

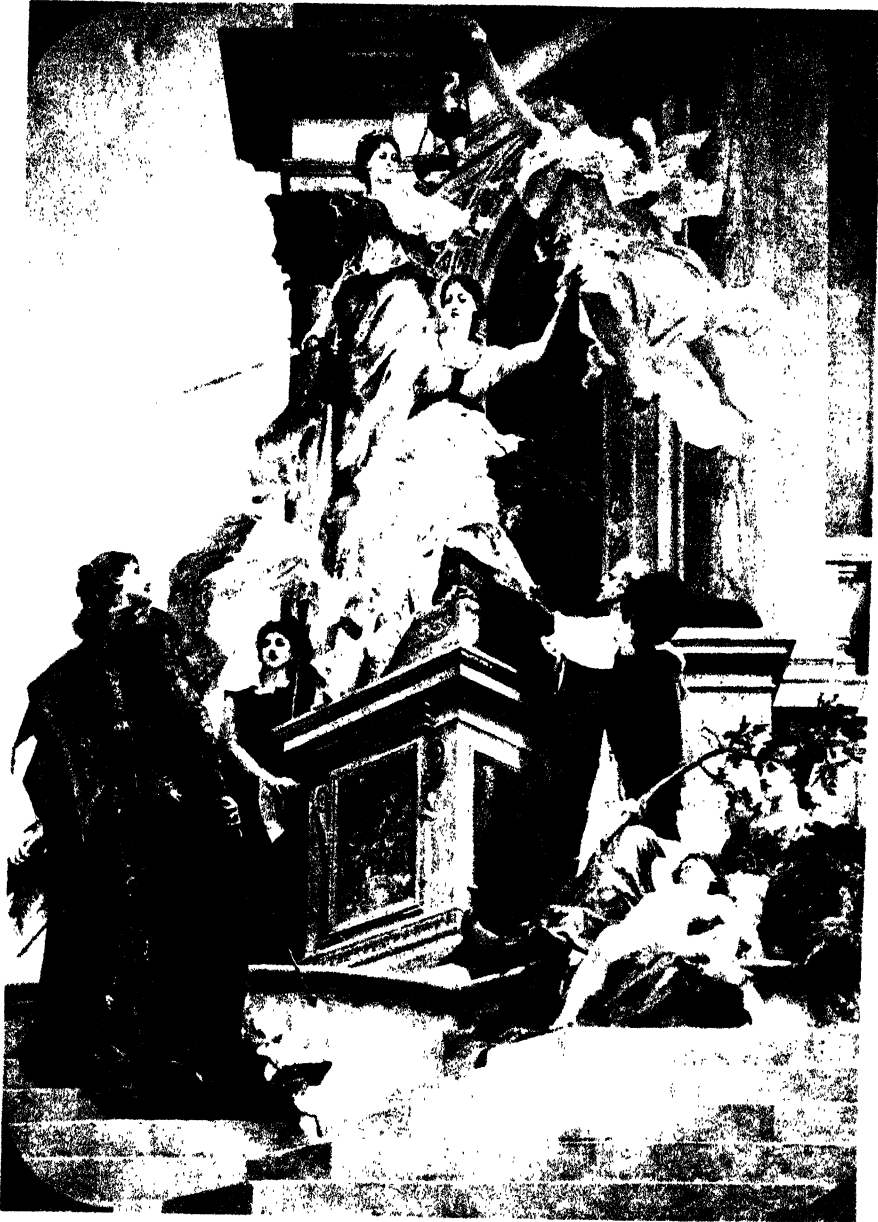
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THE APOTHEOSIS OF LAW.

AFTER THE PAINTING
BY BAUDRY.

DAUL BAUDRY (1828-1896) was awarded the Salon Medal of Honour in 1881 for his Apotheosis of Law, painted for the grand hall of the Court of Cassation, Paris. The allegory shows a judge of the Court of Cassation in his robes of office, appealing to Law, throned, with figures of Justice and Equity above her head. The motto, "The Law Reigns" (Lex Imperat) is the concise and telling epigraph carven on the base which supports this apotheosis of the spirit of Law.

Text Matter

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS BY

RT. HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C.
SIR GILBERT PARKER, K.T., D.C.L.

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INTRODUCTION

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT: JOHN RUSKIN

WHEN you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as a miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovel in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (*I know I am right in this*), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held,

among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever. And this is right ; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons ; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when everyone is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes ; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now,—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “ information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them : for such words wear chameleon cloaks—“ groundlion ” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy : on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words ; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas : whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him ; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men’s hands, almost whether they will or not, in being able to use Greek or Latin forms for a word when they want it to be respectable, and Saxon or otherwise common forms when they want to discredit it. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the words they live by, for the Power of which those words tell them, if we

always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for the many simple persons who worship the Letter of God's Word instead of its Spirit, (just as other idolaters worship His picture instead of His presence,) if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19 we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read—"Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their Bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated instead of retaining it, and always spoke of "the Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.

So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek word, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle. And what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—"He that believeth not shall be damned;" though they would shrink with horror from translating, Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 12, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord, Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest-leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been

all these ;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last : undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation ; but retaining a deep vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it ; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet ; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Muller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with ; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work ; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed ; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you carefully and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all ; no English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas.

“ Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the ~~L~~ake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto you the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly,

consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

Now go on :—

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths—"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression ; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so : its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops, desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule ; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke ; it is the king's office to rule ; the bishops' office is to *oversee* the flock ; to number it, sheep by sheep ; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out !—Does the bishop know all about it ? Has he his eye upon them ? Has he *had* his eye upon them ? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head ? If he cannot, he is no bishop,

though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple ; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead ; he has no sight of things. “Nay,” you say, “it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street.” What ! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said ?”

