

2. ANALYSIS OF PERIODS.

EXERCISE XVIII.

In the following sentences there is some internal development. The student will determine how the development is effected. The italicized words express the idea that is developed.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the *sound* of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear,—the rumbling of the passing equipage, the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. — *Westminster Abbey*.

There is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connection with the *scenery* over which he is accustomed to range,—its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains,—that is to my mind wonderfully striking and sublime. — *Traits of Indian Character*.

Still it sets forth the *military genius* and *daring prowess* of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility of expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution that command our sympathy and applause. — *Philip of Pokanoket*.

Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, *every sound of nature* at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. — *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

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ENUMERATION

→
CAUSE/
EFFECT

→
PARA-
PHRASE

→
ENUMERATION

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, — though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold, — yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. — *Christmas*

circum-
stance
cause
effect

How does the author show that he is a stranger ?

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of *men scattered far and wide* about the world; some tossing upon distant seas, some under arms in distant lands, some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets, all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors, — the melancholy reward of a monument. — *Westminster Abbey*.

But should he venture upon the dark *story of their wrongs and wretchedness*; should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled, driven from their native abodes and the sepulchres of their fathers; hunted like wild beasts about the earth, and sent down with violence and butchery to the grave, posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers. — *Traits of Indian Character*.

EXERCISE XIX.

In the following pairs of sentences, the second is a development of the first. The student should determine the mode of development used. The sentences will prove suitable for imitation on subjects of the student's own choosing.

His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity, his quarrelsomeness of his courage, his credulity of his open faith, his vanity of his pride, and his bluntness of his sincerity. — *John Bull*.

How are "faults" and "qualities" developed ?

The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but little of the present. Shut up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old times were to him as the gazettes of the day; while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history.— *Christmas Day*.

How is the idea, "lived with times past," expressed in the second sentence?

In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer.— *Stage Coach*.

How is "commissions" developed? How is "execute" expressed?

Few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig, another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination, a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavor of venison and wild fowl, and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knickknacks here and there dished up for the ladies.— *L'Envoy*.

How is "every dish" developed? How is "equal appetite" expressed?

They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance.— *John Bull*.

What method is made use of to develop the first sentence?

They have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the

ground — a diamond drop could not patter in the stream — a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality. — *Rural Life in England*.

How does the author develop "minutest caprices"? Note the appropriateness of the verbs, "tremble," "rustle," etc.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and dependency, who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? — *The Widow and Her Son*.

How are the ideas of "sickness" and "infancy" developed?

He never even talked of love; but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtly and irresistibly to the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone of voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word and look and action, — these form the true eloquence of love, and can always be felt and understood, but never described. — *The Pride of the Village*.

How does the author develop "modes"? How does he express the idea, "convey it subtly"?

The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance or silver gleam of water: all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the

magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture. — *Rural Life in England*.

How does the author develop "operations of art"? Study how the idea contained in the words, "scarcely to be perceived," is expressed throughout the second sentence, especially at the end.

Around were monumental tombs of ancient date, on which were extended the marble effigies of warriors in armor. Some had the hands devoutly crossed upon the breast; others grasped the pommel of the sword, menacing hostility even in the tomb, while the crossed legs of several indicated soldiers of the Faith who had been on crusades to the Holy Land. — *London Antiques*.

In describing the "effigies," what mode of development is made use of?

Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. — *The Wife*.

How does the author develop the thought expressed in the words, "call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies"?

The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours become in the season of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow. — *Roscoe*.

The author is speaking of books. What is the mode of development used in the second and third sentence to amplify the thoughts, "how dear these companions become," and "in the season of adversity"?

At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. . . . The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence,—all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. — *Christmas*.

Determine the development of “times,” of “beauties of nature.” This period is well deserving of study for its harmony. It is the author’s object to express “the luxury of mere sensation.” This he does by giving the details that affect the senses of hearing, smell, touch, sight, and by blending agreeably different vowels and pleasing consonants. Notice the growth in sound, the variety in the modifiers, and the climax in thought. The period should be read aloud to be appreciated.

