

XVI.

" For he too was a friend to me :
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both ; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

XVII.

" Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'T were better I should cease,
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace."

790. We miss, however, in the two epistles just quoted the beauty of **Christian sentiment**. How much more consoling are the following lines of Longfellow:

" RESIGNATION.

" There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

" The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

" Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

" We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

" There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

" She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

" In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

" Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

" Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bonds which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

" Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,

" But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

" And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

"We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way."

§ 2. *Satires.*

791. A **Satire** holds up to ridicule the faults and follies of mankind. It aims at reforming them, and hence it is classed with didactic poems. It is the comedy of didactic verse. If well managed it is productive of good. If managed with awkwardness or bitterness it excites rancor but produces no reformation.

792. Here is a satire on "Love of Praise":

"What will not men attempt for sacred praise!
The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure;
O'er globes and sceptres how on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;
Here to Steele's humor makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at Pultney's eloquence;
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse and flatters on our tombs."—*Young.*

See also Saxe's "Satire on Progress."

793. The **Lampoon** or **Pasquinade** is directed against an individual, and aims solely at irritating. The **epigram** is a short but pungent piece. To be successful it must be brief and elegant, and discover suddenly at the conclusion a brilliant turn. Here is a specimen of the lampoon and epigram united—"To a noble Lord G—":

"Spare me thy vengeance, G—,
In quiet let me live;
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give."—*Robert Burns.*

An epigram—"Woman's Will":

"Men dying make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?"—*Saxe.*

ARTICLE III. LYRIC POETRY.

794. **Lyric poetry** expresses the sentiments of the heart. It occurs usually in the form of brief compositions, because passion soon exhausts itself. The lyric may, however, be prolonged by the judicious introduction of narration and description, and by the combination of various passions in one poem, as is well exemplified in Dryden's celebrated "Ode on Alexander's Feast."

795. Still, **unity** must be kept in view: it will result from the plan of the narration or description, or, better still, from the subordination of all the sentiments to the expression of one leading emotion; in the poem just referred to admiration for the power of music is the link of unity.

796. Lyrics may be classified under three **heads**: *odes*, *psalms*, and *elegies*. In a wider meaning the name 'ode' is applied to any lyric; for an 'ode' means originally a song, and it was sung to the accompaniment of the 'lyre.' 'Psalm' is the term applied to a sacred song, and in particular to the collection of one hundred and fifty inspired songs in the Sacred Scriptures. 'Elegies' (from *ἐλέγειν*, to say woe!) are plaintive lyrics. We shall first take the term 'ode' in its widest meaning, and afterwards treat of psalms and elegies in particular.

§ 1. *The Ode.*

797. The **versification** of the ode has been explained and exemplified in the treatise on Versification (b. v. c. iii. art. vi. § 4).

798. The **nature** of the ode is the outpouring of emotion by means of poetic thought and language. Here is Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," considered by many as the most beautiful ode in the English language :

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

" What passion cannot music raise and quell,
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell ?

III.

" The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

" The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

" Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

" But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

" Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.
But bright Cecilia raised their wonder higher :
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

"GRAND CHORUS.

"As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky."

799. It will be noticed that the lyric poet, in passing from one passion to another, does not express the transition in words. The imagination, warmed by the sentiments, readily supplies the link, provided there be truly some natural association of thought or feeling. When the transition is very bold it is called a *saltus lyricus*—in the language of Wordsworth, "a bound of graceful hardihood." Lyrics remarkable for such hardihood are called Pindaric odes ; but unfortunately the hardihood in them is not always graceful. The reason why we admire such bounds in the Greek poet Pindar is that he used them judiciously to extricate himself from a special difficulty. Pindar was a kind of poet-laureate in his day ; he was expected to sing the victories of the Olympian and Pythian games. The heroes were different, but the theme was ever the same. With 'graceful hardihood' he would 'bound' away from one subject to another. A 'lyric bound' is a license, and, like all licenses, it is not beautiful in itself ; but we admire the judicious use made of it to avoid an unpleasantness or introduce some beauty which would otherwise be lost.

800. The *style of lyric poetry* should be finished and ornate, characterized by dignity or sweetness, as the subject or the occasion may require. Grandeur and solemnity are expected in *sacred* odes ; enthusiasm and magnificence

in *heroic odes*—*i.e.*, in those which proclaim the praises of heroes ; those of the *philosophic* or moral kind, inculcating virtue and wisdom, require an equable flow of thought and language ; the *social* or festive ode, also called 'Anacreontic,' should be marked by neatness and tenderness.