“But that’s not our idea of a bishop.” Perhaps not ; but it was St. Paul’s ; and it was Milton’s. They may be right, or we may be ; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

“But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls ; they have spiritual food.”

And Milton says, “They have no such thing as spiritual food ; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that it is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of “Spirit.” It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing, “The wind bloweth where it listeth ;” and in writing, “So is everyone that is born of the Spirit ;” born of the *breath*, that is ; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled ; God’s breath, and man’s. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills ; but man’s breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it ; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching ; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents ; your converted convicts, who teach honest men ; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers ; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong ; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men cari

be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work:—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“ Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

ÆLRED

(1109-1166).

SAINTE ÆLRED, or ETHELRED, was abbot of the Cistercian monastery at Rievaulx, Yorkshire, in the twelfth century.

Thirty-two of his sermons, collected and published by Richard Gibbon, remain as examples of the pulpit eloquence of his age ; but not very much is remembered of Ælred himself except that he was virtuous enough to be canonized, and was held in high estimation as a preacher during the Middle Ages. He died in 1166.

His command of language is extraordinary, and he is remarkable for the cumulative power with which he adds clause to clause and sentence to sentence, in working towards a climax.

A FAREWELL

IT is time that I should begin the journey to which the law of our order compels me, desire incites me, and affection calls me. But how, even for so short a time, can I be separated from my beloved ones ? Separated, I say, in body, and not in spirit ; and I know that in affection and spirit I shall be so much the more present by how much in body I am the more absent. I speak after the manner of men because of the infirmity of my flesh ; my wish is, that I may lay down among you the tabernacle of my flesh, that I may breathe forth my spirit in your hands, that ye may close the eyes of your father, and that all my bones should be buried in your sight ! Pray, therefore, O my beloved ones, that the Lord may grant me the desire of my soul. Call to mind, dearest brethren, that it is written of the Lord Jesus, when he was about to remove his presence from his Disciples, that he, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem. Following, therefore, his example, since, after our sweet banquet, we have now risen from the table, I, who in a little while am about to go away, command you, beseech you, warn you, not to depart from Jerusalem. For Jerusalem signifies peace. Therefore, we commend peace to you, we enjoin peace to you. Now, Christ himself, our Peace, who hath united us,

keep you in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace ; to whose protection and consolation I commend you under the wings of the Holy Ghost ; that he may return you to me, and me to you in peace and with safety. Approach now, dearest sons, and in sign of the peace and love which I have commended to you, kiss your father ; and let us all pray together that the Lord may make our way prosperous, and grant us when we return to find you in the same peace, who liveth and reigneth one God, through all ages of ages. Amen.

THE SERMON AFTER ABSENCE

BEHOLD, I have returned, my beloved sons, my joy and my crown in the Lord ! Behold ! I have returned after many labours, after a dangerous journey ; I am returned to you, I am returned to your love. This day is the day of exultation and joy, which, when I was in a foreign land, when I was struggling with the winds and with the sea, I so long desired to behold ; and the Lord hath heard the desire of the poor. O love, how sweetly thou inflamest those that are absent ! How deliciously thou feedest those that are present ; and yet does not satisfy the hungry till thou makest Jerusalem to have peace and fillest it with the flour of wheat ! This is the peace which, as you remember, I commended to you when the law of our order compelled me for a time to be separated from you ; the peace which, now I have returned, I find (Thanks be to God !) among you ; the peace of Christ, which, with a certain foretaste of love, feeds you in the way that shall satisfy you with the plentitude of the same love in your country. Well, beloved brethren, all that I am, all that I have, all that I know, I offer to your profit, I devote to your advantage. Use me as you will ; spare not my labour if it can in any way serve to your benefit. Let us return, therefore, if you please, or rather because you please, to the work which we have intermitted ; and let us examine, the Holy Ghost enduing us with the light of truth, the heavenly treasures which holy Isaiah has laid up under the guise of parables, when he writes that parable which the people, freed from his tyranny, shall take up against the king of Babylon. " And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this parable against the king of Babylon." Let us, therefore, understand the parable as a parable. Not imagining that it was spoken against Nebuchadnezzar ; the prince of that earthly

Babylon, but rather against him who is from the North, the prince of confusion. . . . If any one of us, then, who was once set in the confusion of vices, and oppressed by the yoke of iniquity, now rejoices that he rests from his labours and is without confusion for that which is past, and has cast off the yoke of that worst of slaveries, let him take up this parable against the king of Babylon. There is labour in vice, there is rest in virtue ; there is confusion in lust, there is security in chastity ; there is servitude in covetousness, there is liberty in charity. Now, there is a labour in vice, and labour for vice, and labour against vice. A labour in vice when, for the sake of fulfilling our evil desires, the ancient enemy inflicts hard labour upon us. There is a labour for vice, when any one is either afflicted against his will, for the evil which he has done, or if his will is troubled by the labour of penance. There is a labour against vice, when he that is converted to God is troubled with divers temptations. There is also a confusion in vice, when a man, distracted by most evil passions, is not ruled by reason, but hurried along confusedly by the tumult of vices ; a confusion for vice, when a man is found out and convicted of any crime, and is therefore confounded, or when a man repenting and confessing what he has done is purified by healthful confusion and confession ; and there is a confusion against vice, when a man, converted to God, resists the temptation from which he suffers, by the recollection of former confusion.

