

At length, the tiger approached him with slow, cautious, cat-like steps. The eyes of the beast glittered like flame; his tail was straight, his tongue already bloody, and he showed his teeth, and protruded his nose as if to snuff his prey with the more certainty. But this time it was the gladiator who made a leap. At the moment the beast drew near to seize him, he cleared him by a bound which called down the furious applauses of the spectators, already mastered by the emotions which this extraordinary struggle excited.

9. At length, after having for some time fatigued his ferocious foe, the gladiator, more wearied by the exclamations of the crowd than by the delays of a combat which had seemed so unequal at the outset, awaited with firm-set foot the approach of the tiger. The latter ran panting toward him, with a howl of satisfaction. A cry of horror, perhaps of joy also, escaped at the same time from the occupants of all the benches, as the animal, raising himself on his hind legs, placed his fore paws on the naked shoulders of the gladiator, and thrust forward his jaws to devour him. But the gladiator bent backward to protect his head, and seizing, with both his stiffened arms, the animal's silken neck, he squeezed it with such force, that the tiger, without letting go his hold, struggled violently to throw up his head, and let the air reach his lungs, the passage to which was closed, as if by a vice, by the gladiator's hands.

10. The gladiator, however, perceiving that with his loss of blood his strength was failing him under the tenacious claws of his antagonist, now redoubled his efforts to hasten the termination of the contest; for, with its prolongation, his chances were diminishing

every moment. Erecting himself on his feet, and bearing with all his weight on his enemy, whose legs bent under the pressure, he broke the ribs of the animal, and made the jammed chest give forth a gurgling sound, followed by an effusion of blood and foam from the tightened throat.

11. Then, all at once, half raising himself, and disengaging his shoulders, a shred of flesh from which remained attached to one of the animal's claws, the victor placed a knee upon the tiger's palpitating flank, and pressed upon him with a force which the prospect of victory redoubled. The gladiator felt the tiger struggle a moment under him; and, tightening his pressure, he saw the beast's muscles stiffen, and his head, one moment lifted, fall upon the sand, his jaws, half-opened and covered with foam, his teeth locked, and his eyes extinct.

12. A general acclamation from the spectators ensued; and the gladiator, whose triumph had reanimated his strength, rose to his feet, and, seizing the monstrous carcass, threw it far from him, as a trophy, beneath the imperial box.

FROM THE FRENCH.

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LXXXVII.

ON COMPRESSION IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

1. Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say and write. To fill a volume upon

nothing is a credit to nobody. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity.

2. They remind us of a blunderbuss discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is shattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, do it." Such are the men for action; they do more than they say.

3. Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in any country where the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language.

4. A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment: let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Catiline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause. The language of strong passion is always terse and

compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech.

5. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space, this "inordinate appetite for printed paper," which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity, and steer wide of it; the orator who must court popularity is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.

SARGENT.

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LXXXVIII.

CLIMATE OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

1. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times, before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. Such an excursion in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much; but we enjoyed the river then. My whole voyage up the Hudson is full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous.

Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river.

2. The Catskill Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones for stars. The great Manitou, or master-spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds: sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers; sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams, and sweep everything away.

3. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits, who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck, throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to

realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at others, to recede. During the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze. As the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and, later in the evening, their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

4. As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospheric phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world.

5. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms;

but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when, at night, the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance.

6. And then the joyous outbreak of our Spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life! And the splendors of our Summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere! And the sublime melancholy of our Autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky! Surely we may say that, in our climate, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

IRVING.

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LXXXIX.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

*Part First.*

1. There are two theories in regard to the origin of language. One would put language on the same level with the various arts and inventions with which man

has gradually adorned and enriched his life. It might, I think, be sufficient to object to this explanation, that language would then be an accident of human nature; and, this being the case, that we should somewhere encounter tribes sunken so low as not to possess it; even as there is no human art or invention, though it be as simple and obvious as the preparing of food by fire, but there are those who have fallen below its exercise.

2. But with language it is not so. There have never yet been found human beings—not the most degraded horde of South Africa Bushmen, or Papuan cannibals—who did not employ this means of intercourse with one another. Man starts with language as God's perfect gift, which he only impairs and forfeits by sloth and sin, according to the same law which holds good in respect to every other of the gifts of Heaven.

3. The true answer to the inquiry how language arose, is this: that God gave man language just as He gave him reason, and just because He gave him reason. Yet this must not be taken to affirm that man started at the first furnished with a full-formed vocabulary of words, and, as it were, with his dictionary and first grammar ready made to his hands. He did not thus begin the world with names, but with the power of naming; for man is not a mere speaking machine. God did not teach him words, as one of us teaches a parrot, from without; but He gave him a capacity, and then evoked the capacity which He gave.