801. Lyrics, like all literary productions, should be *perspicuous* in thought and language. Some readers imagine that incomprehensible utterances contain very deep and wise thought. They are ever ready to exclaim with Peona in the "Endymion" :

"Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry."

802. They find frequent occasion for such blind admiration, especially in the poetry of this century. J. B. Selkirk, in his *Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry*, justly remarks :

"Although obscurity is no new grievance against the poets, we doubt much if there ever was a time in which the charge could be more justly made than our own, or in which the indictment could be more circumstantially supported in detail by direct reference to examples."

He traces the beginning of this mysticism to the writings, poetry and prose, of Coleridge.

803. Ralph Waldo Emerson in this country has carried this *obscurity* so far that many of his sayings are like riddles : they

"Dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain."

Many labor hard to find the clue to his philosophy. There is no clue : with Emerson, and with most anti-Chris-

tian sceptics of the present day, there is no philosophy at all in their works. He says of himself in a letter to Rev. H. Ware (1838):

"I could not give an account of myself if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' you cruelly hint at on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments are in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think, but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men."—*Life of Emerson*, by O. W. Holmes, p. 126.

804. **Horace** has always been considered as the greatest of uninspired lyric poets. In enthusiasm and magnificence he is surpassed by Pindar, in sweetness by Anacreon, but he surpasses all in the combination of varied beauties. He possessed a happy, rich, and lively imagination, and the choicest language, with an exquisite ear for the music of verse; above all, a delicate tact which made him find favor with the greatest men of his age, while he maintained in his writings a certain spirit of independence. He gave the highest polish to most of his pieces. His immorality, however, in many places offends Christian modesty; he should be read with wise discretion.

805. We insert a list of **selections**:

1. *Neat odes*: Book i. 1. Mæcenas atavis. B. i. 10. Mercuri facunde. B. ii. 6. Septimi Gades. B. ii. 20. Non usitata. B. iii. 30. Exegi monumentum.

2. *Expressive of affection*: B. i. 3. Sic te Diva potens. B. i. 24. Quis desiderio. B. ii. 7. O sæpe mecum. B. ii. 9. Non semper imbres. B. ii. 17. Cur me querelis. Ep. 1. Ibis Liburnis.

3. *Grand*: B. i. 2. Jam satis terris. B. i. 15. Pastor quum traheret (compare "Lochiel's Warning," by Campbell). B. i. 37. Nunc est bibendum. B. iii. 3. Justum ac

tenacem. B. iv. 2. Pindarum quisque. B. iv. 4. Qualem ministrum.

4. *Sweet*: B. i. 26. Misis amicus. B. i. 38. Persicos odi. B. iii. 29. Tyrrhena regum. B. iv. 3. Quem tu Melpomene. B. iv. 7. Diffugere nives. Ep. 2. Beatus ille.

5. *Moral or philosophical*: B. i. 14. O navis referent. B. ii. 15. Jam pauca aratro. B. ii. 2. Nullus argento. B. ii. 3. Æquam memento. B. ii. 10. Rectius vives. B. ii. 14. Eheu fugaces. B. ii. 16. Otium divos. B. ii. 18. Non ebur neque aureum. B. iii. 5. Cælo tonantem. Ep. 7. Quoquo scelesti.

6. *Sacred*: Carmen sæculare.

(See a judicious essay on Horace in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1868.)

806. Many **Latin hymns** occurring in the Breviary are lyrics of superior merit. In style they present four chief species; of each we shall mention some examples:

1. *The tender*: Salvete flores. Jesu dulcis memoria. Jesu decus angelicum. Jesu corona virginum. Salutis humanæ sator.

2. *The noble and grand*: O sola magnarum. Vexilla Regis. Lustra sex. Pange lingua. Verbum Supernum (the stanza "se nascens dedit socium," etc., so pleased Rousseau that he would have given all his poetry to be its author). Cœlestis urbs.

3. *The devout*: O sol salutis. Stabat Mater. Veni Creator. Ave Maris Stella.

4. *The festive*: Aurora cœlum. Te Joseph celebrent. Sanctorum meritis.

807. Here is Caswall's translation of St. Bernard's "Jesu Decus Angelicum":

"O Jesu! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

" Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which naught but Thou canst fill.

" O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !

" Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

" O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !
Our life and joy ! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power
Through all eternity."

Translations of all the hymns mentioned above are found in the *Lyra Catholica* and in the translation of the Breviary by the Marquis of Bute. (See also Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions* and the *Hymns and Poems* of Father Faber.)

808. We add an example of an ode which assumes the form of a **sonnet**:

"THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

" Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;
Woman ! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ;
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,

Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !"

—Wordsworth.