Wonder not if I have kept you longer to-day than my wont is, because desirous of you, after so long a hunger, I could not be easily satiated with your presence. Think not, indeed, that even now I am satiated ; I leave off speaking because I am weary, not because I am satisfied. But I shall be satisfied when the glory of Christ shall appear, in whom I now embrace you with delight, you, with whom I hope that I shall be happily found in him, to whom is honour and glory to ages of ages. Amen.

ON MANLINESS

FORTITUDE comes next, which is necessary in temptation, since perfection of sanctity cannot be so uninterruptedly maintained in this life that its serenity will be disturbed by no temptations. But as our Lord God seems to us, in times when everything appears peaceful and tranquil, to be merciful and loving and the giver of joy, thus when he exposes us either to the temptations of the flesh, or to the suggestions of demons, or when he afflicts us with the troubles, or wears us out with

the persecutions of this world, he seems, as it were, a hard and angry master. And happy is he who becomes valiant in this his anger, now resisting, now fighting, now flying, so as to be found neither infirm through consenting, nor weak through despairing. Therefore, brethren, whoever is not found valiant in his anger cannot exult in his glory. If we have passed through fire and water, so that neither did the fire consume us, nor the water drown us, whose is the glory? Is it ours, so that we should exult in it as if it belonged to us? God forbid! How many exult, brethren, when they are praised by men, taking the glory of the gifts of God as if it were their own and not exulting in the honour of Christ, who, while they seek that which is their own and not the things of Jesus Christ, both lose that which is their own and do not gain that which is Christ's! He then exults in Christ's glory, who seeks not his glory but Christ's, and he understands that, in ourselves, there is nothing of which we can boast, since we have nothing that is our own. And this is the way in which, individual men, the City of Confusion is overthrown, when chastity expels luxury, fortitude overthrows temptations, humility excludes vanity. Furthermore, we have sanctification from the faith and sacraments of Christ, fortitude from the love of Christ, exultation in the hope of the promises of Christ. Let us each do what we can, that faith may sanctify us, love strengthen us, and hope make us joyful in Christ Jesus our Lord, to whom be honour and glory forever and forever. Amen.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

(For Biographical Note see Section ii.).

EDUCATION CONTINUED THROUGH LIFE

(Speech as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, before the Federal Conference on Education, May 30th, 1907).

I BELIEVE that it is largely due, not to the maleficent influence of any Government department or any municipality, but to the inherent ignorance of public opinion, that we have got to overrate, in the preposterous manner in which we do overrate, the value and importance of competition, of examinations, in our universities. I think the President of King's College made a brief reference to that evil—and I am quite sure it is an evil which cannot be overrated. I do not mean to say that you can dispense with examinations. I venture on no such dogmatic utterance ; but I do think it of importance that we should have present to our minds the inevitable evils which examinations carry in their train, or the system of competitive examinations as it has been developed of recent years in our great universities. The truth is that a book which is read for examination purposes is a book which has been read wrongly. Every student ought to read a book, not to answer the questions of somebody else, but to answer his own questions. The modern plan, under which it would almost seem as if the highest work of our universities consisted in a perennial contest between the examiner on the one side and the coach on the other, over the passive body of the examinee, is really a dereliction and a falling away from all that is highest in the idea of study and investigation. I do not know how far these evils can be eliminated from our system so far as the pre-graduate course is concerned. I have to leave the solution of that problem to those who are directly responsible for the government of our universities.

But, at all events, let us rejoice in common that there is one branch of university work, of growing interest and importance, daily receiving more recognition from all that is best in the intellectual life of the country—I mean the post-graduate course. There the slavery of examinations is a thing of the past, the intellectual servitude in which the pupil has hitherto been is a thing he may put on one side ; and he is in the happy

position of being able to interrogate nature and to study history with the view of carrying out his own line of investigation and research, instead of being in a perpetual subservience to the idea whether such and such a subject is worth getting up for examination purposes, whether he may not have omitted to read with sufficient attention something which to him is perfectly useless, perfectly barren, perfectly uninteresting, but on which some question may be asked by a too curious examiner. He is in the position of having his teacher as his fellow-worker, of having a man at whose feet he has come to sit. Professor Rutherford has been mentioned. We could mention cases like that of Professor Rutherford, to whose aid and assistance students come from all parts of the world at once as pupils and as fellow-workers. That is the proper position from which the most advantage can be extracted from the concentration of intellectual life at one of our great universities, and it is the post-graduate course which I hope to see rapidly and effectively developed in all the universities of this country and of the Colonies. And let me observe that it is in connection with the post-graduate course that there can be a kind of co-operation between us and the more distant parts of the Empire, which is impossible with regard to the earlier and lower stages of university culture. In the primary and secondary schools of a country evidently only the children or young men of the district within reach can attend; and no co-operation with other countries or with the Colonies is possible except after mutual consultation, after consideration of the problems common to education in all parts of the world, after exchange of information which I hope will be one of the outcomes of this Conference. But when you leave the lower stages of education, and when you come to the post-graduate course, you get an intercommunication between different parts of the Empire which is closer and which may be more fruitful; for it is not merely the communication of ideas, it is not merely a central bureau of information, invaluable as I believe such a bureau would be, it is the actual interchange of students. If we so can arrange the post-graduate course of our universities that it will be thought a normal and natural thing for any man who has the talent and the time to devote his life to investigation, first, to get his education at one of the universities of his own country, and then to go and conclude that education in a post-graduate course in one of our Colonies, how great will be the advantage, not merely to the student, but to the communities which will be brought together by a tie which may unite us all in a common interest in these higher subjects. I therefore think that, though at first sight the subject of examinations and the allied subject of university training free from examinations may seem somewhat alien to the topic of a closer communication between Great Britain and other parts

of the Empire in the matter of education, they are, in fact, closely allied—they are topics which naturally lead one into the other. And I earnestly hope that one of the outcomes of this Conference, and certainly the outcome in which I take the greatest interest, will be such a development in the post-graduate system, and such a mutual arrangement between the universities in all parts of the Empire, as shall not only stimulate post-graduate research, but shall enable and encourage that research being carried on in different parts of the Empire by members travelling from one part of the Empire to the other, and thus bringing home to us, even more than it is brought home already, the close community of interest, not only in things material, but in things of the highest intellect and research, which should bind together the citizens of a common Empire.