There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion houses, in several of which it is said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies—the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves, and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops, and brocade—have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers on moonlight nights, and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses. — *Little Britain*.

She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman’s first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. — *The Broken Heart*.

How is “the disinterested fervor” of her love proved?

His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation,—all these entered deeply into every generous

bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.— *The Broken Heart*.

How is "his conduct under trial" developed?

But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.— *The Christmas Dinner*.

How is his success "in writing to amuse" going to be proved?

Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.— *Rip Van Winkle*.

Study the "changes in the hues and shapes."

It has also been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travellers. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated minds have been sent from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure; it has been left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America.— *English Writers on America*.

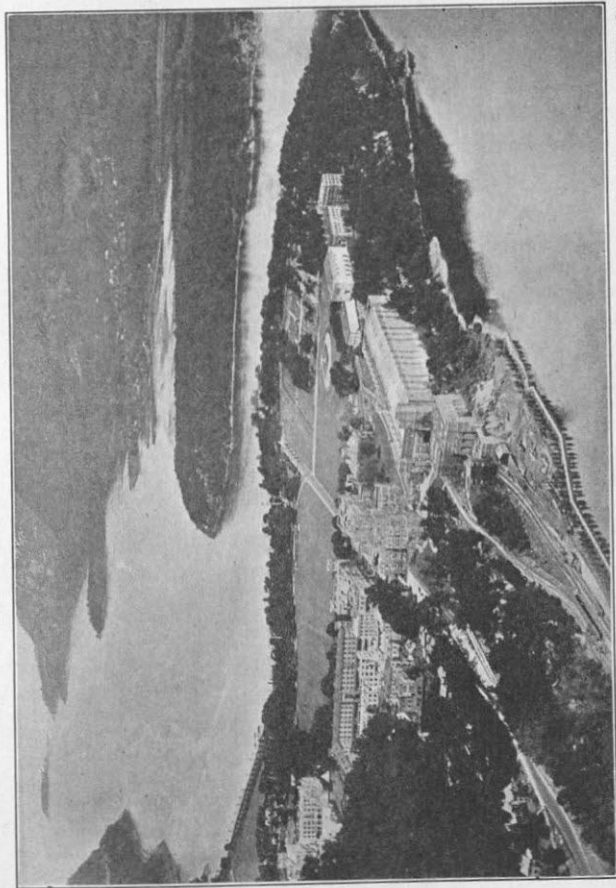


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THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT.

EXERCISE XX.

The student will express briefly the thought of each of the following periods, and then determine how this thought has been developed. In order to do this, it will be a help to examine closely the context of each period. Determine also how the sense is suspended.

Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works, or to the profound quiet of the room, or to the lassitude arising from much wandering, or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places with which I am grievously afflicted,—so it was that I fell into a doze. — *The Art of Book-making.*

Burning with indignation and rendered sullen by despair, with hearts bursting with grief at the destruction of their tribe and spirits galled and sore at the fancied ignominy of their defeat, they refused to ask their lives at the hands of an insulting foe, and preferred death to submission. — *Traits of Indian Character.*

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. — *Stratford-on-Avon.*

Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy, aristocratic neighborhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. — *The Widow and Her Son.*

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations.— *Westminster Abbey*.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man rather than become a servant to the English."— *Philip of Pokanoket*.

When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.— *The Widow and Her Son*.

Should, then, a day of gloom arrive; should those reverses overtake her from which the proudest empires have not been exempt; she may look back with regret at her infatuation in repulsing from her side a nation she might have grappled to her bosom, and thus destroying her only chance for real friendship beyond the boundaries of her own dominions.— *English Writers on America*.

Possessing, then, as England does, the fountain-head whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling—a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness.— *English Writers on America*.

Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side, flourishing his cudgel and bringing it down

every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground, looking every one sturdily in the face, and troling out a stave of a catch or a drinking-song, he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty. — *John Bull.*

He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas. — *Christmas.*