

"The string let fly,
*Twang'd short and sharp like the shrill
 swallow's cry."*

Again, slowness of motion depicted :

*First march the heavy mules securely slow ;
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks
 they go."*

Take Milton's oft-quoted—

"Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings,"

and it does not need a very great effort of imagination to see the Satanic hosts winging their fell flight towards the council hall of Pandemonium. Milton, like Pope, is a master of onomatopœia ; here is harsh sound represented :—

"On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder."

So, when Satan is rewarded with a general hiss by his infernal legions, instead of expected applause,

"he hears
*A dismal, universal hiss, the sound of
 public scorn."*

He would have spoke,
 But *hiss* for *hiss* returned with forked tongue :
 . . . dreadful was the din of *hissing*,
 . . . thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion and *asp* and *amphisbæna* dire,
Cerastes horned, *hydrus* and *elaps* dreat,
 And *dipsas*."

Gray's opening lines in the "Elegy" are wonderful word pictures :

"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."

Here are landscapes, and beings, and motions, and sounds, ay, and the witching hour itself, translated into sentences which speak as eloquently to us of rustic life and rustic surroundings as did the very sights and

sounds themselves appeal to the poet's inspired senses.

What an exquisitely soft and tender pathos there is in these lines of Byron, as, standing on the Bridge of Sighs, in Venice, he moralizes over the fall of the city :

"A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Look'd to the wing'd Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her
 hundred Isles."

I never heard Scott's

"Harp of the North, farewell, the hills grow
 dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her
 spark,
 The deer half-seen are to the covert wending,"

but the misty outlines of the vanishing peaks rise before me, and the deepening twilight hour falls apace, and curtains with shadows the resting-place of wearied bird and beast, and the tender, sorrowful farewells of parting friends linger lovingly on my ear.

And so I might multiply instances. Let me conclude my quotations with two short extracts from Shakespeare's "Macbeth," which for unique, striking phraseology, exquisite sentiment, pathos and power combined, are unsurpassed in our language.

The first is an extract from the conversation between Lady Macbeth and her husband before the murder of Banquo. Macbeth speaks :

"There's comfort yet ; they are assailable,
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath
 flown
 His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's
 summons
 The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy
 hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
 be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.—What's to be done ?