can awaken a true love of Nature on the one hand, or of art on the other. Art has a specific language for each of its forms or manifestations, and every human being must be trained to read all these languages. Each art-work awakens a peculiar action of the imagination in its creator, and also in the one who simply appreciates and learns to love it. Every one should endeavor to develop the power to think pictorially, so as to appreciate painting; or to think plastically, so as to appreciate sculpture. In short, every imagination should be trained to respond to a true painting, to a noble statue, to an artistic building, and to every great art-work.

The one form of art which every person can carry with him is literature; and primary dependence for the awakening of the imagination in most persons must be placed upon poetry and the works of great authors.

Literature complemented by the other arts furnishes the highest study and interpretation of Nature and humanity. With poetry, the imagination of the race is forever intertwined. It is at once the highest creation of the imagination and the most necessary food for its development.

The one author who is especially helpful in the interpretation of Nature, not only in youth but in old age, is Wordsworth. He should be carefully studied by all students of vocal expression. He brings imagination to little things; uses simple words; has no sentimental sadness, no exaggerated and abnormal passion; and gives little temptation to declamation.

Observe the simplicity of his insight, and the truthfulness and beauty of his expression in this simple contemplation of two mountain summits, yet how forcibly he holds our attention, quickens our imagination, and stirs our feelings.

"THOSE lusty twins," exclaimed our host, "if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soon become
Your prized companions. Many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores;
And well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concert — chiefly when the storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast,
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails;
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting. Nor have Nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice: the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, — all come thither, touch,
And have an answer — thither come, and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits: there the sun himself,
At the calm close of summer's longest day
Rests his substantial orb; between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud."

Wordsworth.

The one supreme author for the study of human nature is Shakespeare. His works must be the chief text-book for all students of expression.

To repeat again the principle upon which these lessons are founded, *art must be studied as art and by means of art.* Hence, to develop the imagination, to secure a true appreciation of any literary work, there must be earnest study and practice to render the highest products of the artistic nature by the voice. The most natural language, that of the voice, must be exercised to give expression to the noblest forms of poetry and literature.

Professor Shairp has some valuable suggestions to poets which

apply with equal force to every kind of artist, and especially to the reader, the actor, or the speaker. "The imagination," he says, "must have a large store of material on which to work; this it cannot create for itself. From other regions it must be gathered, — from a wealth of mind in the poet himself; from large experience of life and intimate knowledge of Nature; from the exercise of his heart, his judgment, his reflection, indeed of his whole being, on all he has seen and felt. In fact, a great poet must be a man made wise by large experience, much feeling, and deep reflection: above all, he must have a hold of the great central truth of things. When these many conditions are present, then and then only can his imagination work widely, benignly, and for all time; then only can the poet become a

"'Serene creator of immortal things.'"

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND OF POWER.

In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend and often do so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is, first, the literature of *knowledge;* and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely, it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls *dry* light; but proximately it does and must operate, else it ceases to be a literature of *power*, on and through that *humid* light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering *iris* of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature, as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honourable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high plane in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists externally by way of germ or latent principle in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but

never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth; namely, *power* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of Heaven: the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed.

A purpose of the same nature is answered by the higher literature; namely, the literature of power. What do you learn from Paradise Lost? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe, is *power*, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards — a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas, the very *first* step in power is a flight, — is an ascending into another element, where earth is forgotten.

Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it re-combines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contra-distinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. . . . The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that *moves*; or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by*

moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a *provisional* work, — a book upon trial and sufferance. Let its teaching be even partially revised; let it be but expanded, — nay even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, — and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in the literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable amongst men. For instance, the 'Principia' of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence, — first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat is over, as regards its form or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the Iliad, the Prometheus of Æschylus, the Othello or King Lear, the Hamlet or Macbeth, and the Paradise Lost are not militant, but triumphant forever as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce *these* in new forms or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better; but one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo. These things are not separated by imparity, but by disparity; they are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of Nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less, — they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, nor be reflected in the mirror of copies, nor become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison. . . . At this hour, five hundred years since their creation, the tales of Chaucer, never equalled on this earth for their tenderness and for life of picturesqueness, are read familiarly by many in the charming language of their natal day, and by others in the modernizations of Dryden, of Pope, and Wordsworth. At this hour, one thousand eight hundred years since their creation, the Pagan tales of Ovid, never equalled on this earth for the gayety of their movement and the capricious graces of their narrative, are read by all Christendom. This

man's people and their monuments are dust; but *he* is alive: he has survived them, as he told us that he had it in his commission to do, by a thousand years, — "and *shall* a thousand more."

All the literature of knowledge builds only ground-nests, that are swept away by floods or confounded by the plough; but the literature of power builds nests in aërial altitudes of temples sacred from violation, or of forests inaccessible to fraud. *This* is a great prerogative of the *power* literature; and it is a greater which lies in the mode of its influence. The *knowledge* literature, like the fashion of this world, passeth away. An Encyclopædia is its abstract; and in this respect it may be taken for its speaking symbol, that, before one generation has passed, an Encyclopædia is superannuated; for it speaks through the dead memory and unimpassioned understanding, which have not the *rest* of higher faculties, but are continually enlarging and varying their phylacteries. But all literature, properly so called — literature "κατ' ἐξοχήν," for the very same reason that it is so much more durable than the literature of knowledge — is (and by the very same proportion it is) more intense and electrically searching in its impressions. The directions in which the tragedy of this planet has trained our human feelings to play, and the combinations into which the poetry of this planet has thrown our human passions of love and hatred, or admiration and contempt, exercise a power bad or good over human life that cannot be contemplated, when stretching through many generations, without a sentiment allied to awe. And of this let every one be assured, — that he owes to the impassioned books which he has read many a thousand more of emotions than he can consciously trace back to them. Dim by their origination, these emotions yet arise in him, and mould him through life like the forgotten incidents of childhood.

De Quincey

BUT who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,—
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand.

— Come thither in thy hour of strength;
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon his grave.

A Poet's Epitaph. *Wordsworth.*

XX. VOCAL MANIFESTATIONS OF IMAGINATION: TOUCH

THE modulations of the voice are few and simple, — pause, inflection, change of pitch, touch, texture, and tone-color.

These may seem at first inadequate; but when we study the other arts, we find that the means of expression are always few and simple. There are but three colors; and these, with light and shade, and possibly the addition of line, are the painter's means of representing the infinite complexity of light and color, form and texture in Nature. Vocal expression, therefore, in having but a few simple elements, or means of expression, shares the character of all other arts.

The question arises, What are the peculiar effects of the imagination upon these vocal modulations?

All of these elements are used by the different powers of the man. But there are certain of these elements, such as inflection, which have a more immediate relationship to thinking and the intellect. Certain others, such as color and texture, have a more intimate relation with feeling. All these elements have a specific meaning and function; but they are used simultaneously, and for the revelation of the whole man.

What is the difference between the use of these elements in giving expression to ordinary thinking and in the expression of higher imaginative action and feeling?

Ordinary thinking accentuates them, enlarges them. Imagination tends to use them more delicately. Ordinary thinking expresses or emphasizes an idea by making a point salient, by making an inflection or a change of pitch longer, by giving a touch more force; but the imagination expresses itself more by a sympathetic modulation of the whole. As imagination relates ideas to each other, so it sympathetically relates and brings into unity very diverse vocal modulations. Ordinary thinking uses an inflection consciously, and with great deliberation; the imagination modulates the voice more spontaneously and unconsciously. Imagination makes all technique more transparent; brings the modulations nearer the soul, the execution nearer the feeling, so that all technical means are more concealed. Reason emphasizes more by isolation.

The imagination is the faculty that deals with relations. If a book and a hat be placed upon a sofa, and an unimaginative painter asked to paint them, he will make a study with each in more or less isolation,— simply presenting facts clearly and definitely. But the imaginative painter will look through the mere isolated facts concerning each object, and find a mystic kinship or connecting idea, and paint a picture full of expression.

The chief language of imagination is the refinement and harmonious co-operation of all the modulations of the voice.

There are, however, certain peculiar intimacies between the imagination and some modulations of the voice. One of these is *touch;* as has been shown, the imagination excludes everything that is crude or exaggerated, and uses that which is more subtle and simple. Touch is especially liable to be perverted by mere mechanical or muscular use of the voice. Besides, touch is the most immediate and direct effect of force upon the voice; and as imagination is spontaneous and immediate in its action, its presence always gives delicacy, decision, and definiteness to the vocal touch. These qualities of touch also, when present, tend to awaken the imagination of the auditor.

While imagination renders the touch delicate, it must not be understood that there is consequently a lack of force. Notice the intensity and decision of the touch, in the following extract: —

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Self-Dependence. *Arnold.*

Thus it is not alone in the delicacy and decision of the touch that imagination reveals itself, but in the variety of the modulations of the touch which imagination causes. Sometimes there is a very important representative element in the touch; for instance, notice the difference between the touch in these two illustrations: —

Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned thro' the pine-tree roof, here burned and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

Browning.

Of a sudden the sun shone large and bright,
As if he were staying away the night;
And the rain on the river fell as sweet
As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

Alice Cary.

Problem XX. *Give a decided but delicate touch with the voice which will be as suggestive as the brush-stroke of the greatest painter.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and solemn night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed — for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

O strange indifference! — low and high
Drows'd over common joys and cares:
The earth was still — but knew not why;
The world was listening — unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

Domett

THE night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies with the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes, and the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies when love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon

XXI. VOCAL MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: PAUSE.

ANOTHER most dignified and important means of expression is pause. It shows the action of the mind as receiving an idea. It is the mind taking time to weigh and deeply realize the truth which it is to express. The absence of pauses denotes superficiality and lack of feeling. In proportion to the dignity and weight of the reading, the intensity and depth in the action of all the faculties of thought and feeling will be greater in number and length. Pause is one of the most dignified modes of expression.

Hence, as the imagination gives an exalted action of the mind, and is always associated with noble feeling and a living energy of all the faculties, there is a greater tendency to use pauses when there is action of the imagination than in the expression of ordinary thinking. The pauses are needed to give the mind time for depth of insight, and also to give both speaker and hearer time to create, appreciate, and feel the complex ideas and situations.

Moreover, imagination is contemplative; and contemplation requires time. Again, the imagination is reposeful; it does not didactically dominate, but sympathetically awakens attention. For these and many other reasons, actions of the imagination are especially associated with periods of silence.

I GO to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

Browning.

Thus, pause is a special means of manifesting the imaginative action. As silence is the most dignified form of revealing mental

activity, and as the imagination is associated with every struggle to express the ideal or deep realization in thought, so, as the most ideal action of the mind, it requires the most ideal and simple as well as subtle methods of emphasis, and the most exalted and noble modes of expression.

I HAVE heard the long roar and surge of History, wave after wave, — as of the never-ending surf along the immense coast-line of West Africa.

I heard the world-old cry of the down-trodden and outcast: I saw them advancing always to victory.

I saw the red light from the guns of established order and precedent, — the lines of defence and the bodies of the besiegers rolling in dust and blood, yet more and ever more behind.

And high over the inmost citadel I saw magnificent, and beckoning ever to the besiegers, and the defenders ever inspiring, the cause of all that never-ending war,

The form of Freedom stand.

The Age-long War. **Carpenter.**

WORLD-STRANGENESS.

STRANGE the world about me lies, never yet familiar grown, —
Still disturbs me with surprise, haunts me like a face half known.
In this house with starry dome, floored with gem-like plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home, never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray, yet my Host can ne'er espy;
And I know not to this day whether guest or captive I.
So between the starry dome and the floor of plains and seas
I have never felt at home, never wholly been at ease.

William Watson.

IN my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry before him came into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and thick darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly: yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his hiding-place, his pavilion round about him; darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Most High uttered his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters

appeared, and the foundations of the earth were laid bare, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He sent from on high, he took me; he drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me; for they were too mighty for me. They came upon me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

From Psalm xviii.

XXII. VOCAL MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: TONE-COLOR.

One of the chief means by which imagination manifests its activity through the voice is in the modulation of the texture and resonance of tone. The delicate modulation of pure tone by imagination and feeling may be named tone-color.

The color of the voice is wholly distinct from inflection. Inflection and changes of pitch are elements of form; but tone-color has respect to the modulation of the quality and resonance. Inflectional modulation for the most part, as has been shown, manifests the logical relation of ideas. Inflection shows the rational action of the mind; but tone-color manifests imaginative and emotional relations.

There is an important difference between quality and color of the voice. There are legitimate qualities, — such as purity, mellowness, resonance, and openness, — which are always present in good tone; and, on the other hand, there are illegitimate qualities of voice, such as nasality, throatiness, or flatness. These are faults, and should never be used in noble expression. Tone-color is the emotional modulation of good tone. Nasality is a quality but not a color of the voice. A nasal or throaty voice can hardly be colored by emotion. In fact, the voice must be made pure, free, open, resonant, and elastic by training before there can be any mastery or practice of tone-color in vocal expression.

This principle, which is a fundamental one in all vocal expression, has been violated by many "systems." The complete failure to recognize tone-color, and the perversion of inflection, the use of abnormal qualities and stresses to express emotion, have been the chief factors in degrading elocution, and in making it the slave of the lowest forms of literature. Until this fact is recog-

nized, discussion of the nature and action of the imagination in relation to vocal expression is useless.

According to the mechanical system, only a few emotions can be expressed by pure tone; while according to the singer's, pure tone must be used in the expression of all noble emotion. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one that in all fine oratory and acting, the principles held by the leading teachers of song have been consciously or unconsciously obeyed. All noble emotions in any true vocal art manifest themselves through modulations of normal tone. It is only in the expression of secrecy of an abnormal type, and of the very lowest forms of anger, that an aspirate or throaty or nasal tone is used; and even in these cases it must only be suggested.

Every emotion has a distinct modulation of voice peculiar to itself. Joy has one color, love another, and patriotism still another. The elimination of abnormal qualities of voice as elements in vocal expression makes possible a greater, more delicate, and more natural variation of the voice, as well as truer expression.

Emotion modulates the color and texture of the voice, because it modifies or modulates the texture of the muscles of the body. It is the vibration of the muscles of the body which is chiefly concerned in producing the resonance of the voice. Any modulation of this muscular texture will therefore modulate the tone. In one emotion the muscular texture is firm; in another, soft and plastic. We see this in the face and in the hand. Instruments have been invented to measure the effect of the diffusion of emotion through the body. In this nervous diffusion and emotional vibration will be found the scientific explanation of the complex and beautiful modulations of tone in those whose imaginations and voices have been cultivated.

In a well-trained voice all parts of the body are brought into sympathy and co-ordination. The emotional activity centres in the diaphragm and the muscles controlling breath. Thus in a good voice the whole body is attuned like a vocal instrument, and emotion causes a sympathetic vibratory response.

Sound is vibration, and anything that interferes or changes the vibration modifies the sound. The kind of timber used in a piano

or violin affects its tone. A tuner, after tuning a piano, may find one key where there is something wrong. He will examine the piano, and find that the cause is in some loose panel or screw, or in the presence of some foreign substance. If a mechanical instrument like a piano is so sensitive, how much more responsive must be an organic, living body, every part of which is in sympathetic relationship, and in fact a vital portion of a muscular and nervous system!

Tone-color is the pleasing and ideal element in vocal expression. It is the most poetic and imaginative. It reveals the highest and most delicate feeling. It discloses the mystic depth of the soul.

Resonance is often confounded with pitch. People desire low voices. Really, the desire is not for pitch, but for resonance. The sense of resonance and tone-color is rare, and must be developed.

The development of tone-color belongs rather to vocal training; but it is so important and so much neglected that it must receive some attention in this connection.

The most simple course is to read imaginative and emotional lyrics as simply as possible, beginning with joy and love, admiration of Nature, or some noble emotion. Noble emotion develops the nobler qualities of the voice. Husky tones and other imperfections may in a great measure be corrected by the right practice of joyous lyrics, such as Wordsworth's "Cuckoo."

Another method is to practise reading such short extracts as are found at the close of this lesson, in contrast with each other. Give joy in contrast with sorrow, and make the difference as delicate and as true as possible. The student must be able to define clearly twenty or thirty emotions without changing from the noble and normal qualities of his voice. At first, he will think it impossible to show so many differences; but after practice and right control over his voice, he will discover that he can discriminate a larger number, and that the human voice is capable of indicating every shade of feeling.

In such practice it is essential that constrictions, such as nasality and hardness, be removed from the voice. The tone must be round and smooth. The voice must be "placed."

In such practice, it is far better to use poetic and imaginative extracts, because tone-color is ideal and refined, and reveals the imaginative nature. Where there is no feeling, there can of course be no tone-color. Those who speak invariably in a cold and neutral manner, without imaginative response, or without allowing the imagination to dominate the feeling, have, of course, no tone-color. The voice itself may be naturally resonant, but tone-color be wholly lacking. Tone-color is the imaginative and emotional modulation of the resonance of the voice.

Work upon tone-color not only trains the power to distinguish subtleties, but it also tends to develop the imagination. Development of the imagination and of tone-color should go together.

PROBLEM XXI. *Arrange twenty to thirty short extracts or lines, each with different emotion, and render them truthfully by the voice.*

SING loud, O bird in the tree! O bird, sing loud in the sky!
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas! there are none of you glad as I.

LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon Eternity and encompassed by Eternity. *Carlyle.*

DAY is dying! Float, O song, down the westward river!
Requiems chanting to the Day — Day, the mighty Giver.

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair, and Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there would grace a summer queen.

STILL, through our paltry stir and strife glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life carves in the marble Real.
Lowell.

OH! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

HIGHER still and higher from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

THE last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free.

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free:
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Scott.

MARCH to the battle-field! the foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield, and heaven is shining o'er us.

O'Meara.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

AH! that lady of the villa — and I loved her so —
Near the city of Sevilla — years and years ago.

Waller.

NEVER pay any attention to the understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of the mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else.

WHAT ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine!

I COULD not love thee half so much, loved I not honour more.

THE mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has press'd in their bloom; and the names he loved to hear have been carved for many a year on the tomb.

Holmes.

ONE morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

A SONG, oh a song for the merry May!
The cows in the meadow, the lambs at play,
A chorus of birds in the maple-tree,
And a world in blossom for you and me.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

AH, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Whittier.

UP! comrades, up! in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

BACK, ruffians! back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead.

NO ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new;
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Emerson.

SHALL I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? Or my cheeks make pale with care 'cause another's rosy are? Be she fairer than the day, or the flowery meads in May — if she be not so to me, what care I how fair she be?

George Wither.

HENCE! home, you idle creatures! get you home!

WE can show you where he lies, fleet of foot, and tall of size;
You shall see him brought to bay: waken, lords and ladies gay.

The Hunters. *Scott.*

AND so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me on ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care.

MODEST and shy as a nun is she; one weak chirp is her only note:
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, pouring boasts from his little throat.

— WAKE! oh, wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

Mont Blanc. *Coleridge.*

OH, and proudly stood she up! Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes, and told him all her nurse's tale.

THE silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.

Emerson.

OUR birds of song are silent now; few are the flowers blooming;
Yet life is in the frozen bough, and Freedom's Spring is coming.

Massey.

PROBLEM XXII. *Select short extracts with subtle changes in the imaginative conception and feeling, and naturally reveal these by the color and texture of the voice.*

FIRM-PACED and slow, a horrid front they form, —
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!

WITH foreheads unruffled the conquerors come — but why have they muffled the lance and the drum? . . . Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay! in bridal adorning the star of the day: now weep for the lover, — his triumph is sped; his hope it is over! the chieftain is dead! But, oh for the maiden who mourns for that chief, . . . she sinks on the meadow, — in one morning-tide a wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

CHANGE as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Black-eyed Susan. *Gay.*

I 'VE wandered east, I 've wandered west, through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget the love of life's young day.

Motherwell.

I TOLD her how he pined: and ah! the deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, interpreted my own.

TOO low they build who build below the stars.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*, the youth replies, *I can.*

Emerson.

IMAGINATION AND DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

THE bee to the heather, the lark to the sky, the roe to the greenwood, and whither shall I? Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! so sweet to the bee are the moorland and heather by Cannock and Leigh! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! o'er Teddesley Park the sunny sky scatters the notes of the lark! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! in Beaudesert glade the roes toss their antlers for joy of the shade! But Alice, dear Alice! glade, moorland, nor sky without you can content me, and whither shall I? *Sir Henry Taylor.*

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your Voice as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a Voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

Coleridge.

SONG.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, that dost not bite so nigh as benefits forgot: though thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp, as friend remembered not.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly: most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: then, heigh, ho! the holly! this life is most jolly. *Shakespeare.*

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, fond Memory brings the light of other days around me: the smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, the words of love then spoken; the eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so link'd together I've seen around me fall like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone some ban-

quet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

Moore.

WHERE sweeps round the mountains the cloud on the gale, and streams from their fountains leap into the vale, — like frighted deer leap when the storm with his pack rides over the steep in the wild torrent's track, — even there my free home is; there watch I the flocks wander white as the foam is on stairways of rocks. Secure in the gorge there in freedom we sing, and laugh at King George, where the Eagle is king.

Wild Wagoner of the Alleghanies. *Buchanan Read.*

XXIII. MANIFESTATION OF IMAGINATION: CHANGE OF PITCH.

CHANGE of pitch is one of the most fundamental of all modulations of the voice. It is a universal characteristic of naturalness; there is in fact a change of pitch between every word in conversation. Change of pitch is one of the first effects of thinking, over the voice.

There is, however, an unusual change of pitch which might be called change of key, that is very imaginative. It suggests a similar effect to that of light and shade.

Observe, for example, in the following extract, how the voice distinguishes between each of the pictures by both color and pitch, in proportion to the vividness and character of the picture of each successive object or scene. How widely different is the picture of the river from that of the brook, and of both from the ocean! But when we come to the predication of all these pictures, there is a much greater change of pitch, with corresponding changes in the texture and color.

THE hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

Bryant.

Such changes as these are especially important in deep feeling; and while intense emotion calls for an increase of tone-color and texture, yet the change of pitch and the touch are especially important from the fact that they manifest volitional control over the emotion. Whenever there is a tendency to drift in feeling, the true imaginative touch, which is always radical, tends to drift into a meaningless swell, or a so-called medium stress; while the changes of pitch become merely passive drops of the voice, which tend, on being exaggerated, to sing-song.

There is one peculiarity about changes of pitch: they are not regular or rhythmic in natural expression. Rhythm is the regulation or continuity of force, and is always normally manifested through touch; whenever there is a rhythmic modulation of inflection or changes of pitch, we have an elimination of thinking in all its forms and a sing-song melody. Force is acting without being dominated by thinking; the feeling is acting without being stimulated by the mental pictures. For this reason, there should be practice especially of change of pitch as directly expressive of the imaginative action of the mind.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said;
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue, —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place, —
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

XXIV. INTENSITY AND REPOSE.

ARE there any general qualities or characteristics which show the presence of the imagination, or any peculiarities which show its absence in different forms of art, but especially in vocal expression?

When there is absence of imagination, there is a tendency merely to reproduce facts. Imagination breathes the life of personality into art; it unites the feeling and the fact. Absence of imagination is denoted by labor, by stiltedness, by loudness, by any crude modulation of the voice, by sudden and violent changes, by extravagant surprises of any kind; the presence of imagination is noted by directness and simplicity, by unity in the midst of the most complex elements, by great variation and naturalness in the modulations of the voice, by a sense of hidden life and mystery, by a sympathetic response and co-operation of the powers of the whole man. Absence of imagination is indicated by the use of only one modulation of the voice at the expense of the others; by the use of volitional, deliberative, or conscious force; by self-consciousness, and by a lack of natural vocabulary. Imagination brings a large vocabulary of the modulations of the voice, freedom from self-consciousness, with ease and naturalness.

Among the many qualities of expression which are characteristic of imagination may be mentioned intensity.

Intensity is in proportion to the activity at the centre. It proceeds from control without destruction, the retention or the reserve of the excitement which any emotion arouses without repressing it. Steam is intense in proportion to its compression

or confinement, and so with emotion. If there is no control over emotion, if the reader passively surrenders himself to the first impulse, passion causes mere noise or outward motions, and runs to waste.

A normal human being is one whose thought and emotion are balanced by will. Thought without will or emotion is not natural, and nor is will or emotion without thought. In the strong man there is co-ordinate action of the three elemental powers of his being.

Hence, emotion naturally implies control. When emotion is controlled, its activity is diffused through the whole body. Emotion must especially affect the breathing, or the muscles regulating the breathing, so as to cause activity in the middle of the body. When the breath is elastically and naturally retained in connection with emotion, the least touch of the voice will have character and power. This is the primary characteristic of the right use of the voice, and of a modulation of the texture and color of the tone. With such a retention of breath, every modulation suggests situation, feeling, and imaginative action.

Weakness is the result of a want of intensity in the expression of emotion.

There are noble and ignoble elements in nearly every emotion. Sorrow, for example, may degenerate into a passive whine; but controlled, retained, and suggested, it awakens sympathy, and is noble and heroic. There are always two emotions which seem very much alike, but which are far apart. One is weak, and the other is strong. Brass may be so polished as to look like gold. Who can tell the difference between melted lead and melted silver? But the difference is brought out by time. Anger and indignation, sympathy and pity, excitement and hurry, intensity and nervousness, are only a few of the emotions too often confused with one another.

The chief difference between emotions so closely akin is in the element of imaginative, stimulous, and volitional control. Sorrow, for example, implies a struggle for control over a certain emotion, while sadness is a passive indulgence of possibly the same feeling. The difference in these emotions consists more or less in the atti-

tude of the man. In fact, expression does not always directly manifest the feeling, but rather displays the attitude of the man towards it, his victory over it, or his yielding to it. Hence, control of breath is the most fundamental agent in the control of passion, and the chief element in the expression of emotion. This is especially true of sorrow. It is the struggle to control sorrow that indicates the strong man. It is only a weak man who yields, and exhibits his tears and other effects of feeling. The strong man treasures his tears; he struggles with his breath until his voice is clear. Sorrow is thus an emotion which demands intensity and suggestiveness.

All emotion represents either a stage of cumulation and progression, or of retrogression and prostration. An emotion in its retrogressive or prostrate stage is indicative of weakness. Repose demands that emotion be expressed in a stage of accumulation and control. The steam that runs a locomotive is not merely the small amount that escapes in the piston. Steam has no power except from the energy of an accumulated and restrained mass behind that which is used.

Emotion in the speaker or reader awakens sympathy and a corresponding condition in the hearer, in proportion as its cause is suggested. No one can *give* an emotion to another: feeling can only be awakened; for the roused imagination of each hearer is the cause of his own emotion. It is for this reason that suggestion of the accumulation of emotion indicates strength, while an advertisement of exhaustion indicates weakness. In the expression of any emotion, the control or the retention of the condition, the sustaining of the cause, is most important.

There can be no laughter without control of breath. The activity given by the emotion to the respiratory muscles causes the laugh. An artistic or voluntary laugh is most difficult: few can laugh naturally before an audience. Few of the best actors have a good laugh. One explanation for this is the lack of control over breath, or the lack of the response of the vocal mechanism to imaginative feeling.

One who tells a comical story must have control over himself in order to have any effect upon others. There is a comical picture

called "A Good Story." One monk, with his hat on and an umbrella in his hand, sits erect with a smile on his face; the other monk lies back in his chair convulsed with laughter. It is easy to perceive which told the story. The emotion of the teller is one of joyous surprise at its effect upon the other. He has controlled his own feeling so as to dominate the emotion of his listener.

Intensity and repose, therefore, relate chiefly to the attitude of the man toward feeling and expression; to the control of, or the power to reserve and accumulate, emotion. They are secured when the man is able to sustain his intellectual or imaginative activity in such relation to his sensibility as to accumulate and yet direct feeling.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.
O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.
Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, his shadow — doomed, he goes:
That God is there the shadow shows.
O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
And, thou, O Land which no one knows!
That God is All, His shadow shows.

Plaint. *Elliott.*

Again, all emotion is expressed as ideally as possible. Of course, truthfulness or naturalness is a great law; but one may be weak and another strong. What is natural to a strong man may not be so to the weak one. Of course, art will choose what is natural to the strong rather than what is characteristic of the weak. A strong man, after losing his mother, does not go about whining and pouring out his tears and revealing his sorrow. He reserves it. His voice is more subdued; he speaks a little slower; he shows effort in controlling his breath. Natural dignity requires this. There is a fundamental impulse in sorrow to cause tears, and to agitate the breath and voice; but there is also an effort in the strong man to control it.

There is thus in the expression of all the emotions a conflict of tendencies. In heroic, patriotic, or sublime emotion, the natural

impulse is toward extravagance and declamation; but at the same time there is an inclination to reserve. There is spontaneous effort everywhere in humanity to sustain conditions, and expression must regard this.

Thus we find from our study of emotion that the first or wildest impulse need not be the dominant one. There is co-ordination of impulses in all true abandon. Contrary tendencies toward excitement and reserve must be properly balanced in order to gain the repose and intensity which characterize all noble expression.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'T WAS the day beside the Pyramids, — it seems but an hour ago, —
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares, returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men, *teach me the way to die!*"

'T was a little drummer, with his side torn terribly with shot;
But still he feebly beat his drum, as though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*

"My mother has got other sons, with stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France to pour out free as wine.
Yet still life 's sweet," the brave lad moaned, "fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*"

Oh, never saw I sight like that! The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow with a wet and bloody rag,
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel, but never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again, "*Teach me the way to die!*"

Then, with a shout that flew to God, they strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave, but slowly melt away.
The last who went — a wounded man — bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third *teach you the way to die!*"

Then, with a musket for a crutch, he leaped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip, had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum, a fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third *taught me the way to die!*"

They found him on the morrow, stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck, and closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third *taught him the way to die!*"

'T is forty years from then till now, the grave gapes at my feet;
Yet when I think of such a boy I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake, hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third, *teach me the way to die!*"

Thornbury.

XXV. SUGGESTION.

"THERE are," said Professor Monroe, "three great words in expression, — imagination, sympathy, and suggestion." The last of these is vitally connected with the other two.

Suggestion implies that all expression is only a hint, that truth and passion cannot be given adequately. Thought and feeling are subtle and spiritual, transcending all symbols. A word is but a conventional symbol, and all expression only an intimation. If we have seen an object, and have associated a word with it in common with others, the name will call up the object, and a more or less adequate conception of it will be formed. Other things being equal, however, all names are inadequate, and simply stand for ideas and objects familiar to ordinary minds. Hence such higher actions of the mind, as imagination and feeling, can be suggested only to corresponding faculties in other men.

To understand this more fully, some study of the nature of expression will be helpful. We are apt to consider that thought and emotion can be given to our fellow-men. But, as we have said, this cannot be done. We cannot impart an emotion or thought to any being whose nature is unlike our own. All expression implies simply communion. It is the union of mind with mind. All that one man can do is to awaken in another mind the same faculties which are active in his own. A word evokes only ideas previously associated with it. A combination of words and ideas, however, may suggest new conceptions and truths, and arouse another mind to apprehend them. By an appeal to the imagination and to sympathy, one mind can be awakened by another to higher creative activity.

Vocal expression uses a great many languages simultaneously. Inflection, however, and tone-color are not languages which furnish symbols or signs of ideas; they merely hint in a natural way the

degree of sympathy, the point of view, the purpose and feeling of the speaker. Words also are mere suggestions; yet they far more adequately represent ideas than do inflection or tone-color in the voice.

In the expression of feeling, it is necessary to suggest the cause. A man crying on the street may awaken in the beholder either pity or ridicule, but the emotion he feels himself is not awakened in another until he conveys the cause. Thus some forms of expression are necessarily associated with others. True expression of feeling must be associated with the expression of thought.

Thus all expression must be complete; any isolated language will be a very imperfect medium. True expression is a complex combination of suggestions through various languages. Not only so, but where expression is made too definite and representative in the use of any one language, it is rendered more inadequate and superficial. The common-place expressions or statements of literal facts are never suggestive. The higher the subject and the deeper the feeling, the more expression is dependent upon intimation.

Again, the subjects of the highest expression are not objects of sense. The great literatures of the world, the greatest subjects of human thought, have not been seen by ourselves: they belong to history, or are in the soul of man. Even with our eyes we see but the outside of things. The closest observer is one who not only uses his eyes, but his imagination.

Poetry calls upon us to express ideas of eternity. We must conceive the transcendent ideals of the human mind. We must struggle even for an imperfect conception of God.

We must express, in short, things which cannot be adequately conceived. How can we do this? Take, for example, an extract such as this, —

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
>
> *Byron.*

No mind can adequately conceive the ocean. But to try to express the ocean itself is wholly to misconceive expression. Expression,

especially vocal expression, is subjective; it reveals the attitude of the mind. It manifests the activity of the mind rather than the concept of the mind. It reveals the act of comprehending rather than comprehension itself. Hence, what can be done in such a situation is to awaken another mind with ours, to stretch out for a comprehension of the sea. We cannot conceive adequately the whole ocean, but we can show others how far our mind can reach; and as other minds are like our own, we can inspire them also to reach with us. The great speaker must have such a trained imagination that he can show greater activity of the mind in comprehending such things, and stimulate other minds to a greater stretch, and to act beyond their customary limits.

The same is true of our efforts to express our conception of a mountain, or any unusual or sublime idea.

> Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
> The still and solemn power of many sights
> And many sounds, and much of life and death.
> In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
> In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
> Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
> Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
> Or the star-beams dart through them. — Winds contend
> Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
> Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
> The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
> Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
> Over the snow. The secret strength of things
> Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
> Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
> And what were thou, and earth and stars and sea,
> If to the human mind's imaginings
> Silence and solitude were vacancy?

Mont Blanc. — *Shelley.*

Here the mind must struggle to comprehend Mont Blanc, or a certain part of it. The reader may awaken the memory of one who has seen the mountain; but no two persons have seen exactly the same things in a mountain, and if his expression is perfect, or in proportion as it is perfect, he will awaken in another mind a point of view different from his own. He will stimulate imagination more than memory.

Thus we can express the inexpressible. Man may awaken a higher conception of deity in the soul of his fellow-man. His own conception of deity may be very inadequate, but he does not express this; he simply awakens another soul to a sympathetic effort, to a higher struggle toward adequate conception.

The highest expression shows the attitude of the man and of his awakened powers. It gives to another a point of view; it reveals the soul's effort and struggle. It shows the mind's sympathetic relations or bearings toward truth, indicates and draws another mind into sympathetic and corresponding activity.

The chief agent of the human soul in manifesting its activity is the human voice. A word is a symbol of an idea; it represents an idea. The modulations of the voice, its inflections, pitches, textures, and color, cannot do this. But they can discharge as high a mission. They can show the active exertion of the soul; they can discover its sympathetic attitude; they intimate the powers of the soul which are active. Hence, of all forms of expression, vocal expression is the most suggestive and the most intimately associated with the imagination and sympathy. It can be degraded to the lowest depth, but it can also rise to the loftiest height, and manifest the greatest activity of the human soul.

The noblest speech is not that which is greatest in itself, but that which most quickly arouses imagination and feeling.

The true function of vocal expression is to suggest what cannot be adequately represented, to manifest and suggest what words cannot give. Delivery is a present active thing; it shows a living active mind.

