

Dryden does the same in the following couplet of his famous ode,—

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

Goldsmith in one of his essays, humorously describes the effect of hearing at a debating society's meeting, a man with a rough hoarse voice recite these lines.

Pope continues,—

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

The *r* is here turned to great advantage.

Byron makes similar use of it in his address to the ocean, which those who had the advantage of hearing the late Mr. Robertson of the Normal School read the poem, well know; the walls of the room used almost to reverberate with his utterance of the word "roll," to represent the sound of the ocean. The *r* is usually resorted to when anything rough or irregular is to be denoted; thus Burns begins his address to his rollicking friend Rankine,
O, rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine.

The next two lines of Pope—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move
slow,

are finely illustrated by Milton, when he represents Satan as pursuing his devious and toilsome way towards light.

So eagerly the fiend

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough
dense or rain,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues
his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or
flies.

* * * *

So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he.

Pope's next couplet is intended to denote swift gliding motion.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the
plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims
along the main.

The next few lines refer to a poem from which I have already quoted, Dryden's, *Alexander's Feast*, and I cannot refrain from picking another grain from this mine of wealth; a profound feeling of misery is thus expressed:

He sang Darius great and good
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

Shakespeare too uses repetition for a similar purpose in *Macbeth*.

To-morrow, and *to-morrow* and *to-morrow*,
Creep in this petty pace from day to day,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

So Tennyson in *Enoch Arden*—

Enoch, poor man, was cast away and
lost,
He shaking his gray head pathetically
Repeated muttering, "*Cast away and
lost,*"
Again in deeper inward whispers, "*lost.*"

Reluctance is very forcibly denoted by Gray in his *Elegy*.

For who to dull 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.

The quietness that often accompanies the approach of evening, is thus represented in both sense and sound, by Milton.

Now came still evening on, and twilight
gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence was pleased.

When Burns in his address to the mouse says:

Thou need na rin 'awa sae hastie
Wi' bickerin brattle,
He uses words which even to ears that