ERNEST BARKER

(1874-).

DR. BARKER has had a distinguished scholastic career. Educated at Manchester Grammar School and Balliol College, Oxford, he became Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, Fellow and lecturer of St. John's College, Oxford, and Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. From 1920 to 1927 he was Principal of King's College, London; and in 1928 he became Professor of Political History in the University of Cambridge.

Dr. Barker's writings have been numerous and valuable, as is shown in the Brochure on Ancient History, articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, etc.

SOCIAL IDEAS AND EDUCATION

ANY educational system corresponds to a set of ideas, consciously or unconsciously entertained, about the order of society and the arrangement of men within that order. Where there is a set of ideas based on the assumption of different social strata, one rising above another, in the manner of a pyramid—with the members born in each stratum tending to follow their fathers, by a kind of hereditary succession, in the same or a similar calling—you will have an educational system in which there are different and stratified types of schools, each preparing its pupils for the different stations in life to which they are destined by birth. Where, on the other hand, there is a set of ideas based on the assumption of a homogeneous society—in which talents indeed may differ, because natural endowment differs, but all alike are to have their chance of development—you will have an educational system in which there may still be different types of schools, but those different types will not be stratified to suit social position and the accident of birth, but varied to suit various talents and the varieties of natural endowment. Strata, and hereditary status within the different strata—that is the one set of ideas: diversities of gifts, and diversities of ministrations according to gifts, but one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will—that is the other set of ideas. Different schools for different classes form the educational system which

corresponds to the former ; different schools for different aptitudes, in whatever classes they are found, constitute the educational system which corresponds to the latter.

The whole matter, as Mr. A. E. Dobbs, in a work on " Education and Social Movements," has noticed, was present to men's minds as long ago as 1541. There was a question, in that year, of the function of Canterbury Grammar School. Some argued that it was meant for the gentry, and that the working classes had no need of education other than what they got by way of apprenticeship and the practice of their calling. It was meet, they said, " for the ploughman's son to go to the plough, and the artificer's son to apply the trade of his parent's vocation ; and the gentlemen's children are meet to have the knowledge of government and rule in the commonwealth. For we have as much need of ploughmen as any other State ; and all sorts of men may not go to school." Archbishop Cranmer, on the other side, though he was, as he said, " willing to grant much of their meaning herein as needful in a commonwealth," yet argued that " utterly to exclude the ploughman's son, and the poor man's son, from the benefits of learning . . . is as much to say, as that God Almighty should not be at liberty to bestow His great gifts of grace upon any person . . . Who giveth His gifts, both of learning and other perfections in all sciences, unto all kinds and states of people indifferently." Here is a clear division of opinion between two different sets of social ideas. On the whole, the opinion in favour of strata and status triumphed. Its triumph is expressed in the Statute of Artificers of 1563, which may almost be said to consolidate the traditional rules of caste. It is true that the free grammar schools continued to make some provision for the able poor, side by side with the children of parents of means. But the prevalent philosophy was rather expressed in the charity schools which arose after 1688—schools intended for the labouring poor, and designed to spread some culture and some knowledge of the elements of Christianity among a class which, left in total ignorance, might split the nation dangerously into " the two nations " of the rich and cultured on the one hand, and the poor and uncivilised on the other. The same philosophy coloured the beginnings, and a good deal of the course, of the movement for elementary education during the nineteenth century. Elementary education was for " the children of the poor." Members of a stratum, to which they had succeeded by status, they were to be educated in a manner appropriate to their station, on the principle that a little knowledge was less dangerous than a total absence of knowledge. We have now in many ways outgrown the ideas which once underlay our educational policy ; and the expression of them, in this year 1925, may

seem an archaism or even an inaccuracy. But if our set of social ideas has changed, we have still an educational system based, in some measure, on the outgrown ideas of a vanished past. There is to-day a certain want of correspondence between the direction of our social ideas and our social practice, and the educational system (or should I rather say the educational chaos?) in which we find ourselves. On the one hand we entertain the idea of a homogeneous society: we believe in the teaching of St. Paul, "diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit"; we subscribe to the argument of Cranmer, that God giveth His gifts indifferently unto all kinds and states of people, and that the talents He gives should not be buried. On the other hand we have a congeries of schools, partly based on differences of class and partly based on differences of aptitudes; partly belonging to the past and partly belonging to the present; but unco-ordinated and unenlightened by any definite conception of the end they have, or should have, in view.