The highest activity of the soul is imagination, and its supremest law of manifestation is suggestion. If the voice is to be modulated to manifest the deepest feelings and intuitions, the sublimest flights of the soul; if we are to feel that "The peak is high, and the stars are high, and the thought of a man is higher;" if we are ever to realize that there is "A deep below the deep, and a height beyond the height; [that] our hearing is not hearing, and our seeing is not sight," — then no mechanical rules can be laid down. The imagination and the higher faculties must be stimulated; the whole nature must be broadened, — in short, the mind must be

brought to the highest possible conception and appreciation of poetic and artistic activity.

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

THE voice and the Peak far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!
All night have I heard the voice rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven; above thee glided the star.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak, that standest high above all?
"I am the voice of the Peak; I roar and rave, for I fall.
A thousand voices go to North, South, East, and West;
They leave the heights and are troubled, and moan and sink to their rest.

"The fields are fair beside them, the chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they — they feel the desire of the deep — fall, and follow their doom.
The deep has power on the height, and the height has power on the deep;
They are raised forever and ever, and sink again into sleep."

Not raised forever and ever; but when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star pass, and are found no more.
The Peak is high, and flush'd at his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are high, and the thought of a man is higher.

A deep below the deep, and a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing, and our seeing is not sight.
The voice and the Peak far into heaven withdrawn,
The lone glow and long roar green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

Tennyson.

AND all day long a bird sings there,
And a stray sheep drinks at the pond at times;
The place is silent and aware;
It has had its scenes, its joys, and crimes,
But that is its own affair.

By the Fireside. *Browning*

SONG.

I DREAMED that I woke from a dream, and the house was full of light;
At the window two angel Sorrows held back the curtains of night.
The door was wide, and the house was full of the morning wind;
At the door two armèd warders stood silent, with faces blind.

I ran to the open door, for the wind of the world was sweet;
The warders with crossing weapons turned back my issuing feet.
I ran to the shining windows — there the winged Sorrows stood;
Silent they held the curtains, and the light fell through in a flood.

SUGGESTION.

I clomb to the highest window — Ah ! there with shadowed brow
Stood one lonely radiant Sorrow : and that, my love, was thou.
I bowed my head before her, and stood trembling in the light ;
She dropped the heavy curtain, and the house was full of night.

From "Wilfrid Cumbermede." *George Macdonald.*

We are spirits in a prison, able only to make signals to each other, but with a world of things to think and say which our signals cannot describe at all. *Carlyle.*

The lark above our heads doth know a heaven we see not here below ;
She sees it, and for joy she sings ; then falls with ineffectual wings.
Ah, soaring soul ! faint not nor tire ! Each heaven attained reveals a higher.
Thy thought is of thy failure ; we list raptured, and thank God for thee.

A Violinist. *Bourdillon.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee, —
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !
When I was young ? Ah, woful when !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along —
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
Oh ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth 's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet
'T is known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit —

It cannot be that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd —
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not be dismist,
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Coleridge.

ABT VOGLER.

[After he has been extemporizing upon the musical instrument of his invention.]

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
Man, brute, reptile, fly, — alien of end and of aim,
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed, —
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved !

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise !
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night —
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth;
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay, more: for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,
But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:
What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;
And what is — shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

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,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written the same, made verse, — still, effect proceeds from cause;
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled: —

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more:
On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist, —
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 't is we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, — yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark! I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

Robert Browning

WORLD CHRONOLOGY

From *Modern Times and the Living Past*

By Henry W. Elson, A.M., Litt.D

WORLD CHRONOLOGY

NOTE. – Only the most important dates are here given. Dates pertaining to American history (except a few of world importance), and to many of the great figures in art, literature, and other lines of achievement are omitted. Those of greatest importance in this table are printed in bold, italicized type.

DATES B.C.

4241 Egyptian calendar devised.
About 3000–2700 Age of the Egyptian pyramid builders.
About 2100 Hammurabi makes Babylon supreme in the Euphrates Valley.
About 1900 Abraham founds the Hebrew nation.
About 1200–606 Supremacy of Assyria.
About 1100(?) Trojan War.
About 1050 David becomes king of Palestine.
776 First Greek Olympiad.
753 Founding of Rome (legendary).
722 First captivity of the Jews.
606 Fall of Nineveh.
594 Solon frames an Athenian law code.
586 Jews carried to Babylon.
558 Cyrus founds the Persian Empire.
490 Battle of Marathon.
480 Battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis.
429 Death of Pericles.
404 Athens surrenders to Sparta.
400 Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon.
399 Death of Socrates.
390 Rome captured by the Gauls.
331 Battle of Arbela.
323 Death of Alexander the Great.
322 Death of Aristotle and of Demosthenes.

290 Romans conquer the Samnites.
264–241 First Punic War.
218–201 Second Punic War.
216 Battle of Cannæ.
207 Battle of the Metaurus.
202 Defeat of Hannibal at Zama.
149–146 Third Punic War.
146 Destruction of Carthage and of Corinth.
133–121 Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus attempt Roman reforms.
106 Birth of Cicero.
63 Palestine conquered by Pompey becomes Roman province. Catiline's Conspiracy.
58–50 Caesar conquers Gaul.
44 Assassination of Julius Caesar.
31 Battle of Actium.
27 Augustus first Roman emperor.
4 Birth of Jesus Christ.

DATES A.D.

9 Roman legions defeated by Arminius.
64 Burning of Rome and persecution of Christians under Nero.
70 Jerusalem destroyed by Titus.
79 Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii by eruption of Vesuvius.
161–180 Marcus Aurelius emperor.
284–305 Diocletian emperor.
312–337 Constantine the Great, first Christian emperor.
325 Council of Nicæa.
378 Battle of Adrianople.
410 Rome taken by Goths under Alaric.
449 Beginning of the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Britain.

451 Attila and the Huns defeated at battle of Chalons.
455 Rome plundered by the Vandals under Genseric.
476 "Fall" of the Roman Empire of the West.
481–511 Reign of Clovis.
534 Vandal kingdom overthrown by Belisarius.
565 Death of Emperor Justinian.
568 Lombards invade Italy.
590–604 Gregory the Great pope.
597 Augustine introduces Christianity into England.
622 The Hegira (Mohammed's flight from Mecca).
711–714 Conquest of Spain by the Saracens.
732 Saracens defeated by Charles Martel in battle of Tours.
754 Pepin grants the Pope temporal power. Death of Saint Boniface, apostle to Germany.
768–814 Reign of Charlemagne.
800 Charlemagne crowned emperor (Christmas Day).
827 Kingdom of England founded by Egbert.
843 Treaty of Verdun.
871–901 Reign of Alfred the Great.
936–973 Reign of Otto the Great.
1016 Canute becomes king of England.
1066 Battle of Hastings.
1073–1085 Gregory VII (Hildebrand) pope.
1096–1099 First crusade.
1189–1199 Reign of Richard Couer de Lion.
1198–1216 Innocent III pope.
1215 Magna Charta signed at Runnymede.
1265 First English Parliament. Birth of Dante.
1270 Last crusade. Death of Louis IX of France.
1346 Battle of Crécy. First use of gunpowder in war.
1348 The Black Death.
1356 Battle of Poitiers.
1381 Wat Tyler Insurrection.

1386 Battle of Sempach.
1397 Union of Calmar – Denmark, Sweden, and Norway united.
1414 Council of Constance.
1415 Battle of Agincourt. John Hus burned at the stake.
1431 Joan of Arc burned at the stake.
About 1450 Invention of printing from movable type by Gutenberg.
1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks. Close of the Hundred Years' War.
1455–1485 Wars of the Roses.
1462–1505 Reign of Ivan the Great of Russia.
1483 Birth of Martin Luther
1492 America discovered by Columbus. Conquest of Granada and unification of Spain.
1517 Beginning of the Reformation.
1519 Charles V becomes emperor. Death of Leonardo da Vinci.
1520 Death of Raphael.
1521 Diet of Worms.
1530 Augsburg Confession.
1534 England breaks with the Roman Church. Loyola founds the Order of Jesuits.
1543 Copernicus publishes his theory of the solar system.
1555 Peace of Augsburg.
1558–1603 Reign of Elizabeth.
1564 Birth of Shakespeare. Death of Michelangelo.
1571 Defeat of the Turks at the naval battle of Lepanto.
1572 Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
1579 Founding of the Dutch Republic by William the Silent.
1588 Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
1598 Edict of Nantes.
1607 English settle Jamestown.
1611 Authorized version of the English Bible.
1616 Death of Shakespeare and of the Spanish author

Cervantes.

1618–1648 Thirty Years' War.

1628 Petition of Right.

1632 Battle of Lützen. Death of Gustavus Adolphus.

1642 Death of Richelieu.

1642–1649 Civil War in England.

1643–1715 Reign of Louis XIV.

1648 Treaty of Westphalia.

1653–1658 Cromwell Lord Protector.

1660 Restoration of Charles II.

1666 Great fire in London.

1674 Death of Milton.

1685 Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

1687 Newton publishes his theory of gravitation.

1688 Revolution in England. James II succeeded by William III.

1689 Bill of Rights.

1689–1725 Reign of Peter the Great.

1690 Battle of the Boyne.

1692 Battle of La Hogue.

1701 Prussia becomes a kingdom.

1702–1713 War of the Spanish Succession.

1703 Founding of St. Petersburg, now Petrograd.

1707 Union of England and Scotland as the kingdom of Great Britain.

1709 Battle of Poltava.

1713 Peace of Utrecht.

1740–1786 Reign of Frederick the Great.

1756–1763 Seven Years' War.

1762–1796 Reign of Catherine the Great.

1757 Battle of Plassey, India.

About 1770 Invention of the steam engine.

1772 First Partition of Poland.

1775–1783 American Revolution.

1789 French Revolution begins.

1791 Death of Mirabeau.
1792 First French Republic.
1793 King Louix XVI beheaded. Reign of Terror. Second Partition of Poland.
1795 Third Partition of Poland.
1800 Union of Ireland with Great Britain.
1804 Napoleon I crowned emperor of France.
1805 Battle of Trafalgar. Battle of Austerlitz.
1815 Battle of Waterloo. Congress of Vienna.
1823 Monroe Doctrine promulgated.
1829 Greece wins independence.
1830 Second Revolution in France. Belgium independent.
1832 Reform in the British Parliament.
About 1840 Morse invents the electric telegraph.
1837–1901 Reign of Victoria.
1846 Repeal of English corn laws.
1848 Third Revolution in France. Second French Republic.
1848–1916 Reign of Francis Joseph.
1852 Louis Napoleon becomes emperor of France.
1854 Commercial treaty between the United States and Japan.
1854–1856 Crimean War.
1857 Great Mutiny in India.
1858 First Atlantic submarine cable laid.
1859–1860 Most of Italy united under the leadership of Cavour; other parts acquired in 1866, 1870, and 1918.
1864 Defeat of Denmark by Prussia and Austria.
1866 Seven Weeks' War. Prussia defeats Austria.
1867 Dominion of Canada established. Fall of French dominion in Mexico. Second Reform in British Parliament.
1869 Suez Canal completed.
1870–1871 Franco-Prussia War.
1870 Third French Republic. Vatican Council at Rome.
1871 German Empire founded.

1875 Great Britain acquires control of the Suez Canal. New French constitution adopted.
1876 Invention of the telephone.
1878 Congress of Berlin.
1881 Assassination of Tsar Alexander II.
1882 Great Britain acquires control of Egypt.
1882 Italy joins Germany and Austria in forming the Triple Alliance.
1890 Resignation of Bismarck.
1892 Death of Tennyson.
1893 Gladstone's Irish Home Rule bill defeated in the House of Lords.
1894 War between China and Japan.
1895 Kiel Canal opened. Discovery of X-rays, by Röntgen.
1896 Revival of the Olympic games. Turkish massacres in Armenia.
1898 War between the United States and Spain. Death of Gladstone. Discovery of radium, by the Curies.
1899 First Hague Conference.
1899–1902 Boer War in South Africa.
1900 Boxer uprising in China.
1901 Federal Commonwealth of Australia formed.
1902 Alliance between Great Britain and Japan.
1904–1905 War between Russia and Japan.
1905 Separation of church and state in France. Uprising in Russia. Moroccan conference at Algeciras. Separation of Norway from Sweden. First long flights of the Wright airplane.
1907 Second Hague Conference. Wireless communication across the Atlantic established.
1908 Austria-Hungary annexes Bosnia and Herzegovina.
1909 Abdul-Hamid, Turkish sultan, deposed. South African Union bill and Irish land bill pass the British

Parliament.

1910 Japan annexes Korea.

1911 Act limiting Lords' veto power passed by British Parliament. Revolution in China.

1911–1912 War between Italy and Turkey.

1912 China becomes a republic. Italy annexes Tripoli. Balkan War – Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Montenegro against Turkey. Peace May 30, 1913.

1913 Second Balkan War.

1914 June 28. Assassination of the Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

July 28. Austria declares war on Serbia.

Aug. 1. Germany declares war on Russia.

Aug. 3. Germany declares war on France.

Aug. 4. Great Britain declares war on Germany.

Aug. 15. Panama Canal opened.

Aug. 23. Japan enters the war.

Sept. 6–10. Battle of the Marne.

Nov. 3. Turkey enters the war.

1915 Feb.–Aug. Allied attack on the Dardanelles.

May 7. Sinking of the *Lusitania*.

May 23. Italy enters the war.

Aug. 5. Germans capture Warsaw.

Oct. 14. Bulgaria enters the war.

1916 *Feb. 21.* Battle of Verdun begins.

May 31. Naval battle of Jutland.

Aug. 27. Roumania enters the war.

Dec. 6. David Lloyd George succeeds Asquith as British premier.

1917 Feb. 1. Ruthless submarine campaign begins.

March 11. Bagdad captured by the British.

March 11–15. Russia Revolution; Tsar Nicholas II abdicates.

April 6. United States declares war on Germany.

Oct. 14. Great Austro-German drive in northern Italy begins.
Nov. 7. Russian Bolsheviki seize Petrograd and depose Kerensky.
Dec. 7. United States declares war on Austria-Hungary.
Dec. 10. Jerusalem surrenders to the British.

1918 March 3. Brest-Litovsk treaty between Germany and Russia.
March 21. Great German drive begins on Western Front.
March 29. General Foch appointed commander of all the Allied armies.
July 18. Allied counter-offensive begins on Western Front.
Sept. 12. Americans take the St. Mihiel salient.
Sept. 26. Beginning of the Meuse-Arganne battle.
Sept. 29. Surrender of Bulgaria.
Oct. 31. Surrender of Turkey.
Nov. 4. Armistice with Austria.
Nov. 11. Armistice with Germany.
The war resulted in establishing Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Finland, and other new nations.

1919 June 28. Peace treaty with Germany signed at Versailles.

1920 Jan. 10. Treaty with Germany put into effect.
Sept.–Oct. Great victory of the Poles in repelling Bolshevist invasion.
Oct. 1. Forty-one nations had entered the League of Nations.

STORIES THAT WORDS TELL US

BY

ELIZABETH O'NEILL, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD'S STORY,
"A NURSERY HISTORY OF
ENGLAND," ETC.

STORIES THAT WORDS TELL US.

CHAPTER I.

SOME STORIES OF BRITISH HISTORY TOLD FROM ENGLISH WORDS.

NEARLY all children must remember times when a word they know quite well and use often has suddenly seemed very strange to them. Perhaps they began repeating the word half to themselves again and again, and wondered why they had never noticed before what a queer word it is. Then generally they have forgotten all about it, and the next time they have used the word it has not seemed strange at all.

But as a matter of fact words *are* very strange things. Every word we use has its own story, and has changed, sometimes many times since some man or woman or child first used it. Some words are very old and some are quite new, for every living language—that is, every language used regularly by some nation—is always growing, and having new words added to it. The only languages which do not grow in this way are the "dead" languages

which were spoken long ago by nations which are dead too.

Latin is a "dead" language. When it was spoken by the old Romans it was, of course, a living language, and grew and changed; but though it is a very beautiful language, it is no longer used as the regular speech of a nation, and so does not change any more.

But it is quite different with a living language. Just as a baby when it begins to speak uses only a few words, and learns more and more as it grows older, so nations use more words as they grow older and become more and more civilized. Savages use only a few words, not many more, perhaps, than a baby, and not as many as a child belonging to a civilized nation. But the people of great civilized nations like England and France use many thousands of words, and the more educated a person is the more words he is able to choose from to express his thoughts.

We do not know how the first words which men and women spoke were made. People who study the history of languages, and who are called *Philologists*, or "Lovers of Words," say that words may have come to be used in any one of three different ways; but of course this is only guessing, for though we know a great deal about the way words and languages grow, we do not really know how they first began. Some people used to think that the earliest men had a language all ready-made for them, but

this could not be. We know at least that the millions of words in use in the world to-day have grown out of quite a few simple sounds or "root" words. Every word we use contains a story about some man or woman or child of the past or the present. In this chapter we shall see how some common English words can tell us stories of the past.

In reading British history we learn how different peoples have at different times owned the land: how the Britons were conquered by the English; how the Danes tried to conquer the English in their turn, and how great numbers of them settled down in the *Danelaw*, in the east of England; how, later on, the Norman duke and his followers overcame Harold, and became the rulers of England, and so on. But suppose we knew nothing at all about British history, and had to guess what had happened in the past, we might guess a great deal of British history from the words used by English people to-day. For the English language has itself been growing, and borrowing words from other languages all through British history. Scholars who have studied many languages can easily pick out these borrowed words and say from which language they were taken.

Of course these scholars know a great deal about British history; but let us imagine one who does not. He would notice in the English language some words (though not many) which must have come from the language which the Britons spoke. He

would know, too, that the name *Welsh*, which was given to the Britons who were driven into the western parts of England, comes from an Old English word, *wealh*, which meant "slave." He might then guess that, besides the Britons who were driven away into the west of the country, there were others whom the English conquered and made to work as slaves. From the name *wealh*, or "slave," given to these, all the Britons who remained came to be known as *Welsh*.

Yet though the English conquered the Britons, the two peoples could not have mixed much or married very often with each other; for if they had done so, many more British words would have been borrowed by the English language. To the English the Britons were strangers and "slaves."

We could, too, guess some of the things which these old English conquerors of Britain did and believed from examining some common English words. If we think of the days of the week besides *Sunday*, or the "Sun's day," and *Monday*, the "Moon's day," we find *Tuesday*, "Tew's day," *Wednesday*, "Woden's day," *Thursday*, "Thor's day," *Friday*, "Freya's day," *Saturday*, "Saturn's day," and it would not be hard to guess that most of the days are called after gods or goddesses whom the English worshipped while they were still heathen. Tew was in the old English religion the bravest of all the gods, for he gave up his own arm to save the other gods. Woden, the wisest of the gods,

had given up not an arm but an eye, which he had sold for the waters of wisdom. Thor was the fierce god of thunder, who hurled lightning at the giants. Freya was a beautiful goddess who wore a magic necklace which had the power to make men love. We might then guess from the way in which our old English forefathers named the days of the week what sort of gods they worshipped, and what kind of men they were—great fighters, admiring courage and strength above all things, but poetical, too, loving grace and beauty.

But, as everybody knows, the English people soon changed their religion and became Christians; and any student of the English language would soon guess this, even if he knew nothing of English history. He would be able to guess, too, that the English got their Christianity from a people who spoke Latin, for so many of the English words connected with religion come from the Latin language. It was, of course, the Roman monk St. Augustine who brought the Christian religion to the English. Latin was the language of the Romans. The word *religion* itself is a Latin word meaning reverence for the gods; and *Mass*, the name given to the chief service of the Catholic religion, comes from the Latin *missa*, taken from the words, *Ite missa est* ("Go; the Mass is ended"), with which the priest finishes the Mass. *Missa* is only a part of the verb *mittere*, "to finish."

The words *priest, bishop, monk, altar, vestment,*

and many others, came into the English language from the Latin with the Christian religion.

Even, again, if a student of the English language knew nothing about the invasions of England by the fierce Danes, he might guess something about them from the fact that there are many Danish words in the English language, and especially the names of places. Such common words as *husband, knife, root, skin,* came into English from the Danish.

But many more words were added to the English language through the Norman Conquest. It is quite easy to see, from the great number of French words in the English language, that France and England must at one time have had a great deal to do with each other. But it was the English who used French words, and not the French who used English. This was quite natural when a Norman, or North French, duke became king of England, and Norman nobles came in great numbers to live in England and help to rule her.

Sir Walter Scott, in his great book "Ivanhoe," makes one man say that all the names of living animals are English, like *ox, sheep, deer,* and *swine,* but their flesh when it becomes meat is given French names—*beef, mutton, venison,* and *pork.* The reason for this is easy to see: Englishmen worked hard looking after the animals while they were alive, and the rich Normans ate their flesh when they were dead.

England never, of course, became really Norman.

Although the English were not so learned or polite or at that time so civilized as the Normans, there were so many more of them that in time the Normans became English, and spoke the English language. But when we remember that for three hundred years French was spoken in the law courts and by the nobility of England, and all the English kings were really Frenchmen, it is easy to understand that a great many French words found their way into the English language.

As it was the Normans who governed England, many of our words about law and government came from the French. Englishmen are very proud of the "jury system," by which every British subject is tried by his equals. It was England who really began this system, but the name *jury* is French, as are also *judge, court, justice, prison, gaol.* The English Parliament, too, is called the "Mother of Parliaments," but *parliament* is a French word, and means really a meeting for the purpose of talking.

Nearly all titles, like *duke, baron, marquis,* are French, for it was Frenchmen who first got and gave these titles; though *earl* remains from the Danish *eorl.* It is a rather peculiar thing that nearly all our names for *relatives* outside one's own family come from the French used by the Normans—*uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, cousin;* while *father, mother, brother,* and *sister* come from the Old English words.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the real "Middle Ages," the French poets, scholars, and

writers were the greatest in Europe. The greatest doctors, lawyers, and scholars of the western lands of Europe had often been educated at schools or universities in France. Those who wrote about medicine and law often used French words to describe things for which no English word was known. The French writers borrowed many words from Latin, and the English writers did the same. Sometimes they took Latin words from the French, but sometimes they only imitated the French writers, and took a Latin word and changed it to seem like a French word.

If we were to count the words used by English writers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we should find that quite one-tenth of these are words borrowed from other languages. After this time fewer words were borrowed, but still the English language has borrowed much more than most languages.

Some people think that it is a pity that we have borrowed so many words, and say that we should speak and write "pure English." But we must remember that Britain has had the most wonderful history of all the nations. She has had the greatest explorers, adventurers, and sailors. She has built up the greatest empire the world has ever seen. It is only natural that her language should have borrowed from the languages of nearly every nation in the world, even from the Chinese and from the native languages of Australia and Africa.

Ever since the middle of the sixteenth century England has been a great sea-going nation. Her sailors have explored and traded all over the world, and naturally they have brought back many new words from East and West. Sometimes these are the names of new things brought from strange lands. Thus *calico* was given that name from *Calicut*, because the cotton used to make calico came from there. From Arabia we got the words *harem* and *magazine*, and from Turkey the name *coffee*, though this is really an Arabian word. We had already learned the words *cotton*, *sugar*, and *orange* from the Arabs at the time of the Crusades. From the West Indies and from South America many words came, though the English learned these first from the Spaniards, who were the first to discover these lands. Among these words are the names of such common things as *chocolate*, *cocoa*, *tomato*. The words *canoe*, *tobacco*, and *potato* come to us from the island of Hayti. The words *hammock* and *hurricane* come to us from the Caribbean Islands, and so did the word *cannibal*, which came from *Caniba*, which was sometimes used instead of Carib.

Even the common word *breeze*, by which we now mean a light wind, first came to us from the Spanish word *briza*, which meant the north-east trade wind. The name *alligator*, an animal which Englishmen saw for the first time in these far-off voyages, is really only an attempt to use the Spanish words for the lizard—*al lagarto*.

When the English at length settled themselves in North America they took many words from the native Indians, such as *tomahawk*, *moccasin*, and *hickory*.

In England and in Europe generally history shows us that there were a great many changes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This new love for adventure, which gave us so many new words, was one sign of the times. Then there were changes in manners, in religion, and in the way people thought about things. People had quite a new idea of the world. They now knew that, instead of being the centre of the universe, the earth was but one of many worlds whirling through space.

The minds of men became more lively. They began to criticize all sorts of things which they had believed in and reverenced before. During the Middle Ages many things which the Romans and Greeks had loved had been forgotten and despised; but now there was a sudden new enthusiasm for the beautiful statues and fine writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was not long before this new great change got a name. It was called the *Renaissance*, or "New Birth," because so many old and forgotten things seemed to come to life again, and it looked as though men had been born again into a new time.

One of the chief results of the Renaissance was a change in religion. The Protestants declared that they had reformed or changed religion for the

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better, and the change in religion is now always spoken of as the Reformation; just as the reform of the Catholic Church which soon followed was called the *Counter-Reformation*, or movement against the Reformation—*counter* coming from the Latin word for "against."

In England the Renaissance and Reformation led to great changes not only in religion but in government, and the way people thought of their country and their rulers. People came to have a new love for and pride in their country. It was in the sixteenth century that the old word *nation*, which before had meant a race or band of peoples, came to be used as we use it now, to mean the people of one country under one government. In the sixteenth century Englishmen became prouder than ever of belonging to the English "nation." They felt a new love for other Englishmen, and it was at this time that the expressions *fellow-countrymen* and *mother-country* were first used.

The seventeenth century was, of course, a period during which great things happened to the English state. It was the period of the great Civil War, in which the Parliament fought against the king, so that it could have the chief part in the government of the country.

All sorts of new words grew up during the Civil War. The word *Royalist* now first began to be used, meaning the people who were on the king's side. The Royalists called the men who fought for

the Parliament *Roundheads*, because of their hair being cropped short, not hanging in ringlets, as was the fashion of the day.

The people who fought against the king were all men who had broken away from the English Church, and become much more "Protestant." They were very strict in many ways, especially in keeping the "Sabbath," as they called Sunday. They dressed very plainly, and they thought the followers of the king, with their long hair and lace and ruffles, very frivolous people indeed. It was the men of the Parliament side who first gave the name *Cavalier* to the Royalists. It was meant by them to show contempt, and came from the Italian word *cavaliere*, which means literally "a horseman," coming from the Late Latin word *caballus*, "a horse."

It is a curious fact that we now use the word *cavalier* as an adjective to mean rude and off-hand, whereas the Cavaliers of the seventeenth century certainly had much better manners than the Roundheads; and at the end of that century the word was sometimes used in the general sense of gay and frank.

Both sides in the Civil War invented a good many new words with which to abuse the enemy. Milton, who wrote on the side of the Parliament, made a great many; but the Royalists invented more, and perhaps more expressive, words. At any rate they have been kept and used as quite ordinary English words. The word *cant*, for instance, which every

one understands to mean pious or sentimental words which the person who says them does not really mean, was first used in this way by the Royalists to describe the sayings of the Parliament men who were much given to preaching and the singing of psalms. Before that time the word *cant* had meant a certain kind of singing, and also the whining sound beggars sometimes made.

In the eighteenth century, when Parliament was divided into two great parties, their names were given to them in the same way. The *Tories* were so called from the name given to some very wild, almost savage, people who lived in the bog lands of Ireland; and the name *Whigs* was given by the Tories, and came from a Scotch word, *Whigamore*, the name of some very fierce Protestants in the south of Scotland. At first these names were just words of abuse, but they came to be the regular names of the two parties, and people forgot all about their first meanings.

The great growth in the power of the peoples of Europe since the French Revolution has brought about great changes in the way these countries are governed. It was the French Revolution which led to the widespread opinion that all the people in a nation should help in the government. It was in writing on these subjects that English writers borrowed the words *aristocrat* and *democrat* from the French writers. *Aristocracy* comes from an old Greek word meaning the rule of the few; but the

French Revolution writers gave it a new meaning, as something evil. Before the Revolution the name *despotism* had been used for the rule of a single tyrant, but it now came to mean unjust rule, even by several people.

The French Revolution gave us several other words. We all now know the word *terrorize*, but it only came into English from the French at the time of the Revolution, when the French people became used to "Reigns of Terror." But if the French Revolution gave us many of the words which relate to democracy or government by the people, England has always been the country of parliamentary government, and many terms now used by the other countries of Europe have been invented in England—words like *parliament* itself, *bill*, *budget*, and *speech*.

Nearly all the words connected with science, and especially the "ologies," as they are called, like *physiology* and *zoology*, are fairly new words in English. In the Middle Ages there was no real study of science, and so naturally there were not many words connected with it; but in the last two centuries the study of science has been one of the most important things in history. We shall see more of these scientific words in another chapter.

Perhaps we have said enough in this chapter to show how each big movement in history has given us a new group of words and how these words are in a way historians of these movements.

CHAPTER II.

HOW WE GOT OUR CHRISTIAN NAMES AND SURNAMES.

WE can learn some interesting stories from the history of our own names. Most people nowadays have one or more Christian names and a surname, but this was not always the case. Every Christian from the earliest days of Christianity must have had a Christian name given to him at baptism. And before the days of Christianity every man, woman, or child must have had some name. But the practice of giving surnames grew up only very gradually in the countries of Europe. At first only a few royal or noble families had sur-names, or "super" names; but gradually, as the populations of the different countries became larger, it became necessary for people to have surnames, so as to distinguish those with the same Christian names from each other.

In these days children are generally given for their Christian names family names, or names which their parents think beautiful or suitable. (Often the children afterwards do not like their own names at all.) The Christian names of the children of European

countries come to us from many different languages. Perhaps the greatest number come to us from the Hebrew, because these Jewish names are, of course, found in great numbers in the Bible.

The conversion of the countries of Europe to Christianity united them in their ways of thinking and believing, and they all honoured the saints. The names of the early saints, whether they were from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, or Slavonic, were soon spread throughout all the countries of Europe, so that now French, German, English, Italian, Spanish names, and those of the other European countries, are for the most part the same, only spelt and pronounced a little differently in the different countries.

The English *William* is *Guillaume* in French, *Wilhelm* in German, and so on. *John* is *Jean* in French, *Johann* in German, and so on, with many other names.

But in early times people got their names in a much more interesting way. Sometimes something which seemed peculiar about a little new-born baby would suggest a name. *Esau* was called by this name, which is only the Hebrew word for "hairy," because he was already covered by the thick growth of hair on his body which made him so different from Jacob. The old Roman names *Flavius* and *Fulvius* merely meant "yellow," and the French name *Blanche*, "fair," or "white." Sometimes the fond parents would give the child a name describ-

ing some quality which they hoped the child would possess when it grew up. The Hebrew name *David* means " beloved."

The name *Joseph* was given by Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob, to the baby who came to her after long waiting. *Joseph* means " addition," and Rachel chose this name because she hoped another child would yet be added to her family. She afterwards had Benjamin, the best beloved of all Jacob's sons, and then she died.

The name Joseph did not become common in Europe till after the Reformation, when the Catholic Church appointed a feast day for St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Emperor Leopold christened his son Joseph, and this, and the fact that Napoleon's first wife was named Josephine, made these two names as a boy's and a girl's name very popular. We have both Joseph and Josephine in English, and the French have Fifine and Finette as well as Josephine, for which these are pet names. In Italy, too, Joseph, or Giuseppe, is a common name, and Peppo, or Beppo, are short names for it. These pet names seem very strange when we remember Rachel's solemn choosing of the name for the first Joseph of all.

Sometimes the early nations called their children by the names of animals. The beautiful old Hebrew name *Deborah*, which became also an old-fashioned English name, means " bee." In several languages

the word for *wolf* was given as a personal name. The Greek *Lycos*, the Latin *Lupus*, the Teutonic *Ulf*, from which came the Latin *Ulphilas* and the Slavonic *Vuk*, all mean "wolf." The wolf was the most common and the most treacherous of all the wild animals against which early peoples had to fight, and this, perhaps, accounts for the common use of its name. People were so impressed by its qualities that they thought its name worthy to give to their sons, who, perhaps, they hoped would possess some of its better qualities when they grew up.

Sometimes early names were taken from the names of precious stones, as *Margarite*, a Greek name meaning "pearl," and which is the origin of all the Margarets, Marguerites, etc., to be found in nearly all the languages of Europe.

Among all early peoples many names were religious, like the Hebrew *Ishmael*, or "heard by God;" *Elizabeth*, or the "oath of God;" *John*, or the "grace of the Lord." The Romans had the name *Jovianus*, which meant "belonging to Jupiter," who was the chief of the gods in whom the Romans believed.

In some languages names, especially of women, are taken from flowers, like the Greek *Rhode*, or "rose," the English *Rose*, and *Lily* or *Lilian*, and the Scotch *Lilias*.

A great many of the Hebrew names especially come from words meaning sorrow or trouble. They

were first given to children born in times of sorrow. Thus we have *Jabez*, which means "sorrow;" *Ichabod*, or "the glory is departed;" *Mary*, "bitter." The Jews, as we can see from the Bible, suffered the greatest misfortunes, and their writers knew how to tell of it in words. The Celtic nations, like the Irish, have the same gift, and we get many old Celtic names with these same sad meanings. Thus *Una* means "famine;" *Ita*, "thirsty."

The Greek and Roman names were never sad like these. Some old Greek names became Christian names when people who were called by them became Christian in the first days of the Church. There are several names from the Greek word *angelos*. This meant in Greek merely a messenger, but it began to be used by the early Christian writers both in Latin and Greek to mean a messenger from heaven, or an angel. The Greeks gave it first as a surname, and then as a Christian name. In the thirteenth century there was a St. Angelo in Italy, and from the honour paid to him the name spread, chiefly as a girl's name, to the other countries of Europe, giving the English *Angelina* and *Angelica*, the French *Angelique*, and the German *Engel*.

Besides this general name of *angel*, the name of Michael, the archangel, and Gabriel, the angel of the Annunciation, became favourite names among Eastern Christians. The reason *Michael* was such a favourite was that the great Emperor Constantine dedicated a church to St. Michael in Constantinople.

The name is so much used in Russia that it is quite common to speak of a Russian peasant as a "Michael," just as people rather vulgarly speak of an Irish peasant as a "Paddy." Michael can hardly be called an English name, but it is almost as common in Ireland as Patrick, which, of course, is used in honour of Ireland's patron saint. *Gabriel* is a common name in Italy, as is also another angel's name, *Raphael*. *Gabriel* is used as a girl's name in France—*Gabrielle*.

No Christian would think of using the name of God as a personal name; but *Theos*, the Greek word for God, was sometimes so used by the Greeks. A Greek name formed from this, *Theophilos*, or "beloved by the gods," became a Christian name, and the name of one of the early saints.

The name *Christ*, or "anointed," was the word which the Greek Christians (who translated the Gospels into the Greek of their time) used for the *Messiah*. From this word came the name *Christian*, and from it *Christina*. One of the early martyrs, a virgin of noble Roman birth, who died for her religion, was St. Christina. In Denmark the name became a man's name, *Christiern*. Another English name which is like Christina is *Christabel*. The great poet Coleridge in the nineteenth century wrote the beginning of a beautiful poem called "Christabel." The name was not very common before this, and was not heard of until the sixteenth century, but it is fairly common now.

Another favourite Christian name from the name of *Christ* is *Christopher*, which means the bearer or carrier of Christ, and we are told in a legend how St. Christopher got this name. He had chosen for his work to carry people across a stream which had no bridge over it. One day a little boy suddenly appeared, and asked him to carry him across. The kind saint did so, and found, as he got farther into the stream, that the child grew heavier and heavier. When the saint put him down on the other side he saw the figure of the man Christ before him, and fell down and adored Him. Ever afterwards he was known as *Christopher*, or the "Christ-bearer."

