

They 're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond. —
Go — pop Sir Thomas again in the pond —
'Poor dear!' — HE 'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!"

MORAL.

All middle-aged gentlemen let me advise,
If you 're married, and have not got very good eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottled flies! —
If you 've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
And don't go near the water, — unless you can swim!

Married ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware,
How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;
But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no doubt on 't —
As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on 't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
In solitude — *raison de plus*, in the "gloaming," —
Let them have a fixed time for said spouse to come home in
And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he is late,
To insure better manners in future — Do n't wait!

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
Have a stout wire fence put all round the pond!
One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals —
That is — if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then — *Crede experto* — trust one who has tried,
Have them spitch-cock'd, — or stewed — they're too oily when frie'd.

LXXVI.

EPITHETS.

The rules of rhyme have now been presented, together with a full vocabulary, by which the appropriate rhyme to any word may be found. The use of appropriate epithets by which animated descriptions may be given, or the measure of the verse filled out, comes now to be considered.*

An epithet is an adjective, expressing some real quality of the subject to which it is applied, or an attributive, expressing some quality ascribed to it; as a *verdant* lawn, a *brilliant* appearance, a *just* man, an *accurate* description.

* See page 166, under Description, for some remarks and suggestions with regard to epithets.

Epithets are of two kinds, simple and compound.

Simple epithets are single words, as, *joyous* youth, *decrepit* age, *thoughtless* infancy.

Compound epithets consist of compound words, and are frequently composed of nouns and other parts of speech, in connexion with adjectives, participles, &c., as, *The meek-eyed* morn, *Tear-dropping* April, *The laughter-loving* goddess, *The dew-dropping* morn, *In world-rejoicing* state it moves along, &c.

The judicious application of epithets constitutes one of the greatest beauties of composition; and in poetry, especially, the melody of the verse, and the animation of the style is, in great measure, dependent upon it.

Figurative language (see page 111) presents a wide and extensive field for the supply of rich and expressive epithets; and the poet is indulged, by his peculiar license, in the formation of new and original compound epithets. (See page 166.)

Alliteration, also, (see page 151) if not profusely applied, and expressions in which the sound is adapted to the sense, when introduced with simple or compound epithets, contribute in a good degree to the beauty and harmony of verse. The following couplet, from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, presents an exemplification of this remark:

"The *white-washed* wall, the *nicely-sanded* floor,
The *varnished* clock that *clicked* behind the door."

[See *Onomatopœia*.]

Example.

The word *anger* is suggested for the application of epithets, and the following terms will be found respectively applicable to it:

Violent, impetuous, threatening, menacing, unbridled, untamed, mistaking, boiling, swelling, frantic, raging, flaming, burning, passionate, roaring, secret, waspish, impatient, red-looking, red-glaring, inflaming, bloody, blood-spilling, incensed, stormy, scarlet, blood-dyed, moody, choleric, wrathful, revengeful, vengeful, chafing, foaming, hot-headed, heating, sparkling, rash, blind, heady, head-strong, disordered, stern-visaged, giddy, flame-eyed, ghostly, distempered, transporting, tempestuous, blustering, fierce, cruel, truculent, overseeing, frothy, implacable, pettish, bitter, rough, wild, stubborn, unruly, litigious, austere, dreadful, peace-destroying, joy-killing, soul-troubling, blasting, death-dealing, fury-kindled, mortal, hellish, heaven-rejected.

Example 2d.

FOUNTAIN.

Chrystal, gushing, rustling, silver, gently-gliding, parting, pearly, weeping, bubbling, gurgling, chiding, clear, grass-fringed, moss-fringed, pebble-paved, verdant, sacred, grass-margined, moss-margined, trickling, soft

dew-sprinkled, fast-flowing, delicate, delicious, clean, straggling, dancing vaulting, deep-embosomed, leaping, murmuring, muttering, whispering, prattling, twaddling, swelling, sweet-rolling, gently-flowing, rising, sparkling, flowing, frothy, dew-distilling, dew-born, exhaustless, inexhaustible, never-decreasing, never-failing, heaven-born, earth-born, deep-divulging, drought-dispelling, thirst-allaying, refreshing, soul-refreshing, earth refreshing, laving, lavish, plant-nourishing.

Examples for Practice.