4. Here, as in everything else that concerns the primitive constitution, the great original institutes of humanity, our best and truest lights are to be gotten from the study of the first three chapters of Genesis. You will observe that there it is not God who imposed

the first names on the creatures, but Adam,—Adam, however, at the direct suggestion of his Creator.

5. Man makes his own language, but he makes it as the bee makes its cells, as the bird its nest. How this latent power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is a mystery. Yet we may perhaps a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of and unfolding itself from a root, and according to a necessary law; that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created; that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed.

6. Language is full of instruction, because it is the embodiment of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation—yea, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won. "Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests."

7. The mighty moral instincts which have been working in the popular mind have found therein their unconscious voice; and the single kinglier spirits, that have looked deeper into the heart of things, have oftentimes gathered up all they have seen into some one word which they have launched upon the world, and with which they have enriched it forever—making in that new word a region of thought to be henceforward in some sort the common heritage of all.

8. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning

flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. "Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and, laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across the gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion."

9. And, for all these reasons, far more and mightier in every way is a language than any one of the works which may have been composed in it. For that work, great as it may be, is but the embodying of the mind of a single man; this, of a nation. The "Iliad" is great; yet not so great in strength or power or beauty as the Greek language. "Paradise Lost" is a noble possession for a people to have inherited; but the English tongue is a nobler heritage yet.

10. Great, then, will be our gains, if, having these treasures of wisdom and knowledge lying round about us, we determine that we will make what portion of them we can our own; that we will ask the words we use to give an account of themselves—to say whence they are, and whither they tend. Then shall we often rub off the dust and rust from what seemed but a common token, which we had taken and given a thousand times, esteeming it no better, but which now we shall perceive to be a precious coin, bearing the image and superscription of the great king.

11. Then shall we discover that there is a reality about words; that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers; not like the sands of the sea, innumerable, disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining

themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling, from the beginning of the world till now. We should thus grow in our feeling of connection with the past, and of gratitude and reverence toward it; we should estimate more truly, and therefore more highly, what it has done for us, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that it has made ready to our hands.

12. It was something for the children of Israel, when they came into Canaan, to enter upon wells which they digged not, and vineyards which they had not planted, and houses which they had not built; but how much greater a boon, how much more glorious a prerogative, for any one generation to enter upon the inheritance of a language which other generations by their truth and toil have made already a receptacle of choicest treasures, a storehouse of so much unconscious wisdom, a fit organ for expressing the subtlest distinctions, the tenderest sentiments, the largest thoughts, and the loftiest imaginations, which at any time the heart of man can conceive!

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XC.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

*Part Second.*

1. We are not to look for the poetry, which a people may possess, only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought

and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these.

2. Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word "tribulation." We all know, in a general way, that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin, "tribulum," which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio," in its primary significance, was the act of this separation.

3. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat—of whatever in them was light and trivial and poor from the solid and the true—therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations"—threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.

4. How deep an insight into the failings of the human heart lies at the root of many words; and, if only we would attend to them, what valuable warnings many contain against subtle temptations and sins! Thus, all of us have probably, more or less, felt the temptation of seeking to please others by an unmanly assenting to their view of some matter, even when our own independent convictions would lead us to a different. The

existence of such a temptation, and the fact that too many yield to it, are both declared in a Latin word for a flatterer—"assentator"—that is, "an assenter;" one who has not courage to say No, when a Yes is expected from him.

5. What a mournful witness for the hard and unrighteous judgment we habitually form of one another lies in the word "prejudice!" The word of itself means plainly no more than a "judgment formed beforehand," without affirming anything as to whether that judgment be favorable or unfavorable to the person about whom it is formed. Yet so predominantly do we form harsh, unfavorable judgments of others before knowledge and experience, that a "prejudice," or judgment before knowledge and not grounded on evidence, is almost always taken to signify an unfavorable anticipation about one; and "prejudicial" has actually acquired a secondary meaning of anything which is mischievous or injurious.

6. Full, too, of instruction and warning is our present employment of the word "libertine." It signified, according to its earliest use in French and English, a speculative free-thinker in matters of religion, and in the theory of morals, or, it might be, of government. But, as by a sure process, *free-thinking* does and will end in *free-acting*,—as he who cast off the one yoke will cast off the other,—so a "libertine" came, in two or three generations, to signify a profligate.

7. There is much, too, that we may learn from looking a little closely at the word "passion." We sometimes think of the "passionate" man as a man of strong will, and of real though ungoverned energy. But this word declares to us most plainly the contrary; for it,

as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly "suffering;" and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done on him.

8. When, then, a man or child is "in a passion," this is no coming out in him of a strong will, of a real energy, but rather the proof that, for the time at least, he has no will, no energy; he is suffering, not doing—suffering his anger, or what other evil temper it may be, to lord over him without control. Let no one, then, think of passion as a sign of strength.