Another Christian name which comes from a Greek word is *Peter*. *Petros* is the Greek word for "stone," and *Petra* for "rock." The name *Peter* became a favourite in honour of St. Peter, whose name was first *Simon*, but who was called *Peter* because of the words our Lord said to him: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

When the barbarian tribes, such as the English and Franks, broke into the lands of the Roman Empire and settled there, afterwards being converted to Christianity, they chose a good many Latin words as names. In France names made from the Latin word *amo* ("I love") were quite common. We hear of *Amabilis* ("lovable"), *Amadeus* ("loving God"), *Amandus*, which has now become a surname in France as *St. Amand*. In England, *Amabilis* became *Amabel*, which is not a very common name

now, but from which we have *Mabel*. *Amy* was first used in England after the Norman Conquest, and comes from the French *Amata*, or *Aimée*, which means "beloved."

Another Latin word of the same kind which gave us some Christian names was *Beo* ("I bless"). From part of this verb, *Beatus* ("blessed"), there was an old English name, *Beata*, but no girl or woman seems to have been called by it since the seventeenth century. *Beatrix* and *Beatrice* also come from this. The name *Benedict*, which sometimes became in English *Bennet*, came from another word like this, *Benignus* ("kind"). *Boniface*, from the Latin *Bonifacius* ("doer of good deeds"), was a favourite name in the early Church, and the name of a great English saint; but it is not used in England now, though there is still the Italian name, *Bonifazio*, which comes from the same word.

Both Christian names and surnames have been taken from the Latin *Dies Natalis*, or "Birthday of our Lord." The French word for Christmas, *Noël*, comes from this, and, as well as *Natalie*, is used as a Christian name. *Noël* is found, too, both as a Christian name and surname in England. At one time English babies were sometimes christened *Christmas*, but this is never used as a Christian name now, though a few families have it as a surname.

Perhaps the most peculiar Christian names that have ever been were the long names which some

of the English Puritans gave their children in the seventeenth century. Often they gave them whole texts of Scripture as names, so that at least one small boy was called "Bind their nobles in chains and their kings in fetters of iron." Let us hope his relatives soon found some other name to call him "for short."

Everybody has heard of the famous Cromwellian Parliament, which would do nothing but talk, and which was called the "Barebones Parliament," after one of its members, who not only bore this peculiar surname, but was also blessed with the "Christian" name of *Praise-God*. Cromwell grew impatient at last, and Praise-God Barebones and the other talkers suddenly found Parliament dissolved. These names were not, as a rule, handed on from father to son, and soon died out, though in America even to-day we get Christian names somewhat similar, but at least shorter—names like *Willing*.

It is often easier to see how we got our Christian names than how we got our surnames. As we have seen, there was a time when early peoples had only first names. The Romans had surnames, or *cognomina*, but the barbarians who won Europe from them had not.

In England surnames were not used until nearly a hundred years after the Norman Conquest, and then only by kings and nobles. The common people in England had, however, nearly all got them by the fourteenth century; but in Scotland many people

were still without surnames in the time of James I., and even those who had them could easily change one for another. Once a man got a surname it was handed on to all his children, as surnames are to-day.

It is interesting to see in how many different ways people got their surnames. Sometimes this is easy, but it is more difficult in other cases.

The first surnames in England were those which the Norman nobles who came over at the Conquest handed on from father to son. These people generally took the name of the place from which they had come in Normandy. In this way names like *Robert de Courcy* ("Robert of Courcy") came in; and many of these names, which are considered very aristocratic, still remain. We have *de Corbet, de Beauchamp, de Colevilles*, and so on. Sometimes the *de* has been dropped. Sometimes, again, people took their names in the same way from places in England. We find in old writings names like *Adam de Kent, Robert de Wiltshire*, etc. Here, again, the prefix has been dropped, and the place-name has been kept as a surname. *Kent* is quite a well-known surname, as also are *Derby, Buxton*, and many other names of English places.

The Normans introduced another kind of name, which became very common too. They were a lively people, like the modern French, and were very fond of giving nicknames, especially names referring to people's personal appearance. We get

the best examples of this in the nicknames applied to the Norman kings. We have William *Rufus*, or "the Red;" Richard *Cœur-de-Lion*, or "Lion-Hearted;" Henry *Beauclerc*, or "the Scholar."

These names of kings were not handed down in their families. But in ordinary families it was quite natural that a nickname applied to the father should become a surname. It is from such nicknames that we get surnames like *White*, *Black*, *Long*, *Young*, *Short*, and so on. All these are, of course, well-known surnames to-day, and though many men named *Long* may be small, and many named *Short* may be tall, we may guess that this was not the case with some far-off ancestor. Sometimes *man* was added to these adjectives, and we get names like *Longman*, *Oldman*, etc.

Sometimes these names were used in the French of the Normans, and we get two quite different surnames, though they really in the first place had the same meaning. Thus we have *Curt* for *Short*, and the quite well-known surname *Petit*, which would be *Short* or *Little* in English. The name *Goodheart* was *Bun-Couer* in Norman-French, and from this came *Bunker*, which, if we knew nothing of its history, would not seem to mean *Goodheart* at all. So the name *Tait* came from *Tête*, or *Head;* and we may guess that the first ancestor of the numerous people with this name had something remarkable about their heads. The name *Good-fellow* is really just the same as *Bonfellow*. The

surname *Thin* has the same meaning as *Meagre*, from which the common name *Meager* comes.

Names like *Russell* (from the old word *rouselle*, or "red"), *Brown*, *Morell* ("tan"), *Dun* ("dull grey"), all came from nicknames referring to people's complexions. *Reed* and *Reid* come from the old word *rede*, or "red." We still have the names *Copperbeard*, *Greybeard*, and *Blackbeard*.

Sometimes names were given from some peculiarity of clothing. *Scarlet*, an old English name, probably came from the colour of the clothing of the people who were first called by it—scarlet, like all bright colours, being very much liked in the Middle Ages. So we hear of the name *Curtmantle*, or "short cloak," and *Curthose*, which was later changed to *Shorthose*, which is still a well-known name in Derbyshire. The names *Woolward* and *Woolard* come from the old word *woolard*, which meant wearing wool without any linen clothing underneath. This was often done by pilgrims and others who wished to do penance for their sins.

Many surnames have come down from nicknames given to people because of their good or bad qualities. This is the origin of names like *Wise*, *Gay*, *Hardy*, *Friend*, *Truman*, *Makepeace*, *Sweet*, etc. The people who have these names may well believe that the first of their ancestors who bore them was of a gentle and amiable disposition. Names like *Proud*, *Proudfoot*, *Proudman*, *Paillard* (French for "lie-a-bed") show that the first people who had

them were not so well liked, and were considered proud or lazy.

Another way of giving nicknames to people because of something noticeable in their character or appearance was to give them the name of some animal having this quality. The well-known name of *Oliphant* comes from *elephant*, and was probably first given to some one very large, and perhaps a little ungraceful. *Bullock* as a surname probably had the same sort of origin. The names *Falcon*, *Hawk*, *Buzzard*, must have been first given to people whose friends and neighbours saw some resemblance to the quickness or fierceness or sureness or some other quality of these birds in them. The names *Jay*, *Peacock*, and *Parrott* point to showiness and pride and empty talkativeness.

A very great number of surnames are really only old Christian names either with or without an ending added to them. A very common form of surname is a Christian name with *son* added to it. The first man who handed on the name *Wilson* (or *Willson*, as it is still sometimes spelt) was himself the "son of Will." Any one can think of many names of this kind—*Williamson*, *Davidson*, *Adamson*, etc. Sometimes the founder of a family had taken his name from his mother. This was the origin of names like *Margerison* ("Marjorie's son") and *Alison* ("Alice's son"). This was a very common way of inventing surnames.

The Norman *Fitz* meant "son of," and the numer-

ous names beginning with *Fitz* have this origin. *Fitzpatrick* originally meant the "son of Patrick," *Fitzstephen* the "son of Stephen," and so on. The Irish prefix *O'* has the same meaning. The ancestor of all the O'Neills was himself the son of *Neill*. The Scandinavian *Nillson* is really the same name, though it sounds so different. The Scotch *Mac* has the same meaning, and so have the Welsh words *map, mab, ap,* and *ab*.

One very interesting way of making surnames was to take them from the trade or occupation of the founder of the family. Perhaps the commonest of English surnames is *Smith*. And the word for *Smith* is the commonest surname in almost every country of Europe. In France we have *Favier*.

The reason for this is easy to see. The smith, or man who made iron and other metals into ploughshares and swords, was one of the most important of all the workers in the early days when surnames were being made. There were many smiths, and John the Smith and Tom the Smith easily became John Smith and Tom Smith, and thus had a surname to pass on to their families.

As time went on there came to be many different kinds of smiths. There was the smith who worked in gold, and was called a "goldsmith," from which we get the well-known surname *Goldsmith*, the name of a great English writer. Then there was the "nail smith," from which trade came the name *Nasmith;* the "sickle smith," from which came

Sixsmith; the "shear smith," which gave us *Shearsmith*—and so on.

In mediæval England the manufacture of cloth from the wool of the great flocks of sheep which fed on the pasture lands of the monasteries and other great houses, was the chief industry of the nation. This trade of wool-weaving has given us many surnames, such as *Woolmer, Woolman, Carder, Kempster, Towser, Weaver, Webster,* etc. Some of these referred to the general work of wool-weaving and others to special branches.

Any child can think in a moment of several names which have come in this way from trades. We have *Taylor* for a beginning.

But many surnames which are taken from the names of trades come from Old English words which are now seldom or never used. *Chapman,* a common name now, was the Old English word for a general dealer. *Spicer* was the old name for grocer, and is now a fairly common surname. The well-known name of *Fletcher* comes from the almost forgotten word *flechier,* "an arrowmaker." *Coltman* came from the name of the man who had charge of the colts. *Runciman* was the man who had charge of horses too, and comes from another Old English word, *rouncy,* "a horse." The *Parkers* are descended from a park-keeper who used to be called by that name. The *Horners* come from a maker of horns; the *Crockers* and *Crokers* from a "croker," or "crocker," a maker of pottery. *Hogarth* comes

from "hoggart," a hog-herd; *Calvert* from "calf-herd;" and *Seward* from "sow-herd." *Lambert* sometimes came from "lamb-herd."

But we cannot always be sure of the origin of even the commonest surnames. For instance, every person named *Smith* is not descended from a smith, for the name also comes from the old word *smoth*, or "smooth," and this is the origin of *Smith* in *Smithfield*.

A great many English surnames were taken from places. *Street, Ford, Lane, Brooke, Styles*, are names of this kind. Sometimes they were prefixed by the Old English *atte* ("at") or the French *de la* ("of the"), but these prefixes have been dropped since. *Geoffrey atte Style* was the Geoffrey who lived near the stile—and so on.

Nearly all the names ending in *hurst* and *shaw* are taken from places. A *hurst* was a wood or grove; a *shaw* was a shelter for fowls and animals. The chief thing about a man who got the surname of *Henshaw* or *Ramshaw* was probably that he owned, or had the care of, such a shelter for hens or rams.

Names ending in *ley* generally came into existence in the same way, a *ley* being also a shelter for domestic animals. So we have *Horsley, Cowley, Hartley, Shipley* (from "sheep"). Sometimes the name was taken from the kind of trees which closed such a shelter in, names like *Ashley, Elmsley, Oakley, Lindley*, etc.

Surnames as well as Christian names were often

taken from the names of saints. From such a beautiful name as *St. Hugh* the Normans had *Hugon*, and from this we get the rather commonplace names of *Huggins*, *Hutchins*, *Hutchinson*, and several others. So *St. Clair* is still a surname, though often changed into *Sinclair*. St. Gilbert is responsible for the names *Gibbs*, *Gibbons*, *Gibson*, etc.

Sometimes in Scotland people were given, as Christian names, names meaning *servant* of Christ, or some saint. The word for servant was *giollo*, or *giolla*. It was in this way that names like *Gilchrist*, *Gilpatrick*, first came to be used. They were at first Christian names, and then came to be passed on as surnames. So *Gillespie* means "servant of the bishop."

Some surnames, though they seem quite English now, show that the first member of the family to bear the name was looked upon as a foreigner. Such names are *Newman*, *Newcome*, *Cumming* (from *cumma*, "a stranger"). Sometimes the nationality to which the stranger belonged is shown by the name. The ancestors of the people called *Fleming*, for instance, must have come from Flanders, as so many did in the Middle Ages. The *Brabazons* must have come from Brabant.

Perhaps the most peculiar origin of all belongs to some surnames which seem to have come from oaths or exclamations. The fairly common names *Pardoe*, *Pardie*, etc., come from the older name *Pardieu*, or "By God," a solemn form of oath.

We have, too, the English form in the name *Bigod.* Names like *Rummiley* come from the old cry of sailors, *Rummylow,* which they used as sailors use " Heave-ho " now.

But many chapters could be written on the history of names. This chapter shows only some of the ways in which we got our Christian names and surnames.

CHAPTER III.

STORIES IN THE NAMES OF PLACES.

THE stories which the names of places can tell us are many more in number, and even more wonderful, than the stories in the names of people. Some places have very old names, and others have quite new ones, and the names have been given for all sorts of different reasons. If we take the names of the continents, we find that some of them come from far-off times, and were given by men who knew very little of what the world was like. The names *Europe* and *Asia* were given long ago by sailors belonging to the Semitic race (the race to which the Jews belong), who sailed up and down the Ægean Sea, and did not venture to leave its waters. All the land which lay to the west they called *Ereb*, which was their word for "sunset," or "west," and the land to the east they called *Acu*, which meant "sunrise," or "east;" and later, when men knew more about these lands, these names, changed a little, remained as the names of the great continents, Europe and Asia.

Africa, too, is an old name, though not so old as

these. We think of Africa now as a "dark continent," the greater part of which has only lately become known to white men, and with a native population of negroes. But for hundreds of years the north of Africa was one of the most civilized parts of the Roman Empire. Before that time part of it had belonged to the Carthaginians, whom the Romans conquered. *Africa* was a Carthaginian name, and was first used by the Romans as the name of the district round Carthage, and in time it came to be the name of the whole continent.

America got its name in quite a different way. It was not until the fifteenth century that this great continent was discovered, and then it took its name, not from the brave Spaniard, Christopher Columbus, who first sailed across the "Sea of Darkness" to find it, but from Amerigo Vespucci, the man who first landed on the mainland.

Australia got its name, which means "land of the south," from Portuguese and Spanish sailors, who reached its western coasts early in the sixteenth century. They never went inland, or made any settlements, but in the queer, inaccurate maps which early geographers made, they put down a *Terra Australis*, or "southern land," and later, when Englishmen did at last explore and colonize the continent, they kept this name *Australia*. This Latin name reminds us of the fact that Latin was in the Middle Ages the language used by all scholars in their writings, and names on maps were written

in Latin too, and so a great modern continent like Australia came to have an old Latin name.

There is a great deal of history in the names of countries. Take the names of the countries of Europe. *England* is the land of the *Angles*, and from this we learn that the Angles were the chief people of all the tribes who came over and settled in Britain after the Romans left it. They spread farthest over the land, and gave their name to it; just as the *Franks*, another of these Northern peoples, gave their name to *France*, and the *Belgæ* gave theirs to *Belgium*. The older name of *Britain* did not die out, but it was seldom used. It has really been used much more in modern times than it ever was in the Middle Ages. It is used especially in poetry or in fine writing, just as *Briton* is instead of *Englishman*, as in the line—

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves."

The name *Briton* is now used also to mean Irish, Scotch, and Welsh men—in fact, any British subject. We also speak of *Great Britain*, which means England and Scotland. When the Scottish Parliament was joined to the English in 1702 some name had to be found to describe the new "nation," and this was how the name *Great Britain* came into use, just as the *United Kingdom* was the name invented to describe Great Britain and Ireland together when the Irish Parliament too was joined to the English in 1804.

We see how Gaul and Britain, as France and England were called in Roman times, had their names changed after the fall of the Roman Empire; but most of the countries round the Mediterranean Sea kept their old names, just as they kept for the most part their old languages. Italy, Greece, and Spain all kept their old names, although new peoples flocked down into these lands too. But though new peoples came, in all these lands they learned the ways and languages of the older inhabitants, instead of changing everything, as the English did in Britain. And so it was quite natural that they should keep their own names too.

Most of the other countries in Europe took their names from the people who settled there. Germany (the Roman *Germania*) was the part of Europe where most of the tribes of the German race settled down. The divisions of Germany, like Saxony, Bavaria, Frisia, were the parts of Germany where the German tribes known as Saxons, Bavarians, and Frisians settled. The name *Austria* comes from *Osterreich*, the German for "eastern kingdom." Holland, on the other hand, takes its name from the character of the land. It comes from *holt*, meaning "wood," and *lant*, meaning "land." The little country of Albania is so called from *Alba*, or "white," because of its snowy mountains.

But perhaps the names of the old towns of the old world tell us the best stories of all. The greatest city the world has ever seen was Rome, and many

scholars have quarrelled about the meaning of that great name. It seems most likely that it came from an old word meaning "river." It would be quite natural for the people of early Rome to give such a name to their city, for it was a most important fact to them that they had built their city just where it was on the river Tiber.

One of the best places on which a town could be built, especially in early days, was the banks of a river, from which the people could get water, and by which the refuse and rubbish of the town could be carried away. Then, again, one of the chief things which helped Rome to greatness was her position on the river Tiber, far enough from the sea to be safe from the enemy raiders who infested the seas in those early days, and yet near enough to send her ships out to trade with other lands. Thus it was, probably, that a simple word meaning "river" came to be used as the name of the world's greatest city.

Others among the great cities of the ancient world were founded in a quite different way. The great conqueror, Alexander the Great, founded cities in every land he conquered, and their names remain even now to keep his memory alive. The city of *Alexandria*, on the north coast of Africa, was, of course, called after Alexander himself, and became after his death more civilized and important than any of the Greek cities which Alexander admired so much, and which he tried to imitate everywhere.

Now Alexandria is no longer a centre of learning, but a fairly busy port. Only its name recalls the time when it helped in the great work for which Alexander built it—to spread Greek learning and Greek civilization over Europe and Asia.

Another city which Alexander founded, but which afterwards fell into decay, was *Bucephalia*, which the great conqueror set up in the north of India when he made his wonderful march across the mountains into that continent. It was called after "Bucephalus," the favourite horse of Alexander, which had been wounded, and died after the battle. The town was built over the place where the horse was buried, and though its story is not so interesting as that of Alexandria, as the town so soon fell into decay, still it is worth remembering.

Another of the world's ancient and greatest cities, Constantinople, also took its name from a great ruler. In the days when the Roman Empire was beginning to decay, and new nations from the north began to pour into her lands, the emperor, Constantine the Great, the ruler who made Christianity the religion of the empire, chose a new capital instead of Rome. He loved Eastern magnificence and Eastern ways, and he chose for his new capital the old Greek colony of Byzantium, the beautiful city on the Golden Horn, which Constantine soon made into a new Rome, with churches and theatres and baths, like the old Rome. The new Rome was given a new name. Constantine had turned

Byzantium into a new city, and it has ever since been known as *Constantinople*, or the "city of Constantine."

We can nearly always tell from the names of places something of their history. If we think of the names of some of our English towns, we notice that many of them end in the same way. There are several whose names begin or end in *don*, like *London* itself. Many others end in *caster* or *chester*, *ham*, *by*, *borough* or *burgh*.

We may be sure that most of the places whose names begin or end in *don* were already important places in the time before the Britons were conquered by the Romans. The Britons were divided into tribes, and lived in villages scattered over the land; but each tribe had its little fortress or stronghold, the "dun," as it was called, with walls and ditches round it, in which all the people of the tribe could take shelter if attacked by a strong enemy. And so the name of London takes us back to the time when this greatest city of the modern world, spreading into four counties, and as big as a county itself, with its marvellous buildings, old and new, and its immense traffic, was but a British fort into which scantily-clothed people fled from their huts at the approach of an enemy.

But the British showed themselves wise enough in their choice of places to build their *duns*, which, as in the case of London, often became centres of new towns, which grew larger and larger through

Roman times, and on into the Middle Ages and modern times.

The great French fortress town of Verdun, which everybody has heard of because of its wonderful resistance to the German attacks in 1916, is also an old Celtic town with this Celtic ending to its name. It was already an important town when the Romans conquered Gaul, and it has played a notable part in history ever since. Its full name means "the fort on the water," just as *Dundee* (from *Dun-tatha*) probably meant "the fort on the Tay."

By merely looking at a map of England, any one who knows anything of the Latin language can pick out many names which come from that language, and which must have been given in the days when the Romans had conquered Britain. The ending *caster* of so many names in the north of England, and *chester* in the Midlands, *xeter* in the west of England, and *caer* in Wales, all come from the same Latin word, *castrum*, which means a military camp or fortified place. So that we might guess, if we did not know, that at Lancaster, Doncaster, Manchester, Winchester, Exeter, and at the old capital of the famous King Arthur, Caerleon, there were some of those Roman camps which were dotted over England in the days when the Romans ruled the land.

Here the Roman officers lived with their wives and families, and the Roman soldiers too, and here

they built churches and theatres and baths, such as they were used to in their cities at home in Italy. Here, too, it was that many of the British nobles learned Roman ways of living and thinking; and from here the Roman priests and monks went out to teach the Britons that the religion of the Druids was false, and instruct them in the Christian religion.

Another common Latin ending or beginning to the names of places was *strat*, *stret*, or *street*, and wherever we find this we may know that through these places ran some of the *viæ stratæ*, or great Roman roads which the Romans built in all the provinces of their great empire. There are many remains of these Roman roads still to be seen up and down England; but even where no trace remains, the direction of some, at least, of the great roads could be found from the names of the towns which were dotted along them. Among these towns are *Stratford* in Warwickshire, *Chester-le-Street* in Durham, *Streatham*, etc.

Then, again, some of the towns with *port* and *lynne* as part of their names show us where the Romans had their ports and trading towns.

It is interesting to see the different names which the English gave to the villages in which they dwelt when the Romans had left Britain, and these new tribes had won it for themselves. Nearly all towns ending in *ham* and *ford*, and *burgh* or *borough*, date from the first few hundred years after the English

won Britain. *Ham* and *ford* merely meant "home," or "village." Thus *Buckingham* was the home of the Bockings, a village in which several families all related to each other, and bearing this name, lived. Of course the name did not change when later the village grew into a town. Buckingham is a very different place now from the little village in which the Bockings settled, each household having its house and yard, but dividing the common meadow and pasture land out between them each year.

Wallingford was the home of the Wallings. Places whose names ended in *ford* were generally situated where a *ford*, or means of crossing a river or stream, had to be made. Oxford was in Old English *Oxenford*, or "ford of the oxen."

Towns whose names end in *borough* are often very old, but not so old as some of those ending in *ham* and *ford*. There were *burhs* in the first days of the English Conquest, but generally they were only single fortified houses and not villages. We first hear of the more important *burghs* or *boroughs* in the last hundred years or so before the Norman Conquest. *Edinburgh*, which was at first an English town, is a very early example. Its name means "Edwin's borough or town," and it was so called because it was founded by Edwin, who was king of England from 617 to 633.

The special point about boroughs was that they were really free towns. They had courts of justice

of their own, and were free from the Hundred courts, the next court above them being the Shire court, ruled over by the sheriff. So we know that most of the towns whose names end in *burgh* or *borough* had for their early citizens men who loved freedom, and worked hard to win their own courts of justice.

There are other endings to the names of towns which go back to the days before the Norman Conquest, but which are not really English. If a child were told to pick out on the map of England all the places whose names end in *by* or *thwaite*, he or she would find that most of them are in the eastern part of England. The reason for this might be guessed, perhaps, by a very thoughtful child. Both *by* and *thwaite* are Danish words, and they are found in the eastern parts of England, because it was in those parts that the Danes settled down when the great King Alfred forced them to make peace in the Treaty of Wallingford. After this, of course, the Danes lived in England for many years, settling down, and becoming part of the English people. Naturally they gave their own names to many villages and towns, and many of these remain to this day to remind us of this fierce race which helped to build up the English nation.

The Normans did not make many changes in the names of places when they won England, and most of our place-names come down to us from Roman and old English times. The places have changed, but the names have not. But though towns and

counties have had their names from those times, it is to be noticed that the names of our rivers and hills come down to us from Celtic times. To the Britons, living a more or less wild life, these things were of the greatest importance. There are several rivers in England with the name of *Avon*, and this is an old British name. The rivers *Usk*, *Esk*, and *Ouse* were all christened by the Britons, and all these names come from a British word meaning "water." Curiously enough, the name *whisky* comes from the same word. From all these different ways in which places have got their names we get glimpses of past history, and history helps us to understand the stories that these old names tell us.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW NAMES FOR NEW PLACES.

We have seen in how many different ways many of the old places of this world got their names. Some names go so far back that no one knows what is their meaning, or how they first came to be used. But we know that a great part of the world has only been discovered since the fifteenth century, and that a great part of what was already known has only been colonized in modern times.

With the discovery of the New World and the colonization of the Dark Continent and other far-off lands, a great many new names were invented. We could almost write a history of North or South America from an explanation of their place-names.

In learning the geography of South America we notice the beautiful Spanish names of most of the places. The reason for this is that it was the Spaniards who colonized South America in the sixteenth century. Very little of this continent now belongs to Spain, but in those days Spain was the greatest country in Europe. The proud and brave Spanish adventurers were in those days sailing over the seas

and founding colonies, just as the English sailors of Queen Elizabeth soon began to do in North America.

Let us look at some of these names—*Los Angelos* ("The Angels"), *Santa Cruz* ("The Holy Cross"), *Santiago* ("St. James"), all names of saints and holy things. Any one who knew no history at all might guess, from the number of places with Spanish names spread over South America, that it was the Spaniards who colonized this land. He would also guess that the Spaniards in those days must have been a very great nation indeed. And he would be right.

He would guess, too, that the Spaniards had clung passionately to the Catholic religion. Here, again, he would be right. Any great enthusiasm will make a nation great, and the Spaniards in the sixteenth century were filled with a great love for the old Church against which the new Protestantism was fighting. The Pope looked upon Spain as the great bulwark of Catholicism. The new religious feeling, which had swept over Europe, and which had made the Protestants ready to suffer and die for their new-found faith, took the form in Spain of this great love for the old religion. The nation seemed inspired. It is when these things happen that a people turns to great enterprises and adventure. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century regarded themselves, and were almost regarded by the other nations, as unconquerable. The great aim of Elizabethan Englishmen was to "break the power of Spain," and

this they did at last when they scattered the "Invincible Armada" in 1588. But before this Spain had done great things.

The Portuguese had been the first great adventurers, but they were soon left far behind by the Spanish sailors, who explored almost every part of South America, settling there, and sending home great shiploads of gold to make Spain rich. And wherever they explored and settled they spread about these beautiful names to honour the saints and holy things which their religion told them to love and honour.

It was the great discoverer Christopher Columbus who first gave one of these beautiful names to a place in South America. He had already discovered North America, and made a second voyage there, when he determined to explore the land south of the West Indies. He sailed south through the tropical seas while the heat melted the tar of the rigging. But Columbus never noticed danger and discomfort. He had made a vow to call the first land he saw after the Holy Trinity, and when at last he caught sight of three peaks jutting up from an island he gave the island the name of *La Trinidad*, and "Trinidad" it remains to this day, though it now belongs to the British. As he sailed south Columbus caught sight of what was really the mainland of South America, but he thought it was another island, and called it *Isla Santa*, or "Holy Island."

It might seem curious that as Columbus had discovered both North and South America, the continent was given the name of another man. As we have seen, its name was taken from that of another explorer, Amerigo Vespucci. The reason for this was that Columbus never really knew that he had discovered a "New World." He believed that he had come by another way to the eastern coast of Asia or Africa. The islands which he first discovered were for this reason called the *Indies*, and the *West Indies* they remain to this day.

It was Amerigo Vespucci who first announced to the world, in a book which he published in 1507 (three years after Christopher Columbus had died in loneliness and poverty), that the new lands were indeed a great new continent, and not Asia or Africa at all. People later on said that Amerigo Vespucci had discovered a new continent, and that it ought to be called by his name. This is how the name *America* came into use; but of course the work of Vespucci was not to be compared with that of the great adventurer who first sailed across the "Sea of Darkness," and was the real discoverer of the New World.

Though it was the Spaniards who discovered North America, it was the English who chiefly colonized it.

It is interesting to notice the names which the early English colonists scattered over the northern continent. We might gather from them that, just

as the love of their Church was the great passion of the sixteenth-century Spaniards, so the love of their country was the ruling passion of the great English adventurers. (Of course the Spaniards had shown their love for their old country in some of the names they gave, as when Columbus called one place *Isabella*, in honour of the noble Spanish queen who had helped and encouraged him when other rulers of European countries had refused to listen to what they thought were the ravings of a madman.)

The English in Reformation days had a very different idea of religion from the Spanish. Naturally they did not sprinkle the names of saints over the new lands. But the English of Elizabeth's day were filled with a great new love for England. The greatest of all the Elizabethan adventurers, Sir Francis Drake, when in his voyage round the world he put into a harbour which is now known as San Francisco, set up "a plate of brass fast nailed to a great and firm post, whereon is engraved Her Grace's name, and the day and the year of our arrival there." The Indian king of these parts had freely owned himself subject to the English, taking the crown from his own head and putting it on Drake's head. Sir Francis called his land *New Albion*, using the old poetic name for England.

But the colonization of North America was not successfully begun until after the death of Elizabeth, though one or two attempts at founding colonies, or "plantations," as they were then called, were

made in her time. Sir Walter Raleigh tried to set up one colony in North America, and called it *Virginia*, after the virgin queen whom all Englishmen delighted to honour. Virginia did not prosper, and Raleigh's colony broke up; but later another and successful attempt at colonizing it was made, and the same name kept. Virginia—"Earth's only Paradise," as the poet Drayton called it—was the first English colony successfully settled in North America. This was in the year 1607, when two hundred and forty-three settlers landed, and made the first settlement at a point which they called *Jamestown*, in honour of the new English king, James I.

The first settlers in Virginia were men whose chief aim was to become rich, but it was not long before a new kind of settler began to seek refuge in the lands north of Virginia, to which the great colonizer, Captain John Smith, had by this time given the name of *New England*. It was in 1620 that the "Pilgrim Fathers," because they were not free to worship God as they thought right at home, sailed from Southampton in the little *Mayflower*, and landed far to the north of Virginia, and made a settlement at a place which Smith had already called *Plymouth*.

Before long new colonies began to spring up all over New England; and though we find some new names, like the Indian name of the great colony *Massachusetts*, we may read the story of the great

love which the colonists felt for the old towns of the mother-country in the way they gave their names to the new settlements.

A curious thing is that many of these new towns, christened after little old towns at home, became later very important and prosperous places, while the places after which they were called are sometimes almost forgotten. Many people to whom the name of the great American city of Boston is familiar do not know that there still stands on the coast of Lincolnshire the sleepy little town of Boston, from which it took its name.

Boston is the chief town of Massachusetts; but the first capital was *Charlestown*, called after King Charles I., who had by this time succeeded his father, James I. The place on which Charlestown was built, on the north bank of the Charles River, was, however, found to be unhealthy. The settlers, therefore, deserted it, and Boston was built on the south bank.

It was not long before the Massachusetts settlers built a college at a place near Boston which had been called *Cambridge*. This is a case in which the old town at home remained, of course, much more important than its godchild. If a person speaks of Cambridge, one's mind immediately flies to the English university city on the banks of the river Cam. Still the college built at the American Cambridge, and called "Harvard College," after John Harvard, one of the early settlers, who

gave a great deal of money towards its building, is famous now throughout the world.

It was natural and suitable that the early settlers should use the old English names to show their love for the mother-country; but it was not such a wise thing to choose the names of the great historic towns of Europe, and give them to the new settlements. To give the almost sacred name of *Rome* to a modern American town seems almost ridiculous. Certainly one would have always to be very careful to add "Georgia, U.S.A.," in addressing letters there. The United States has several of these towns bearing old historic names. *Paris* as the name of an American town seems almost as unsuitable as Rome.

But this mistake was not made by the early colonists. If we think of the names of the colonies which stretched along the east of North America, we find nearly always that the names are chosen to do honour to the English king or queen, or to keep the memory fresh of some beloved spot in the old country.

In 1632 the Catholic Lord Baltimore founded a new colony, the only one where the Catholic religion was tolerated, and called it *Maryland*, in honour of Charles I.'s queen, Henrietta Maria. Just after the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, when the country was full of loyalty, a new colony, *Carolina*, was founded, taking its name from *Carolus*, the Latin for "Charles." Afterwards this colony was divided into two, and became North and South Carolina.

To the north of Maryland lay the *New Netherlands*, for Holland had also colonized here. In the seventeenth century this little nation was for a time equal to the greatest nations in Europe. The Dutch had very soon followed the example of that other little nation Portugal, which, directed by the famous Prince Henry of Portugal, had been the first of all the European nations to explore far-off lands. Holland was as important on the seas as Spain or England; but this could not last long. The Dutch and the English fought several campaigns, and in the end the Dutch were beaten.

In 1667 the New Netherlands were yielded up to England. The name of the colony was changed to *New York*, and its capital, New Amsterdam, was given the same name. This was in honour of the sailor prince, James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy King James II. Another of the Stuarts who gave his name to a district of North America was Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I., who fought so hard for the king against Cromwell. In 1670 the land round Hudson Bay was given the name of *Rupertsland*.

Sometimes, but not often, the new colonies were given the names of their founders. William Penn, who founded the Quaker colony of *Pennsylvania*, gave it this name in honour of his father, Admiral Penn. *Sylvania* means "land of woods," and comes from the Latin *sylvanus*, or "woody."

But it is not only in America that the place-names

tell us the stories of heroism and romance. All over the world, from the icy lands round the Poles to the tropical districts of Africa, India, and Australia, these stories can be read. The spirit in which the early Portuguese adventurers sailed along the coast of Africa is shown in the name they gave to what we now know as the *Cape of Good Hope.* Bartholomew Diaz called it the *Cape of Storms,* for he had discovered it only after terrible battlings with the waves; but when he sailed home to tell his news the king of Portugal said that this was not a good name, but it should instead be called the *Cape of Good Hope,* for past it lay the sea passage to India which men had been seeking for years. And so the *Cape of Good Hope* it remains to this day.

After this it was not long before the Portuguese explored the south and east coasts of Africa and the west coast of India to the very south, where they took the *Spice Islands* for their own. From these the Portuguese brought home great quantities of spices, which they sold at high prices in Europe.

It was the great explorer Ferdinand Magellan who first sailed round the world, being sure, as he said, that he could reach the Spice Islands by sailing west. And so he started on this expedition, sailing through the straits which have ever since been known as the *Magellan Straits* to the south of South America, into the Pacific, or "Peaceful," Ocean, and then ever west, until he came round

by the east to Spain again, after three years of great hardship and wonderful adventure.

The adventures of the early explorers most often took the form of seeking a new and shorter passage from one ocean to another, and so many straits bear the names of the explorers. The Elizabethan explorer, Martin Frobisher, sought for a "North-west Passage" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and for a time it was thought that he had found it in the very north of North America. But it was afterwards found that the "passage," which had already been given the name of *Frobisher's Straits*, was really only an inlet, and afterwards it became known as *Lumley's Inlet.*

Frobisher never discovered a North-west Passage, for the ships of those days were not fitted out in a way to enable the sailors to bear the icy cold of these northern regions. Many brave explorers tried later to discover it. Three times John Davis made a voyage for this purpose but never succeeded, though *Davis Strait* commemorates his heroic attempts. Hudson and Baffin explored in these waters, as the names *Hudson Bay* and *Baffin Bay* remind us.