809. Some of the most perfect odes in existence are found in the **choruses of the Greek and the French tragedies**. Sir Bulwer-Lytton renders the beginning of a chorus in *Œdipus at Colonus* as follows :

Strophe I.

" Well did Fate thy wanderings lead,
Stranger, to this land of fame,
Birthplace of the generous steed,
Graced by white Colonos' name.
Frequent in the dewy glade,
Here the nightingale is dwelling ;
Through embowering ivy's shade
Here her plaintive notes are swelling,
Through yon grove, from footsteps pure,
Where unnumbered fruits are blushing—
From the summer sun secure,
Screened from wintry whirlwinds rushing ;
Where, with his fostering nymphs, amid the grove,
The sportive Bacchus joys to revel or to rove."

Antistrophe I.

" Bathed in heaven's ambrosial dew,
Here the fair narcissus flowers,
Graced each morn with clusters new,
Ancient crown of mightiest Powers ;
Here the golden crocus blows,
Here exhaustless fountains gushing
Where the cool Cephissus flows
Restless o'er the plains are rushing ;

Ever as the crystal flood
 Winds in pure, transparent lightness,
 Fresher herbage decks the sod,
 Flowers spring forth in lovelier brightness.
 Here dance the Muses, and the Queen of Love
 Oft guides her golden car through this enchanting grove."

§ 2. *The Psalms.*

810. No profane lyric poetry equals the **lyrical portions of Holy Scripture**. The principal of these are the Psalms, the Canticle of Canticles, the Magnificat of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Benedictus of St. Zachary, the Canticle of Moses after crossing the Red Sea. The canticle of Mary, the sister of Aaron, mentioned in the book of Genesis (xv. 21), is thus developed by Moore in imitation of Moses' Canticle:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed!—His people are free!
 Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
 How vain was their boasting! The Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed!—His people are free.

"Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord:
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from the pillar of His glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed!—His people are free."

811. **The Psalms contain** the loftiest inspiration concerning God and the mysteries of His grace to men; concerning

the life and death of our Blessed Saviour, the praises and the rewards of virtue, the humiliation and ruin of the proud sinner, the mercies of the Lord, the wonderful history of His chosen people; David's own eventful life, with its faults, its trials, and its unfailing hope. (See Archbishop F. P. Kenrick's introduction to his translation of the Psalms.)

§ 3. *Elegies.*

812. **An elegy**, as explained above, is an ode expressive of sorrow, but the name is often extended to signify any ode that expresses gentle emotions. Being a composition of a temperate character, it admits no boldness of metre, thought, or language, nor any sudden transitions or *saltus lyrii*. Its style is easy, equable, careful, finished. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard" is probably the most perfect elegy in the English language. The selections quoted above under epistles (788, 789, 790) are of the elegiac kind.

813. We add here two brief selections containing much thought in few words:

"THE LOST LOVE.

"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!"—*William Wordsworth.*

814. "HISTORY OF A LIFE.

" Day dawned ; within a curtained room,
 Filled to faintness with perfume,
 A lady lay at point of doom.
 Day closed ; a child had seen the light,
 But, for the lady fair and bright,
 She rested in undreaming night.
 Spring rose ; the lady's grave was green ;
 And near it, oftentimes, was seen
 A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.
 Years fled ; he wore a manly face,
 And struggled in the world's rough race,
 And won at last a lofty place.
 And then he died ! Behold before ye
 Humanity's poor sum and story :
 Life—Death—and all that is of Glory."

—Barry Cornwall.

815. Among the ancient classic poems, the "Tristia" of Ovid are the most celebrated elegies ; to these there is nothing superior in their kind among modern lyrics. See in particular book i. 1, 3, 5 ; b. iii. 1, 10, 12, 13 ; b. iv. 10. With b. iii. 13 compare Job ch. iii. (see Rollin's *Belles-Lettres*, vol. ii.) Many of the Psalms are elegiac in character ; in particular Ps. vi., xvi., xxi., xxvii., xli., xliii., l., lxxviii., lxxxvii. Such are also the "Lamentations of Jeremias." Of most of these pieces there exist poetic translations in English. Ps. cxxxvi., "Super flumina Babylonis," is translated by Mrs. Hemans, Byron, Barrow, Trumbull, Aubrey de Vere, and others. We subjoin a version, never yet published, from the pen of a departed friend, the Rev. L. Heylen, S.J.:

"BY THE WATERS OF BABEL.

" By the waters of Babel in sadness
 The lone captives sat silent and wept,
 As they mused on the days of their gladness
 When their feasts in lost Sion were kept.

