

It would be of general service to German authors if they discerned that while a man should, if possible, think like a great mind, he should speak the same language as every other person. Men should use common words to say uncommon things, but they do the reverse. We find them trying to envelop trivial ideas in grand words and to dress their very ordinary thoughts in the most extraordinary expressions and the most outlandish, artificial, and rarest phrases. Their sentences perpetually stalk about on stilts. With regard to their delight in bombast, and to their writing generally in a grand, puffed-up, unreal, hyperbolical, and acrobatic style, their prototype is Pistol, who was once impatiently requested by Falstaff, his friend, to "say what you have to say, \_like a man of this world\_"[5]

There is no expression in the German language exactly corresponding to \_stile empesé\_; but the thing itself is all the more prevalent. When combined with unnaturalness it is in works what affected gravity, grandness, and unnaturalness are in social intercourse; and it is just as intolerable. Poverty of intellect is fond of wearing this dress; just as stupid people in everyday life are fond of assuming gravity and formality.

A man who writes in this \_preziös\_ style is like a person who dresses himself up to avoid being mistaken for or confounded with the mob; a danger which a \_gentleman\_, even in his worst clothes, does not run. Hence just as a plebeian is recognised by a certain display in his dress and his \_tiré à quatre épingles\_, so is an ordinary writer recognised by

his style.