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XCI.

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

*Part Third.*

1. There are vast harvests of historic lore garnered often in single words; there are continually great facts of history which they at once declare and preserve. If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note, at its southern point and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships.

2. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Tarifa;" the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant-ships going into or coming out of the Midland Sea; and issuing from this

stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits; and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tarifa," or "tariff;" and in this way we have acquired the word.

3. It is a signal evidence of the conservative powers of language, that we may oftentimes trace in speech the records of customs and states of society which have now passed so entirely away as to survive nowhere else but in these words alone. For example, a "stipulation," or agreement, is so called, as many are strong to affirm, from "stipula," a straw, because it once was usual, when one person passed over landed property to another, that a straw from the land, as a pledge or representative of the property transferred, should be handed from the seller to the buyer, which afterward was commonly preserved with or inserted in the title-deeds.

4. Whenever we speak of arithmetic as the science of "calculation," we in fact allude to that rudimental period of the science of numbers when pebbles (*calculi*) were used, as now among savages they often are, to facilitate the practice of counting. In "library" we preserve a record of the fact that books were once written on the bark (*liber*) of trees.

5. No one now believes in astrology; yet we seem to affirm as much in language; for we speak of a person as "jovial," or "saturnine," or "mercurial:" "jovial," as being born under the planet Jupiter or Jove; "saturnine," as born under the planet Saturn; and "mercurial"—that is, light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mercury were accounted to be.

6. With how lively an interest shall we discover

words to be of closest kin which we had never considered till now but as entire strangers to one another! What a real increase will it be in our acquaintance with and mastery of English to become aware of such relationship! Thus "heaven" is only the perfect of "to heave;" and is so called because it is "heaved" or "heaven" up, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft. The "smith" has his name from the sturdy blows that he "smites" upon the anvil; "wrong," the old perfect participle of "to wring," signifies that which one has wrung or wrested from the right.

7. The "brunt" of the battle is the "heat" of the battle, where it "burns" the most fiercely. "Haft," as of a knife, is properly only the participle perfect of "to have," that whereby you "have" or hold it. Or, take two or three nouns adjective: "strong" is the participle past of "to string;" a "strong" man means no more than one whose sinews are firmly strung. The "left" hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand which we "leave;" inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ the left; and it obtains its name from being "left" unused so often. "Wild" is the participle past of "to will;" a "wild" horse is a "willed" or self-willed horse, one that has never been tamed, or taught to submit its will to the will of another; and so with a man.

8. Do not suffer words to pass you by which at once provoke and promise to reward inquiry. Here is "conscience," a solemn word, if there be such in the world. This word is from the Latin words "con," with, and "scire," to know. But what does that "con" intend? "Conscience" is not merely that which I know, but that which I know with some one else; for this prefix



cannot, as I think, be esteemed superfluous, or taken to imply merely that which I know with or to myself. That other knower whom the word implies is God—his law making itself known and felt in the heart.

9. What a lesson the word “diligence” contains! How profitable is it for every one of us to be reminded—as we are reminded when we make ourselves aware of its derivation from “diligo,” to love—that the only secret of true industry in our work is love of that work!

10. These illustrations are amply sufficient to justify what I have asserted of the existence of a moral element in words. Must we not own, then, that there is a wondrous and mysterious world, of which we may hitherto have taken too little account, around us and about us; and may there not be a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it lying in that solemn declaration, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned?”

R. C. TRENCH.

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XCII.

THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.

1. In the afternoon our company went again to the Tower to see the great lion and the little dog, as well as to hear the recent story of their friendship. They found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay treble prices on account of the unprecedented novelty of the show; so that the keeper, in a short space, acquired a little fortune.

2. The great cage in the front was occupied by a beast, who, by way of pre-eminence, was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him, and at times would pretend to snarl and bite at him; and again the noble animal, with an air of fond complaisance, would hold down his head while the little creature licked his formidable chops. Their history, as the keeper related it, was as follows:

3. It was customary for all who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an oblation to the beast in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up in the streets this pretty black spaniel, who was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicatory attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy.

4. In the mean time, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other; smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and with trembling ventured to eat. The lion then ad-

vanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

5. From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them—a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

6. A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim the dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon having your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself: it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

7. As Mr. Felton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was accordingly cut in pieces, and given into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole, and putting his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended with his impotent companion, started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attack, neither attempted to eat a bit till his favorite had tacitly given permission.

8. When they were both gorged the lion stretched

and turned himself, and lay down in an evident posture for repose; but this his sportive companion would not admit. He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear and bite and pull away; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure and complacence. But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story—a story still known to many, as delivered down by tradition from father to son.

9. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but, finding that all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and again lift his head on high, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes together.

10. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with variety of victuals, but he turned with loathing from all that was offered. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the board, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seem