Apply epithets to the following names:

Friend, friendship, love, joy, sorrow, revenge, mirth, justice, a forest, a wood, a mountain, billow, wave, ripple, bloom, blossom, bud, banquet, ad- versity, affection, affliction, sorrow, despair, allurements, ambition, anguish, appetite, avarice, autumn, beauty, bee, beggar, bird, bride, cave, cloud, clown, cold, countenance, critic, death, deceit, delight, destroy, disease, discord, dog, dream, eagle, earth, eye, envy, eloquence, countenance, fear, fire, firmament, flame, flatter, flower, gift, glory, gold, grove, grief, hair, hand, honor, hour, hope, jealousy, ignorance, innocence, lay, law, liberty, light, maid, majesty, malice, mead, meadow, minute, monarch, mist, mul- titude, night, pain, peace, pleasure, poetry, poverty, pride, prosperity, pro- vidence, rage, rebellion, remorse, rock, sea, shore, skin, sleep, snake, snow, stream, sun, swain, tail, tear, tempest, temple, throne, thunder, time, tongue, tree, vale, vengeance, verse, vine, want, water, war, wine, woman, wit, wind, wing, winter, wood, woe, year, youth, zeal.

LXXVII.

LYRIC POETRY.

Lyric poetry literally implies that kind of poetry which is written to accompany *the lyre*, or other musical instrument. The versification may either be regular, or united in fanciful combinations, in correspondence with the strain for which it is composed.

Example 1st.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Addressed to two Swallows that flew into Church during Divine Service

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God you never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 't is given
To make sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

Example 2d.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY BYRON.

There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine has pressed,
And none had ever pressed before;
It vowed to make me sweetly blessed,
And mine, — mine only, pressed it more.

There is a bosom, — all my own, —
Hath pillowed off this aching head;
A mouth which smiles on me alone,
An eye whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still,
That both must heave, — or cease to beat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part — they part! — ah, no!
They cannot part, — those souls are one.

The highest of the modern lyric compositions is the Ode. The word *ode* is from the Greek, and is generally translated a *song*, but it is not a *song*, as we use the term in our language. The ode was the result of strong excitement, a poetical attempt to fill the hearts of the auditors with feelings of the sublime. Odes that were sung in honor of the gods were termed *Hymns*, from a Greek word *hymneo*, which signifies to *celebrate*. The name is now applied to those sacred songs that are sung in churches. The Hebrew hymns which bear the name of King David are termed *Psalms*, from the Greek word *psallo*, which signifies to *sing*.

The Greek Ode, when complete, was composed of three parts, the Strophe, the Antistrophe, and the Epode. The two former terms indicated the turnings of the priests round and about the altar. The Epode was the *end of the song*, and was repeated standing still, before the altar.

Pæans were songs of triumph sung in procession in honor of Apollo, on occasions of a victory, &c., or to the other gods as thanksgivings for the cessation or *cure* of an evil. The word is derived from a word signifying to heal or *cure*.

For examples of the English ode, the student is referred to the well-known pieces, "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden, and the "Ode on the Passions," by Collins.

A Ballad is a rhyming record of some adventure or transaction which is amusing or interesting to the populace, and written in easy and uniform verse, so that it may easily be sung by those who have little acquaintance with music.

A Sonnet is a species of poetical composition, consisting of fourteen lines or verses of equal length. It properly consists of fourteen iambic verses, of eleven syllables, and is divided into two chief parts; — the first consists of two divisions, each of four lines, called *quatrains*; the second of two divisions of three lines each, called *terzines*. The rhymes in these parts respectively were managed according to regular rules. But these rules have been seldom regarded in modern compositions. The sonnet generally contains one principal idea, pursued through the various antitheses of the different strophes, and adorned with the charm of rhyme.

Example of the Sonnet.

SONNET TO ONE BELOVED.

Deep in my heart thy cherished secret lies
Deep as a pearl on ocean's soundless floor,
Where the bold diver never can explore
The realms o'er which the mighty billows rise.
It rests far hidden from all mortal eyes,
Not e'en discovered when the piercing light
Of morn illumines the uncurtained skies,
And fills with sunshine the dark vaults of night.
Repose in me thy heart's most sacred trust,
And nothing shall betray it; I will bend
This human fabric to its native dust,
But nothing from me shall that secret rend,
Which to my soul is brighter, dearer far,
Than any lustre of sun, moon, or star.

A Cantata is a composition or song intermixed with recitatives and airs, chiefly intended for a single voice.

A Canzonet is a short song in one, two, or three parts.*

Example.

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

Black eyes most dazzle in a hall;
Blue eyes most please at evening fall;
The black a conquest soonest gain;
The blue a conquest most retain;

* In musical compositions, a song consisting of two parts is called a *Duet* if in three parts, a *Trio*, if in four, a *Quartette*, &c.

The black bespeaks a lively heart,
Whose soft emotions soon depart;
The blue a steadier flame betray,
That burns and lives beyond a day;
The black may features best disclose;
In blue may feelings all repose.
Then let each reign without control,
The black all MIND, — the blue all SOUL!

A Logogriph is a kind of riddle.

Charades (which are frequently in verse) are compositions, in which the subject must be a word of two syllables, each forming a distinct word, and these syllables are to be concealed in an enigmatical description, first separately and then together.