If we review the nature of the provision which we make for education, by which I mean, for the purpose of this inquiry, the education of the young, we shall notice some three or four different instances or grades. We may think at first that these grades are determined by age, and that we have to deal with an elementary grade, intended for children under fourteen; a secondary grade, intended for boys and girls transferred to it at the age of 11 or 12 and remaining in it until 16 or 18; and a university grade for young men and women from the age of 18 or 19 upwards. A little consideration will disabuse us of our first thoughts, and show us that the matter is by no means so simple. There is a grading on the basis of age; but it is crossed and twisted by a grading on the basis of class, not to speak of another grading on the basis of aptitude which is beginning to make itself more and more felt. As a result of this crossing and twisting we find on the one hand, schools of the secondary grade giving instruction of the elementary type in their junior forms and preparatory departments, and, on the other hand, schools of the elementary grade giving instruction of the secondary type in what are called central departments. This means that grading on the basis of age has been crossed by grading on the basis of class, with the result that the school of the secondary grade gives elementary as well as secondary instruction to the class of children which it handles, taking them in the first stage as well as the later; and the school of the elementary grade, if it gets the chance, gives secondary as well as elementary instruction to the class of children which it handles, taking them in the later as well as the earlier stages. At the same time, side by side with grading by age and grading by class, there is a further grading by aptitude and eventual vocation, which gives us

technical schools, intended to prepare boys and girls for industry and commerce, by the side of secondary schools which seem intended to prepare them for the professions and the universities; and these technical schools, like secondary schools, are pushing back the age at which they take their pupils to what we should naturally call the elementary period. There is accordingly an educational criss-cross, created by the interplay and interweaving of considerations of age, class, and aptitude. A pragmatic division of our congeries of schools might give us the following types. In the first place, there are the public schools, managed by private voluntary associations, and mostly based on a system of residence. They are privately managed, and they are boarding schools; these are their two essential attributes. They are fed by preparatory schools, which are generally managed by a private individual and are generally residential. The two together provide an education of a very fine order for the children of the richer and the professional classes; and the system of open scholarships at the public schools enables the children of poorer members of the latter class to gain a place and to take their stand with the rest. In the next place there are the grammar schools and high schools, privately managed by boards of governors or voluntary associations; and the county and municipal secondary schools (which have arisen in this century), publicly managed by local education authorities. Though they may differ in their management, the grammar school, the high school, and the secondary school (in the narrow and technical sense of that word), are closely akin, and they are drawing still closer together as the grammar schools and high schools come more and more to depend upon grants of public money. They are all day schools, and not boarding schools; and they all admit a proportion of pupils holding scholarships and free places, who are drawn from elementary schools. They charge fees, but the fees are not high; and the class which they serve is the middle class, particularly, perhaps, the lower middle class and, to some extent, the working class. In the third place, though not as yet in any large numbers or on any very precise system, there are the technical and trade schools maintained by local education authorities, schools based on aptitude and eventual vocation, which take children, as a rule, about the age of 13 (though the headmasters would be glad to take them earlier), and give them a preparation for commerce and industry. The class on which they draw tends to be the same as that on which the secondary school also draws. In the fourth place, there are the elementary schools, which provide an education, to the age of 14, for the rest of the population. Their development is the chief educational problem of our time. They are called elementary, but they are well

aware that their mission is something more than the provision of instruction in the rudiments or elements of reading, writing, and ciphering. They have pushed forward into new territory, during past years, by way of higher grade schools; they are still pushing forward to-day, by way of central departments or schools. It is true they also send picked boys and girls to the secondary schools; but they know that this is not enough. No type of education should lead to a dead end. The elementary type, for a very large number of boys and girls, and in default of an adequate system of central departments or schools, leads nowhere else. It leaves a mass of baulked ability. We have to find lines for its movement forward. We must abandon any idea of a scheme of education for the children of the people which stops at a terminus. We must swing it over to new rails, and send it forward on a further journey.

We have now seen the four types of schools which hold the field at the present time; and we must turn to discuss the remodelling of these types which will bring them into correspondence and conformity with the social ideals and the social practice of our generation. Those ideals and that practice are tending towards the conception of a homogeneous society, not set in strata made hard and inveterate by hereditary status; but diversified none the less by gifts or aptitudes which need a free channel for their development. Some may feel that this position of affairs requires a general management of all education by the State, as the organ and agent of a homogeneous society, and that it demands a system of free secondary education for all, in a uniform system of secondary schools, into which all children are carried forward to discover and develop their aptitudes. I cannot subscribe to either proposition. I do not believe in a general management of all education by the State, because the minds of men are various, and the methods of educating their minds are also various, and variety of educational methods can only thrive if there is a large area of voluntary management naturally leading to experimentation along different lines. I believe that the function of the State in education (as in other spheres, but even more than in other spheres) is to undertake work which would not be done at all if it were not undertaken by the State, but never to take over work which is already being undertaken, unless that work is being done badly, and fails to reach the minimum standard of efficiency which the State is entitled, and indeed bound, to prescribe. That is a simple formula; and in the strength of it, holding as I do that there is a good deal of educational work undertaken by agencies other than the State which is being well done, I would leave it as far as possible untouched. We may have something of a chaos in education; but I

would not reduce chaos into order at the cost of eliminating that voluntary enterprise and initiative which is nowhere more needed than in education. Nor, again, do I believe in free secondary education for all, if that means a uniform type of continued education for all. I do believe in free education for all to the age of 15—I would even go so far as to say, to the age of 16—provided that there are different and alternative forms, suited to differences of aptitude, which that education may take. But I am a little more than afraid that the swing of the pendulum may carry us into an extreme. In reaction against a system of variety too much based on differences of social class, we may rush into a system of uniformity too little regardless of differences of natural aptitude. What we really want is a new system of variety, based on differences of aptitude, wherever they may be found. It is the simple outline of such a system which I desire to sketch.

