

It is easier to write Greek sentences than it is to write Latin, invertebrate than vertebrate, loose than periodic; easier to write them, but not easier to write them well. To write them well is about the last consummate triumph of literary aptitude schooled to literary art. The danger constantly is that you will let your ease lapse into negligence, that your negligence will escape your attention degenerating from what is noble into what is ignoble. You cannot have your robes flowing and write well in the manner now described. But the effect must be as if your robes were flowing when you produced the effect. All the more reason why you should, in point of fact, have them tightly cinctured.

It cannot wisely be said that in general the Greek style is better than the Latin. Aiso, the converse of this cannot wisely be affirmed. Each style has its own peculiar virtues to recommend it. One is better for certain purposes, the other, for certain other purposes. Newman would, in my opinion, have written Greek better if he had written Latin more. His style tends to formlessness; and this tendency, practice on his part of writing in periods would have contributed to correct.

Let me illustrate what I mean in ascribing to Newman a tendency to formlessness in style; an ascription which, I admit, is much the same as denying to him the firm possession of style. I give the paragraph immediately following (*Apologia*, pp. 165, 166) the sentence last quoted from Newman. And, by the way, it is happy that these citations, made primarily for a subordinate purpose, will present in small the very substance and marrow of Newman's entire noble self-defence:

"Now I will say here frankly, that this sort of charge [that of "underhand dealing"] is a matter which I cannot properly meet, because I cannot duly realize it. I have never had any suspicion of my own honesty; and, when men say that I was dishonest, I cannot grasp the accusation as a distinct conception, such as it is possible to encounter. If a man said to me, 'On such a day and before such persons you said a thing was white, when it was black,' I understand what is meant well enough, and I can set myself to prove an *alibi* or to explain a mistake; or if a man said to me, 'You tried to gain me over to your party, intending to take me with you to Rome, but you did not succeed,' I can give him the lie, and lay down an assertion of my own as firm and as exact as his, that not from the time that I was first unsettled, did I ever attempt to gain any one over to myself or to my Romanizing opinions, and that it is only his own coxcombical fancy which has bred such a thought in him; but my imagination is at a loss in presence of those vague charges which have commonly been brought against me, charges, which are made up of impressions, and understandings, and inferences, and hearsay, and surmises. Accordingly, I shall not make the attempt, for, in doing so, I should be dealing blows in the air; what I shall attempt is to state what I know of myself and what I recollect, and leave to others its application." (In "coxcombical," was there a moment's lapse from urbanity?)

It is a negligence, *not*, as I think, noble, to say, "This sort of charge