It was nearly two hundred years later that Sir John Franklin sailed with an expedition in two boats, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, determined to find the passage. He found it, but died in the attempt; but, strangely enough, his name was not given to any strait, though later it was given to all the islands of the Arctic Archipelago.

The winning of India by the British in the eighteenth century did not give us many new English names. India was not, like the greater part of America, a wild country inhabited by savage peoples. It had an older civilization than the greater part of Europe, and the only reason that it was weak enough to be conquered was that the many races who lived there could not agree among themselves. Most of the place-names of India are native names given by natives, for centuries before France and England began to struggle for its possession in the eighteenth century India had passed through a long and varied history.

When we remember that the natives of India have no name to describe the whole continent, it helps us to understand that India is in no way a single country. The British Government have given the continent the name *India*, taking it from the great river Indus, which itself takes its name from an old word, *sindhu*, meaning "river."

In the days of the early explorers, after the islands discovered by Columbus were called the *West Indies*, some people began to call the Indian continent the *East Indies*, to distinguish it; and some of the papers about India drawn up for the information of Parliament about Indian affairs still use this name, but it is not a familiar use to most people.

The mistake which Columbus and the early explorers made in thinking America was India has

caused a good deal of confusion. The natives of North America were called Indians, and it was only long afterwards, in fact quite lately, that people began to write and speak of the natives of India as *Indians*. When it was printed in the newspapers that Indians were fighting for the British Empire with the armies in France, the use of the word *Indian* seemed wrong to a great many people; but it is now becoming so common that it will probably soon seem quite right. When it is used with the old meaning we shall have to say the "Indians of North America." Some people use the word *Hindu* to describe the natives of India; but this is not correct, as only *some* of the natives of India are Hindus, just as the name *Hindustan* (a Persian name meaning "land of the Hindus," as *Afghanistan* means "land of the Afghans"), which some old writers on geography used for *India*, is really the name of one part of the land round the river Ganges, where the language known as *Hindi* is spoken.

The place-names of India given by natives of the many different races which have lived in the land could fill a book with their stories alone. We can only mention a few. The name of the great range of mountains which runs across the north of the continent, the *Himalayas*, means in Sanskrit, the oldest language used in India, the "home of snow." *Bombay* takes its name from *Mumba*, the name of a goddess of an early tribe who occupied the dis-

trict round Bombay. *Calcutta*, which stretches over ground where there were formerly several villages, takes its name from one of these. Its old form was *Kalikuti*, which means the "ghauts," or passes, leading to the temple of the goddess Kali.

In Australia, where a beginning of colonization was made through the discoveries of Captain Cook towards the end of the eighteenth century, the place-names were sometimes given from places at home, sometimes after persons, but they have hardly the same romance as the early American names.

Botany Bay was the name chosen by Captain Cook in a moment of enthusiasm for an inlet of New South Wales. He gave it this name because of the great number of plants and flowers which grow there.

In Africa a good deal of history can be learned from the place-names. Although the north of Africa had for many hundreds of years had its part in the civilization of the countries round the Mediterranean Sea, the greater part of Africa had remained an unexplored region—the "Dark Continent," as it was called. In the fifteenth century the Portuguese sailors crept along the western coast, and afterwards along the south, as we have seen, past the Cape of Good Hope. But the interior of the continent remained for long an unexplored region.

The Dutch had, very soon after the discovery of

the Cape, made a settlement there, which was known as *Cape Colony*. This was afterwards won by the English; but many Dutchmen still stayed there, and though, since the Boer War, when the Boers, or Dutch, in South Africa tried to win their independence, the whole of South Africa belongs to the British Empire, still there are naturally many Dutch names given by the early Dutch settlers. Some of these became very well known to English people in the Boer War. *Bloemfontein* is one of these names, coming from the Dutch word for "spring" (*fontein*), and that of Jan Bloem, one of the farmers who first settled there. Another well-known place in the Transvaal, *Pietermaritzburg*, took its name from the two leaders who led the Boers out of Cape Colony when they felt that the English were becoming too strong there. These leaders were Pieter Retief and Georit Maritz. This movement of the Boers into the Transvaal was called the "Great Trek," *trek* being a Dutch word for a journey or migration of this sort. Since the days of the Boer War this word has been regularly used in English with this same meaning. Like the English settlers in America, the Dutch settlers in South Africa sometimes gave the names of places in Holland to their new settlements. *Utrecht* is an example of this.

Up to the very end of the nineteenth century no European country besides England had any great possessions in Africa. The Portuguese still

held the coast lands between Zululand (so called from the fierce black natives who lived there) and Mozambique. Egypt had come practically under British rule soon after the days of Napoleon, and in the middle of the nineteenth century the great explorers Livingstone and Stanley had explored the lands along the Zambesi River and a great part of Central Africa. Stanley went right across the centre of the continent, and discovered the lake *Albert Edward Nyanza. Nyanza* is the African word for "lake," and the name Albert Edward was given in honour of the Prince Consort. *Victoria Nyanza*, so called after Queen Victoria, had been discovered some years before. It was all these discoveries which led to the colonization of Africa by the nations of Europe.

In 1884 the great German statesman, Prince Bismarck, set up the German flag in Damaraland, the coast district to the north of the Orange River; and soon after a German colony was set up in the lands between the Portuguese settlements and the Equator. This was simply called German East Africa. At the same time the other nations of Europe suddenly realized that if they meant to have part of Africa they must join in the scramble at once. There were soon a British East Africa, a Portuguese East Africa, a Portuguese West Africa, a German South-west Africa, and so on. All these are names which might have been given in a hurry, and in them we seem to read the haste of the Euro-

pean nations to seize on the only lands in the world which were still available. They are very different from the descriptive names which the early Portuguese adventurers had strewn along the coast, like *Sierra Leone*, or "the lion mountain;" *Cape Verde*, or "the green cape," so called from its green grass.

Still, romance was not dead even yet. There is one district of South Africa which takes its name in the old way from that of a person. *Rhodesia*, the name given to Mashonaland and Matabeleland, was so called after Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a young British emigrant, who went out from England in very weak health and became perfectly strong, at the same time winning a fortune for himself in the diamond fields of Kimberley. He devoted himself heart and soul to the strengthening of British power in South Africa, and it is fitting that this province should by its name keep his memory fresh.

The story of the struggle in South Africa between Boer and Briton can be partly read in its place-names; and the story of the struggle between old and new settlers in Canada can be similarly read in the place-names of that land.

The first settlers in Canada were the French, and the descendants of these first settlers form a large proportion of the Canadian population. Many places in Canada still have, of course, the names which the first French settlers gave them.

The Italian, John Cabot, had sailed to Canada a

few years after Columbus discovered America, sent by the English king, Henry VII., but no settlements were made. Thirty-seven years later the French sailor, Jacques Cartier, was sent by the French king, Francis I., to explore there. Cartier sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far as the spot where Montreal now stands. The name was given by Cartier, and means "royal mount." It was Cartier, too, who gave Canada its name; but he thought that this was already the Indian name for the land. A story is told that some Red Indians were trying to talk to him and making signs, and they pointed to some houses, saying, "Cannata." Cartier thought they meant that this was the name of the country, but he was mistaken. They were, perhaps, pointing out their village, for *cannata* is the Indian name for "village."

Cartier, like Cabot, sailed away again, and the first real founder of a settlement in Canada was the Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, who made friends with the Indians, and explored the upper parts of the river Lawrence, and gave his name to the beautiful *Lake Champlain*, which he discovered. It was he who founded *Quebec*, giving it this Breton name. Sailors from Brittany had ventured as far as the coast of Canada in the time of Columbus, and had given its name to *Cape Breton*. And so French names spread through Canada. Later, in one of the wars of the eighteenth century, England won Canada from France; but these French names

still remain to tell the tale of French adventure and heroism in that land.

We have seen many names in new lands, some of them given by people from the Old World who settled in these lands. In the great European War we have seen people from these new lands coming back to fight in some of the most ancient countries of the Old World. The splendid Australian troops who fought in Gallipoli sprinkled many new names over the land they won and lost. One, at least, will always remain on the maps. *Anzac*, where the Colonials made their historic landing, will never be forgotten. It was a new name, made up of the initial letters of the words "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps," and will remain for ever one of the most honoured names invented in the twentieth century.

Children who like history can read whole chapters in the place-names of the old world and the new.

CHAPTER V.

STORIES IN OLD LONDON NAMES.

It is not only in the names of continents, countries, and towns that stories of the past can be read. The names of the old streets and buildings (or even of new streets which have kept their old names) in our old towns are full of stories. Especially is this true about London, the centre of the British Empire, and almost the centre of the world's history. It will be interesting not only to little Londoners, but to other children as well, to examine some of the old London names, and see what stories they can tell.

Naturally the most interesting names of all are to be found in what we now call "the City," meaning the centre of London, which was at one time all the London there was.

We have seen that London was in the time of the Britons just a fort, and that it became important in Roman times, and a town grew up around it. But this town in the Middle Ages, and even so late as the eighteenth century, was not at all like the London we know to-day. London now is really a

county, and stretches away far into four counties; but mediæval London was like a small country town, though a very important and gay and busy town, because it was the capital.

Many of the names in the City take us back to the very earliest days of the capital. This part of London stands on slightly rising ground, and near the river Thames, just the sort of ground which early people would choose upon which to build a fortress or a village. The names of two of the chief City streets, the Strand and Fleet Street, help to show us something of what London was like in its earliest days. A few years ago, in a famous case in a court of law, one of the lawyers asked a witness what he was doing in the Strand at a certain time. The witness, a witty Irishman, answered with a solemn face, "Picking seaweed." Everybody laughed, because the idea of picking seaweed in the very centre of London was so funny. But a strand *is* a shore, and when the name was given to the London *Strand* it was not a paved street at all, but the muddy shore of the river Thames.

Then *Fleet Street* marks the path by which the little river Fleet ran into the Thames. The river had several tributaries, which were covered over in this way, and several of them are used as sewers to carry away the sewage of the city. There is a *Fleet Street,* too, in Hampstead, in the north-west of London, and this marks the beginning of the

course of the same little river Fleet which got its water from the high ground of Hampstead.

This river has given us still another famous London name. It flowed past what is now called King's Cross, and here its banks were so steep that it was called *Hollow*, or *Hole-bourne*, and from this we get the name *Holborn*.

The City being the centre of London had a certain amount of trading and bargaining from the earliest times. In those times there were no such things as shops. People bought and sold in markets, and the name of the busy City street, *Cheapside*, reminds us of this. It was called in early times the *Chepe*, and took its name from the Old English word *ceap*, "a bargain."

At the end of Cheapside runs the street called *Poultry*, and this, so an old chronicler tells us, has its name from the fact that a fowl or poultry market was regularly held there up to the sixteenth century. The name of another famous City street, *Cornhill*, tells us that a corn market used to be held there. Another name, *Gracechurch Street*, reminds us of an old grass market. It took its name from an old church, St. Benet Grasschurch, which was probably so called because the grass market was held under its walls.

Smithfield is the great London meat market now; but its name means "smooth field," and in the Middle Ages it was used as a cattle and hay market, and on days which were not market days games

and tournaments took place there. Later its name became famous in English history for the "fires of Smithfield," when men and women were burned to death there for refusing to accept the state religion.

Many London names come from churches and buildings which no longer exist. The names help us to picture a London very different from the London of to-day. One of the busiest streets in that part of the City round Fleet Street where editors and journalists, and printers and messengers are working day and night to produce the newspapers which carry the news of the day far and wide over England, is *Blackfriars*. This is a very different place from the spot where the Dominicans, or "Black Friars," built their priory in the thirteenth century.

In those days the friars chose the busiest parts of the little English towns to build their houses in, so that they could preach and help the people. They thought that the earlier monks had chosen places for their monasteries too far from the people. There were grey friars and white friars, Austin friar and crutched friars, all of whose names remain in the London of to-day.

There were many monasteries and convents in the larger London which soon grew up round the City, and in the City itself we have a street whose name keeps the memory of one convent of nuns. The street called the *Minories* marks the place where a convent of nuns of St. Clare was founded

in the thirteenth century. The Latin name for these nuns is *Sorores Minores*, or "Lesser Sisters," just as the Franciscans, or grey friars, were *Fratres Minores*, or "Lesser Brethren." And so from the Latin *minores* we get the name Minories as the name of a London street, standing where this convent once stood.

The name of the street *London Wall* reminds us of the time when London was a walled city with its gates, which were closed at night and opened every morning. Many streets keep the names of the old gates, like *Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate.*

The great *Tower of London* still stands to show us how London was defended in the old feudal days; but *Tower Bridge*, the bridge which crosses the river at that point, is a modern bridge, built in 1894. The name *Cripplegate* still remains, and the story it has to tell us is that in the Middle Ages there stood outside the city walls beyond this gate the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. It was a hospital for lepers; but St. Giles is the patron saint of cripples, and so this gate of the city got the name of Cripplegate, because it was the nearest to the church of the patron saint of cripples.

This church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields no longer remains; but we have *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*, to remind us of the difference between Trafalgar Square to-day and its condition not quite two hundred years ago, when this church was built.

It must be remembered that even at the very

end of the eighteenth century London was just a tiny town lying along the river. At that time many of the nobles and rich merchants were building their mansions in what is now the West Central district of London. The north side of Queen Square, Bloomsbury, was left open, so that the people who lived there could enjoy the view of the Highgate and Hampstead hills, to which the open country stretched. Even now this end of Queen Square is closed only by a railing, but a great mass of streets and houses stretches far beyond Hampstead and Highgate now.

Trafalgar Square itself got its name in honour of Nelson, the hero of the great victory of Trafalgar. The great column with the statue of Nelson stands in the square.

This brings us to one of the most interesting of old London names. On one side of the square stands *Charing Cross*, the busiest spot in London. At this point there once stood the last of the nine beautiful crosses which King Edward III. set up at the places where the coffin of his wife, Eleanor, was set to rest in the long journey from Lincolnshire, where she died, to her grave in Westminster Abbey; and so it got its name. A fine modern cross has been set up in memory of Edward's cross, which has long since disappeared.

The district of Westminster takes its name, of course, from the abbey; and the name *Broad Sanctuary* remains to remind us of the sanctuary in

which, as in many churches of the Middle Ages, people could take refuge even from the Law. *Covent Garden* took its name from a convent garden belonging to the abbey.

One of the oldest parts of London is *Charterhouse Square*, where, until a year or two ago, there stood the famous boys' school of this name. The school took its name from the old monastery of the Charterhouse, which King Henry VIII. brought to an end because the monks would not own that he was head of the Church instead of the Pope. They suffered a dreadful death, being hanged, drawn, and quartered as traitors. The monastery was taken, like so many others, by the king, and afterwards became a school. But the school was removed in 1872 to an airier district at Godalming. Part of the old building is still used as a boys' day school.

The word *Charterhouse* was the English name for a house of Carthusians, a very strict order of monks, whose first house was the Grande Chartreuse in France.

Not far from the Charterhouse is *Ely Place*, with the beautiful old church of St. Ethelreda. This was, in the Middle Ages, a chapel used by the Bishop of Ely when he came to London, and that is how Ely Place, still one of the quietest and quaintest spots in London, got its name.

People who go along Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's must have noticed many curious names. Perhaps

the quaintest of all is *Paternoster Row*. This street, which takes its name from the Latin name of the "Our Father," or Lord's Prayer, got its name from the fact that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many sellers of prayer-books and texts collected at this spot, on account of it being near the great church of St. Paul's. Paternoster Row is still full of booksellers.

Ave Maria Lane and *Amen Corner*, just near, got their names in imitation of Paternoster Row, the *Ave Maria*, or "Hail, Mary!" being the words used by the angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin at the Annunciation, and *Amen* being, of course, the ending to the *paternoster*, as to most prayers.

Not far from St. Paul's is the Church of *St. Mary-le-Bow*. It used to be said that the true Londoner had to be born within the sound of Bow-bells, and the old story tells us that it was these bells which Dick Whittington heard telling him to turn back when he had lost hope of making his fortune, and was leaving London for the country again. The present Church of St. Mary-le-Bow was built by Sir Christopher Wren, the great seventeenth-century architect, who built St. Paul's and several other of the most beautiful London churches after they had been destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666. But underneath the present Church of St. Mary-le-Bow is the crypt, which was not destroyed in the fire. This crypt was built, like the former church, in Norman times, and the church took its

name of *bow* from the arches upon which it was built in the Norman way, it being the first church in London to be built in this way. The church is generally called "Bow Church."

Another famous old London church, the *Temple Church*, which is now used as the chapel of the lawyers at the Inns of Court, got its name from the fact that it belonged to and was built by the Knights Templars in the twelfth century. These knights were one of those peculiar religious orders which joined the life of a soldier to that of a monk, and played a great part in the Crusades. King Edward III. brought the order to an end, and took their property; but the Temple Church, with its tombs and figures of armoured knights in brass, remains to keep their memory fresh.

We may mention two other names of old London streets which take us back to the Middle Ages. In the City we have the street called *Old Jewry*, and this reminds us of the time when in all the more important towns of England in the early Middle Ages a part was put aside for the Jews. This was called the *Ghetto*. The Jews were much disliked in the Middle Ages because of the treatment of Our Lord by their forefathers; but the kings often protected them because, in spite of everything, the Jews grew rich, and the kings were able to borrow money of them. In 1290, however, Edward I. banished all the Jews from England, and they did not return until the days of Cromwell. But the

name of the Old Jewry reminds us of the ghetto which was an important part of old London.

Another famous City street, *Lombard Street*, the street of bankers, got its name from the Italian merchants from Lombardy who set up their business there, and who became the bankers and money-lenders when there were no longer any Jews to lend money to the English king and nobles.

As time went on London began to grow in a way which seemed alarming to the people of the seventeenth century, though even then it was but a tiny town in comparison with the London of to-day. The fashionable people and courtiers began to build houses in the western "suburbs," as they were then called, though now they are looked upon as very central districts. It was chiefly in the seventeenth century that what we now know as the *West End* became a residential quarter. Some parts of the West End are, of course, still the most fashionable parts of London; but some, like Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields, have been given over to business.

Most of the best-known names in the West End date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The most fashionable street of all, *Piccadilly*, probably got its name from the very fashionable collar called a *pickadil* (from the Spanish word *picca*, "a spear") which the fine gentlemen wore as they swaggered through the West End in the early seventeenth century. *Pall Mall* and the *Mall* in St.

James's Park took their names from a game which was very fashionable after the Restoration, but which was already known in the time of Charles I. The game was called *pall-mall*, from the French *paille-maille*. After the Restoration Charles II. allowed the people to use St. James's Park, which was a royal park, and Londoners used to watch respectfully and admiringly as Charles and his brother James played this game.

Spring Gardens, also in St. James's Park, reminds us of the lively spirits of Restoration times. It was so called because of a fountain which stood there, and which was so arranged that when a passer-by trod by accident on a certain valve the waters spurted forth and drenched him. We should not think this so funny now as people did then.

At the same time that the West End was growing, poorer districts were spreading to the north and east of the City. *Moorfields* (which tells us by its name what it was like in the early London days) was built over. *Spitalfields* (which took its name from one of the many hospitals which religious people built in and near mediæval London) and *Whitechapel* also filled up, and became centres of trade and manufacture. The games and sports which amused the people in these poorer quarters were not so refined as the ball-throwing of the princes and courtiers. In the name *Balls Pond Road*, Islington, we are reminded of the duck-

hunting which was one of the sports of the common people.

As time went on and London became larger and more crowded, the fashionable people began to go away each summer to drink the waters at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. But in London itself there were several springs and wells whose waters were supposed to be good for people's health, and these have given us some of the best-known London names. Near *Holywell Street* there were several of these wells; and along *Well Walk,* in the north-west suburb of Hampstead, a procession of gaily-dressed people might regularly be seen in Charles II.'s time going to drink the waters. *Clerkenwell* also took its name from a well which was believed to be mediæval and even miraculous. *Bridewell,* the name of the famous prison, also came from the name of a well dedicated to St. Bride.

Many of the great streets and squares of the West End of London have taken their names from the houses of noblemen who have lived there, or from the names of the rich owners of property in these parts. *Northumberland Avenue,* opening off Trafalgar Square, takes its name from Northumberland House, built there in the time of James I. *Arundel Street,* running down to the Embankment from the Strand, is so called in memory of Arundel House, the home of the Earl of Arundel, which used to stand here. It was there that the famous collection of statues known as the "Arundel Marbles" was

first collected. They were presented to Oxford University in 1667.

Just near Charing Cross there is a part of old London called the *Adelphi*. This district takes its name from a fine group of buildings put up there in the middle of the eighteenth century by the two famous brother architects Robert and William Adam. *Adelphi* is the Greek word for "brothers," but the name seems very peculiar applied in this way.

The name of *Mayfair*, the very centre of fashion in the West End, reminds us that in this magnificent quarter of London a fair used to be held in May in the time of Charles II. This gives us an idea of how the district must have changed since then. *Farm Street*, in Mayfair, has its name from a farm which was still there in the middle of the eighteenth century. The ground is now taken up by stables and coach-houses. *Half-Moon Street*, another fashionable street running out of Piccadilly, takes its name from a public house which was built on this corner in 1730.

These old names give us some idea of what London was like at different times in the past; but another very interesting group of names are those which are being made in the greater London of to-day. One of the commonest words used by Londoners to-day is the *Underground*. If an eighteenth-century Londoner could come back and talk to us to-day he would not know what we meant by this word.

For the great system of underground railways to which it refers was only made in the later years of the nineteenth century. The *Twopenny Tube* was the name of one of the first lines of these underground railways. It was so called because the trains ran through great circular tunnels, like the underground railways which connect all parts of London to-day. It has now become quite a habit of Londoners to talk of going "by Tube" when they mean by any of the underground railways.

One of these lines has a very peculiar and rather ugly name. It is called the *Bakerloo Railway*, because it runs from Baker Street to Waterloo. It certainly makes us think that the Londoners of long ago showed much better taste in the names they invented.

CHAPTER VI.

WORDS MADE BY GREAT WRITERS.

As we have seen, languages while they are living are always growing and changing. We have seen how new names have been made as time went on. But many new words besides names are constantly being added to a language; for just as grown-up people use more words than children, and educated people use more words than uneducated or less educated people, so, too, *nations* use more words as time goes on. Every word must have been used a first time by some one; but of course it is impossible to know who were the makers of most words. Even new words cannot often be traced to their makers. Some one uses a new word, and others pick it up, and it passes into general use, while everybody has forgotten who made it.

But one very common way in which people learn to use new words is through reading the books of great writers. Sometimes these writers have made new words which their readers have seen to be very good, and have then begun to use themselves. Sometimes these great writers have made use of

words which, though not new, were very rare, and immediately these words have become popular and ordinary words.

The first great English poet was Chaucer, and the great English philologists feel sure that he must have made many new words and made many rare words common; but it is not easy to say that Chaucer made any particular word, because we do not know enough of the language which was in use at that time to say so. One famous phrase of Chaucer is often quoted now: "after the schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," which he used in describing the French spoken by one of the Canterbury Pilgrims in his great poem. He meant that this was not pure French, but French spoken in the way and with the peculiar accent used at Stratford (a part of London near Bow Church). We now often use the phrase to describe any accent which is not perfect.

But though we do not know for certain which words Chaucer introduced, we do know that this first great English poet must have introduced many, especially French words; while Wyclif, the first great English prose writer, who translated part of the Bible from Latin into English, must also have given us many new words, especially from the Latin. The English language never changed so much after the time of Chaucer and Wyclif as it had done before.

The next really great English poet, Edmund

Spenser, who wrote his wonderful poem, "The Faerie Queene," in the days of Queen Elizabeth, invented a great many new words. Some of these were seldom or never used afterwards, but some became ordinary English words. Sometimes his new words were partly formed out of old words which were no longer used. The word *elfin*, which became quite a common word, seems to have been invented by Spenser. He called a boasting knight by the name *Braggadocio*, and we still use the word *braggadocio* for vain boasting. A common expression which we often find used in romantic tales, and especially in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, *derring-do*, meaning "adventurous action," was first used by Spenser. He, however, took it from Chaucer, who had used it as a *verb*, speaking of the *dorring-do* (or "daring to do") that belonged to a knight. Spenser made a mistake in thinking Chaucer had used it as a noun, and used it so himself, making in this way quite a new and very well-sounding word.

Another word which Spenser made, and which is still sometimes used, was *fool-happy;* but other words, like *idlesse, dreariment, drowsihead,* are hardly seen outside his poetry. One reason for this is that Spenser was telling stories of quaint and curious things, and he used quaint and curious words which would not naturally pass into ordinary language.

The next great name in English literature, and the greatest name of all, is Shakespeare. Shake-

speare influenced the English language more than any writer before or since. First of all he made a great many new words, some very simple and others more elaborate, but all of them so suitable that they have become a part of the language. Such a common word as *bump*, which it would be difficult to imagine ourselves without, is first found in Shakespeare's writings. *Hurry*, which seems to be the only word to express what it stands for, seems also to have been made by Shakespeare, and also the common word *dwindle*. Some other words which Shakespeare made are *lonely*, *orb* (meaning " globe "), *illumine*, and *home-keeping*.

Many others might be quoted, but the great influence which Shakespeare had on the English language was not through the new words he made, but in the way his expressions and phrases came to be used as ordinary expressions. Many people are constantly speaking Shakespeare without knowing it, for the phrases he used were so exactly right and expressive that they have been repeated ever since, and often, of course, by people who do not know where they first came from. We can only mention a few of these phrases, such as " a Daniel come to judgment," which Shylock says to Portia in the " Merchant of Venice," and which is often used now sarcastically. From the same play comes the expression " pound of flesh," which is now often used to mean what a person knows to be due to him and is determined to have. " Full of sound and

fury, signifying nothing," "to gild refined gold," "to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve"—these and hundreds of other phrases are known by most people to come from Shakespeare; they are used by many who do not. They describe so splendidly so many things which are constantly happening that they seem to be the only or at least the best way of expressing the meanings they signify.

But not only have hundreds of Shakespeare's own words and phrases passed into everyday English, but the way in which he turned his phrases is often imitated. It was Shakespeare who used the phrase to "out-Herod Herod," and now this is a common form of speech. A statesman could now quite suitably use the phrase to "out-Asquith Asquith."

The next great poet after Shakespeare was Milton. He also gave us a great many new words and phrases, but not nearly so many as Shakespeare. Still there are a few phrases which are now so common that many people use them without even knowing that they come from Milton's writings. Some of these are "the human face divine," "to hide one's diminished head," "a dim religious light," "the light fantastic toe." It was Milton who invented the name *pandemonium* for the home of the devils, and now people regularly speak of a state of horrible noise and disorder as "a pandemonium." Many of those who use the expression have not the slightest idea of where it came from. The few words which

we know were made by Milton are very expressive words. It was he who invented *anarch* for the spirit of anarchy or disorder, and no one has found a better word to express the idea. *Satanic, moon-struck, gloom* (to mean "darkness"), *echoing,* and *bannered* are some more well-known words invented by Milton.

It is not always the greatest writers who have given us the greatest number of new words. A great prose writer of the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Browne, is looked upon as a classical writer, but his works are only read by a few, not like the great works of Shakespeare and Milton. Yet Sir Thomas Browne has given many new words to the English language. This is partly because he deliberately made many new words. One book of his gave us several hundreds of these words. The reason his new words remained in the language was that there was a real need of them.

Many seventeenth-century writers of plays invented hundreds of new words, but they tried to invent curious and queer-sounding words, and very few people liked them. These words never really became part of the English language. They are "one-man" words, to be found only in the writings of their inventors. Yet it was one of these fanciful writers who invented the very useful word *dramatist* for "a writer of plays."

But the words made by Sir Thomas Browne were quite different. Such ordinary words as *medical,*

literary, and *electricity* were first used by him. He made many others too, not quite so common, but words which later writers and speakers could hardly do without.

Another seventeenth-century writer, John Evelyn, the author of the famous *Diary* which has taught us so much about the times in which he lived, was a great maker of words. Most of his new words were made from foreign words, and as he was much interested in art and music, many of his words relate to these things. It was Evelyn who introduced the word *opera* into English, and also *outline, altitude, monochrome* ("a painting in one shade"), and *pastel*, besides many other less common words.

Robert Boyle, a great seventeenth-century writer on science, gave many new scientific words to the English language. The words *pendulum* and *intensity* were first used by him, and it was he who first used *fluid* as a noun.

The poets Dryden and Pope gave us many new words too.

Dr. Johnson, the maker of the first great English dictionary, added some words to the language. As everybody knows who has read that famous book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Dr. Johnson was a man who always said just what he thought, and had no patience with anything like stupidity. The expression *fiddledeedee*, another way of telling a person that he is talking nonsense, was made by him. *Irascibility*, which means "tendency to be easily

made cross or angry," is also one of his words, and so are the words *literature* and *comic*.

The great statesman and political writer, Edmund Burke, was the inventor of many of our commonest words relating to politics. *Colonial, colonization, electioneering, diplomacy, financial,* and many other words which are in everyday use now, were made by him.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a great revival in English literature, since known as the "Romantic Movement." After the rather stiff manners and writing of the eighteenth century, people began to have an enthusiasm for all sorts of old and adventurous things, and a new love for nature and beauty. Sir Walter Scott was the great novelist of the movement, and also wrote some fine, stirring ballads and poems. In these writings, which dealt chiefly with the adventurous deeds of the Middle Ages, Scott used again many old words which had been forgotten and fallen out of use. He made them everyday words again.

The old word *chivalrous*, which had formerly been used to describe the institutions connected with knighthood, he used in a new way, and the word has kept this meaning ever since. It has now always the meaning of courtesy and gentleness towards the weak, but before Sir Walter Scott used it it had not this meaning at all. Scott also revived words like *raid* and *foray*, his novels, of course, being full of descriptions of fighting on the borders of England

and Scotland. It was this same writer who introduced the Scottish word *gruesome* into the language.

Later in the century another Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle, made many new words which later writers and speakers have used. They are generally rather forcible and not very dignified words, for Carlyle's writings were critical of almost everything and everybody, and he seemed to love rather ugly words, which made the faults he described seem contemptible or ridiculous. It was he who made the words *croakery*, *dry-as-dust*, and *grumbly*, and he introduced also the Scottish word *feckless*, which describes a person who is a terribly bad manager, careless and disorderly in his affairs, the sort of person whom Carlyle so much despised.

The great writers of the present time seem to be unwilling to make new words. The chief word-makers of to-day are the people who talk a new slang (and of these we shall see something in another chapter), and the scientific writers, who, as they are constantly making new discoveries, have to find words to describe them.

Some of the poets of the present day have used new words and phrases, but they are generally strange words, which no one thinks of using for himself. The poet John Masefield used the word *waps* and the phrase *bee-loud*, which is very expressive, but which we cannot imagine passing into ordinary speech. Two poets of the Romantic Movement, Southey and Coleridge, used many new and

strange words just in this way, but these, again, never passed into the ordinary speech of English people.

One maker of new words in the nineteenth century must not be forgotten. This was Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." He made many new and rather queer words; but they expressed so well the meaning he gave to them that some of them have become quite common. This writer generally made these curious words out of two others. The word *galumph* (which is now put as an ordinary word in English dictionaries) he made out of *gallop* and *triumph*. It means "to go galloping in triumph." Another of Lewis Carroll's words, *chortle*, is even more used. It also has the idea of "triumphing," and is generally used to mean "chuckling (either inwardly or outwardly) in triumph." It was probably made out of the words *chuckle* and *snort*.

But great writers have not only added new words and phrases to the language by inventing them; sometimes the name of a book itself has taken on a general meaning. Sir Thomas More in the time of Henry VIII. wrote his famous book, "Utopia," to describe a country in which everything was done as it should be. *Utopia* (which means "Nowhere," More making the word out of two Greek words, *ou*, "not," and *topos*, "place") was the name of the ideal state he described, and ever since such

imaginary states where all goes well have been described as "Utopias."

Then, again, a scene or place in a great book may be so splendidly described, and interest people so much, that it, too, comes to be used in a general way. People often use the name *Vanity Fair* to describe a frivolous way of life. But the original *Vanity Fair* was, of course, one of the places of temptation through which Christian had to pass on his way to the Heavenly City in John Bunyan's famous book, the "Pilgrim's Progress." Another of these places was the *Slough of Despond*, which is now quite generally used to describe a condition of great discouragement and depression. The adjective *Lilliputian*, meaning "very small," comes from *Lilliput*, the land of little people in which Gulliver found himself in Swift's famous book, "Gulliver's Travels."

Then many common expressions are taken from characters in well-known books. We often speak of some one's *Man Friday*, meaning a right-hand man or general helper; but the original Man Friday was, of course, the savage whom Robinson Crusoe found on his desert island, and who acted afterwards as his servant.

In describing a person as *quixotic* we do not necessarily think of the original Don Quixote in the novel of the great Spanish writer, Cervantes. Don Quixote was always doing generous but rather foolish things, and the adjective *quixotic* now describes this sort

of action. A quite different character, the Jew in Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," has given us the expression "a Shylock." From Dickens's famous character Mrs. Gamp in "Martin Chuzzlewit," who always carried a bulgy umbrella, we get the word *gamp*, rather a vulgar name for "umbrella."

We speak of "a Sherlock Holmes" when we mean to describe some one who is very quick at finding out things. Sherlock Holmes is the hero of the famous detective stories of Conan Doyle.

It is a very great testimony to the power of a writer when the names of persons or places in his books become in this way part of the English language.

CHAPTER VII.

WORDS THE BIBLE HAS GIVEN US.

A GREAT English historian, writing of the sixteenth century, once said, "The English people became the people of a book." The book he meant was, of course, the Bible. When England became Protestant the people found a new interest in the Bible. In Catholic times educated people, like priests, had read the Bible chiefly in Latin, though the New Testament had been translated into English. But most of the people could not even read. They knew the Bible stories only from the sermons and teaching of the priests, and from the great number of statues of Biblical kings and prophets which covered the beautiful churches of the Middle Ages.

But the new Protestant teachers were much more enthusiastic about the Bible. Many of them found the whole of their religion in its pages, and were constantly quoting texts of Scripture. New translations of the New Testament were made, and at last, in 1611, the wonderful translation of the whole Bible known as the "Authorised Version," because

it was the translation ordered and approved by the Government, was published. About the same time a translation into English was made for Catholics, and this was hardly less beautiful. It is known as the "Douai Bible," because it was published at Douai by Catholics who had fled from England.

From that time the Bible has been the book which English people have read most, and it has had an immense influence on the English language.

Even in the Middle Ages the Bible had given many new words to the language. Names of Eastern animals, trees, and plants, etc., like *lion, camel, cedar, palm, myrrh, hyssop, gem,* are examples of new words learned from the Bible at this time.

But the translations of the Bible in the Reformation period had a much greater effect than this. Many words which were already dying out were used by the translators, and so kept their place in the English language. Examples of such words are *apparel* and *raiment* for "clothes." These words are not used so often as the more ordinary word *clothes* even now, but it is quite probable that they would have passed out of use altogether if the translators of the Bible had not saved them.