Before I do so I wish to say a word with regard to the public schools and the preparatory schools by which they are fed. They present a very difficult problem, about which it is not easy to have clear or fixed ideas. On the principle that any work of education which is being well done by voluntary agencies should be left unhampered, there is little that one could say in criticism of public schools. They are doing admirable work. Not only do they train and shape character (their old and acknowledged merit), and that on lines of less uniformity and with less tendency to the production of mere type than their critics sometimes imagine; they also give an intellectual training (in the sciences as well as in language and literature; in modern as well as in ancient languages; in music and art as well as in Latin and mathematics), which is probably at least as good as that given in the best schools of France and Germany, and certainly, in my experience, better and more advanced than that given in any of the schools of any other English-speaking country. And yet, with all their excellence, and perhaps just because of their excellence, which is necessarily costly, they only serve a limited class. Even their scholarships can only be awarded within a narrow range. The standard of examination for these scholarships, and particularly, perhaps, the knowledge of languages required from candidates, is such that only those who have been specially prepared, and generally only those who have been trained in preparatory schools, can ever compete with any hope of success. There is thus a certain social differentiation implicit in the nature of the public school; there is a certain social segregation, which keeps the boys of such schools away from the general life of their kind; and this may well seem contrary to the general principle of social homogeneity on which our educational system must increasingly come to be based. On the other hand (for considerations here are very

balanced) it would be a grave pity to make any change that would derogate from the high standard of one of the finest things we have in our English system of education. I have heard discussed a policy, which I should like to see attempted, of awarding a certain number of scholarships in public schools on a simpler examination to boys drawn from elementary schools. There are difficulties in such a policy, human difficulties of fitting boys drawn from different homes into the life of a residential public school, which it would be idle to blink. Many of us, I remember, found it comparatively easy to go from elementary schools to a day school, such as the Manchester Grammar School. It would be less easy to go from a working man's home to Rugby (though perhaps less difficult there than it would be at many other schools); to live there as a full member of the school during the term; and to return home as a full and ungrudging and loyal member of the family during the vacation. But there is an old Greek proverb, "Fine things are difficult"; and their fineness should only nerve us to face their difficulty.

On the whole I cannot but feel an admiration for public schools, even as they stand. They are by no means secluded or exclusive centres. There is a liberal spirit abroad in many of them, and not least on social questions—a spirit of inquiry, which can welcome, for example, the presence of a trade union speaker at a debate. And we have to recognise that inherited talent, and congenial environment of books and talk in the home, may produce race-horses, who deserve every chance of running at their best speed. I would not contend that all the boys in public schools are race-horses in the fields of the mind, and I would admit that they may indulge too much in a passion for running in the fields of the body; but it is only fair to say that the standard required for entrance is tolerably high, and that those who wish to enter at all must pass an entrance examination. It is about preparatory schools that I feel much more dubious—the residential preparatory schools, which take boys at the age of eight and keep them till the age of 13 or 14. It is a curious English habit, on which foreign observers were already commenting in the sixteenth century, to divorce boys of tender years from the life of home; and whatever may be said of it on grounds of health, I cannot believe that it is socially sound. One social ideal (to me, indeed, the supreme social ideal), to which education has to be adjusted, is the integrity of the life of the family. I sometimes fear that the zeal of education makes many teachers oblivious, or at any rate too little regardful, of the deepest foundation of our social life. Half unconsciously, they make the school an alternative instead of a complement to the home; and preparatory schoolmasters, who number

many noble personalities in their ranks, are perhaps especially prone to this way of thought, because the youth they handle is tender and plastic. But my concern is less with this side of the matter than with another. The preparatory schools which dot our southern counties seem to me the centres of social segregation, to a greater extent than the public schools, and at a more crucial age. I would have boys mix with their fellows as far as possible ; and I do not see that there is much possibility of the mixture of different types in the residential preparatory school. This is a point upon which I feel acutely ; and perhaps I had better say no more. I see no harm in day preparatory schools, with a certain admixture of boarders to meet the case of those boys who cannot get an adequate preliminary training near their homes. But I hope that parents will come more and more to realise that it is a sacred obligation of family life that they should make the home the place of young children, at any rate till the age of 14 ; and I hope that public schools will so adjust their conditions of entry as to make the special training of the preparatory schools less necessary.

And now, leaving public schools and preparatory schools aside, what are we to say of our general national system ? The lesson which I have learned from my friends and colleagues, and which I wish to teach in my turn, is simple. Adopting the principle of age, and assuming that a natural break is to be found in the education of a child about the age of 11 or 12, I would have a system of primary schools (I should use that word "primary" rather than "elementary") to which children would go up to that age, and a system of secondary schools to which they would be transferred after that age ; and I would call by the generic name of "secondary" all schools, of whatever kind, which were designed and intended to provide an education for children over the age of 12. After that, adopting the principle of aptitude, and assuming that some children are more apt and anxious for practical and applied study, and others more apt and anxious for the pursuit of pure knowledge in letters or science, I would have two corresponding types of secondary schools, which should follow the same lines of general education for the first two years of any child's course, and should then diverge and specialise. One of these types, for want of a better name, I would call the Modern School, though it would be no less acceptable to me under another name ; and the other, because it would always handle the teaching of languages and their grammar (though it would never forget the teaching of pure science), I would call the Grammar School. The one would prepare children, by a four years' course lasting from the age of 11 or 12 to that of 15 or 16, along lines which would naturally lead towards the world of industry and commerce ; the other would prepare them, by a four or

five years' course, followed, whenever possible, by a further advanced course of two years, along lines which would as naturally lead towards the professions and the universities. Neither would inevitably predestine its pupils to the career to which it most naturally led; and either would permit a ready transference, from itself to the other type of school, for all boys and girls who during their course showed signs of a different bent. The one would include and correlate existing schools such as central schools, junior technical schools, and trade schools; and it might in the future, as it developed, branch out in varieties—schools with a bias towards industry, schools with a bias towards commerce, schools with a bias towards agriculture. The other, the Grammar School, would equally include and correlate existing schools, such as the present grammar schools, the high schools, and the county and municipal secondary schools; and while I do not anticipate that it would tend to produce so many varieties as the Modern School, I should be prepared to see one type of grammar school directing itself more to the side of the arts and another more to the side of pure science. I desire to set no limits to development and experimentation. I only desire to provide the outline of a scheme within which they will naturally rise and thrive.