On the willows that shaded the border
 Our loved harps sad and voiceless were hung—
 Ne'er in chains to the tyrant's proud order
 Shall the hymns of our freedom be sung.
 May my withered right hand lose its motion,
 May my tongue to my parched palate cleave,
 If, forgetting my childhood's devotion,
 I rejoice whilst thou, Sion, shalt grieve !
 Lord, remember the dark desolation
 Of the city of peace in her fall,
 And the boasting of Edom's fierce nation
 To leave not a stone of her wall !
 Back upon thee, proud Babylon's daughter,
 May the woes that afflict us be thrown !
 And thrice blessed be the hands, red with slaughter,
 That shall dash thy crushed babes on the stone !"

ARTICLE IV. DRAMATIC POETRY.

816. **Dramatic poetry** is that in which events instead of being narrated are acted on the stage. It comprises two kinds, tragedy and comedy. *Tragedy* deals with the grave and affecting events of life ; it arouses the more earnest passions, especially pity, terror, and deep admiration for heroic virtue. *Comedy* is employed upon the lighter incidents of life, the humors, follies, and pleasures of men ; it brings into play the gentler passions, especially ridicule.

§ 1. *Tragedy.*

817. Tragedy has passed through great changes of character. We shall first explain **the tragedy of the Greeks.** **Æschylus** conceived the plan of expressing by dramatic dialogues, interspersed with music, dance, and song, the control of fate and the will of God over the destinies of men. His conceptions are singularly grand, his language highly poetical, and his choruses frequent and magnificent,

but his plans are exceedingly simple. A few bold touches sketch his facts and his characters. A. W. Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature* give a clear account of what is called the *trilogy of the Oresteia*—i.e., the history of Orestes dramatized in three of Æschylus' tragedies, "Agamemnon," "Electra," and "The Furies" (lecture vi.)

818. **Sophocles**, while exhibiting the overruling power of fate, pays more attention to the varied actions and passions of men. His taste in matters of detail is very delicate. See, for instance, his "Œdipus at Colonus" and his "Antigone." (See also Schlegel, lecture vii. on his "Ajax"; and Felton's *Ancient and Modern Greece*, vol. i. course i. c. xii.)

819. **Euripides** has less of ideal elevation, deals much more in human character, passions, and incidents. His "Medea" represents an uncommonly bold and unyielding woman, whose wicked passions, not fate, are the clue of the story.

820. The dramas of the ancients were represented on a scale of magnificence in scenic decorations, costumes, and choruses, and with a concourse of people unrivalled in our day. Athens was then in the zenith of her literary glory. (See Felton, *ib.*, vol. i. course ii. c. xii.)

821. The lectures of A. W. Schlegel treat the entire subject of the dramatic art with great learning and good taste. On the tragedy of the Greeks the most learned work, a rich mine of information, is *Le Théâtre des Grecs*, by P. Brumois, S.J. (1688).

The **Latins** had no great tragedians whatever; they merely translated the Greeks.

822. **French tragedy** arose after the English, but it was modelled on the Greek, and therefore we shall consider it in close connection with the ancient drama. **Corneille** was the Æschylus of France; his "Le Cid" was his first master-

piece: "as beautiful as 'Le Cid'" became a common expression for perfect beauty. He did not court popular favor by flattering the softer passions, but he raised his audience to admire true honor and heroism. His "Horaces" and "Cinna" exalt classical, his "Polyeucte" Christian virtue. His later works are less commendable.

823. **Racine** is refined, like Sophocles. Unlike Corneille, he exhibits the frailties of human character and the play of the more tender passions. His "Andromaque" is a touching picture of maternal love (1667). Next came his "Britannicus," "Bérénice," "Mithridate," "Iphigénie," and "Phèdre." He appears to have been ashamed of the excesses of lawless love as exhibited in this last drama, and for twelve years he abandoned tragedy. He returned to it as a religious poet, and produced his masterpieces, "Esther" and "Athalie," both worthy of careful study; the latter is unsurpassed as a production of classical taste. Voltaire attempted to remodel the French stage. His plays, while they have brilliant scenes at times, are as defective as they are pretentious. (See Schlegel, lect. xx.)

824. The Greek and French tragedians admitted in the course of their dramas no scene which did not affect the final issue of the piece—the **catastrophe**, as it is called: i.e., the overturning of the hero's fortune (*κατάστροφω*, to overturn). The exclusion of all foreign matter is called the **unity of action**. The action itself embraced no events but such as might occur in one day; this is **unity of time**. And as the Grecian stage was, as a rule, never deserted during the whole play, every scene was laid on the same spot; this is **unity of place**.

825. The **chorus** consisted of a band of persons who were supposed to have been present at the occurrences represented. They were actors, or rather spoke and sang like one actor in the drama, uttering the voice of