There are many words of this sort which were saved in this way, but they are chiefly used in poetry and "fine" writing. We do not speak of the "firmament" in an ordinary way; but this word, taken from the first chapter of the Bible, is still used as a more poetical name for *sky*.

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But the translators of the Bible must also be put among the makers of new English words. Sometimes the translator could not find what he considered a satisfactory word to express the meaning of the Greek word he wished to translate. He, therefore, made a new word, or put two old words together to express exactly what he thought the Greek word meant. The word *beautiful* may not have been actually invented by the translator, William Tyndale, but it is not found in any book earlier than his translation of the New Testament. It seems a very natural and necessary word to us now. It was Tyndale who first used the words *peacemaker* and *scapegoat* and the compound word *long-suffering;* and another famous translator, Miles Coverdale, who invented the expressions *loving-kindness* and *tender mercy*.

But the great effect which the Bible has had on the English language is not in the preserving of old words and the making of new. Its chief effect has been in the way many of its expressions and phrases have passed into everyday use, so that people often use Biblical phrases without even knowing that they are doing so, just as we saw was the case with many phrases taken from Shakespeare's works.

Every one knows the expression to *cast pearls before swine*, and its meaning, " to give good things to people who are too ignorant to appreciate them." This expression, taken from the Gospel of St. Matthew, has now become an ordinary English expres-

sion. The same is the case with the expression, *the eleventh hour*, meaning "just in time." But perhaps not every one who uses it remembers that it comes from the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, though, of course, most people would.

Other common Biblical expressions are, *a labour of love, to hope against hope, the shadow of death*, and so on. When a child is described as the *Benjamin* of the family, we know that this means the youngest and best loved, because the story of Jacob's love for Benjamin is familiar to every one. Again, when a person is described as a *Pharisee* no one needs to have a description of his qualities, for every one knows the story of the Pharisee and the Publican.

The Bible is, of course, full of the most poetical ideas and the most vivid language, and the fact that this language has become the everyday speech of Englishmen has been most important in the development of the English language. Without the Bible, which is full of the richness and colour of Eastern things and early peoples, the English language might have been much duller and less expressive.

But the religious writers of the Reformation period gave us another kind of word besides those found in the translations of the Bible. Many of these writers thought it was their duty to abuse the people who did not agree with them on the subject of religion. Tyndale himself, who invented such beautiful words in his translations, was the first to use the word

dunce. He called the Catholics by this name, which he made out of the name of a philosopher of the Middle Ages called Duns Scotus. The Protestants despised the Catholic or scholastic philosophy. But Duns Scotus was quite a clever man in his day, and it is curious that his name should have given us the word *dunce,* which became quite a common word as time went on.

Other new words which the Protestants used against the Catholics were *Romish, Romanist* (which Luther had used, but which Coverdale was the first to use in English), *popery, popishness, papistical, monkish,* all of which are still used to-day, and still have an anti-Catholic meaning. It was then that Rome was first described as *Babylon,* the meaning of the Protestants being that the city was as wicked as ancient Babylon, the name of which is used as a type of all wickedness in the Apocalypse, and these writers often used the words *Babylonian* and *Babylonish* instead of *Roman.* The name *Scarlet Woman,* also taken from the Apocalypse, was also often used to describe the Catholic Church.

The expression *Roman Catholic,* to which no one objects, was invented later, at the time that it was thought that Charles I. was going to marry a Spanish princess, and, of course, a Catholic. It was invented as being more polite than the terms by which the Protestants had so often abused the Catholics, and it has been used ever since.

Other new words came from the breaking up of

Protestantism into different sects. *Puritan* was the name given to those who wished to "purify" the Protestant religion from all the old ceremonies of Catholicism. The Calvinists (or followers of the French reformer, John Calvin) believed that souls were "predestined" to go to heaven or to be lost. The people who were predestined to be lost they described as *reprobate*, and this word we still use, but with a different meaning. A reprobate nowadays is a person who is looked upon as hopelessly bad, and the word is also sometimes used jokingly.

The name *Protestant* itself is interesting. It was first used to describe the Lutherans, who "protested" against, and would not agree with, the decisions made by the Emperor Charles V. on the subject of religion.

The names of the different forms of Protestantism are often very interesting, and were, of course, new words invented to describe the different forms of belief. The first great division was between the *Lutherans* and the *Calvinists*. The meaning of these names is plain. They were merely the followers of Martin Luther and John Calvin.

But later on there were many divisions, such as the *Baptists*, who were so called because they thought that people should not be baptized until they were grown up. They also administered the sacrament in a different way from most other Churches, the person baptized being dipped in the water. At one time these people were called *Anabaptists*, *ana* being

the Greek word for "again." But this was supposed to be a term of abuse similar to those showered on the Roman Catholics, and in time it died out.

Then there were the *Independents*, who were so called because they believed that each congregation should be independent of every other.

Perhaps the most peculiar name applied to one of the many sects in the England of the seventeenth century was that of the *Quakers*. This, too, was a name of abuse at first; but the "Society of Friends," to whom it was applied, came sometimes to use it themselves. They were a people who believed in great simplicity of life and manners and dress, and had no priests. At their religious meetings silence was kept until some one was moved to speak. The name was taken from the text, "quaking at the word of the Lord."

The names chosen by religious leaders, and those applied to the sects by their enemies, can teach us a great deal of history.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORDS FROM THE NAMES OF PEOPLE.

MANY words have been taken from the names of people, saints and sinners, men who have helped on human progress and men who have tried to stand in its way, from queens and kings and nobles, and from quite humble people.

One large group of words has been made from the names of great inventors. All through history men have been inventing new things. We realize this if we think of what England is like to-day, and what it was like in the days of the early Britons. But even by the time of the early Britons many things had been invented which the earlier races of men had not known. Perhaps the greatest inventor the world has ever known was the man who first discovered how to make fire; but we shall never know who he was.

The people who discovered how to make metal weapons instead of the stone weapons which early men used were great inventors too; and those who discovered how to grow crops of corn and wheat, and so gave new food to the human race. But all

this happened in times long past, before men had any idea of writing down their records, and so these inventors have not left their names for us to admire.

But in historical times, and especially in the centuries since the Renaissance, there have been many inventors, and it will be interesting to see how the things they invented got their names. The word *inventor* itself means a "finder," and comes to us from the Latin word *invenio*, "I find."

The greatest number of inventions have been made in the last hundred and fifty years. The printing-press was, of course, a great invention of the fifteenth century, but it was simply called the *printing-press*, and did not take the name of its inventor. Yet this was a new name too, for the people of the Middle Ages would not have known what a printing-press was.

Several early printers have, however, had their names preserved in the description of the beautiful books they produced. All lovers of rare books are admirers of what they call *Aldines* and *Elzevirs*—that is, books printed at the press of Aldo Manuzio and his family at Venice in the sixteenth century, and by the Elzevir family in Holland in the seventeenth century.

We speak of a *Bradshaw* and a *Baedeker* to describe the best-known of all railway guides and guide-books. The first takes its name from George Bradshaw, a map engraver, who was born in Manchester in 1801, and lived there till he died, in 1853.

In 1839 he published on his own account "Bradshaw's Railway Time Table," of which he changed the name to "Railway Companion" in the next year. He corrected it a few days after the beginning of each month by the railway time sheets, but even then the railway companies sometimes made changes later in the month. In a short time, however, the companies agreed to fix their time tables monthly, and in December 1841 Bradshaw was able to publish the first number of "Bradshaw's Monthly Railway Guide." Six years afterwards he published the first number of "Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide."

The famous series of guides now called *Baedekers* take their name from Karl Baedeker, a German publisher, who in the first half of the nineteenth century began to publish this famous series.

Members of Parliament still speak of the volumes containing the printed record of what goes on in Parliament as *Hansard*. This name comes from that of the first publisher of such records, Luke Hansard, who was printer to the House of Commons from 1798 until he died, in 1828. His family continued to print the reports as late as 1889, and though the work is now shared by other firms, the name is still kept.

Not only books but musical instruments are frequently called after their makers. The two most famous and valuable kinds of old violins take their names from the Italian family of the Amati, who

made violins in the sixteenth century, and Antonio Stradivari, who was their pupil. An *Amati* and a *Stradivarius*, often called a "Strad" for short, are the names now given by musicians to the splendid old violins made by these people.

The names of many flowers have been taken from the names of persons, and this still goes on to-day when new varieties of roses or sweet peas are called after the person who first grew them, or some friend of this person. These modern names are not, as a rule, very romantic, but some of the older ones are interesting. The *dahlia*, for instance, was called after Dahl, a Swedish botanist, who was a pupil of the great botanist Linnæus, after whom the chief botanical society in England, the *Linnæan Society*, is called. The *lobelia* was so called after Matthias de Lobel, a Flemish botanist and physician to King James I. The *fuchsia* took its name from Leonard Fuchs, a sixteenth-century botanist, the first German who really studied botany.

There are many more new things and names to-day than in earlier times, names which our grandparents and even our parents did not know when they were children. We talk familiarly now about *aeroplanes* and the different kinds of aeroplanes, such as the *monoplane*, *biplane*, etc. But these are new names invented in the last twenty years. Some of the names of airships and aeroplanes are very interesting. The *Taube*, for instance, is so called from the German word meaning "dove," because

it looks very like a bird when it is up in the sky. The great German airships called *Zeppelins* took their name from the German Count Zeppelin, who invented them; and the splendid French airships called *Fokkers* also take their name from their inventor, and so does the *Gotha*—name of ill-fame.

The man who first discovered gunpowder is forgotten, but many of the powerful guns which are used in modern warfare are called after their inventors. The *Gatling gun* is not much talked of to-day, but it was a famous gun in its time, and took its name from the American inventor, Richard Jordan Gatling, who lived in the early nineteenth century, and devoted his life to inventions. Some were peaceable inventions, like machines for sowing cotton and rice; but he is best remembered by the great gun to which he gave his name.

Another famous gun of which we have heard a great deal in the Great War is the *Maxim gun*, which again took its name from its inventor, Sir Hiram Maxim. The *shrapnel*, of which also so much was heard in the Great War, the terrible shells which burst a certain time after leaving the gun without striking against anything, took its name from its inventor. The chief peculiarity of shrapnel is that the bullets fall from above in a shower from the shell as it bursts in the air.

But there are many other names which we should not easily guess to come from the names of inventors. People talk of a macadamized road without know-

ing that these roads are so called because they are made in the way invented by John M'Adam, who lived from 1756 to 1836. The name *macadam* is often used now to denote the material used in making roads. Sometimes this material is of a sort which John M'Adam would not have approved of at all, for he did not believe in pouring a fluid material over the stones, or in the heavy rollers which are now often used in making new roads.

Another useful article, the homely *mackintosh*, takes its name from that of another Scotsman, Charles Macintosh, who lived at the same time as M'Adam. It was he who first, in 1823, finished the invention of a waterproof cloth.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries many great discoveries were made in science, and many names of discoverers and inventors have been preserved in scientific words. *Galvanism*, one branch of electricity, took its name from Luigi Galvani, an Italian professor, who made great discoveries about electricity in the bodies of animals. Every one has heard of a galvanic battery, but not everybody knows how it got its name.

Mesmerism, or the science by which the human mind is influenced by suggestions from itself or another mind, took its name from Friedrich Anton Mesmer, who first made great discoveries about animal magnetism.

Another famous discoverer of the powers of electricity, and one who is still a young man, is Gugli-

elmo Marconi, a native of Bologna. It was he who invented the great system of wireless telegraphy which is now used in nearly all big ships. In 1899 he first succeeded in sending a message in this way from England to France, and in the next year he sent one right across the Atlantic. Now ships frequently send a *Marconigram* home when they are right in the middle of the ocean; and many lives have been saved through ships in distress having been able to send out wireless messages which have brought other vessels steaming up to their aid. In fact, this invention of Marconi's is, perhaps, the greatest of all modern inventions, and it is but right that it should preserve his name.

A different kind of invention has preserved the name of the fourth Earl of Sandwich, an eighteenth-century nobleman, who was so fond of card games that he could not bear to leave the card table even to eat his meals, and so invented what has ever since been called by his name—the *sandwich.*

Not unlike the origin of the name sandwich is that of *Abernethy* biscuits, so called after the doctor who invented the recipe for making them.

It was another doctor, the French physician, Joseph Ignace Guillotin, who gave his name to the *guillotine,* the terrible knife with which people were beheaded in thousands during the French Revolution. Guillotin did not really invent it, nor was he himself guillotined, as has often been said. The guillotine is supposed to have been invented long

ago in Persia, and was used in the Middle Ages both in Italy and Germany. The Frenchman whose name it bears was a kindly person, who merely advised this method of execution at the time of the French Revolution, because he thought, and rightly, that if people were to be beheaded at all, it should be done swiftly and not clumsily.

But many things are called by the names of persons who were not inventors at all. Sometimes a new kind of clothing is called after some great person just to make it seem distinguished. A *Chesterfield* overcoat is so called because the tailor who first gave this kind of coat that name wished to suggest that it had all the elegance displayed in the clothing of the famous eighteenth-century dandy, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield. So the well-known *Raglan* coats and sleeves took their name first from an English general, Baron Raglan, who fought in the Crimean War. Both Wellington and Blücher, the two generals who fought together and defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, gave their names to different kinds of boots. *Bluchers* are strong leather half boots or high shoes, and *Wellingtons* are high riding boots reaching to the bend of the knee at the back of the leg, and covering the knee in front. Wellington is supposed to have worn such boots in his campaigns.

Another article of clothing which was very popular with ladies at one time was the *Garibaldi* blouse, which was so called after the red shirts which were

worn by the followers of the famous soldier who won liberty for Italy, Garibaldi.

The rather vulgar name for ladies' divided skirts —*bloomers*—came from the name of an American woman, Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, who used to wear a skirt which reached to her knee, and then was divided into Turkish trousers tied round her ankles.

A great many different kinds of carriages and vehicles have been called by the names of people. The *brougham*, which is still a favourite form of closed carriage, got its name from Lord Brougham. The old four-wheeled carriage with a curved glass front got its name from the Duke of Clarence, who afterwards became King William IV.; and the carriage known as the *Victoria* was so called as a compliment to Queen Victoria. We do not hear much of this kind of carriage now; but the two-wheeled cab known as the *hansom* is still to be seen in the streets of London, in spite of the coming of the taxi-cab. This form of conveyance took its name from an architect who invented it in 1834. An earlier kind of two-wheeled carriage invented a few years before this, but which was displaced by the hansom, was the *stanhope*, also called after its inventor. The general name for a two-wheeled carriage of this sort used to be the *phaeton*, and this was not taken from any person, but from the sun-chariot in which, according to the old Greek story, the son of Helios rode to destruction when he had roused the anger of the great Greek god, Zeus.

STORIES THAT WORDS TELL US.

The names of old Greeks and Romans have given us many words. We speak of a very rich man as a *Cræsus*, a word which was the name of a fabulously rich tyrant in Ancient Greece. A person who is supposed to be a great judge of food, and devoted to the pleasures of the table, is called an *epicure*, from the old Greek philosopher Epicurus, who taught that the chief aim of life was to feel pleasure. The word *cynic*, too, comes from the name given to certain Greek philosophers who despised pleasure. The name was originally a nickname for these philosophers, and was taken from the Greek word *kunos*, "dog."

We describe a person who chooses to live a very hard life as a *Spartan*, because the people of the old Greek state of Sparta planned their lives so that every one should be disciplined and drilled to make good soldiers, and were never allowed to indulge in too much comfort or too many amusements, lest they should become lazy in mind and weak in body. A *Draconian* system or law is one which has no mercy, and preserves the name of Draco, a statesman who was appointed to draw up laws for the Athenians six hundred and twenty-one years before the birth of Our Lord, and who drew up a very strict code of laws.

The word *mausoleum*, which is now used to describe any large or distinguished tomb, comes from the tomb built for Mausolus, king of Caria (in Greek Asia Minor), by his widow, Artemisia, in 353 B.C. The

tomb itself, which rises to a height of over one hundred and twelve feet, is now to be seen in the British Museum.

The verb *to hector*, meaning "to bully," is taken from the name of the Trojan hero Hector, in the famous old Greek poem, the Iliad. Hector was not, as a matter of fact, a bully, but a very brave man, and it is curious that his name should have come to be used in this unpleasant sense. The other great Greek poem, the Odyssey, has given us the name of one of its characters for a fairly common English word. A *mentor* is a person who gives us wise advice, but the original Mentor was a character in this great poem, the wise counsellor of Telemachus.

From the names of great Romans, too, we have many words. If we describe a person as a *Nero*, every one knows that this means a cruel tyrant. Nero was the worst of all the Roman emperors, and the story tells that he was so heartless that he played on his violin while watching the burning of Rome. Some people even said that he himself set the city on fire. Again, the name of Julius Cæsar, who was the first imperial governor of Rome, though he was never called emperor, has given us a common name. *Cæsar* came to mean "an emperor;" and the modern German *Kaiser* and the Russian *Tsar* come from this name of the "noblest Roman of them all."

An earlier Roman was Fabius Cunctator (or "Fabius the Procrastinator"), a general who, in-

stead of fighting actual battles with the Carthaginian Hannibal, the great enemy of Rome, preferred to tire him out by keeping him waiting and never giving battle. His name has given us the word *Fabian*, to describe this kind of tactics.

The name by which people often describe an unscrupulous politician now is *Machiavellian*, an adjective made from the name of a great writer on the government of states. At the time of the Renaissance in Italy, Machiavelli, in his famous book called "The Prince," took it for granted that every ruler would do anything, good or bad, to arrive at the results he desired.

Another common word taken at first from politics, but now used in a general sense, is *boycott*. To boycott a person means to be determined to ignore or take no notice of him. A child may be "boycotted" by disagreeable companions at school. Another expression for the same disagreeable method is to "send to Coventry."

But the political boycotting from which the word passed into general use took place in Ireland, when any one with whose politics the Irish did not agree was treated in this way. The first victim of this kind of treatment was Captain Boycott of County Mayo in 1880. So useful has this word been found that both the French and Germans have borrowed it. The French have now the word *boycotter*, and the Germans *boycottieren*.

Another Irish name which has given us a common

word is Burke. Sometimes in a discussion one person will tell another that he *burkes* the question. This means that he is avoiding the real subject of debate. Or a rumour may be *burked*, or "hushed up." In this way the subject is, as it were, smothered. And it was from this meaning that the name came to be used as a general word. William Burke was an Irish labourer who was executed in 1829, when he was found guilty of having murdered several people. His habit had been to smother them, so that their bodies did not show how they had died, and sell their bodies to a doctor for dissection. From this dreadful origin we have the new use of this fine old Irish name.

People who love books are often very indignant when the editors of a new edition of an old book think it proper to leave out certain passages which they think are indecent or unsuitable for people to read. This is called "expurgating" the book; but people who disapprove often call it to *bowdlerize*. This word comes from the name of Dr. Thomas Bowdler, who in 1818 published an edition of Shakespeare's works in which, as he said, "those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family."

Sometimes a badly-dressed or peculiar-looking person is described as a *guy*. This word comes from the name of Guy Fawkes, the Gunpowder Plotter, through the effigies, or "guys," which are often burned in bonfires on November 5th.

Certain Christian names have, for reasons which it is not easy to see, given us words which mean "fool" or "stupid person." The word *ninny* comes from Innocent. *Noddy* probably comes from Nicodemus or Nicholas. Both these names are used to mean "foolish person" in France, and so is *benêt*, which comes from Benedict.

Some saints' names have given us words which do not seem at first sight to have any connection with them. The word *maudlin*, by which we mean "foolishly sentimental," comes from the name of St. Mary Magdalen, a saint whose name immediately suggests to us sorrow and weeping. The word *maudlin* suggests the idea of being ready to weep unnecessarily. In this way a word describing a disagreeable quality is taken from the name of one of the most honoured saints.

The word *tawdry*, by which we mean cheap and showy things with no real beauty, comes from St. Audrey, another name for St. Etheldreda, who founded Ely Cathedral. In the Middle Ages St. Audrey's Fair used to be held at Ely, and as fairs are always full of cheap and showy things, it was from this that the word *tawdry* came.

St. Anthony's fire is a well-known name for erysipelas, and *St. Vitus's dance* for another distressing disease. These names came from the fact that these saints used to be chosen out as the special patrons of people suffering from such diseases. In the same way the disease which used to be called

the *King's Evil* was so named because people formerly believed that persons suffering from it would be cured if touched by the hands of the king or the queen. On certain occasions, even down to the time of Queen Anne, English kings and queens "touched" crowds of sufferers from this disease.

So in these words taken from the names of people we may read many a story of love and sorrow and wonder, of disgust and every human passion.

CHAPTER IX.

WORDS FROM THE NAMES OF ANIMALS.

It is easy to see how names of persons have sometimes changed into general words. But we have also a great number of general words which are taken from animals' names. Most often these words are used to describe people's characters. Sometimes people are merely compared with the animals whose qualities they are supposed to have, and sometimes they are actually called by the names of these animals. Thus we may say that a person is "as sly as a fox," or we may call him an "old fox," and every one understands the same thing by both expressions.

The cause of this continual comparison of human beings with animals is that long ago, when these expressions first began to be used, animals, and especially wild animals, played a great part in the lives of the people. In the Middle Ages great parts of England, now dotted over with big towns, were covered with forest land. Wolves roamed in the woods, and the fighting of some wild animals and the taming of others formed a most important part of

people's lives. The same thing was, of course, the case in other countries. So familiar were people in those days with animals that they thought of them almost as human beings and believed that they had their own languages. It was people who believed these things who made up many of the old fairy tales about animals—stories like "Red Riding Hood" and the "Three Bears."

We often say that we are "as hungry as a wolf;" but we who have never seen wolves except behind the bars of their cages at the Zoological Gardens do not know how hungry a wild wolf can be. Those, however, who first used this expression thought of the lean and hungry wolves who prowled round the farms and cottages in the hard winter weather, driven by starvation to men's very doors. We also have the expression, "a wolf in sheep's clothing." By this we mean a person who is really dangerous and harmful, but who puts on a harmless and gentle manner to deceive his victim.

Another use of the word *wolf* is as a verb, meaning to eat in a very quick and greedy manner, as we might imagine a hungry wolf would do, and as our forefathers knew by experience that they did do. Most of the people who use the names of the wolf and the fox in these ways do not know anything of the habits of these animals, but the expressions have become part of the common language.

The same thing is, of course, true about the lion, with which even our far-off English ancestors had

never to fight. But the lion is such a fierce and magnificent animal that it naturally appeals to our imagination, and we find numerous comparisons with it, chiefly in poetical language. We say a soldier is as "brave as a lion," or describe him as a "lion in the fight."

A less complimentary comparison is an expression we often hear, "as stubborn as a mule." Only a few of the people who use this expression can have had any experience of the stubbornness of mules. Sometimes a stubborn person is described quite simply as a "mule." Another compliment of the same sort is to call a person who seems to us to be acting stupidly a "donkey."

We may say a person is as "greedy as a pig," or describe him with disgust as a "pig," which may mean either that they are very greedy or that they are behaving in a very ungracious or unmannerly way. A more common description of a person of this sort is "a hog." Every one has heard of the "road hogs," who drive their motors regardless of other people's convenience or safety; and of the "food hogs," who tried to store up food, or refused to ration themselves, and so shortened other people's supplies of food in the Great War.

Other common expressions comparing people with animals are—"sulky as a bear," "gay as a lark," "busy as a bee." We might also call a cross person a "bear," but should not without some explanation call a person a "lark" or a "bee."

WORDS FROM NAMES OF ANIMALS.

We may say a person "chatters like a magpie," or we may call him or her a "magpie." A person who talks without thinking, merely repeating what other people have said, is often called a "parrot."

Sometimes names of common animals or birds used to describe people are complimentary, but more often they are not. It seems as though the people who made these metaphors were more eloquent in anger than in love. A very nice child will be described by its friends as a "little duck." A mischievous child may also be described good-temperedly as a "monkey;" but there are far more words of abuse taken from the names of animals than more or less amiable words like these.

A bad-tempered woman is described as a "vixen," or female fox; a lazy person as a "drone," or the bee which does no work. A stupid person may be called a "sheep" or a "goose" (which is not quite so insulting). *Dog*, *hound*, *cur*, and *puppy* are all used as words of abuse; and contempt for some one who is regarded as very mean-spirited is sometimes shown by describing such a person as a "worm," or worse, if possible, a "reptile." A "bookworm," on the other hand, the name of a little insect which lives in books and eats away at paper and bindings, is applied to people who love books in another way—great readers—and is, of course, not at all an uncomplimentary word.

A foolish person who has been easily deceived in some matter is often described as a "gull," or is

said to have been "gulled." *Gull* is now the name of a sea-bird, but in Early English it was used to describe any young bird, and from the idea that it is easy to deceive such youngsters came the use of the word to describe foolish people.

Another name of a bird used with almost the opposite meaning is *rook*. This name is given to people who are constantly cheating others, especially at card games. It was earlier used, like *gull*, to describe the person cheated. It then came to be used as a verb meaning "to cheat," and from this was used to describe the person cheating instead of the person cheated.

Other names of birds not quite so common used to describe stupid people are *dotterel* and *dodo*. The dotterel is a bird which is very easily caught, and it was from this fact that it got its name, which comes from *dote*, to be "silly" or "feeble-minded." When the name of the bird is used to describe a silly person, the word is really, as an interesting writer on the history of words says, turning "a complete somersault." The same is the case with *dodo*, which is also used, but not so often, to describe a stupid person. This bird also got its name from a word which meant "foolish." It comes from the Portuguese word *doudo*, which means "simpleton."

We have a few verbs also taken from the names of animals and birds. We say a person "apes" another when he tries to imitate him. This word comes, of course, from the fact that the ape is

always imitating any action performed by other people.

A person who follows another persistently is said to "dog" his steps. This expression comes, of course, from the fact of dogs following their masters. Another expression is to "hound" a person to do something, by which we mean persecute him. This comes from the idea of a hound tracking its victim down. Another of these words which has the idea of persecution is *badger*. When some one constantly talks about a subject which is unpleasant to another, or continually tries to persuade him to do something against his will, he is said to be "badgering" him. The badger is an animal which burrows into the ground in winter, and dogs are set to worry it out of its hiding-place. The badger is the victim and not the persecutor, as we might think from the use of the verb.

The verb *henpeck*, to describe the teasing of her husband by a disagreeable wife, comes, of course, from the idea of the continual pecking of a hen.

Many common articles are named after animals which they resemble in some way. A "ram" is an instrument, generally of wood, used to drive things into place by pressure. In olden days warships used to have a "battering-ram," or projecting beak, at their prow, with which to "ram" other vessels. The Romans called such a beak an *aries*, which is the Latin for "ram," a male sheep. This was probably from the habit of rams butting an

enemy with their horns. The Romans often had the ends of their battering-rams carved into the shape of the head of a ram. A "ramrod" gets its name from the same idea. It is an instrument for pressing in the ammunition when loading the muzzle of a gun.

The word "ram" has now several more general uses. We speak of a person "ramming" things into a drawer or bag when we mean pushing them hastily and untidily into too small a place. Or a man may "ram" his hat down on his head. Again, we may have a lesson or unpleasant fact "rammed" into us by some one who is determined to make the subject clear whether we want to hear about it or not. And all this comes from the simple idea of the ram butting people whom it considers unpleasant.

More commonplace instruments having animals' names are the "clothes'-horse" and "fire-dogs."

We have other words, which we should not guess to be from animals' names, but which really are so. We say that a person who is always changing his mind, and wanting first one thing and then another, is "capricious." Or we speak of a curious or unreasonable desire as a "caprice." These words really come from the Latin name for a goat—*caper*. The mind of the capricious person skips about just like a goat. At least that is what the word *capricious* literally says about him. The word *caper*, meaning to "jump about playing tricks," comes from the Latin word *capra*, a "she-goat."

WORDS FROM NAMES OF ANIMALS.

The word *coward* comes from the name of an animal, but *not* the cow. In a famous French story of the Middle Ages, in which all the characters are animals, the "Roman de Renard," the hare is called *couard*, and it is from this that the word *coward* ("one who runs away from danger") comes.

All these words from the names of animals take us back, then, to the days when every man was a kind of naturalist. In those early days, when town life hardly existed, everybody knew all about animals and their habits. Their conversation was full of this sort of thing. And so it is that in hundreds of our words which we use to-day, without thinking of the literal meaning at all, we have a picture of the lives of our ancestors preserved.

We have, too, words taken from the names of some animals which never existed at all. The writers of the Middle Ages told many tales or fables of animals and monsters which were purely imaginary, but in which the people of those days firmly believed. We sometimes hear people use the expression a "basilisk glare," which other people would describe as a "look that kills," meaning a look of great severity or displeasure. There is a little American lizard which zoologists call the "basilisk," but this is not the basilisk from which this expression comes. The basilisk which the people of the Middle Ages imagined, but which never existed, was a monstrous reptile hatched by a serpent from

a cock's egg. By its breath or even its look it could destroy all who approached it.

Another invention of the Middle Ages was the bird called the "phœnix." We now use the word *phœnix* to describe some one who is unique in some good quality. A commoner way of expressing the same idea would be that "there is no one like him." It was believed in the Middle Ages that only one of these wonderful birds could exist in the world at one time. The story was that the phœnix, after living through five or six hundred years in the Arabian desert, prepared a funeral pile for itself, and was burned to death, but rose again, youthful and strong as ever, from the ashes.

In these words we are reminded once again of another side of the life of our ancestors.

CHAPTER X.

WORDS FROM THE NAMES OF PLACES.

We have already seen something of the stories which the names of places, old and new, can tell us. But the names of places themselves often give us new words, and from these, too, we can learn many interesting facts.

Many manufactured things, and especially woven cloths, silks, etc., are called by the name of the place from which they come, or from which they first came. *Cashmere*, a favourite smooth woollen material, is called after Cashmir, in India. *Damask*, the material of which table linen is generally made, takes its name from Damascus; as does *holland*, the light brownish cotton stuff used so much for children's frocks and overalls, from Holland, and the rough woollen material known as *frieze* from Friesland. *Cambric*, the fine white material often used for handkerchiefs, takes its name from Cambrai in France, the place where it was first made. The word *cambric*, however, came into English from *Kamerijk*, the Dutch name for Cambrai. So the other fine material known as *lawn* got its name

from Laon, another French town. Another fine material of this kind, *muslin*, takes its name from Mussolo, a town in Mesopotamia, from which this kind of material first came.

Another commoner kind of stuff is *fustian*, made of cotton, but thick, with a short nap, and generally dyed a dark colour. The word *fustian* has also come to be used figuratively to describe a showy manner of speaking or writing, or anything which tries to appear better than it is. The word comes from Fustat, a suburb of Cairo.

A more substantial material, *tweed*, which is largely made in Scotland, really takes its name from people pronouncing *twill* badly; but the form *tweed* spread more quickly because people associated the material with the country beyond the river Tweed.

Another kind of stuff which we generally associate with Scotland is *tartan*, because this woollen stuff, with its crossed stripes of different colours, is chiefly used for Scottish plaids and kilts, especially of the Highland regiments. But the word *tartan* does not seem to be a Scottish word, and probably comes from *Tartar*, which was formerly used to describe almost any Eastern people. Perhaps the fact that Eastern peoples love bright colours caused this name to be given to these bright materials, though there is nothing at all Eastern in the designs of the Scottish tartans. Another material with an Eastern name is *sarcenet*, or *sarsenet*, a soft, silky stuff now chiefly used for linings.

WORDS FROM NAMES OF PLACES.

Often in tales of olden times we read of people hiding behind the "arras." This was a wall covering of tapestry, often hung sufficiently far from the wall to leave room for a person to pass. The word *arras* comes from Arras, a town in France, which was famous for its beautiful tapestries.

We know the word *tabby* chiefly as the name of a kind of striped cat, but this use of the word came from the Old French word *tabis*, and described a material with marks which the markings on a "tabby" cat resemble. The French word came from the Arab word *utabi*, which perhaps came from the name of a suburb of the famous city of Baghdad.

Worsted, the name of a certain kind of knitting-wool, comes from the name of the town of Worstead, in Norfolk. The close-fitting woollen garments worn by sailors and often by children are known as *jerseys*—a word which is taken from the name of one of the Channel Islands, Jersey. Sometimes, but not so commonly, they are called *guernseys*, from the name of the chief of the other Channel Islands, Guernsey. Another piece of wearing apparel, the Turkish cap known as a *fez*, gets its name, perhaps, from Fez, a town in Morocco.

Besides woven stuffs, many other things are called by the names of the places from which they come. *China*, the general name for very fine earthenware, is the same name as that of the great Eastern country which is famous for its beautiful pottery. Another

kind of ornamented earthenware is the Italian *majolica*, and this probably gets its name from the island of Majorca; while *delf* is the name of the glazed earthenware made at Delft (which in earlier times was called "Delf"), in Holland.

The beautiful leather much used for the bindings of books, *morocco*, takes its name from Morocco, where it was first made by tanning goatskins. It is now made in several countries of Europe, but it keeps its old name. Another old kind of leather, but whose name is no longer used, was *cordwain*, a Spanish leather for the making of shoes, which took its name from Cordova in Spain. *Cordwainer* was the old name for "shoemaker," and is still kept in the names of shoemakers' guilds and societies.

Many wines are simply called by the names (sometimes altered a little through people mispronouncing them) of the places from which they come. *Champagne* is the wine of Champagne, *Burgundy* of Burgundy, *Sauterne* of Sauterne, *Chablis* of Chablis—all French wines. *Port* takes its name from Oporto, in Portugal; and *sherry*, which used to be called "sherris," comes from the name of Xeres, a Spanish town.

Many less well-known wines have merely the name of the place where they are produced printed on the label, and they tend to be called by these names—such as *Capri bianco Vesuvio*, etc. *Malmsey*, the old wine in which the Duke of Clarence was sup-

posed to have been drowned when his murder was ordered by his brother, and which is also called *malvoisie*, got its name from Monemvasia, a town in the peninsula of Morea.

Not only wine but other liquids are sometimes called after the places from which they come. The oil known as *macassar* comes from Maugkasara, the name of a district in the island of Celebes. This oil was at one time very much used as a dressing for the hair, and from this we get the name *antimacassar* for the coverings which used to be (and are sometimes still) thrown over the backs of easy-chairs and couches to prevent their being soiled by such aids to beauty. *Antimacassar* means literally a "protection against macassar oil," *anti* being the Latin word for "against."

The tobacco known as *Latakia* takes its name from the town called by the Turks Latakia, the old town of Laodicea. (Laodicea also gives us another common expression. We describe an indifferent person who has no enthusiasm for anything as "a Laodicean," from the reproach to the Church of the Laodiceans, in the Book of Revelation in the Bible, that they were "neither cold nor hot" in their religion.)

Both the words *bronze* and *copper* come from the names of places. *Bronze* is from *Brundusium*, the ancient name of the South Italian town which we now call Brindisi. The Latin name for this metal was *aes Brundusinum*, or "brass of Brindisi."

Copper was in Latin *aes Cyprium*, or "brass of Cyprus."

Some coins take their names from the names of places. The *florin*, or two-shilling piece, takes its name from Florence. *Dollar* is the same word as the German *thaler*, the name of a silver coin which was formerly called a *Joachimstaler*, from the silver-mine of Joachimstal, or "Joachim's Dale," in Bohemia. The *ducat*, a gold coin which was used in nearly all the countries of Europe in the Middle Ages, and which was worth about nine shillings, got its name from the duchy (in Italian, *ducato*) of Apulia, where it was first coined in the twelfth century.