I think that it was while I was in Canada, last summer, visiting on the one hand the high schools and the collegiate schools, which correspond to what I have called the Grammar School, and on the other the technical and commercial schools, which correspond to what I have called the Modern School, that I first became clear about the direction which I wished to see taken in our own educational policy. "Secondary education for all," I said, "free secondary education for all, provided that there are different alternatives for different aptitudes, and provided also that the two alternatives are regarded as equal and are equal." These two provisos demand some explanation and comment. I make the proviso of different alternatives for a very simple reason. We are a great manufacturing and commercial country. We cannot carry the population we have in England and Wales (649 persons to the square mile, the densest there is in Europe) unless we can manufacture and market, to the very best of our ability, the products with which we can buy the food for this population. We cannot have the best ability in manufacture and commerce unless there is proper training. The proper training for manufacture and commerce must have regard to their needs, and be concerned with the practical application of knowledge to their satisfaction. If we turned all our children to a secondary education based on letters and pure science, a secondary education of one uniform type, we should be forgetting that it takes all sorts to make a world, and

that our English world, in particular, needs a high degree of technical training, as well as of literary and scientific education, if it is to face successfully the grave problem of its destiny. One hears occasional talk of "the shadow of the black coat." I remember once writing myself that it would be a curious world in which men went every morning to a business which did not exist by a train which there was nobody to drive. But there is another consideration which weighs more with me. The great argument for differentiation of schools is not so much the needs of the country, as the needs of the children themselves. We must meet and feed those needs. Now I believe that there are thousands and thousands of children whose minds first kindle and burn for knowledge when they see its practical application. They think as it were with their hands; they long to create and make; they want to touch and handle practical things. Our English genius is towards action and practice rather than speculation and knowledge. We should stultify our genius, and we might stultify our children, if we failed to recognise this practical bias. I am not ashamed to say that I believe in practical or, if you like, vocational education. I should not be an Englishman, and I should not be practical, if I said anything else. It is, to my thinking, a high-brow attitude to decry considerations of use and vocation in talking of education. There must always be some (would that there were many more) who hunger and thirst for pure knowledge without thought or regard for its use. If it were not for them, science would never advance. The advancement of knowledge comes from those who ask questions, and seek to get answers in a simple divine spirit of curiosity—that spirit which makes philosophy and science, and is the glory of man. But there are diversities of gifts; and it is the gift of very many to hunger and thirst for the application of knowledge to practical uses. The mind grows when there is passion, and when it is allowed to grow along the lines of its passion. You will defeat passion, and the growth of mind, if you force children to learn against their natural grain. And it is a mirage and a delusion to think that you may not have a liberal education in practical things. A liberal education is one that makes the mind of a man free. There are thousands who only attain freedom, and the free discourse and running of their minds, in a practical way. And yet, on the other hand, there are some things to be said, and I shall say them before I end, about leisure, and the secret life, and the training of men to enjoy that leisure, and that secret life, which lie outside the spaces of their work. I would find room in any system of education, however practical it were in its main bias, for such training. If you can do this, if you can give a practical training to those who hunger and thirst for practice, and at the same time imbue and tincture their

minds with some taste for the great eternal truths and beauties on which they can feed in their hearts by faith with thanksgiving, in secret and in leisure, you will not have gone very far wrong.

I turn to the second proviso I made, the proviso of equality between the two alternative ways of secondary education. Unless they are equal, nothing is gained, and much will be lost. If the practical way is regarded as a second-best, for inferior boys and girls, it had better never be trodden at all. I do not believe that it need so be regarded, or that it ought so to be regarded. Differences of aptitude and faculty are not differences of ability. I can write a better letter, or a better lecture, than a fitter or a moulder; but it does not follow that I am an abler man. I want you to think with me in terms not of differences of degree in ability, but in terms of differences of direction in faculty. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." Do not let us talk quantitatively, in terms of higher and lower, more and less, and grade one another arithmetically. Let us say, "God has made some of us on this wise, to do this, and others on that wise, to do that; and we will act accordingly." If we say that, and believe it, we shall not pick for the Modern School, on a basis of arithmetical marks, boys who are not good enough for the Grammar School. We shall simply seek different gifts, and encourage each to multiply his gifts in the soil in which they will grow best. From that point of view there will be need of very careful inquiry, not merely by ordinary examination, but by personal observation and every manner of useful test (I do not exclude, for example, "intelligence tests"), into the bent and direction of boys at the age of 11 or 12. And since bent and direction will not always be obvious at the age of 12, there must be facility for transference between one type of school and another, so that a boy who at the age of 14 finds one type of school uncongenial may readily find a home in the other. Such transference will be all the easier if, as I hope, the two first years in either type of school are fairly similar, and if the differentiation between the two types only becomes pronounced as children near the age of 13 or 14.

