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be dogmatic; to make assertions, not to support them with reason. He should forget all the preliminary stages of his statement. Even in drama, where obviously there must be a greater licence, the argument, if such it may be called, is purely emotional. Take, for instance, the passage of dialogue between Richard and Queen Elizabeth in "Richard III.," as vivid a piece of *stichomythia* as the English drama has to show. The *overt* test is as closely engaged as it well could be, yet it is a contest throughout not of reason but of feeling. Richard is demanding the daughter of Elizabeth in marriage, a demand she indignantly repels. Here is a specimen of its swift interchange—

"K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.  
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.  
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.  
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?  
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.  
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?  
K. Rich. So long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.  
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it."

With much more in the same manner and to the same purpose. Being poetry, it is inspired by the heart not by the head, and is argumentative in form alone.

For lyrical poetry the case is far stronger. The poet who would argue in impassioned verse would be guilty of so pro-

found a *bathos* that his verse would be doomed to instant oblivion. He who has a cause to support, he who would win another over to his opinion, must choose the humbler harmony of prose, and not ask the owl to sing like a nightingale. Can you imagine an appeal to the reason enshrined in the magical shape of "The Twa Corbies," a little masterpiece written by no one knows whom and no one knows when?

"As I was walking all alone,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'  
'In behint you auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new-stain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

.....  
'Mony a one for him makes mane,  
But nae sall ken whare he is gane;  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'"

There is tragedy here; there is no argument. The words awake terror and pity, if you will; they do not attempt to improve or instruct.

And even Pope and Dryden, great poets, who turned their verse, on occasion, to the purpose of argument, cannot persuade at this distance of time, even if in their own day they found converts. Their poems are remembered for their imagery, their portraiture, their fine economy of words. When you read Pope, as Mr Balfour justly says, "you are not interested in the theory that the actions of mankind are to be explained by the 'ruling passion.' What you are inter-