Madrigals are short lyric poems adapted to express ingenious and pleasing thoughts, commonly on amatory subjects, and containing not less than four, nor more than sixteen verses, of eleven syllables, with shorter verses interspersed, or of verses of eight syllables irregularly rhymed. The madrigal is not confined to the regularity of the sonnet, but contains some tender and delicate, though simple thought, suitably expressed.

Example of the Madrigal.

TO A LADY OF THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER, WITH A WHITE ROSE.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

The Rondeau or rondo, roundo, roundel or roundelay, all mean precisely the same thing. It commonly consists of thirteen lines or verses, of which eight have one rhyme, and five another. It is divided into three couplets, and at the end of the second and third, the beginning of the rondeau is repeated, if possible, in an equivocal or punning sense.

The Epigram is a short poem, treating only of one thing, and ending with some lively, ingenious, and natural thought, rendered interesting by being unexpected. Conciseness is one of the principal characteristics of the epigram. Its point often rests on a witticism or verbal pun; but the higher species of the epigram should be marked by fineness and delicacy, rather than by smartness or repartee.

Example.

WRITTEN ON A GLASS WITH A DIAMOND PENCIL BELONGING TO LORD STANHOPE

Accept a miracle in place of wit;—
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

An Impromptu is an extemporaneous composition, that is, one made at the moment, or without previous study.

An Acrostic is a composition in verse, in which the initial letters of each line, taken in order from the top to the bottom, make up a word or phrase, generally a person's name, or a motto

Example of the Acrostic.

Friendship, thou 'rt false! I hate thy flattering smile!
Return to me those years I spent in vain.
In early youth the victim of thy guile,
Each joy took wing ne'er to return again, —
N'e'er to return; for, chilled by hopes deceived,
Dully the slow paced hours now move along;
So changed the time, when, thoughtless, I believed
Her honeyed words, and heard her syren song.
If e'er, as me, she lure some youth to stray,
Perhaps, before too late, he 'll listen to my lay.

An Epithalamium is a nuptial song or poem, in praise of the bride and bridegroom, and praying for their prosperity.*

LXXVIII.

PASTORAL AND ELEGIAC POETRY.

Pastorals or bucolics are the narratives, songs, and dramas, which are supposed to have been recited, sung, or acted by shepherds.

The ancient pastorals were either dialogues or monologues. A monologue is a poetical piece, where there is only a single speaker.

* The forty fifth Psalm is an epithalamium to Christ and the Church.

An Idyl, Idillion or Idyllium is a short pastoral of the narrative or descriptive kind.

An Eclogue is the conversation of shepherds. The word literally means *a select piece*, and the art of the poet lies in *selecting* the beauties without the grossness of rural life. The eclogue differs from the idyl, in being appropriated to pieces in which shepherds themselves are introduced.

ELEGY AND EPITAPH.

An Elegy is a poem or a song expressive of sorrow and lamentation

An Epitaph is, literally, an inscription on a tomb. When written in verse, and expressive of the sorrow of the survivors, epitaphs are short elegies.*

* The following remarks on the subject of epitaphs, were originally presented by a young friend, as a college exercise. They appear to be so much to the purpose, that they are presented entire:—

“‘Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.’”

“One common fault in epitaphs is their too great length. Not being easily read upon stone, few trouble themselves to peruse them, if they are long; and in a churchyard so many solicit our attention, that we prefer to examine those which are concise, rather than spend our time on a few long ones. Every one, too, soon discovers, that those which *cover* the stones on which they are inscribed, are, for the most part, feebly expressed, and hardly recompense one for the trouble of deciphering them; while a concise inscription immediately attracts notice, and is generally found to be pointed. We can frequently perceive the description of character to be untrue, because it is coldly worded, and expressed in very general terms; in short, a character which would apply to one man as well as another, and such as is frequently given to a person whom we care nothing about. Such epitaphs I consider faulty. After the death of an acquaintance, all our feelings of dislike, caused by his presence, are dispelled; all the animosity, growing out of the clashing of our interests with his, vanishes with the man; and, perhaps, being in some degree reprieved by our consciences for our uncharitable feelings during his life, we endeavor to make amends, by inscribing to his memory a eulogy, which, if he still lived, we should pronounce undeserved flattery, if spoken by others, and which would never have proceeded from our own lips, except in irony. In such a case, an epitaph usually begins by gravely telling the reader that we are all mortal, and ends by commending the soul of the defunct to heaven!