It was an Italian town, Milan, which gave us our word *milliner*. This came from the fact that many fancy materials and ornaments used in millinery were imported from Milan.

Many old dances take their names from places. We hear a great deal nowadays of the "morris dances" which used to be danced in England in olden times. But *morris* comes from *morys*, an old word for "Moorish." In the Middle Ages this word was used, like "Turk" or "Tartar," to describe almost any Eastern people, and the name came, perhaps, from the fact that in these dances people dressed up, and so looked strange and foreign. The name of a very well-known dance, the *polka*, really means "Polish woman." *Mazurka*, the name of another dance, means "woman of Masovia." The

old-fashioned slow dance known as the *polonaise* took its name from Poland, and was really a Polish dance. The well-known Italian dance called the *tarantella* took its name from the South Italian town Tarento.

The word *canter*, which describes another kind of movement, comes from Canterbury. *Canter* is only the short for "Canterbury gallop," an expression which was used to describe the slow jogging pace at which many pilgrims in the Middle Ages rode along the Canterbury road to pray at the famous shrine of St. Thomas Becket in that city.

Several fruits take their names from places. The *damson*, which used in the Middle Ages to be called the "damascene," was called in Latin *prunum damascenum*, or "plum of Damascus." The name *peach* comes to us from the Late Latin word *pessica*, which was a bad way of saying "Persica." *Currants* used to be known as "raisins of Corauntz," or Corinth raisins.

Parchment gets its name from Pergamum, a city in Asia Minor. *Pistol* came into English from the Old French word *pistole*, and this came from an Italian word, *pistolese*, which meant "made at Pistoja." We do not think of *spaniels* as foreign dogs; but the name means "Spanish," having come into English from the Old French word *espagneul*, with that meaning.

A derivation which it would be even harder to guess is that of the word *spruce*. We now use this

word to describe a kind of leather, a kind of ginger beer, and a variety of the fir tree, and also in the same sense as "spick and span." The word used to be *pruce*, and meant "Prussia."

The name of the famous London fish-market, *Billingsgate*, has long been used to mean very violent and abusive language supposed to resemble the scoldings of the fishwomen in the market.

Another word describing a certain kind of speaking, and which also comes from the name of a place, is *bunkum*. When a person tells a story which we feel sure is not true, or tells a long tale to excuse himself from doing something, we often say it is all "bunkum." This word comes from the name of the American town of Buncombe, in North Carolina, and came into use through the member for Buncombe in the House of Representatives insisting on making a speech just when every one else wanted to proceed with the voting on a bill. He knew that he had nothing of importance to say, but explained that he must make a speech "for Buncombe"—that is, so that the people of Buncombe, who had elected him, might know that he was doing his duty by them. And so the expression *bunkum* came into use.

Another word which may go with these, because it also begins with the letter *b*, is *bedlam*. We describe a scene of great noise and confusion, as when a number of children insist on talking all together, as a "perfect bedlam." The word *bedlam*

comes from Bethlehem. In the Middle Ages there was a hospital in London kept by monks of the Order of St. Mary of Bethlehem. In time this house came to be known as "Bedlam," and as after a while the hospital came to be an asylum for mad people, this name came to be used for any lunatic asylum. From that it came to have its modern use of any great noise or confusion.

The sport of shooting pheasants is very English, and few people think that the pheasant is a foreign bird, introduced into England, just as in fact the turkey, which seems to belong especially to the English Christmas, came to us from America. The *pheasant* gets its name from the river Phasis, in the Eastern country of Pontus. It may seem peculiar that a bird coming from America should be called a *turkey*; but we saw in an earlier chapter how vague the people of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were about America. When Columbus reached the shore of that continent, people thought he had sailed round by another way to the "Indies." In nearly all European countries the turkey got names which show that most people thought it came from India, or at least from some part of the "Indies." Even in England it was called for a time "cok off Inde." In Italy it was *gallina d'India* (or "Indian hen"). The modern French words for male and female turkeys come from this mistake. In French the bird was at first known as *pouille d'Inde* (or "Indian fowl"). The name came to be shortened into the

one word *dinde*, and then, as people thought this must mean the female turkey, they made a new word for the male, *dindon*.

But though so many words come from the names of places, and some of these would not seem to do so at first sight, there are other words which seem to come from place-names which do not do so at all. *Brazil* wood is found in large quantities in Brazil, but the wood is not called after the country. On the contrary, the country is called after the wood. This kind of wood was already used in Europe in the twelfth century, and its name is found in several European languages. When the Portuguese adventurers found such large quantities in this part of South America they gave it the name of *Brazil* from the wood. The island of *Madeira* got its name in the same way, this being the word for "timber," from the Latin word *materia*.

Again, guinea-pigs do not come from Guinea, on the west coast of Africa, though guinea-fowls do so. Guinea-pigs really come from Brazil. The name *guinea-pig* was given to these little animals because, when the sailors brought them home, people thought they had come from Africa. But in the seventeenth century a common voyage for ships was to sail from English or other European ports to the west coast of Africa, where bands of poor negroes were seized or bought, and carried over the Atlantic to be sold as slaves in the American "plantations." The ships naturally did not come

home empty, but often people were not very clear as to whether the articles they brought back came from Africa or America.

Again, *India ink* comes, not from India, but from China. *Indian corn* comes from America. *Sedan chairs* had nothing to do with Sedan in France, but probably take their name from the Latin verb *sedere*, "to sit."

In these words, as in many others, we can see that it is never safe to *guess* the derivation of words. Many of the old philologists used to do this, and then write down their guesses as facts. This caused a great deal of extra work for modern scholars, who will not, of course, accept any "derivation" for a word until they have clear proof that it is true.

CHAPTER XI.

PICTURES IN WORDS.

EVERYBODY who has thought at all about our ways of speech must have noticed that we are all constantly saying things in a way which is not literally true. We say a child is a "sunbeam in the house;" but, of course, we only mean that she is gay and happy, and cheers every one up by her merriment. Or we describe some one as a "pearl among women," meaning that by her splendid qualities she is superior to most women as a pearl is to common stones.

Or, again, we may read in the newspaper that a statesman "spoke with sudden fire;" by which, of course, we understand that in the course of a calm speech he suddenly broke out passionately into words which showed how keenly he felt on the subject of which he was speaking.

Our language is full of this kind of speaking and writing, which is called "metaphorical." The word *metaphor* comes from two Greek words meaning "to carry over." In "metaphorical" speech a name or description of one thing is transferred to another

thing to which it could not apply in ordinary commonplace language.

By means of metaphors we express more vividly and strikingly our feelings on any subject. We draw our metaphors from many different sources. Many of them naturally come from Nature, for the facts of Nature are all around us. We speak of a "sea of trouble" when we feel that the spirit is overwhelmed by sadness so great that it suggests the vastness of the sea swallowing up all that it meets. Or we speak of a "storm of anger," because what takes place in a person's soul in such a state is similar in some way to the confusion and force of a storm in Nature. Again, an expression like a "torrent of words" is made possible by our familiarity with the quick pouring forth of water in a torrent. By this expression, of course, we wish to suggest a similar quick rushing of words. Other expressions of this kind are "a wave of anguish," the "sun of good fortune," and there are hundreds of which every one can think.

Another source from which many metaphors have come is war, which has given men some of the most vivid action possible to humankind. Thus we speak of "a war of words," of a person "plunging into the fray," when we mean that he or she joins in a keen argument or quarrel. Or we speak more generally of the "battle of life," picturing the troubles and difficulties of life as the obstacles against which soldiers have to fight in battle. Shake-

speare has the expression, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

We have a great many metaphorical expressions taken from painting, sculpture, and other arts. Thus we speak of "moulding" one's own life, picturing ourselves as sculptors, with our lives as the clay to be shaped as we will. Shakespeare has a similar metaphor,—

> "There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

We may, he says, roughly arrange our way of life, but the final result belongs to a greater artist—God.

Again, we speak of "building our hopes" on a thing, of "moulding" a person's character, of the "canvas of history," imagining history as a picture of things past. We speak of a person describing something very enthusiastically as "painting it in glowing colours," and so on. We also describe the making of new words as "coining them."

But not only are the sentences we make full of metaphors, but most of our words—all, in fact, except the names of the simplest things—are really metaphors themselves. The first makers of such words were speaking "in metaphor," as we should say now; but when the words passed into general use this fact was not noticed.

A great many of the metaphors found in words are the same in many languages. Many of them are taken from agriculture, which is, of course,

after hunting, the earliest occupation of all peoples. We can easily think of many words now used in a general sense which originally applied to some simple country practice. We speak of being "goaded" to do a thing when some one persuades or threatens or irritates us into doing it. But a *goad* was originally a spiked stick used to drive cattle forward. The word *goad*, then, as we use it now, is a real metaphor.

Again, we speak of our feelings being "harrowed." The word *harrow* first meant, and still means, the drawing of a frame with iron teeth (itself called a *harrow*) over ploughed land to break up the clods. From this meaning it has come to have the figurative meaning of wounding or ruffling the feelings.

Another word connected with agriculture which has passed into a general sense is *glean*. We may now speak of "gleaning" certain facts or news, but to glean was originally (and still means in its literal sense) to gather the ears of corn remaining after the reapers have got in the harvest.

We speak of a nation groaning under the "yoke" of a foreign tyrant, or again of the "yoke" of matrimony, and in the Bible we have the text, "My yoke is easy." In these and in many other cases the word *yoke* is used figuratively to denote something weighing on the spirit; but the original use of *yoke*, and again one which remains, was to name the wooden cross-piece fastened over the

necks of two oxen, and attached to a plough or wagon which they have to draw.

The word *earn* reminds us of a time when the chief way of earning money or payment of any kind was field-labour; for this word, which means so many things now, comes from an old Teutonic word meaning field-labour. The same word became in German *ernte*, which means "harvest."

Another common word with somewhat the same meaning as *earn* is *gain;* and this, again, takes us back to a time when our early ancestors won their profits by the grazing of their flocks. The word *gain* came into English from an Old French word, but this word in its turn came from a Teutonic word meaning to graze or pasture. The first people who used the word *earn* for other ways of getting payment than field-labour, and the word *gain* in a general sense, were really making metaphors.

Some of our commonest words take us back to a time before our ancestors even settled down to cultivate the land, or perhaps even before the days when they had learned to tame and give pasturage to their flocks. Some of our simplest words contain the idea of *travelling* or *wandering*. The word *fear*, which would not seem to have anything to do with journeying, comes from the same root-word as *fare*, the Old English word for "travel." Probably it came to be used because people travelling through the wild forests and swamps of Europe in those far-off days found much to terrify them, and

so the word *fear* was made, containing this idea of moving from place to place. But again this was a metaphor. Until after the Norman Conquest the word *fear* meant a sudden or terrible happening. Only later it came to mean the feeling which such an event or the expectation of it would cause.

We may become tired in mind or body from many causes; but when we say we are "weary" we are literally saying that we have travelled far over difficult ground, for the word *weary* comes from an Old English word meaning this.

Some of our words are really metaphors showing the effect which different aspects of Nature had on the men who made them. When we say we are astonished we do not mean that we are "struck by thunder," but that is what the word literally means. It comes from the Latin word *attonare,* which means this. The words *astound* and *stun* contain the same hidden metaphor, which we use in a plainer way when we say we are "thunder-struck," meaning that we are very much surprised.

In the Middle Ages people believed that the stars had a great effect on the lives of men. If the stars were in a certain position at the time of a person's birth, he would be lucky all his life; if in another, he was doomed to unhappiness. From this belief we still use the expression "born under a lucky star" to describe a person who seems always to be fortunate. But the same metaphor is contained in single words. We speak of an unfortunate enter-

prise as "ill-starred," and the metaphor is clear. But when the newspapers speak of a railway "disaster," very few people realize that they are speaking the language of the mediæval astrologers, men who studied the fortunes of nations and individuals from the stars. *Disaster* literally means such a misfortune as would be caused by adverse stars, and comes from the Greek word for star, *astron*, and the Latin *dis*.

The words *jovial* and *mercurial*, used to describe people of merry and lively temper, are metaphors of the same kind. A person born under the planet Jupiter (the star called after the Roman god Jupiter or Jove) was supposed to be of a merry disposition, and a person born when the planet Mercury was visible in the heavens was expected to be lively and ready-witted. When we use these words now to describe people, we do not, of course, mean that they were born under any particular star, but the words are metaphors which literally do mean this.

The word *auspicious* comes from a similar source. We speak of an "inauspicious" undertaking, meaning one which seems destined to be unlucky. But really what the word *inauspicious* says is that the "auspices are against" the undertaking. And this takes us back to Roman times, when no important thing was done in the state without the magistrates "taking the auspices." This they did from observing the flight of certain birds. In war the commander-in-chief of the Roman armies alone had

the right to "take the auspices." We should think such a proceeding very foolish now, but in the words *auspicious* and *inauspicious* we are literally saying that the auspices have been favourable or unfavourable.

One of the common practices of the scholars who studied astrology and other sciences in the Middle Ages was the search for the philosopher's stone, which they believed had the power of giving eternal youth. They would melt metals in pots for this purpose. These pots were called by the Old Latin name of *test*. From this word we now have the modern word *test*, used in the sense of *trial*—another metaphor from the Middle Ages.

Many common English words are really metaphors made from old English sports, such as hunting and hawking. It is curious to think how these words are chiefly used to-day by people who know nothing of these pastimes, while the people who made the words were so familiar with them that they naturally expressed themselves in this way. We speak of a person being in another's "toils," when we mean in his "power." The word *toils* comes from the French *toiles*, meaning "cloths," and also used for the nets put round part of a wood, in which birds are being preserved for shooting, to prevent their escaping. The expression to "turn" or be "at bay," by which we mean that there is no chance of escape, but that the person in such a situation must either give in or fight, comes from

hunting. The hare or the fox is said to be "at bay" when it comes to a wall or other object which prevents its running farther, and so turns and faces its pursuers. *Bay* is the deep barking of the hounds.

The word *crestfallen*, by which we mean looking ashamed and depressed, comes from the old sport of cock-fighting. The bird whose crest (or tuft of hair on the head) drooped after the fight was naturally the one which had been beaten. The word *pounce* comes from hawking, *pounces* being the old word for a hawk's claws. The word *haggard*, which now generally means worn and sometimes a little wild-looking through grief or anxiety, was originally the name given to a hawk caught, not, like most hawks used for hawking, when it was quite young, but when it was already grown up. Such a hawk would naturally have a wild look, and would never become so tame as the birds caught young.

Several words meaning to entice a person come from fowling. We speak of persons being "decoyed" when we mean that they are deceived into going to some dangerous place. The person who entices them away is called a "decoy;" but the first use of the word was to describe a duck trained to induce other ducks to fly or walk into nets laid over ponds by trappers. Another word of this kind is *allure*, which means to persuade a person to do something by making it seem very attractive. This word really means to bring a person (originally an

animal) to the "lure" or "bait" prepared to catch him.

The word *trap*, which may now mean to show a person to be guilty by a trick, or to put him in the wrong in some way, is a metaphorical use. The word literally means to catch an animal in a trap.

Many words contain metaphors drawn from the older and simpler trades. We speak of a thing being "brand-new"—that is, as new as though just stamped with a "brand" or iron stamp. Another expression which has changed its meaning a little with time used to have exactly the same meaning. We now say a person looks "spick and span" when he or she is very neatly dressed. Formerly the expression was "spick and span new"—that is, as new as a spike (or spoon) just made or a chip newly cut. We may safely say that very few people who now use the expression "spick and span" have any idea of what it means literally. The metaphor is well hidden, but it is there.

Another metaphor, connected with metals and coins, is contained in the word *sterling*. We speak of "sterling qualities" or a "sterling character" in praising people for being straightforward and truthful, and not boastful. But the expression originally applied only to metals and coins. Sterling gold or silver is gold or silver of a certain standard of purity and not mixed with too much of any base metal.

Even the art of the baker has given us a word

with a hidden metaphor. We speak of sending out another "batch" of men to the front; but *batch* originally meant, and still means, the loaves of bread produced at one baking. It is now used generally to describe a number of things coming together or in a set.

The butcher's shop has given us the word *shambles*, by which we now mean a place of slaughter. Thus we speak of a terrible battlefield as a "shambles." This metaphor is really due to a mistake. People came to think that a shambles was a singular noun meaning slaughter-house, or place where cattle were killed; but really the shambles were the benches on which the meat was spread for sale.

We speak of a person being the "tool" of another, and this is a metaphor taken from the general idea of work. The "tool" is merely used by the other person for some purpose of his own, just as a workman uses his tools. The greatest poem, or book, or picture of a poet, writer, or painter is often described as a "masterpiece." This word now means a "splendid piece of work," but in the Middle Ages a "masterpiece" was a piece of work by which a person working at a trade showed himself sufficiently good to be allowed to be a "master." Before that he was a "journeyman," and worked for a master himself, and, earlier still, an apprentice merely learning his trade. We often now use the expression to try one's "'prentice hand" on a

thing when we mean that we are going to do a thing for the first time.

The commonest actions have naturally given us most metaphorical words, for these were the actions of which the word-makers were most easily reminded. We speak of our passions or emotions being "kindled," taking the metaphor from the common action of lighting a fire.

The two words *lord* and *lady* contain very homely metaphors. The lord was the "loaf-keeper," in Old English *hlaford*, the person on whom the household depended for their food. The lady might even make the bread, and often did so; and the word *lady* comes from *hlæfdige—dig* being the Old English word for *knead*.

The common word *maul* may mean to beat and bruise a person, but it means more often merely to handle something carelessly and roughly. Literally it means "to hit with a hammer," and comes from *maul* or *mall*, the name of a certain very heavy kind of hammer; so that when a child is told not to "maul" a book, it is literally being told not to hit it with a heavy hammer.

We have made many metaphorical words from joining together two Latin words and making a new meaning. We speak of a person having an "obsession" about something when he is always thinking of one thing. But the word *obsession* comes from the Latin word *obsidere*, "to besiege;" and so in the word *obsession* the constant thought

is pictured as continually trying to gain entrance into the mind. We use the word *besiege* in the same metaphorical sense. We speak of being "besieged" with questions, and so on.

Another word used now most often metaphorically comes also from this idea of siege warfare. In all fortified places there are holes at intervals along the walls of defence, through which the defenders may shoot at the attackers. These are called "loopholes." This word is now used much oftener in a figurative sense than to describe the actual thing. When two persons are arguing and one has plainly shown the other to be wrong, we say he has "not a loophole" of escape from the other's reasoning. Or if a person objects very much to doing something, and makes many excuses, every one of which is shown to be worthless, we again say he has "no loophole for escape."

Every child has heard of the Crusades, in which the nobles and knights and soldiers of the Middle Ages went to fight against the Turks to win back the Holy Sepulchre. These wars were called "crusades," from the cross which the Crusaders wore as badges. The word was made from the Latin word *crux*, which means "cross." But *crusade* has now become a general word. We speak of a "temperance crusade," of a "peace crusade," and so on. The word has come to have the general meaning of efforts made by people for something which they believe to be good; but literally every

person who works for such a "crusade" is a knight buckling on his armour, signed with the cross, and sallying forth to the East.

This word *sally* also comes from siege warfare. A "sally" means a rush of defenders from a besieged place, attempting to get past the besiegers by taking them by surprise. It also has the more general meaning of an excursion, such as the going forth to a crusade. It means literally a "leaping out," and comes from the Latin word *salire*, "to leap." The word *sally* is also used to mean a sudden lively remark generally rather against some person or thing. It is interesting to notice that the fish salmon also probably takes its name from this Latin word meaning "to leap."

Any child with a dictionary can find for himself many hidden metaphors in the commonest words; and he will learn a great deal and amuse himself at the same time.

CHAPTER XII.

WORDS FROM NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THERE is one group of metaphorical words which is specially interesting for the stories of the past which they tell us if we examine into their meaning. Many names of ancient tribes and nations, and some names of modern peoples, have come to be used as general words; but the new meanings they have now tell us what other peoples have thought of the nations bearing these names in history.

One of the best things that can be said about a boy or a girl is that he or she is "frank," by which we mean open and straightforward. The Franks were, of course, the Teutonic tribe which conquered Gaul (the country we now call France) in the sixth century. Unlike the English when they conquered the Britons, the Franks mixed with the Gauls and the Roman population which they conquered; but for a long time the Franks were the only people who were altogether free. From this fact the word *frank* came into use, meaning "free." A "frank" person is one who speaks out freely and without restraint.

FROM NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The name *Frank* has given us a word with a very pleasant meaning, but this was not the case with all the Teutonic tribes which broke in upon the Roman Empire. A person who is very uncivilized in his manners is sometimes called a "Goth." The word is often especially used to describe a person who does not appreciate pictures and books and works of art. Sometimes architects will pull down beautiful old buildings to make place for new, and the people who appreciate beautiful things describe them as "Goths." More often, perhaps, the word *Vandal* is used to describe such people. The Goths and Vandals were two of the fiercest and most barbaric of the German tribes which overran the Roman Empire from the third to the fifth century. They showed no respect for the beautiful buildings and the great works of art which were spread over the empire. They robbed and burned like savages, and in a few years destroyed many of the beautiful things which had been made with so much care and skill by the Greek and Roman artists. So deep an impression did their destructiveness make on the world of that time that their names have been handed down through sixteen centuries, and are used to-day in the unpleasant sense of wilful destroyers of beautiful things.

The words *barbarian* and *barbarous* are used in the same way. We describe a child who behaves in a rough way as "a little barbarian," or a grown-up person without ordinary good manners as "a

mere barbarian." And the word *barbarous* has an even worse meaning. It is used to describe very coarse, uncivilized behaviour; but most often it has also the sense of cruelty as well as coarseness. Thus we speak of the barbarous behaviour of the Germans in Belgium. But when the word *barbarous* was first used it meant merely "foreign."

To the Greeks there were only two classes of people—Greeks, and non-Greeks or "barbarians." The name *barbarian* meant a bearded man, and came from the Greek word *barbaros*. The Greeks were clean-shaven, and distinguished themselves from the "bearded" peoples who knew nothing of Greek civilization. The Romans conquered Greece, and learned much from its civilization. To them all who were not Greeks or Romans were "barbarians." Some Roman writers, like Cicero, use the word in the modern sense of unmannerly or even savage, but this was not a common use. St. Paul was a Roman citizen, for he belonged to Tarsus, a city in Asia Minor which had been given full Roman rights; but he was a Greek by birth, and he uses the word in the Greek way. He speaks of all men being equal according to the Christian religion, saying, "There is neither Greek nor . . . barbarian, bond nor free."

The word *slave*, again, contains in itself whole chapters of European history. It comes from the word *Slav*. The Slavs are the race of people to which the Russians, Poles, and many other nations in the East of Europe belong. The Great War has

been partly fought for the freedom of the small Slav nations, of which Serbia is one. The Slavs have a long history of oppression and tyranny behind them. They have been subject to stronger nations, such as the Turks, and, in Hungary, the Magyars. The first "slaves" in mediæval Europe belonged to this race, and the word "slave" is only another form of *Slav*. The word gives us an idea of the impression which the misfortunes of the Slavs made on the people of the Middle Ages.

The words *Turk* and *Tartar* have almost the opposite meaning to *slave* when they are used in a general sense. We call an unmanageable baby a "young Turk," and in this expression we have the idea of all the trouble the Turks have given the people of Europe since they swarmed in from the East in the twelfth century. The word *Turk* in this sense is now generally used amusingly to describe a troublesome child; but a grown-up person with a very quick temper or very difficult to get on with is often described also, chiefly in fun, as a "Tartar." Tartar is the name of the race of people to which the Turks, Cossacks, and several other peoples belong. The name by which they called themselves was *Tatar;* but Europeans changed it to *Tartar*, from the Latin word *Tartarus*, which means "hell." This gives us some idea of the impression these fierce people made on mediæval Europe—an impression which is kept in memory by the present humorous use of the word.

It is chiefly Eastern peoples whose names have passed into common words meaning fierce and cruel people. Our fairy tales are full of tales of "ogres." It is not quite certain, but it is probable that this word comes from *Hungarian*. The chief people of Hungary are the Magyars; but the first person who used the name *Hungarian* in the sense of "ogre" probably did not know this, but thought of them as Huns, or perhaps Tartars, and therefore as very fierce, cruel people. The first person who is known to have used it is Perrault, a French writer of fairy tales in the seventeenth century.

The Great War has given us another of these national names used in a new way. Many people referred to the Germans all through the war as the "Huns." The Huns were half-savage people, who in the early Middle Ages moved about in great hordes over Europe killing and burning. They were at last conquered in East and West, and finally disappeared from history. But their name remained as a synonym for cruelty. The Kaiser, in an unfortunate speech, exhorted his soldiers to make themselves as terrible as Huns; and when people heard of the ill-treatment of the Belgians when their country was invaded at the beginning of the war, they said that the Germans had indeed behaved like the Huns of long ago. The name clung to them, and during the war, when people spoke of the "Huns," they generally meant the Germans, and not the fierce, half-savage little men who fol-

lowed their famous chief Attila, plundering and burning through Europe about fifteen centuries ago.

Another name with a somewhat similar meaning is *assassin*, which most people would not guess to have ever been the name of a collection of people. An assassin is a person who arranges beforehand to take some one by surprise and kill him. But the original assassins were an Eastern people who believed that the murder of people of a religion other than their own was pleasing to their God. The Arabs first called this sect by the name *hashshash*, which the scholars of the Middle Ages translated into the Latin *assassinus*. The Arab name was given because these people were great eaters of "hashish" or dry herbs.

The name *Arab* itself has come to be used with a special meaning which has nothing to do with the people whose name it is. A rough little boy who spends most of his time in the streets is described as a "street Arab," and this comes from the fact that we think of the Arabs as a wandering people. The "street Arab" is a wanderer also, of another sort.

Another name of a wandering people has also come to have a special meaning in English. The French word for gipsy is *bohemien*, and from this we have the English word *Bohemian*. When we say a person is "a Bohemian," we mean that he lives in the way he really likes, and does not care whether other people think he is quite respectable

or not. It was the novelist Thackeray who first used the word *Bohemian* in this sense.

Bohemia is, of course, the name of a country in Germany, but it is also used figuratively to describe the region or community in which "Bohemian" or unconventional people live.

The word *gipsy* itself is used to describe a very dark person, or almost any kind of people travelling round the country in caravans. But *gipsy* really means "Egyptian." When the real gipsies first appeared in England, in the sixteenth century, people thought they came from Egypt, and so gave them this name.

Another name often given to very dark people is *blackamoor*, a name by which negroes are sometimes described. This really means "Black Moor," and shows us how confused the people who first used the word were about different races of people. The Moors were a quite different people from the negroes, being related to the Arabs. But to some people every one who is not white is a "nigger." *Nigger* comes, of course, from *negro*.

The Moors inhabited a part of North-west Africa. It was also a North African people, the Algerians, who gave us the word *Zouave*. Every one has seen since the Great War began pictures of the handsome and quaintly-dressed French soldiers called "Zouaves." Perhaps some children wondered why they wore such a strange Eastern dress. It is because the Zouave regiments, which are now chiefly

composed of Frenchmen, were originally formed from an Algerian mountain tribe called the Zouaves —Algeria being a French possession. The name is almost forgotten as that of a foreign tribe, but has become instead the name of these light infantry French regiments.

The name of the most famous of Eastern nations now spread all over the world, the Jews, has become a term of reproach. For hundreds of years after the spread of Christianity over Europe the Jews were looked upon as a wicked and hateful people. In many countries they were not allowed to live at all; in others a portion of the towns was set apart for them, and they were allowed to live there because they were useful as money-lenders.

Naturally the Jews, persecuted and distrusted, made as much profit as they could out of the people who treated them in this way. Perhaps with the growth of their wealth they grew to love money for its own sake. In any case, before long the Jews were looked upon as people who were decidedly ungenerous in the matter of money. Everybody knows the story of the Jew Shylock in Shakespeare's great play "The Merchant of Venice." Nowadays a person who is not really a Jew is often described contemptuously as a "Jew" if he shows himself mean in money matters; and some people even use a slang expression, "to jew," meaning to cheat or be very mean over a money affair.

Another name of a nation which stands for dis-

honesty of another sort (and much more excusable) is *Gascon*. The Gascons are the natives of Gascony, a province in the south of France. It is proverbial among other Frenchmen that the Gascons are always boasting, and even in English we sometimes use the word *Gascon* to describe a great boaster, while *gasconade* is now a common term for a boastful story.

Another word which we use to describe this sort of thing is *romance*. We often hear the expression, "Oh, he is only romancing," by which we mean that a person is saying what is not true, inventing harmless details to improve his story. The word *romance* has now many meanings, generally containing the idea of *imagination*. A person is called "romantic" when he or she is full of imaginings of great deeds and events. Or we say a person is a "romantic figure" when we mean that from his looks or speech, or from some other qualities, he seems fit for adventures.

But *romance*, from which we get *romantic*, was at first merely an adjective used to describe the languages which are descended from the Latin language, like French, Italian, and Spanish. In the Middle Ages scholars wrote in Latin, but poets and taletellers began to write in the language of the people—the *romance* languages in France and Italy. The tales of adventure and things which we should now call "romantic" were written in the "romance" languages; and from being used to describe the language, the word came to be used to describe the

kind of story contained in these poems and tales. Gradually the words *romantic* and *romance* got the meaning which they have to-day.

We have seen in another chapter that we have a number of words taken from the names of persons in ancient history. We have also a modern and special use of words formed from the names of some of the ancient nations. We saw that we use the word *Spartan* to describe any very severe discipline, or a person who willingly uses such discipline for himself.

There are several other such names used in a more or less complimentary way. We speak of "Roman" firmness, and every one who has read Roman history will agree that this is a good use of the word. On the other hand, we have the expression "Punic faith" to describe treachery. The Romans had had many reasons for mistrusting their great enemy, the Carthaginians, and they used this expression, *Fides Punica*, which we have simply borrowed from the Latin.

We use the expression "Attic (or Athenian) salt" to describe a very refined wit or humour. The Romans used the word *sal*, or "salt," in this sense of *wit*, and their expression *sal Atticum* shows the high opinion they had of the Athenians, from whom, indeed, they learned much in art and in literature. It is this same expression which we use to-day, having borrowed and translated it also from the Latin.

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STORIES THAT WORDS TELL US.

We speak of a " Parthian shot " when some one finishes a conversation or an argument with a sharp or witty remark, leaving no chance for an answer. This expression comes from the story of the Parthians, a people who lived on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and were famous as good archers among the ancient nations.

The way in which the names of nations and peoples have taken on more general meanings gives us many glimpses into history.

CHAPTER XIII.

WORDS MADE BY WAR.

SINCE the earliest ages men have made war on one another, and we have a great crowd of words, new and old, connected with war. Some of these are very simple words, especially the names of early weapons; some are more elaborate and more interesting in their derivation.

The chief of all weapons, the sword, has its simple name from the Old English language itself, and so has the spear. But it was after the Norman conquest of England that war became more elaborate, with armoured knights and fortified towers, and nearly all the names connected with war of this sort come to us from the French of that time. The word *war* itself comes from the Old French word *werre*. *Battle*, too, comes from the French of this time; and so do *armour*, *arms*, *fortress*, *siege*, *conquer*, *pursue*, *tower*, *banner*, and many other words. All of these words came into French originally from Latin. *Knight*, however, is an Old English word. The French word for knight, *chevalier*, never passed into English, but from it we got the word *chivalry*.

The great weapons of modern warfare are the gun and the bayonet. There are, of course, many kinds of guns, small and large. Formerly it was the fashion to call the big guns by the name of *cannon*, but in the great European war this word has hardly been used at all. They are all " guns," from the rifles carried by the foot soldiers to the Maxims and the great howitzers which each require a company of men to serve them. The word *cannon* comes from the French *canon*, and is sometimes spelt in this way in English too. It means " great tube."

The derivation of the word *gun* is more interesting. Gunpowder was not really discovered until the fifteenth century, but long before this a kind of machine, or gun, for hurling great stones, or sometimes arrows, had been used. These instruments were called by the Latin word *ballista* (for the Romans had also had machines of this sort), which comes from the Greek word *ballo*, meaning " throw." In the Middle Ages weapons of this sort were called by proper names, just as ships are now. A common name for them was the woman's name *Gunhilda*, which would be turned into *Gunna* for short. It is probably from this that we get the word *gun*. The most interesting of all the guns used in the Great War has only a number for its name. It is the famous French '75, and takes this name merely from a measurement.

The special weapon of the foot soldier, or infantryman, is the bayonet. This is a short blade

which the foot soldier fixes on the muzzle of his rifle before he advances to an attack. In the trenches his weapon is the rifle; before the order is given to go "over the parapet"—that is, to climb out of the trenches, to run forward and attack the enemy at close quarters—he "fixes his bayonet." The word *bayonet* probably comes from *Bayonne*, the name of a town in France.

The word *infantry* itself, now used to describe regiments of foot soldiers armed with the ordinary weapons, comes to us, like most of our words connected with war, from the French. We have already seen that the words of this sort which we borrowed in the Middle Ages were Norman-French words descended from Latin. But after the use of gunpowder in war became general there were many new terms; and as at this time the Italians were the people who fought most, and wrote most about fighting, many words relating to the methods of war after the close of the Middle Ages were Italian words. It is true that we learned them from the French, for the great writers on military matters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were Frenchmen. But they borrowed many words from the Italian writers of the fifteenth century. One of these words is *infantry*, which means a number of junior soldiers or "infants"—the regiments of foot soldiers being made up of young men, while the older and more experienced soldiers made up the cavalry.

This, again, is a word which we borrowed from the French, and which the French had borrowed from the Italians. *Cavalry* is, of course, the name for horse soldiers, and the Italian word *cavalleria*, from which it comes, was itself derived from the Latin word *caballus*, "a horse." The general weapon for a cavalryman is the "sabre," a sword with a curved blade. This, again, comes to us from the French, but was probably originally an Eastern word. It is quite common for officers, in reckoning the number of men in an army, to speak of so many "bayonets" and so many "sabres," instead of "infantry" and "cavalry."

Many of the words which people began to use familiarly during the great European war first came into English in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a time when it seemed to be the ordinary state of affairs for some, at least, of the European countries to be at war with one another. *Bivouac* is a word which was used a good deal in descriptions of earlier wars. It is a German word, which came into English at the time of the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) in Germany. It means an encampment for a short time only (often for the night), without tents. It plainly has not much connection with modern trench warfare.

Another word which came from the German at the same time may serve to remind us that the German soldier of to-day is not very much unlike his ancestors of three hundred years ago. The

word *plunder* was originally a German word meaning "bed-clothes" or other household furnishing. From the fact that so much of this kind of thing was carried off in the fighting of this terrible war, the word came to have its present sense of anything taken violently from its rightful owner. It must be confessed that the word was also used a great deal in the English Civil War, which was, of course, fought at the same time as the end of the Thirty Years' War.

It was also in the English Civil War that we first find the word *capitulation*, which now generally means to surrender on certain conditions. Before this, *capitulation* had more the meaning which it still keeps in *recapitulation*. It meant an arrangement under headings, and the word probably was transferred from describing the terms of surrender to describing the surrender itself.

