

Sa

sabaoth = armies, hosts.  
 sabbatarian = person strictly to the Sabbath (noun and adjective);  
 sabbatical = ditto  
 sable = black  
 sacerdotal = priestly  
 sacramental = {...}  
 sacred = {...}  
 sacrifice = {...}  
 sacrificial = {...}  
 sacrilege = {...}  
 sacrilegious = {...}  
 sacrosanct = {...}  
 sad = {...}  
 sadden = {...}  
 sadducean = {...}  
 safe = {...}  
 safeguard = {...}  
 safety = {...}  
 saffron = {...}  
 saga = {...}  
 sagacious = {...}  
 sagacity = {...}

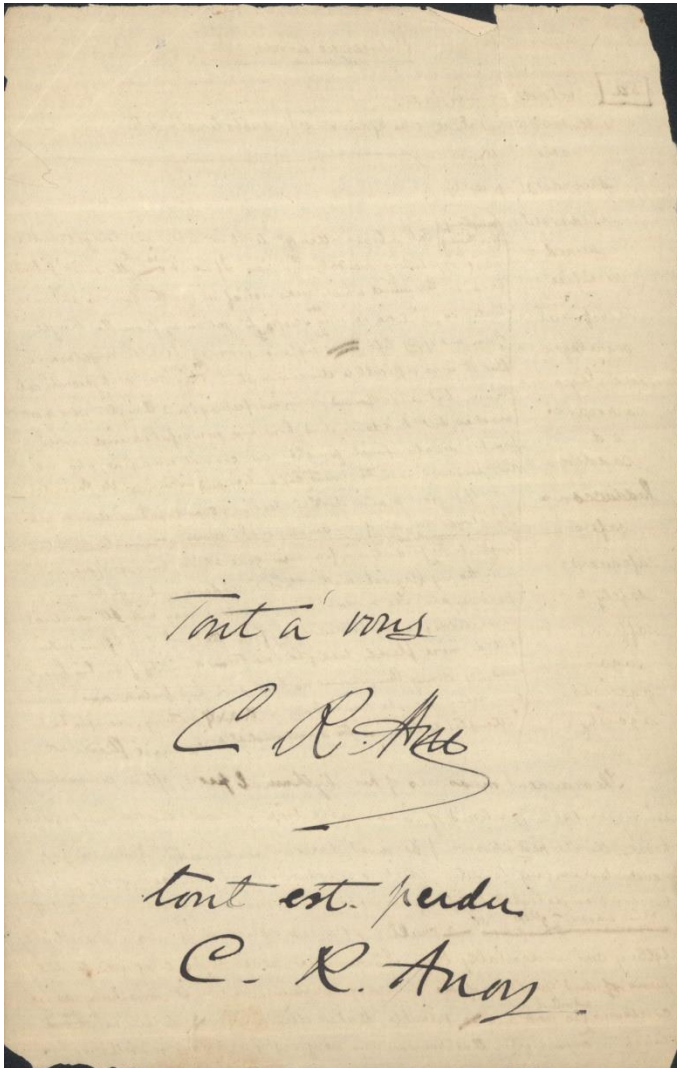
The scandent measures of his rhythmical prose, often cumulating in a veritable garland of admirable tropes, could strike in perusing hearts the deepest chords of the most various sentiments. Never vulgar, never descending to satire, which is sometimes worse than coarseness, he yet possessed a delightful gift of sarcasm - a sarcasm which was not bitter, a ~~sarcasm which was not~~ which was not deep or cruel; yet a sarcasm which was essentially telling and undeniably true. His humour, never to be compared to puns of and quibbles of the literary multum, had in it something so courteous, and withal so sad and so pitiable, that we often wondered whether we ~~should~~ must laugh or cry - whether that humour was merry and spontaneous, or whether it was nothing /anything\ but a brave attempt to dissemble in laughter the most oppressing mental agonies. If so, it ~~was~~ is all the more pitiable, because the mind which seeks relief in mirth for its intense tortures, is like he who in sleeping to get away from the thoughts of an unhappy life ~~and~~ suffers from a terrible nightmare. But it is so difficult to discriminate! ~~It is~~ He was not a hypocritical man, but a profound one; his feelings and thoughts were not masked, but hidden; and how his powerful mind worked, how his weak spirit fought, we cannot imagine, who are not endowed with the same mental capacities- and inconsiderable character.

Yet great praise does he deserve; scant praise does he get. The cloyed minds of modern novel-readers, accustomed at length to the scurried productions of a void generation, cannot appreciate fully the psychological matter that is readable in his glittering paragraphs. The modern man has done away with all spiritual connections; he has broken away from the soul and left us nothing but a mere fleshy bulk; he has torn divinity from his heart, and, by doing this, shown us how weak and foolish ~~as~~ a man can seem when he has to lean on ~~himself~~ nothing, as if he had to lean on the unsubstantial air.

David Merrick

BNP/E3, 14<sup>6</sup> - 39<sup>v</sup>

Transcrição



Tout á vous

C R. Anon

tout est perdu

C. R. Anon.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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