“But, though epitaphs give us, generally, exaggerated characters, yet I would not have it otherwise. Our churchyards should be schools of morality and religion. Every thing we see there, of course, reminds us of death; and it would appear to us sacrilege, if we should behold any record of vice. Since everywhere we find virtue ascribed to the tenants of the place, their death, and death in general, will not be to us so terrible and gloomy a subject of reflection; yet will produce such a serious turn of mind as will lead to religious meditation, which always has the effect of calming the passions

Example.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

and facilitates, in a great degree, our conquest over them, and the infrequency of which is the cause of most of our transgressions.

“Eulogizing epitaphs give us a more exalted idea of the power of religion, to which they chiefly have reference; and therefore have, in some measure, the force of examples. When a person has not been known to the world as a philosopher and a scholar, or in any other way a distinguished man, it is sufficient that his epitaph should be calculated to excite tender and serious feelings. In such a case, elegiac poetry should be congenial to those feelings. This, Stewart says, may be effected by the smoothness of the verse, and the apparently easy recurrence of the rhymes. Blank verse would be peculiarly inappropriate to this species of poetical composition. When, on the other hand, a person has been conspicuous, as a philosopher, for instance, his epitaph should convey a different lesson; by a description of his discoveries, it should remind us of what is due from us to science and our fellow creatures, besides suggesting the reflection that the greatest men must perish.

“Considering this quality desirable in an epitaph on a philosopher, we should praise an epitaph on Newton, which represented him as the greatest philosopher the world has ever seen, and is expressive also of the gratitude which is due to him, for the improvement he has made in the condition of the human race by his discoveries. I think that the above epitaph, by Pope, conveys all this; for the observation, that ‘Nature and nature’s laws lay hid in night,’ implies that information on the subject of those laws would be beneficial to mankind, inasmuch as an idea of disadvantage is associated with the word ‘night;’ and the second line expresses that Newton alone made the whole subject clear to our minds; an exaggerated expression, but one that certainly describes an exalted genius. I do not think, that the epitaph redounds much to the honor of Pope, except for the felicity of the expression; for the *idea* would occur to many minds. We should not, in judging of this couplet, consider it alone, for, united with the rest of the epitaph, of which it is but a part, the whole together deserves much greater praise than is due to either part taken separately. A complete eulogy on Newton should not be expected in the inscription on his tomb, and therefore we should not consider its merits in that character. I think that the conciseness of the epitaph, which is a great recommendation, will compensate and account for whatever defect it may have in giving us a just and exact idea of Newton.”

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever 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.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone,
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray:
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed with hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read, (for thou canst read,) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,*
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:—
He gave to misery all he had, — a tear;
He gained from Heaven — 't was all he wished — a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
(There they, alike, in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LXXIX.

OF THE HIGHER SPECIES OF POETRY.

The higher species of poetry embraces the three following divisions, namely:

1. Tales and Romances.
2. Epic and Dramatic Poetry.

3. Di lactic and Descriptive Poetry.*

A Tale is, literally, any thing that is *told*, and may relate either real or fictitious events. When the events related in a tale are believed really to have happened, the tale is termed *history*.

A Romance is a tale of interesting, or wonderful adventures; and has its name from those that were recited by the Troubadours, (that is, *inventors*,) or wandering minstrels, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The tales of the Troubadours related principally to the military achievements of the crusading knights, their gallantry, and fidelity. They were delivered in a corrupted Latin dialect, called Provençal, or Provincial, by the inhabitants of Rome, and *Romanzo*, or Romish, by the Gothic nations, and hence the tale itself was called a *Romance*. Some of them were prose, some in verse, and some in a miscellaneous union of prose narrative and song. But in neither form were they in all cases worthy of the name of poems.

Novels, (literally, something *new*;) are the adventures of imaginary persons, in which supernatural beings are not introduced. The novel is generally also *in prose*. Whenever a power is introduced superior to that of mortals, the novel is properly a romance. "The Epicurean," by Moore, is an example of this kind, which, although in the form of prose, is highly poetical in its character. It is full of imaginative power, and abounds in figures of the most beautiful kind, dressed in the most glowing colors.

That power, which the poet introduces, whatever it may be, to accomplish what mere human agency cannot effect, is called the *machinery* of the poem.

An Epic poem is a poetical, romantic tale, embracing many personages and many incidents. One general and important design must be apparent in its construction, to which every separate actor and action must be subservient. The accounts of these subordinate actions are called *episodes*, and should not be extended to a great length.

Examples of epic poems may be seen in the "Iliad," and "Odyssey," of Homer, (translated by Pope,) the "Æneid," of Virgil, (translated by Dryden,) the "Pharsalia," of Lucan, (translated by Rowe,) and the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. Epic poems are rare productions, and scarcely any nation can boast of more than one.

The word *epic* literally means nothing more than a tale. It is, however, a tale concerning a hero or heroes, and hence epic poetry is also

* See the piece entitled "The Empire of Poetry," by Fontenelle, page 133. under the head of *Allegory*.