One of the many words connected with war which came into the English language from the French in the seventeenth century was *parade*, which means the showing off of troops, and came into French from an Italian word which itself came from the Latin word *parare*, "to prepare." Another of these words which has been much used in descriptions of the battles of the Great War, and especially in the "Battle of the Rivers" in the autumn of 1914, is *pontoon*. Pontoons are flat-bottomed boats by means of which soldiers make a temporary bridge across rivers, generally when the permanent bridges have

been destroyed by the enemy. The word is *ponton* in French, and comes from the Latin *pons*, "a bridge." Most words of this sort in French ending in *on* take the ending *oon* in English. Thus *ballon* in French becomes *balloon* in English. *Barracks* also comes from the French *baraque*, and the French had it from the Spanish or Italian *barraca* or *baraca*; but no one knows whence these languages got the word.

The word *bombard*, also much used during the Great War, came into English at the end of the seventeenth century from the French word *bombarder*, which came from the Latin word *bombarda*, an engine for throwing stones, and which in its turn came from the Latin word *bombus*, meaning "hum." Even a stone hurled with great force through the air makes a humming noise, and the "singing" of the bombs and shells hurled through the air became a very familiar sound to the soldiers who fought in the Great War. The word *bomb*, too, comes from the French *bombe*.

The words *brigade* and *brigadier* also came from the French at this time. So, too, did the word *fusilier*, a name which some British regiments still keep (for example, the Royal Fusiliers), though they are no longer armed with the old-fashioned musket known as the *fusil*, the name of which also came from the French, which had it from the Latin word *focus*, "a hearth" or "fire." It is curious how the names of modern British regiments, not even carry-

ing the weapons from which they have their names, should take us back in this way to the days of early Rome.

The word *patrol,* which was used very much especially in the early days of the Great War, has an interesting origin. It may mean a small body of soldiers or police sent out to go round a garrison, or camp, or town, to keep watch ; or, again, it may mean a small body of troops sent on before an advancing army to " reconnoitre "—that is, to spy out the land, the position of the enemy, etc. The word *patrol* literally means to " paddle in mud," for the French word, *patrouille,* from which it came into English in the seventeenth century, came from an earlier word with this meaning.

The word *campaign,* by which we mean a number of battles fought within a certain time, and generally according to a plan arranged beforehand, also came from the French word *campagne* at the beginning of the eighteenth century—a century of great wars and many campaigns. The word was more used in those earlier wars than it is now, because in those days the armies used practically never to fight in the winter, and so each summer during a war had its " campaign." The earlier meaning of the French word *campagne,* and one which it still keeps besides this later meaning, is "open country," the kind of country over which battles were generally fought.

Recruit is another word which came into English from the French at this time. It, again, is a word

which has been used a great deal in the European war. It came from the French word *recrue*, which also means a newly-enlisted soldier. The French word *croître*, from which *recrue* came, was derived from the Latin word *crescere*, " to increase."

All these words, we should notice, have now a figurative use. We speak of " recruits " not only to the army, but to any society. Thus we may say a person is a valuable " recruit " to the cause of temperance, etc. A " campaign " can be fought not only on the field of battle, but through newspapers, meetings, etc. It is in this sense that we speak of the " campaign " for women's suffrage, etc.

Many words relating to the dress and habits of our soldiers have curious origins. We say now quite naturally that a man is " in khaki " when we mean that he is a soldier, because the peculiar yellow-brown colour which is known as " khaki " is now the regular colour of the uniform of the British soldier. In earlier days the British soldier was generally a " redcoat," but in modern trench warfare it is so important that the enemy should not be able to pick out easily the position of groups of men in order to " shell " them, that the armies of all nations use gray or brown or other dull shades. *Khaki* is a word which came into English through the South African War, when the policy of clothing the soldiers in this way was first begun on a large scale. It comes from a Hindu word, *khak*, which means " dust." The object of this kind of clothing

for our soldiers is that they shall not be easily distinguished from the soil of the trenches and battlefields.

When a soldier or officer or any other person who is generally in uniform wears ordinary clothes we say he is "in mufti." This, again, is an Arab word meaning "Mohammedan priest."

The soldiers in the Great War used many new words which became a regular part of their speech. They were chiefly "slang," but it is quite possible that some of them may pass into good English. We shall see something of them in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROVERBS.

EVERY child knows what a proverb is, though every child may not, perhaps, be able to say in its own words just what makes a proverb. A proverb has been defined as "a wise saying in a few words." At any rate, if it is not always wise, the person who first said it and the people who repeat it think it is. Most proverbs are very old, and take us back, just as we saw that words formed from the names of animals do, to the early days before the growth of large towns.

In those days life was simple, and people thought chiefly of simple things. When they thought children or young persons were going to do something foolish they gave them good advice, and tried to teach them a little lesson from their own experience of what happened among the common things around them.

A boy or a girl who was very enthusiastic about some new thing was warned that "new brooms sweep clean." When several people were anxious to help in doing one thing, they were pushed aside

(just as they are now) with the remark that "too many cooks spoil the broth." The people who use this proverb now generally know very little about broth and still less about cooking. They say it because it expresses a certain truth in a striking way; but the first person who said it knew all about cooks and kitchens, and spoke out of the fullness of her (it must have been a woman) experience.

Again, a person who is discontented with the way in which he lives and is anxious to change it is warned lest he jump "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Again the wisdom comes from the kitchen. And we may remark that these sayings are difficult to contradict.

But there are other proverbs which contain statements about birds and animals and things connected with nature, and sometimes these seem only half true to the people who think about them. We sometimes hear it said of a person who is very quiet and does not speak much that "still waters run deep." This is true in Nature. A little shallow brook will babble along, while the surface of a deep pool will have hardly a ripple on it. But a quiet person is not necessarily a person of great character or lofty thoughts. Some people hardly speak at all, because, as a matter of fact, they find nothing to say. They are quiet, not because they are "deep," but because they are shallow. Still, the proverb is not altogether foolish, for when people

use it about some one they generally mean that they think this particular quiet person is one with so much going on in his or her mind that there is no temptation to speak much. "Empty vessels make most sound" is another of these proverbs which is literally true, but is not always true when applied to people. A person who talks a great deal with very little to say quite deserves to have this proverb quoted about him or her. But there are some people who are great talkers just because they are so full of ideas, and to them the proverb does not apply.

Another of these nature proverbs, and one which has exasperated many a late riser, is, "The early bird catches the worm." Many people have inquired in their turn, "And what about the worm?" But the proverb is quite true, all the same.

Again, "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is a proverb which has been repeated over and over again with many a headshake when young people have refused to settle down, but have changed from one thing to another and roamed from place to place. And this is quite true. But we may ask, "Is it a good thing for stones to gather moss?" After all, the adventurous people sometimes win fortunes which they could never have won if they had been afraid to move about. And the adventurous people, too, win other things—knowledge and experience—which are better than money. Of course the proverb is wise to a certain degree, for mere

foolish changing without any reason cannot benefit any one. But things can gather *rust* as well as moss by keeping still, and this is certainly not a good thing.

"Where there's a will there's a way." So the old proverb says, and this is probably nearly always true, except that no one can do what is impossible. "Look before you leap" is also good advice for impetuous people, who are apt to do a thing rashly and wonder afterwards whether they have done wisely.

The most interesting thing about proverbs to the student of words is that they are always made up of simple words such as early peoples always used. But we go on repeating them, using sometimes words which we should never choose in ordinary speech, and yet never noticing that they are old-fashioned and quaint.

It is true that there are some sayings which are so often quoted that they seem almost like proverbs. But a line of poetry or prose, however often it may be quoted, is not a proverb if it is taken from the writings of a person whom we know to have used it for the first time. These are merely quotations. No one can say who was the first person to use any particular proverb. Even so long ago as the days of the great Greek philosopher Aristotle many proverbs which are used in nearly every land to-day were ages old. Aristotle describes them as "fragments of an elder wisdom."

Clearly, then, however true some quotations from Shakespeare and Pope and Milton may be, and however often repeated, they are not proverbs.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

This line expresses a deep truth, and is as simply expressed as any proverb, but it is merely a quotation from Pope. Again,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"

is true enough, and well enough expressed to bear frequent quotation, but it is not a "fragment of elder wisdom." It is merely Pope's excellent way of saying that foolish people will interfere in delicate matters in which wise people would never think of meddling. Here, again, the language is not particularly simple as in proverbs, and this will help us to remember that quotations are not proverbs. There is, however, a quotation from a poem by Patrick A. Chalmers, a present-day poet, which has become as common as a proverb :—

"What's lost upon the roundabouts
We pulls up on the swings."

The fact that this is expressed simply and even ungrammatically does not, of course, turn it into a proverb.

Though many of the proverbs which are repeated in nearly all the languages of the world are without date, we know the times when a few of them were first quoted. In Greek writings we already

find the half-true proverb, "Rolling stones gather no moss;" and, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," which warned the Greeks, as it still warns us, of the uncertainty of human things. We can never be sure of anything until it has actually happened. In Latin writings we find almost the same idea expressed in the familiar proverb, "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush"—a fact which no one will deny.

St. Jerome, who translated the Bible from Greek into Latin in the fourth century and wrote many wise books besides, quotes two proverbs which we know well: "It is not wise to look a gift horse in the mouth," and, "Liars must have good memories." The first again deals, like so many of the early proverbs, with the knowledge of animals. A person who knows about horses can tell from the state of their mouths much about their age, health, and general value. But, the proverb warns us, it is neither gracious nor wise to examine too closely what is given to us freely. It may not be quite to our liking, but after all it is a present.

The proverb, "Liars must have good memories," means, of course, that people who tell lies are liable to forget just what tale they have told on any particular occasion, and may easily contradict themselves, and so show that they have been untruthful. It is necessary, then, for such a person, unless he wishes to be found out, to remember exactly what lies he has told.

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Many proverbs have remained in the English language, not so much for the wisdom they contain as for the way in which they express it. Some are in the form of a rhyme—as, "Birds of a feather flock together," and "East and west, home is best." These are always favourites.

Others catch the ear because of their alliteration; that is to say, two or three of their words begin with the same letter. Examples of this are: "Look before you leap." The proverb "A stitch in time saves nine" has something of both these attractions, though it is not exactly a rhyme. Other examples of alliteration in proverbs are: "Delays are dangerous," "Speech is silvern, silence is golden."

A few proverbs are witty as well as wise, and these are, perhaps, the best of all, since they do not, as a rule, exasperate the people to whom they are quoted, as many proverbs are apt to do. Usually these witty proverbs are metaphors.

CHAPTER XV.

SLANG.

EVERY child has some idea of what is meant by "slang," because most schoolboys and schoolgirls have been corrected for using it. By slang we mean words and expressions which are not the ordinary words for the ideas which they express, but which are invented as new names or phrases for these ideas, and are at first known and used only by a few people who use them just among themselves. There are all kinds of slang—slang used by schoolboys and schoolgirls in general, slang used by the pupils of each special school, slang used by soldiers, a different slang used by their officers, and even slang used by members of Parliament.

The chief value of slang to the people who use it is that at first, at any rate, it is only understood by the inventors and their friends. The slang of any public school is continually changing, because as soon as the expressions become known and used by other people the inventors begin to invent once more, and get a new set of slang terms. Sometimes a slang word will be used for years by one

class of people without becoming common because it describes something of which ordinary people have no experience, and therefore do not mention.

The making of slang is really the making of language. Early men must have invented new words just as the slang-makers do to-day. The difference is that there are already words to describe the things which the slang words describe. It may seem curious, then, that people should trouble to find new words. The reason they do so is often that they want to be different from other people, and sometimes because the slang word is much more expressive than the ordinary word.

This is one reason that the slang of a small number of people spreads and becomes general. Sometimes the slang word is so much better in this way than the old word that it becomes more generally used than it, and finds its way into the ordinary dictionaries. When this happens it is no longer slang.

But, as a rule, slang is ugly or meaningless, and it is very often vulgar. However common its use may become, the best judges will not use such expressions, and they remain mere slang.

A writer on the subject of slang has given us two good examples of meaningless and expressive slang. The people who first called marmalade "swish" could have no reason for inventing the new name except to seem odd and different from other people. *Swish* is certainly not a more expressive or descriptive word than *marmalade*. The one means noth-

ing, while the other has an interesting history coming to us through the French from two old Greek words meaning "apple" and "honey."

The expressive word which this writer quotes is *swag*, a slang word for "stolen goods." There is no doubt that *swag* is a much more expressive word than any of the ordinary words used to describe the same thing. One gets a much more vivid picture from the sentence, "The thieves got off with the *swag*," than he would had the word *prize* or even *plunder* or *booty* been used. Yet there is no sign that the word *swag* will become good English. Expressive as it is, there is a vulgar flavour about it which would make people who are at all fastidious in their language very unwilling to use it.

Yet many words and phrases which must have seemed equally vulgar when first used have come to be accepted as good English. And in fact much of our language, and especially metaphorical words and phrases, were once slang. It will be interesting to examine some examples of old slang which have now become good English.

One common form of slang is the use of expressions connected with sport as metaphors in speaking of other things. Thus it is slang to say that we were "in at the death" when we mean that we stayed to the end of a meeting or performance. This is, of course, a metaphor from hunting. People who follow the hounds until the fox is caught and killed are "in at the death." Another such expression is

to "toe the mark." We say a person is made to "toe the line" or "toe the mark" when he or she is subjected to discipline; but it is a slang phrase, and only good English in its literal meaning of standing with the toes touching a line in starting a race, etc., so that all may have an equal chance.

We say a person has "hit below the belt" if we think he has done or said something unfair in an argument or quarrel. This is a real slang phrase, and is only good English in the literal sense in which it is used in boxing, where it is against the rules to "hit below the belt." The term "up to you," by which is expressed in a slang way that the person so addressed is expected to do something, is a slang expression borrowed from cards.

Even from these few examples we can see that there are various degrees in slang. A person who would be content to use the expression "toe the line" might easily think it rather coarse to accuse an opponent of "hitting below the belt." There comes a time when some slang almost ceases to be slang, and though good writers will not use it in writing, quite serious people will use it in merely speaking. It has passed out of the stage of mere slang to become a "colloquialism."

The phrases we have quoted from present-day sport when used in a general sense are still for the most part slang; but many phrases taken from old sports and games, and which must have been slang

in their time, are now quite good English and even dignified style. We speak of "wrestling with a difficulty" or "parrying a thrust" (a metaphor taken, of course, from fencing), of "winning the palm," and so on, all of which are not only picturesque but quite dignified English.

A very common form of slang is what are called "clipped" words. Such words are *gov* for "governor," *bike* for "bicycle," *flu* for "influenza," *indi* for "indigestion," *rec* for "recreation," *loony* for "lunatic," *pub* for "public house," *exam* for "examination," *maths* for "mathematics." All of these words are real slang, and most of them are quite vulgar. There is no sign that any of them will become good English. The most likely to survive in ordinary speech is perhaps *exam.*

Yet we have numbers of short words which have now become the ordinary names for certain articles, and yet which are only short forms of the original names of those articles. The first man who said *bus* for "omnibus" must have seemed quite an adventurer. He probably struck those who heard him as a little vulgar; but hardly any one now uses the word *omnibus* (which is in itself an interesting word, being the Latin word meaning "for all"), except, perhaps, the omnibus companies in their posters. Again, very few people use the full phrase "Zoological Gardens" now. Children are taken to the *Zoo*. *Cycle* for "bicycle" is quite dignified and proper, though *bike* is certainly vulgar. In the

hurry of life to-day people more frequently *'phone* than "telephone" to each other, and we can send a *wire* instead of a "telegram" without any risk of vulgarity. The word *cab* replaced the more magnificent "cabriolet," and then with the progress of invention we got the "taxicab." It is now the turn of *cab* to be dropped," and when we are in haste we hail a *taxi*. No one nowadays, except the people who sell them, speaks of "pianofortes." They have all become *pianos* in ordinary speech.

The way in which good English becomes slang is well illustrated by an essay of the great English writer Dean Swift, in the famous paper called "The Tatler," in 1710. He, as a fastidious user of English, was much vexed by what he called the "continual corruption of the English tongue." He objected especially to the clipping of words—the use of the first syllable of a word instead of the whole word. "We cram one syllable and cut off the rest," he said, "as the owl fattened her mice after she had cut off their legs to prevent their running away." One word the Dean seemed especially to hate—*mob*, which, indeed, was richer by one letter in his day, for he sometimes wrote it *mobb*. *Mob* is, of course, quite good English now to describe a disorderly crowd of people, and we should think it very curious if any one used the full expression for which it stands. *Mob* is short for the Latin phrase *mobile vulgus*, which means "excitable crowd."

Other words to which Swift objected, though

most of them are not the words of one syllable with which he declared we were "overloaded," and which he considered the "disgrace of our language," were *banter, sham, bamboozle, bubble, bully, cutting, shuffling,* and *palming.* We may notice that some of these words, such as *banter* and *sham,* are now quite good English, and most of the others have at least passed from the stage of slang into that of colloquialism.

The word *bamboozle* is still almost slang, though perhaps more common than it was two hundred years ago, when Swift attacked it. Even now we do not know where it came from. There was a slang word used at the time but now forgotten—*bam,* which meant a trick or practical joke; and some scholars have thought that *bamboozle* (which, of course, means "to deceive") came from this. On the other hand, it may have been the other way about, and that the shorter word came from the longer. The word *bamboozle* shows us how hard it is for meaningless slang to become good English even after a struggle of two hundred years.

We have seen how many slang words in English have become good English, so that people use with propriety expressions that would have seemed improper or vulgar fifty or ten or even five years ago. Other interesting words are some which are perfectly good English as now used, but which have been borrowed from other languages, and in those languages are or were mere slang. The word

bizarre, which we borrowed from the French, and which means "curious," in a fantastic or half-savage way, is a perfectly dignified word in English; but it must have been a slang word at one time in French. It meant long ago in French "soldierly," and literally "bearded"—that is, if it came from the Spanish word *bizarra*, "beard."

Another word which we use in English has a much less dignified use in French. We can speak of the *calibre* of a person, meaning the quality of his character or intellect; but in French the word *calibre* is only in ordinary speech applied to things. To speak of a "person of a certain calibre" in French is very bad slang indeed.

Again, the word *fiasco*, which we borrowed from the Italian, and which means the complete failure of something from which we had hoped much, was at first slang in Italian. It was applied especially to the failure of a play in a theatre. To break down was *far fiasco*, which literally means "make a bottle." The phrase does not seem to have any very clear meaning, but at any rate it is far removed from the dignified word *fiasco* as used in English.

The word *sack* as used in describing the sack of a town in war is a picturesque and even poetic word; but as it comes from the French *sac*, meaning "pack" or "plunder," it is really a kind of slang.

On the other hand, words which belong to quite good and ordinary speech in their own languages often become slang when adopted into another. A

slang word much used in America and sometimes in England (for American expressions are constantly finding their way into the English language) is *vamoose,* which means "depart." *Vamoose* comes from a quite ordinary Mexican word, *vamos,* which is Spanish for "let us go."

It is very interesting to find that many of our most respectable words borrowed from Latin have a slang origin. Sometimes these words were slang in Latin itself; sometimes they were used as slang only after they passed into English. The French word *tête,* which means "head," comes from the Latin *testa,* "a pot." (We have seen that this is the word from which we get our word *test.*) Some Romans, instead of using *caput,* the real Latin word for "head," would sometimes in slang fashion speak of some one's *testa,* or "pot," and from this slang word the French got their regular word for head.

The word *insult* comes from the Latin *insultare,* which meant at first "to spring or leap at," and afterwards came to have the same meaning as it has with us. The persons who first used this expression in the second sense were really using slang, picturing a person who said something unpleasant to them as "jumping at them."

We have the same kind of slang in the expression "to jump down one's throat," when we mean "to complain violently of some one's behaviour." The word *effrontery,* which comes to us from the French *effronterie,* is really the same expression as the

vulgar terms *face* and *cheek*, meaning "impudence." For the word comes from the Latin *frons*, "the forehead."

An example of a word which was quite good English, and then came to be used as slang in a special sense, and then in this same special sense became good English again, is *grit*. The word used to mean in English merely "sand" or "gravel," and it came to mean especially the texture or grain of stones used for grinding. Then in American slang it came to be used to mean all that we mean now when we say a person has "grit"—namely, courage, and strength, and firmness. This use of the word seemed so good that it rapidly became good English; but the American slang-makers soon found another word to replace it, and now talk of people having "sand," which is not by any means so expressive, and will probably never pass out of the realm of slang.

An example of a word which was at first used as slang not many years ago, and is now, if not the most elegant English, at least a quite respectable word for newspaper use, is *maffick*. This word means to make a noisy show of joy over news of a victory. It dates from the relief of Mafeking by the British in 1900. When news of its relief came people at home seemed to go mad with joy. They rushed into the streets shouting and cheering, and there was a great deal of noise and confusion. It was noticed over and over again that there was no

"mafficking" over successes in the Great War. People felt it too seriously to make a great noise about it.

A slang word which has become common in England during the Great War is *sträfe*. This is the German word for "punish," and became quite familiar to English people through the hope and prayer to which the Germans were always giving expression that God would "sträfe" England. The soldiers caught hold of the word, and it was very much used in a humorous way both at home and abroad. But it is not at all likely to become a regular English word, and perhaps will not even remain as slang after the war.

Besides the fact that slang often becomes good English, we have to notice that good English often becomes slang. One of the most common forms of slang is to use words, and especially adjectives, which mean a great deal in themselves to describe quite small and ordinary things. To speak of a "splendid" or "magnificent" breakfast, for instance, is to use words out of proportion to the subject, though of course they are excellent words in themselves; but this is a mild form of slang.

There are many people now who fill their conversation with superlatives, although they speak of the most commonplace things. A theatrical performance will be "perfectly heavenly," an actress "perfectly divine." Apart from the fact that nothing and no one merely human can be "divine,"

divinity itself is perfection, and it is therefore not only unnecessary but actually incorrect to add "perfectly." A scene or landscape may very properly be described as "enchanting," but when the adjective is applied too easily it is a case of good English becoming slang.

Then, besides the use of superlative adjectives to describe things which do not deserve such descriptions, there is a crowd of rarer words used in a special sense to praise things.

Every one knows what a "stunning blow" is, but few people can ever have been stunned by the beauty of another's clothes. Yet the expression "stunning hat" or "stunning tie" is quite common. Expressions like a "ripping time" are even more objectionable, because they are even more meaningless.

Then, besides the slang use of terms of praise, there are also many superlatives expressing disgust which the slangmongers use instead of ordinary mild expressions of displeasure. To such people it is not simply "annoying" to have to wait for a lift on the underground railways; for them it is "perfectly sickening."

Horrid, a word which means so much if used properly, is applied to all sorts of slightly unpleasant things and people. When one thinks of the literal Latin meaning of this word ("so dreadful as to cause us to shudder"), the foolishness of using it so lightly is plain. People frequently now declare

that they have a "shocking cold"—a description which, again, is too violent for the subject.

Another form of slang is to combine a word which generally expresses unpleasant with one which expresses pleasant ideas. So we get such expressions as "awfully nice" and "frightfully pleased," which are actually contradictions in terms.

This kind of slang is the worst kind of all. It soon loses any spice of novelty. It is not really expressive, like some of the quaint terms of school or university slang, and it does a great deal of harm by tending to spoil the full force of some of our best and finest words. It is very difficult to avoid the use of slang if one is constantly hearing it, but, at any rate, any one who feels the beauty of language must soon be disgusted by this particular kind of slang.

CHAPTER XVI.

WORDS WHICH HAVE CHANGED THEIR MEANING.

We have seen in the chapter on "slang" how people are continually using old words in new ways, and how, through this, slang often becomes good English and good English becomes slang. The same thing has been going on all through the history of language. Other words besides those used as slang have been constantly getting new uses. Many English words to-day have quite different meanings from those which they had in the Middle Ages; some even have exactly opposite meanings to their original sense. Sometimes words keep both the old meaning and the new.

In this matter the English language is very different from the German. The English language has many words which the Germans have too, but their meanings are different. The Germans have kept the original meanings which these words had hundreds of years ago; but the thousands of words which have come down to us from the English language of a thousand years ago have nearly all changed their meanings.

We have two of these old words which have now each two exactly opposite meanings. The word *fast* means sometimes "immovable," and sometimes it means the exact opposite—"moving rapidly." We say a key is "fast" in a lock when we cannot get it out, and we say a person runs "fast" when we mean that he runs quickly. The first meaning of steadiness is the original meaning; then the word came to be used to mean "moving steadily." A person who ran on, keeping up a steady movement, was said to run fast, and then it was easy to use the word for rapidity as well as steadiness in motion or position. This is how the word *fast* came to have two opposite meanings.

Another word, *fine*, has the same sort of history. We speak of a "fine needle" when we mean that it is thin, and a "fine baby" when we mean that it is fat. The first meaning is nearer to the original, which was "well finished off." Often a thing which had a great deal of "fine" workmanship spent on it would be delicate and "fine" in the first sense, and so the word came to have this meaning. On the other hand, the thing finished off in this way would generally be beautiful. People came to think of "fine" things as things to be admired, and as they like their babies to be fat, a fat baby will generally be considered a fine baby. It was in this kind of way that "fine" came to have its second meaning of "large."

The common adjectives *glad* and *sad* had quite

different meanings in Old English from those they have now. In Old English glad meant "shining," or "bright," but in a very short time it came to mean "cheerful." Now it means something rather different from this, for though we may speak of a "glad heart" or "glad spirit," such expressions are chiefly used in poetry. Generally in ordinary speech when we say that we are "glad" we mean that we are pleased about some special thing, as "glad that you have come."

Sad in Old English meant to have as much as one wanted of anything. Then it came to mean "calm" and "serious," perhaps from the idea that people who have all they want are in a mood to settle down and attend to things seriously. Already in Shakespeare's writings we find the word with its present meaning of "sorrowful." It has quite lost its earlier meaning, but has several special new meanings besides the general one of "sorrowful." A "sad tint," or colour, is one which is dull. "Sad bread" in the north of England is "heavy" bread which has not risen properly. Again, we describe as "sad" some people who are not at all sorrowful. We say a person is a "sad" liar when we mean that he is a hopeless liar.

The word *tide*, which we now apply to the regular rise and fall of the sea, used to mean in Old English "time;" and it still keeps this meaning in the words *Christmastide, Whitsuntide*, etc.

One common way in which words change is in

going from a general to a more special meaning. Thus in Old English the word *chest* meant "box" in general, but has come now to be used as the name of a special kind of box only, and also as the name of a part of the body. The first person who used the word in this sense must have thought of the "chest" as a box containing the lungs and the heart.

Glass is, of course, the name of the substance out of which we make our windows and some of our drinking vessels, etc., and this was at one time its only use; but we now use the name *glass* for several special articles—for example, a drinking-vessel, a telescope, a barometer, a mirror (or "looking-glass"), and so on. *Copper* is another word the meaning of which has become specialized in this way as time has gone on. From being merely the name of a metal it has come to be used for a copper coin and for a large cauldron especially used in laundry work. Another example of a rather different kind of this "specialization" which changes the meaning of words is the word *congregation*. *Congregation* used to mean "any gathering together of people in one place," and we still use the word *congregate* in this sense. Thus we might say "the people congregated in Trafalgar Square," but we should never think of speaking of a crowd listening to a lecturer there as a "congregation." The word has now come to mean an assembly for religious worship in a chapel or church.

Some words have changed their meaning in just the opposite way. From having one special meaning they have come by degrees to have a much more general sense. The word *bureau*, which came into English from the French, meant at first merely a "desk" in both languages. It still has this meaning in both languages, but a wider meaning as well. It can now be used to describe an office (a place associated with the idea of desks). Thus we have "employment bureau," and can get English money for foreign at a "bureau de change." From this use of the word we have the word *bureaucracy*, by which we describe a government which is carried on by a great number of officials.

A better example of how a word containing one special idea can extend its meaning is the word *bend*. This word originally meant to pull the string of a bow in order to let fly an arrow. The expression "bend a bow" was used, and as the result of pulling the string was to curve the wooden part of the arrow, people came in time to think that "bending the bow" was this making the wood to curve. From this came our general use of "bend" to mean forcing a thing which is straight into a curve or angle. We have, of course, also the metaphorical use of the word, as when we speak of bending our will to another's.

Another word which has had a similar history is *carry*. When this word was first borrowed from Old French it meant to move something from place

to place in a cart or other wheeled vehicle. The general word for our modern *carry* was *bear*, which we still use, but chiefly in poetry. In time *carry* came to have its modern general sense of lifting a thing from one place and removing it to another. A well-known writer on the history of the English language has suggested that this came about first through people using the word in this sense half in fun, just as the word *cart* is now sometimes used. A person may say (a little vulgarly), " Do you expect me to cart all these things to another room ? " instead of using the ordinary word *carry*. If history were to repeat itself in this case, *cart* might in time become the generally used word, and *carry* in its turn be relegated to the realm of poetry.

Words often come to have several meanings through being used to describe things which are connected in some way with the things for which they were originally used. The word *house* originally had one meaning, which it still keeps, but to which several others have been added. It was a building merely, but came in time to be used to mean the building and the people living in it. Thus we say one person " disturbs the whole house." From this sense it got the meaning of a royal family, and we speak of the House of York, Lancaster, Tudor, or Stuart. We also use the word in a large sense when we speak of the " House of Lords " and the " House of Commons," by which we hardly ever mean the actual buildings known generally as

the "Houses of Parliament," but the members of the two Houses. The word *world* has had almost the opposite history to the word *house*. *World* originally applied only to persons and not to any place. It meant a "generation of men," and then came to mean men and the earth they live on, and then the earth itself; until it has a quite general sense, as when we speak of "other worlds than ours."

Many words which are used at present to describe bad or disagreeable things were used quite differently originally. The word *villain* is, perhaps, the most expressive we can use to show our opinion of the depths of a person's wickedness. Yet in the Middle Ages a villain, or "villein," was merely a serf or labourer bound to work on the land of a particular lord. The word in Saxon times would have been *churl*. As time went on both these words became terms of contempt. The lords in the Middle Ages were certainly often more wicked than the serfs, as we see in the stories of the days of Robin Hood; but by degrees the people of the higher classes began to use the word *villain* more and more contemptuously. Many of them imagined that only people of their own class were capable of high thoughts and noble conduct. Gradually "villainy" came to mean all that was low and vulgar, and by degrees it came to have the meaning it has now of "sheer wickedness." At the end of the Middle Ages there were practically no longer any

serfs in England; but the word *villain* has remained in this new sense, and gives us a complete story of the misunderstanding and dislike which must have existed between "noble" and "simple" to cause such a change in the meaning of the word.

The word *churl* has a somewhat similar history. We say now that a sulky, ungracious person is a "mere churl," or behaves in a "churlish" manner, never thinking of the original meaning of the word. Here, again, is a little story of injustice. The present use of the word comes from the supposition that only the mere labourer could behave in a sulky or bad-tempered way.

Knave is another of those words which originally described persons of poor condition and have now come to mean a wicked or deceitful person. A knave, as we now understand the word, means a person who cheats in a particularly mean way, but formerly the word meant merely "boy." It then came to mean "servant," just as the word *garçon* ("boy") is used for all waiters in French restaurants. Another word which now means, as a rule, some one unutterably wicked, is *wretch*, though it is also used rather contemptuously to describe some one who is not wicked but unutterably miserable. Yet in Old English this word merely meant an "exile." An exile was a person to be pitied, and also sometimes a person who had done something wrong, and we get both these ideas in the modern uses of the word. The word *blackguard*, which now means a

"scoundrel," was also once a word for "scullion;" but it does not go back as far as "knave" and "villain," being found chiefly in writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Another word in which the "villeins" and "knaves" and "churls" seem to have their revenge on the "upper classes" is *surly*. This word used to be spelt *sirly*, and meant behaving as a "sire," or gentleman, behaves. Originally this meant "haughty" or "arrogant," but by degrees came to have the idea of sulkiness and ungraciousness, much like *churlish*.

Several adjectives which are now used as terms of blame were not only harmless descriptions originally, but were actually terms of praise. No one likes to be called "cunning," "sly," or "crafty" to-day; but these were all complimentary adjectives once. A *cunning* man was one who knew his work well, a *sly* person was wise and skilful, and a *crafty* person was one who could work well at his trade or "craft." Two words which we use to-day with a better sense than any of these, and yet which have a slightly uncomplimentary sense, are *knowing* and *artful*. It is surely good to "know" things, and to be full of art; but both words have already an idea of slyness, and may in time come to have quite as unpleasant a meaning as these three which have the same literal meaning.

Fellow, a word which has now nearly always a slightly contemptuous sense, had originally the quite

good sense of *partner*. It came from an Old English word which meant the man who marked out his land next to yours. The word still has this good sense in *fellowship*, *fellow-feeling*, etc., and as used to describe a "fellow" of a college or society. But the more general use is as a less respectful word for man. One man may say of another that he is a "nice fellow" without any disrespect; but the word has no dignity, and people, even though they use it of an equal, would not think of using it to describe a superior, and the more general use is that of blame or contempt, as in the expressions, "a disagreeable fellow" or "a stupid fellow." The word *bully* was at one time a word which showed affection, and meant even "lover." In English now, of course, a bully is a person, especially a boy, who tyrannizes over people weaker than himself; but the Americans still use the word in a good sense when they say "bully for you," meaning "bravo."

We have seen many words whose meanings have become less dignified than their original meaning; but sometimes the opposite happens. Every one now speaks with respect of a "pioneer," whether we mean by that people who are the first to venture into strange lands, or, in a more figurative sense, people who make some new discovery in science or introduce some new way of thinking or acting. Yet "pioneers" were originally merely the soldiers who did the hard work of clearing the way for an

advancing army. They were looked upon as belonging to a lower class than the ordinary soldiers. But this new and at first figurative use of the word, applied first to geographical and then to scientific and moral explorers, has given the word a new dignity.

A group of words which had originally very humble meanings, and have been elevated in an even more accidental way, are the names of the officials of royal courts. The word *steward* originally meant, as it still means, a person who manages property for some one else. The steward on a ship is a servant; but the steward of the king's household was no mean person, and was dignified with the title of the "Lord High Steward of England." The royal house of Stuart took its name from the fact that the heads of the family were in earlier times hereditary stewards of the Scottish kings. So *marshal,* the name of another high official at court, means "horse boy;" *seneschal,* "old servant;" *constable,* "an attendant to horses' stalls," and so on. Some of these words have kept both a dignified and a commoner meaning. *Constable,* besides being the name of a court official, is also another term for "policeman."

The word *silly* meant in Old English "blessed" or "happy," but of course has wandered far from this meaning. On the other hand, several words which once meant "foolish" have now quite different meanings. *Giddy* and *dizzy* both had this sense

in Old English, and so had the word *nice*. But later the French word *fol*, from which we get *foolish*, was introduced into English, and these words soon ceased to be used in this sense. Before this the two words *dizzy* and *giddy* had occasionally been used in the sense in which they are used now, to describe the condition of a person whose head "swims;" this now became their general meaning, though *giddy* has gone back again to something of its old meaning in its later use to describe a person's conduct. A *giddy* person is another description for one of frivolous character.

The word *nice* has had a rather more varied history. It had its original meaning of "foolish" from the literal meaning of the Latin word *nescius*, "ignorant," from which it was derived. Gradually it came to mean "foolishly particular about small things;" and we still have a similar use of the word, as when we say a person has a "nice taste in wines," or is a "nice observer," or speak of a "nice distinction," by which we mean a subtle distinction not very easily observed. But this is, of course, not the commonest sense in which we use the word. By *nice* we generally mean the opposite of *nasty*. A "nice" observer was a good observer, and from this kind of idea the word *nice* came to have the general sense of "good" in some way. *Nice* is not a particularly dignified word, and is little used by good writers, except in its more special and earlier sense. It is, perhaps, less used in America than in

England, and it is interesting to notice that *nasty*, the word which in English always seems to be the opposite of *nice*, is not considered a respectable word in America, where it has kept its earlier meaning of "filthy," or absolutely disgusting in some way.

Again, the word *disgust*, by which we express complete loathing for anything, used merely to mean "dislike" or "distaste." In the same way, the word *loathe*, by which we mean "to hate" or feel the greatest disgust for, originally meant merely "to dislike." The stronger meaning came from the fact that the word was often used to describe the dislike a sick person feels for food. Every one knows how strong this feeling can be, and it is from this that *loathe* and *loathsome* took the strong meaning they now have. Curiously enough, the adjective *loath* or *loth*, from the same word, has kept the old mild meaning. When we say we are "loth" to do a thing, we do not mean that we hate doing it, but merely that we feel rather unwilling to do it. In Old English, too, the word *filth* and its derivative *foul* were not quite such strong words as *dirt* and *dirty*.

Again, the words *stench* and *stink* in Old English meant merely "smell" or "odour." One could then speak of the "sweet stench" of a flower; but in the later Middle Ages these words came to have their present meaning of "smelling most disagreeably."

We saw how the taking of the word *fol* from the

French, meaning "foolish," caused the meaning of several English words which before had this meaning to be changed. The coming in of foreign words has been a very common cause for such changes of meaning. The word *fiend* in English has now a quite different meaning from its original meaning in English, when it simply meant "enemy," the opposite to "friend." When the word "enemy" itself was borrowed from the French, the word *fiend* came to be less and less often used in this sense. In time *fiend* came to be another word for *devil*, the chief enemy of mankind. But in modern times we do not use the word much in this sense. It is most often now applied to persons. It sounds rather milder than calling a person a "devil," but it means exactly the same thing.

The word *stool* came to have its present special meaning through the coming into English from the French of the word *chair*. Before the Norman Conquest any kind of seat for one person was a "stool," even sometimes a royal throne. The word *deer* also had in Old English the meaning of "beast" in general, but the coming in of the word *beast* from the French led to its falling into disuse, and by degrees it became the special name of the chief beast of chase.

Again, the Latin word *spirit* led to the less frequent use of the word *ghost*, which was previously the general word for *spirit*. When *spirit* came to be generally used, *ghost* came to have the special

meaning which it has for us now—that of the apparition of a dead person.

A great many words have changed their meaning even since the time of Shakespeare through being transferred from the subject of the feeling they describe to the object, or from the object to the subject. Thus one example of this is the word *grievous*. We speak now of a "grievous wrong," or a "grievous sin," or a "grievous mistake," and all these phrases suggest a certain sorrow in ourselves for the fact described. But this was not the case in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was decreed that a "sturdy beggar," a man who could work but begged instead, should be "grievously whipped." In this case *grievously* merely meant "severely." On the other hand, the word *pitiful*, which used to mean "compassionate," is no longer applied to what we feel at seeing a sad thing, but to the sadness of the thing itself. We do not now say a person is pitiful when he feels sorry for some one, but we speak of a "pitiful sight" or a "pitiful plight."

The word *pity* itself is used still in both ways, subjectively and objectively. A person can feel "pity," and there is "pity" in the thing for which we feel sorry. This is the sense in which it is used in such expressions as "Oh, the pity of it!"

The word *hateful* once meant "full of hate," but came to be used for the thing inspiring hate instead of for the people feeling it. So, *painful* used to

mean "painstaking," but of course has no longer this meaning.

One very common way in which words have changed their meanings is through the name of one thing being given to another which resembles it. The word *pen* comes from the Latin *penna*, "a feather;" and as in olden days the ordinary pens were "quills" of birds, the name was very good. We still keep it, of course, for the steel pens and gold pens of to-day, which we thus literally speak of as feathers. *Pencil* is a word with a somewhat similar history. It comes from the Latin *penicillus*, which itself came from *peniculus*, or "little tail," a kind of cleaning instrument which the Romans used as we use brushes. *Pencil* was originally the name of a very fine painter's brush, and from this it became the name of an instrument made of lead which was used for making marks. Then it was passed on to various kinds of pencils, including what we know as a lead-pencil, in which, as a writer on words has pointed out, there is really neither lead nor pencil.

The word *handkerchief* is also an interesting word. The word *kerchief* came from the French *couvre-chef*, "a covering for the head." Another similar word is one which the Normans brought into England, *curfew*, which means "cover fire." When the curfew bell rang the people were obliged to extinguish all lights and fires. The "kerchief" was originally a covering for the head. Then the fashion arose of carrying a square of similar material in the

hand, and so we get *handkerchief*, and later *pocket-handkerchief*, which, if we analyse it, is rather a clumsy word, " pocket-hand-cover head." The reason it is so is that the people who added *pocket* and *hand* knew nothing of the real meaning of *kerchief*.

There are several words which used to mean " at the present time " which have now come to mean " at a future time." This can only have come about through the people who used them not keeping their promises, but putting off doing things until later. The word *soon* in Old English meant " immediately," so that when a person said that he would do a thing soon he meant that he would do it " instantly." The trouble was that often he did *not*, and so often did this happen that the meaning of the word changed, and *soon* came to have its present meaning of " in a short time." The same thing happened with the words *presently* and *directly*, and the phrase *by-and-by*, all of which used to mean " instantly." *Presently* and *directly* seem to promise things in a shorter time than *soon*, but *by-and-by* is a very uncertain phrase indeed. It is perhaps because Scotch people are superior to the English in the matter of doing things to time that with them *presently* still really means " instantly."

In all the examples we have seen of changes in the meaning of words it is fairly easy to see how the changes have come about. But there are some words which have changed so much in meaning that their present sense seems to have no connec-

tion with their earlier meaning. The word *treacle* is a splendid example of this. It comes from a Greek word meaning "having to do with a wild beast," and this seems to have no connection whatever with our present use of the word *treacle* as another word for *syrup of sugar*. The steps by which this word came to change its meaning so enormously were these. From the general meaning of "having to do with a wild beast," it came to mean "remedy for the bite of a wild beast." As remedies for wounds and bites were, in the old days, generally thick syrups, the word came in time to mean merely "syrup," and lastly the sweet syrup which we now know as "treacle."

Another word which has changed immensely in its meaning is *premises*. By the word *premises* we generally mean a house or shop and the land just round it. But the real meaning of the word *premises* is the "things already mentioned." It came to have its present sense from the frequent use of the word in documents drawn up by lawyers. In these, which very frequently dealt with business relating to houses, the "things before mentioned" meant the "house, etc.," and in time people came to think that this was the actual meaning of *premises*, and so we get the present use of the word.

The word *humour* is one which has changed its meaning very much in the course of its history. It comes to us from the Latin word *humor*, which means a "fluid" or "liquid." By "humour" we

now mean either "temper," as when we speak of being in a "good" or "bad" humour, or that quality in a person which makes him very quick to find "fun" in things. And from the first meaning of "temper" we have the verb "to humour," by which we mean to give in to or indulge a person's whims. But in the Middle Ages "humour" was a word used by writers on philosophy to describe the four liquids which they believed (like the Greek philosophers) that the human body contained. These four "humours" were blood, phlegm, yellow bile (or choler), and black bile (or melancholy). According to the balance of these humours a man's character showed itself. From this belief we get the adjectives—which we still use without any thought of their origin—*sanguine* ("hopeful"), *phlegmatic* ("indifferent and not easily excited"), *choleric* ("easily roused to anger"), and *melancholy* ("inclined to sadness"). A person had these various temperaments according as the amount of blood, phlegm, yellow or black bile was uppermost in his composition. From the idea that having too much of any of the "humours" would make a person diseased or odd in character, we got the use of the word *humours* to describe odd and queer things; and from this it came to have its modern meaning, which takes us very far from the original Latin.

It was from this same curious idea of the formation of the human body that we get two different

uses of the word *temper*. *Temper* was originally the word used to describe the right mixture of the four "humours." From this we got the words *good-tempered* and *bad-tempered*. Perhaps because it is natural to notice more when people are bad-tempered rather than good, not more than a hundred years ago the word *temper* came to mean in one use "bad temper." For this is what we mean when we say we "give way to temper." But we have the original sense of "good temper" in the expression to "keep one's temper." So here we have the same word meaning two opposite things.

Several words which used to have a meaning connected with religion have now come to have a more general meaning which seems very different from the original. A word of this sort in English is *order*, which came through the French word *ordre*, from the Latin *ordo*. Though the Latin word had the meaning which we now give to the word *order*, in the English of the thirteenth century it had only the special meaning (which it still keeps as one of its meanings) of an "order" or "society" of monks. In the fourteenth century it began to have the meaning of "fixed arrangement," but the adjective *orderly* and the noun *orderliness* did not come into use until the sixteenth century. The word *regular* has a similar history. Coming from the Latin *regula*, "a rule," its modern general meaning in English of "according to rule" seems very natural; but the word which began to be used in

English in the fourteenth century did not take the modern meaning until the end of the sixteenth century. Before this, it too was used as a word to describe monastic orders. The "regular" clergy were priests who were also monks, while the "secular" clergy were priests but not monks. The words *regularity*, *regulation*, and *regulate* did not come into use until the seventeenth century.

Another word which has now a quite different meaning from its original meaning is *clerk*. A "clerk" nowadays is a person who is employed in an office to keep accounts, write letters, etc. But a "clerk" in the Middle Ages was what we should now more generally call a "cleric," a man in Holy Orders. As the "clerks" in the Middle Ages were practically the only people who could read and write, it is, perhaps, not unnatural that the name should be now used to describe a class of people whose chief occupation is writing (whether with the hand or a typewriter). People in the Middle Ages would have wondered what could possibly be meant by a word which is common in Scotland for a "woman clerk"—*clerkess*.

The words which change their meanings in this way tell us the longest, and perhaps the best, stories of all.

CHAPTER XVII.

DIFFERENT WORDS WITH THE SAME MEANING, AND THE SAME WORDS WITH DIFFERENT MEANINGS.

We have seen that there are great numbers of words in English which come from the Latin language. Sometimes they have come to us through Old French words borrowed from the Latin, and sometimes from the Latin words directly, or modern French words taken from the Latin. The fact that we have borrowed from the Latin in these two ways has led sometimes to our borrowing twice over from the same word. Different forms going back in this way to the same origin are known as "doublets." The English language is full of them, and they, too, can tell us some interesting stories.

Many of these pairs of words seem to have no relation at all with each other, so much has one or the other, or both, changed in meaning from that of the original word from which they come. A familiar pair of doublets is *dainty* and *dignity*, both of which come from the Latin word *dignitas*. *Dignity*, which came into the English language either directly from the Latin or through the modern

French word *dignité*, has not wandered at all from the meaning of the Latin word, which had first the idea of "merit" or "value," and then that of honourable position or character which the word *dignity* has in English. *Dainty* has a quite different meaning; though it, too, came from *dignitas*, but through the less dignified way of the Old French word *daintie*.

The English words *dish*, *dais*, *desk*, and *disc* all come from the Latin word *discus*, by which the Romans meant first a round flat plate thrown in certain games (a "quoit"), and secondly a plate or dish. In Old English this word became *dish*. In Old French it became *deis*, and from this we have the English *dais*—the raised platform of a throne. In Italian it became *desco*, from which we got *desk*; and the scientific men of modern times, in their need of a word to describe exactly a round, flat object, have gone back as near as possible to the Latin and given us *disc*. It is to be noticed that the original idea of the Latin word—"having a flat surface"—is kept in these four descendants of a remote ancestor.

The words *chieftain* and *captain* are doublets coming from the Late Latin word *capitaneus*, "chief;" the former through the Old French word *chevetaine*, and the latter more directly from the Latin. *Frail* and *fragile* are another pair, coming from the Latin word *fragilis*, "easily broken;" the one through Old French, and the other through Modern French.

Both these pairs of words have kept fairly close

to the original meaning; but *caitiff* and *captive*, another pair of doublets, have quite different meanings from each other. Both come from the Latin word *captivus*, "captive," the one indirectly and the other directly. *Caitiff*, which is not a word used now except occasionally in poetry, means a "base, cowardly person;" but *captive* has, of course, the original meaning of the Latin word.

Another pair of doublets, which are quite different in form and almost opposite to each other in meaning, are *guest* and *hostile*. These two words come from the same root word; but this goes further back than Latin, to the language known as the Aryan, from which nearly all the languages of Europe and the chief language of India come. *Hostile* comes from the Latin *hostis*, "an enemy;" but *hostis* itself comes from the same Aryan word as that from which *guest* comes, and so these two words are doublets in English. They express very different ideas: we are not generally "hostile" or "full of enmity" against a "guest," one who partakes of our hospitality.

Another pair of doublets not from the Latin are *shirt* and *skirt*, which are both old Germanic words. *Skirt* came later into the language, being from the Scandinavian, while *shirt* is an Old English word.

The word *cross* and the many words in English beginning with *cruci*—such as *crucial*, *crucifix*, and *cruciform*—the adverb *across*, as well as the less common word *crux*, all come from the Latin word

crux, " a cross." The word *cross* first came into the English language with Christianity itself, for the death of our Lord on the cross was, of course, the first story which converts to Christianity were told. It came through the Irish from the Norwegian word *cros*, which came direct from the Latin. All the words beginning with *cruci* come straight from the Latin. *Cruciform* and *crucifix* refer to the form of a cross, and so sometimes does the word *crucial*. But, as a rule, *crucial* is used as the adjective of the word *crux*, which means the " test," or " difficult point," in deciding or doing something. The Romans did not use *crux* in this sense; but it is interesting to notice that they did use it in the figurative sense of " trouble " just as we do. This came from the fact that the common form of execution for all subjects of the Roman Empire except Roman citizens was crucifixion.

Two such different words as *tavern* and *tabernacle*, the one meaning an inn and the other the most sacred part of the sanctuary in a church, are doublets from the Latin word *tabernaculum*, " tent." The first comes from the French *taverne*, and the second directly from the Latin.

The words *mint* and *money* both come from the Latin word *moneta*, which was an adjective attached by the Romans to the name of the goddess Juno. The place where the Romans coined their money was attached to the temple of Juno Moneta, or Juno the Adviser. From this fact the Romans

themselves came to use *moneta* as the name for coins, or what we call money. The word passed into French as *monnaie*, which is still the French word both for *money* and *mint*, the place where we coin our money. In German it became *munze*, which has the same meanings. In English it became *mint*. But the English language, as we have seen, has a fine gift for borrowing. In time it acquired the French word *monnaie*, which became *money* as the name for coins, while it kept the word *mint* to describe the place where coins are made.

The words *bower*, formerly the name of a sleeping-place for ladies and now generally meaning a summer-house, and *byre*, the place where cows sleep, both come from the Old English word *bur*, "a bower." The word *flour* (which so late as the eighteenth century Dr. Johnson did not include in his great dictionary) is the same word as *flower*. Flour is merely the flower of wheat. Again, *poesy* and *posy* are really the same word, *posy* being derived from *poesy*. *Posy* used to mean a copy of verses presented to some one with a bouquet. Now it stands either for verses, as when we speak of the "posy of a ring," or more commonly a bunch of flowers without any verses.

The words *bench* and *bank* both come from the same Teutonic word which became *benc* in Old English and *banc* in French. *Bench* comes from *benc*, but *bank* has a more complicated history. From the French *banc* we borrowed the word to

use in the old expression a "bank of oars." From the Scandinavians, who also had the word, we got *bank*, used for the "bank of a river." Meanwhile the Italians had also borrowed the old Germanic word which became with them *banca* or *banco*, the bench or table of a money-changer. From this the French got *banque*, and this became in English *bank* as we use it in connection with money.

The Latin word *ratio*, "reckoning," has given three words to the English language. It passed into Old French as *resoun*, and from this we got the word *reason*. Later on the French made a new word direct from the Latin—*ration;* which, again, passed into English as a convenient name for the allowance of food to a soldier. It has now a more general sense, as when in the Great War people talk of the whole nation being put "on rations." Then again, as every child who is old enough to study mathematics knows, we use the Latin word itself, *ratio*, as a mathematical term.

Another Latin word which has given three different words to the English language is *gentilis*. From it we have *gentile*, *gentle*, and *genteel*. Yet the Latin word had not the same meaning as any of these words. *Gentilis* meant "belonging to the same *gens* or 'clan.'" It became later a distinguishing term from *Jew*. All who were not Jews were *Gentiles*, and this is still the meaning of the word *gentile* in English. It came directly from the Latin. But *gentilis* became *gentil* in French; and

we have borrowed twice from this word, getting *gentle*, which expresses one idea contained in the French word, though the French word means more than our word *gentle*. It has the sense of "very amiable and attractive." The last word of the three, *genteel*, is rather a vulgar word. It means "like gentlemen and ladies have to do," and only rather ignorant people use the word seriously.

Doublets from Latin words for the most part resemble each other in meaning and form, though, as we have seen, this is not always the case. We could give a long list of examples where both sense and form are similar, but there is only space to mention a few. *Poor* and *pauper* (a miserably poor person) both come from the Latin *pauper*, "poor." *Story* and *history* both come from *historia*, a word which had both meanings in Latin. *Human* and *humane* are both from the Latin *humanus*, "belonging to mankind." *Sure* and *secure* are both from the Latin *securus*, "safe." *Nourishment* and *nutriment* are both from the Latin *nutrimentum*. *Amiable* and *amicable* are both from the Latin *amicabilis*, "friendly."

Examples of doublets which are similar in form but not in sense are *chant* and *cant*, which both come from the Latin *cantare*, "to sing." *Chant* has the original idea, being a form of singing, especially in church; but *cant* has wandered far from the original sense, meaning insincere words, especially such as are used by people pretending to be religious

or pious. The word *cant* was first used in describing the chanting or whining of beggars, who were supposed often to be telling lies; and from this it got its present use, which has nothing to do with singing.

Blame and *blaspheme*, both coming from the Latin *blasphemare*, itself taken from a Hebrew word, are not, perhaps, quite so different in sense; but *blame* means merely to find fault with a person, while *blaspheme* means to speak against God.

Chance and *cadence* both come from the Latin *cadere*, "to fall," but have very little resemblance in meaning. *Chance* is what happens or befalls, and *cadence* is movement measured by the fall of the voice in speaking or singing.

But the most interesting doublets of all are those which have neither form nor sense in common. No one would guess that the words *hyena* and *sow*, the names of two such different animals, are doublets. Both come from the Greek word *sus* or *hus*, "sow." The Saxons, when they first settled in England, had the words *su*, "pig," and *sugu*, "sow;" and later the word *hyena* was taken from the Latin word *hyaena*, itself derived from the Greek *huaina*, "sow."

The words *furnish* and *veneer*, again, are doublets which do not resemble each other very closely either in sound or in sense. Both come from the Old French word *furnir*, which has become *fournir* in Modern French, and means "to furnish." The English word *furnish* was taken direct from the French, while the word *veneer*, which used to be

spelt *fineer*, came into English from a German word also borrowed from the French *furnir*.

No one would easily guess that the name *nutmeg* had anything to do with *musk;* but the word comes from the name which Latin writers in the Middle Ages gave to this useful seed—*nux muscata*, "musky nut."

It seems strange, when we come to think of it, that great English sailors like Admiral Jellicoe and Admiral Beatty are called by a title which is really the same as the name of an Arabian chieftain—*Emir*. *Admiral* comes from the Arab phrase *amir al bahr*, "emir on the sea."

Just the opposite to doublets which do not resemble each other are many pairs of words which are pronounced alike and sometimes spelled alike. Very often these words come from two different languages, and there are many of them in English through the habit the language has always had of borrowing freely whenever the need of a new word has been felt.

The word *weed*, "a wild plant," comes from an Old English word, *weod;* while "widows' weeds" take their name from the Old English word *wœde*, "garment." The word *vice*, meaning the opposite of *virtue*, comes through the French from the Latin *vitium*, "a fault;" while a "vice," the instrument for taking a perfectly tight hold on anything, comes from the Latin *vitis*, "a vine," through the French *vis*, "a screw." Yet another *vice*, as in *viceroy*,

vice-president, etc., comes from the Latin *vice*, "in the place of." *Angle*, meaning the sport of fishermen, comes from an Old English word, *angel*, "fish-hook;" while *angle*, "a corner," comes from the Latin word *angulus*, which had the same meaning.

We might imagine that the word *temple*, as the name of a part of the head, was a metaphor describing the head as the temple of the mind, but it has no such romantic meaning. *Temple*, the name of a place of worship, comes from the Latin *templum*, "a temple;" but *temple*, the name of a part of the head, is from the Latin word *tempus*, which had the same meaning in Latin, and also the earlier meaning of "the fitting time." It has been suggested that in Latin *tempus* came to mean "the temple," because it is "the fitting place" for a fatal blow, the temple being the most delicate part of the head.

Tattoo, meaning a "drum beat," comes from the Dutch *tap-toe*, "tap-to," an order for drinking-houses to shut. But *tattoo*, describing the cutting away of the skin and dyeing of the flesh so common among sailors, is a word borrowed from the South Sea Islanders.

Sound meaning "a noise," and *sound* meaning "to find out the depth of," as in *sounding-rod*, are two quite different words. The one comes from the word *son*, found both in Old English and French, and the other from the Old English words *sundgyrd*, *sund line*, "a sounding line;" while *sound* meaning

"healthy" or "uninjured," as in the expression "safe and sound," comes from the Old English word *sund*, and perhaps from the Latin *sanus*, "healthy."

The existence of so many pairs of words of this sort, which have the same sound and which yet come from such different origins—origins as far apart as the speech of the people of Holland and that of the South Sea Islanders, as we saw in the word *tattoo*—illustrates in a very interesting way the wonderful history of the English language.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NICE WORDS FOR NASTY THINGS.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth there were in England certain writers who were called "Euphuists." They got this name from the title of a book, "Euphues," written by one of them, John Lyly. The chief characteristic of the writings of these Euphuists was the grandiose way in which they wrote of the simplest things. Their writings were full of metaphors and figures of speech. The first Euphuists were looked upon as "refiners of speech," and Queen Elizabeth and the ladies at her court did their best to speak as much in the manner of Euphues as they could.

But all men at all times are unconscious Euphuists, in so far as they try to say ugly and unpleasant things in a way which will make them sound pleasant. This tendency in speech is called "euphemism," a word which is made from two Greek words meaning "to speak well." It is a true description of what the word means if by "well" we understand "as pleasantly as possible." The word *euphēmeîte*, "speak fair," was used as a warning

to worshippers in Greek temples, in the belief that the speaking of an unfortunate word might bring disaster instead of blessing from the sacrifice.

Every day, and often in a day, we use euphemisms. How often do we hear people say, "if anything should happen to him," meaning "if he died;" and on tombstones the plain fact of a person's death is nearly always stated in phrases such as "he passed away," "fell asleep," or "departed this life." People often refer to a dead person as the "deceased" or the "departed," or as the "*late* so-and-so." The fact is that, death being to most people the unpleasantest thing in the world, there is a general tendency to mention it as little as possible, and, when the subject cannot be avoided, to use vague and less realistic phrases than the words *death*, *dead*, or *die*.

One reason for this avoidance of an unpleasant subject is the superstitious feeling that mentioning a thing will bring it to pass. Or, again, if a misfortune has happened, many people feel that it only makes it worse to talk about it. While everybody avoids speaking on the subject, we can half pretend to ourselves that it is not true.

We might imagine that this kind of "refinement of speech" (which when carried to excess really becomes vulgar) was the result of modern people being so "nervous." But this is not the case. Complete savages have the same custom. If civilized people have a superstitious feeling that to

mention a misfortune may bring it to pass, savages firmly believe that this is the case. Not only will they not mention the subject of death in plain words, but some will not even mention the name of a dead person or give that name to a new-born child, so that in some tribes names die out in this way. Many civilized people have this same idea that it is unlucky for a new-born child to be called by the name of a brother or sister who has already died.

The subject of death has gathered more euphemisms around it than almost any other. Some of them are ugly and almost vulgar, while others, from the way in which they have been used, are almost poetical. To speak of the "casualties" in a battle, meaning the number of killed and wounded men, seems almost heartless; but to say a man "fell in battle," though it means the same thing, is almost poetical, because it suggests an idea of courage and sacrifice. The expression, "Roll of Honour," is a euphemism, but poetical. It suggests the one consoling thought which relieves the horror of the bald expression, "list of casualties."

Another cause of the use of euphemisms, besides the superstitious fear of bringing misfortune by mentioning it too plainly, is the fear of being vulgar or indecent. Through this feeling words which are quite proper at one time pass out of use among refined people. English people do not freely use the word "stomach" in conversation, and are often

a little shocked when they hear French people describing their ailments in this region of the body. In the same way, names of articles of underclothing pass out of use. The old word for the garment which is now generally called a "chemise" was *smock;* but this in time became tinged with vulgarity, and the word *shift* was used. This in its turn fell out of use among refined people, who began to use the French word *chemise.* Even this, and the word *drawers,* which was also once a most refined expression, are falling into disuse, and people talk vaguely of "underlinen" in speaking of these garments. The shops which are always refined to the verge of vulgarity only allow themselves to use the French word *lingerie.*

Again, the faults of our friends and acquaintances, and even the graver offences of criminals, are matters with which we tend to deal lightly. Such offences have gathered a whole throng of euphemisms about them. When we do not like to say boldly that a person is a liar, we say the same thing by means of the euphemism a "stranger to the truth." Other lighter ways of saying that a person is lying is to say that he is "romancing," or "drawing the long bow," or "drawing on the imagination," or "telling a fairy tale." A thief will be described as a "defaulter," and we may say of a man who has stolen his employer's money as it passed through his hands that he is "short in his accounts."

Especially among the poorer or less respectable people, to whom the idea of crime becomes familiar, the use of slang euphemisms on this subject grows up. A person for whom the police are searching is "wanted." A man who is hanged "swings." These expressions may seem very dreadful to more refined people, but their use really comes from the same desire to be indulgent which leads more educated people to use euphemisms to cover up as far as possible the faults of their friends.

Again, misfortunes which come not from outside happenings but from some defect in a person's mind and body are often the subject of euphemisms. In Scotland a person who is quite an imbecile will be described as an "innocent"—a milder way of saying the same thing. *Insane* and *crazy* were originally euphemisms for *mad,* but now have come to be equally unpleasant descriptions. So for *drunken* the euphemism *intemperate* came to be used, but is now hardly a more polite description. We would not willingly speak of a person being "fat" in his presence. If it is necessary to touch on the subject, the word "stout" is more favoured. In the absence of the fat person the humorous euphemism may be used by which he or she is said to "have a good deal of *embonpoint.*"

Many words are euphemisms in themselves, just as many words are complete metaphors in themselves. The word *ill* means literally "uncomfortable," but has come to have a much more serious

meaning. *Disease* means literally "not being at ease," but the sense in which we use it describes something much more serious than the literal meaning. The word *ruin* is literally merely a "falling."

One result of words being used euphemistically is that they often cease to have their milder original meaning, and cease therefore to seem euphemistic at all. *Vile*, which now means everything that is bad, is in its literal and earlier use merely "cheap." *Base*, which has the meaning of unutterable meanness, is literally merely "low." *Mercenary* is not exactly a complimentary description now. It means that a person thinks far too much of money, but originally it merely meant "serving for pay," a thing which most men are obliged to do. *Transgression* is generally used now to describe some rather serious offence, but it literally means only a "stepping across." The "step" which it describes being, however, in the wrong direction, the word has come to have a more and more serious meaning. The study of euphemisms can teach us much about men's thoughts and manners in the past and the present.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MORAL OF THESE STORIES.

MOST stories have a moral. At least grown-up people have a habit of tacking a little lesson on to the end of the stories they tell to children. And as a rule the children will listen to the moral for the sake of the story. And so even the stories which words tell us have their lessons for us too, and, let us hope, the stories are sufficiently interesting to pay for the moral.

One thing that these stories must have shown us is that the English language is a very ancient and wonderful thing. We have only been able to get mere glimpses of its wonderful development since the days when the ancestors of the peoples of Europe and many of the peoples of India spoke the one Aryan tongue. All the history of Europe and of India—we might almost say of the world—is contained in the languages which have descended from that Aryan tongue.

Another point which these stories have impressed upon us is that language is a kind of mirror to thought. For every new idea people must find a

word, and as ideas change words change with them. These stories have given us some idea of the wonderful growth of ideas in the minds of men in the past; they have shown us men daring all dangers for the sake of adventure and discovery and for pride of country; they have shown us the growth of new ideas of religion and kindness, new notions about science and learning: in fact, they have given us glimpses of the whole story of human progress.

The great lesson which these stories ought to teach us is respect for words. Seeing as we do what a beautiful and wonderful thing the English language has become, it ought to be the resolution of each one of us never to do anything to spoil that beauty. Every writer ought to choose his words carefully, neither inventing nor copying ugly forms of speech. We have seen also from these stories, especially in the chapter on "Slang," how people have misused certain words, until speakers and writers of good taste can no longer use them in their original sense, and therefore do not use them at all.

There are many other faults in speaking and in writing which take away from the beauty and dignity of the language. We shall see what some of these faults are; but one golden rule can be laid down which, if people keep it, will help them to avoid all these faults. No one should ever try to write in a fine style. The chief aim which all young writers should keep before them is to say exactly

what they mean, and in as few and simple words as possible. If on reading what they have written they find that it is not perfectly clear, they should not immediately begin to rewrite, but instead set themselves to find out whether their *thoughts* are perfectly clear.

There is no idea which has no word to fit it. Of course some writers must use difficult language. The ordinary reader can sometimes not understand a sentence of a book of philosophy. This is not because the philosophers do not write clearly, but because the ideas with which they have to deal are very subtle, and hard for the ordinary person to understand.

But for ordinary people writing on ordinary things there is no excuse for writing so as not to be clearly understood, or for writing in such a long and round-about way that people are tired instead of refreshed by reading. Nor is there any excuse for the use of words and phrases which are vulgar or too colloquial for the subject; yet how often is this done in the modern newspaper. It may seem unnecessary to speak to boys and girls of the faults of newspaper writers. But the boys and girls of to-day are the newspaper writers and readers of the future, and the habits which young writers form cling to them afterwards. Of course many of the faults which the worse kind of journalists commit in writing would not occur to boys and girls; but one fault leads to another. The motive at the root

of most poor and showy writing is the desire to "shine." The faults which seem so detestable to the critical reader seem very ingenious and brilliant to the writer of poor taste. To the journalist, as to the schoolboy and the schoolgirl, the golden rule is, "Be simple."

Let us see what some of the commonest faults of showy and poor writers of English are—always with the moral before us that they are to be avoided.

One great fault of newspaper writers and of young writers in general is to sprinkle their compositions thickly with quotations, until some beautiful and expressive lines from the greatest poetry and prose have almost lost their force through the ear having become tired by hearing them too often. Some such phrases are—

"Tell it not in Gath;"

"Heap coals of fire upon his head;"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:"

all fine and picturesque lines, the apt quotation of which must have been very impressive, until, through frequent repetition, they have become almost commonplace.

A similar hackneyed fault is the too frequent application of the name of some historical or Biblical personage to describe the character of some person of whom we are writing. It is much more expressive now to describe a person as a "doubter" than as a "doubting Thomas," though the latter

phrase may serve to show that the writer knows something of his New Testament. The first man who called a sceptic a "doubting Thomas" was certainly a witty and cultivated person; but this cannot now be said of the use of this hackneyed phrase. Again, it is better to say a "traitor" than a "Judas," a "wise man" than a "Solomon," a "tyrant" than a "Nero," a "great general" than a "Napoleon;" for all these names used in this way have lost their force.

A similar fault is the describing of a person by some abstract noun such as a "joy," a "delight," an "inspiration"—a way of speaking which savours both of slang and affectation, and which is not likely to appeal to people of good taste. Of course it is quite different when the poet writes—

"She was a vision of delight;"

for poetry has its own rules, just as it has its own range of ideas and inspiration, and we are speaking now of the writing of mere prose.

Another bad fault of the same kind, but more colloquial, and more often met with in speaking than in writing, is the too frequent use of a word or phrase. Some people say "I mean," or "personally," or "I see," or "you see," or similar expressions, at nearly every second sentence, until people listening to them begin to count the number of times these expressions occur, instead of attending to the subject of conversation.

THE MORAL OF THESE STORIES.

Another very common fault in writing made by newspaper writers, and even more so by young beginners in composition, is the use of long words derived from Latin instead of the simpler words which have come down from the Old English. This does not mean that these words are not so good or so beautiful as the Old English words. As we have seen, these words were borrowed by our language to express ideas for which no native word could be found. But a person who deliberately chooses long Latin words because they are longer, and, as he thinks, sound grander, is sure to write a poor style. A saying which is perhaps becoming almost as "hackneyed" as some of the quotations already mentioned in this chapter is, "The style is the man." This means that if a person thinks clearly and sincerely he will write clearly and sincerely. If a person's thoughts are lofty, he will naturally find dignified words to express them. No good writer will deliberately choose "high-sounding" words to express his ideas. All young writers should avoid what have been called "flowery flourishes."

Again, young writers should be very careful not to use really foreign words to express an idea for which we have already a good word in English. Sometimes the foreign word comes first to our pen, but this may be because of the bad habit which has grown up of using these words in place of the English words which are quite as correct and expressive.

Sometimes, on the other hand, the foreign word expresses a shade of meaning which the English word misses, and then, of course, it is quite right to use it. For instance, *amour propre* is not in any way better than "self-love," *bêtise* than "stupid action," *camaraderie* than "comradeship," *savoir faire* than "knowledge of the world," *chef d'œuvre* than "masterpiece," and so on.

One disadvantage of borrowing such words is that they often come to be used in a different sense from their use in their native language; and people with an imperfect knowledge of these languages will say rather vulgar or shocking things when using them in the English manner in those languages. Thus, to speak of a person of a certain "calibre" in French is exceedingly vulgar; and refined people do not use the word *chic* as freely as the English use of it would suggest. Examples of foreign words which we could hardly replace by English expressions are *blasé, tête-à-tête, brusque, bourgeois, deshabille.* These have been borrowed, just as words have been borrowed all through its history, by the English language to fill gaps. They have really become English words. But there are many foreign expressions now scattered freely through newspapers the sense of which can only be plain to those who have had a classical education. Unfortunately it is only the minority of readers who have had this. The effect is to make whole passages unintelligible or only half intelligible to the majority of

readers. This is not writing good English. Thus people will write *le tout Paris* instead of "all Paris," *mémoires pour servir* instead of "documents," *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores* for "more Irish than the Irish." Such phrases are quite unsuitable to the general reader, and as perfect equivalents can be found in English, there would be no point in using them, even if writing for a learned society.

Modern English, and especially colloquial English, has borrowed a great deal from the American way of speaking English. The people of the United States, though their language is that of the mother-country, have modified it so that it is, as it were, a mirror of the difference between American and English life. In America there is more hurry and bustle and less dignity. It is this difference which makes Americans and the American way of speaking appear interesting and piquant to English people. But this is no good reason for the adoption of American mannerisms into the English language. A typically American word is *boom*, meaning a sudden coming into popularity of something. Thus one may speak of a "boom" in motors, and the word has become quite common in English; but it is not beautiful, and we could easily have done without it. Words which sound quite natural when used by Americans often seem unnecessarily "slangy" when used by English people.