Just as I assume equality between the boys entering the one type of school and those entering the other, so I assume equality between the two types of school in building, in equipment, in salaries of staff, in holidays, and in all other respects. The Modern School I envisage is a secondary school, and it will enjoy the status and the treatment of a secondary school in all respects. It is not a second-best, for inferior children, or children of a lower social class, built or equipped or staffed or treated as a second-best. It is an equal for children of the same ability and the same class as those who go to the Grammar School; and

it simply differs because aptitudes differ, and differences of aptitude require differences of treatment. It would be part of this equality that the Modern School, like the Grammar School, should not be a dead end, but that, as the Grammar School leads forward to the University for those who have aptitude and capacity for its work, so the Modern School should lead forward to the technical college or the technological and commercial faculties of the University for those who have similar aptitudes and capacity. It would also be part of this equality that the one type of school should not be divided from the other by a difference in the amount of fees, or the charging of fees in the one and freedom from fees in the other. If one school were fee-paying and one were not, the former would gain and the latter would lose prestige (human nature being what it is), and inequality would ensue. As I do not desire inequality, I am accordingly bound to record my opinion that both types must go the same road in this matter ; and I see no other road that is possible than that of freedom from fees, alike in the Modern Schools and the Grammar Schools, wherever they are managed or aided by public authorities, for all pupils up to the age of 15 or 16.

I have been speaking of English society, and of English education in relation to English society. I have assumed a homogeneous society, in which there are none the less different functions and aptitudes ; and I have tried to think of the system of education which corresponded to such a society. So far I have spoken in terms of work, and about education as a preparation for work. But that is not all, or perhaps even the greater half of the matter. Man is a spirit ; shall we not add, speaking by faith, an immortal spirit ? He was not made for work alone, but for the growth of the spirit. The spirit grows not only in work, but also, and even more, in leisure, in the hours of the secret life, which are the growing time of the spirit. I sometimes think that our modern world is couching its social philosophy too much in terms of work. As if work were all and everything, we ask ourselves, " How shall a man find congenial work ? How shall the boy find proper training for the work which will be congenial to him as a man ? How shall we so reorganise society, by some scheme for giving each man a share in the control of his work (on the lines of state socialism, or guild socialism, or otherwise), that he will find his work more and more congenial, and more and more a full and absorbing occupation of the creative instinct he desires to express ? " But I do not think that salvation lies that way. No man can live by work alone, however admirably it be organised, or however great his control of his work and his chance of expressing himself in what he does. Work must necessarily fall into routine ; and routine is not life or growth. Work must bring

its rubs and disappointments ; and to the soul which is not fortified by a refuge that lies beyond work they may be grievous. Remembering these things, I should like to cherish the ideal of a society in which there is indeed training for work through a system of diversified education, and in which work is made as interesting and as vital as possible by a system of organisation which elicits and enlists the freely given service and the full play of the creative instinct of each member, but in which there is also a deep regard for leisure and a preparation of the young for its proper enjoyment and use. My ideal would be one of a society in which work was done with a swing and got away quickly, and leisure was made more and more abundant, and men knew more and more the ways of its enjoyment, which, properly understood, is the same thing that mystics have called the enjoyment of God, the enjoyment of God through contemplation of His truth and His beauty. And therefore a system of education, to correspond to this social ideal, must be a training not only for work, but also in appreciation of poetry and music and literature and art, the things which belong to leisure and the secret life which is the true life of every man that cometh into the world. And so in every school, whether it be Modern School or Grammar School, or whatever it be, I should desire to see these things set in the foreground, and laid in the foundations, and digged into the soil, and made substantial and essential ingredients of every soul. And for this reason I would also include adult education in any dream and in any scheme of the training of the nation, believing that the spirit, at all stages, must be kept alive, and fed with the pure nutriment which belongs to its nature, and led day by day to enjoy more and more the things which belong to its peace. But I have said enough ; and here I must make an end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794-1878).

THE poet Bryant was the favourite after-dinner speaker of New York City for years, not merely because of his reputation as a poet, but because of his genuine eloquence and the importance of the position in politics given him by the editorship of the New York Evening Post. He was at his best when speaking on such topics as the poetry of Burns or the influence of the Press, but he spoke with equal facility on the political issues of the day, and his collected orations make a volume of more literary merit than can be found in most volumes of speeches. He was born in Massachusetts in 1794. Showing extraordinary precocity in writing verse, as he did in developing a love for politics, he was encouraged by his parents, who allowed the publication of one of his metrical productions against the Embargo, written when he was thirteen years old. He had begun writing verse at ten, and his finest poem, "Thanatopsis," was produced while he was still in his minority. He became editor of the New York Evening Post in 1827, after a year's work as editorial assistant. This connection was continued during the rest of his life. He gave the paper strong Democratic tendencies, but used it in 1856 in helping to organize the Republican party whose policies during the war it supported. He was a strong advocate of free trade, and made a number of speeches in favour of it. He died in 1878. His address on Burns was delivered at the Burns banquet in New York in 1859, and the text here given is from a contemporaneous report preserved by Mr. Enos Clark.

THE GREATNESS OF BURNS

(Delivered at the Burns Centennial Banquet, New York, 1859).

ON rising to begin the announcement of the regular toasts for this evening, my first duty is to thank my excellent friends of the Burns Club, with whom I do not now meet for the first time, and whose annual festivities are among the pleasantest I ever attended, for the honour they have done me in calling me to the chair I occupy,—an honour

the more to be prized on account of the rare occasions on which it is bestowed. An honour which can be conferred but once in a century is an honour indeed. This evening the memory of Burns will be celebrated as it never was before. His fame, from the time when he first appeared before the world as a poet, has been growing and brightening as the morning brightens into the perfect day. There never was a time when his merits were so freely acknowledged as now; when the common consent of the literary world placed him so high, or spoke his praises with so little intermixture of disparagement; when the anniversary of his birth could have awakened so general and fervent an enthusiasm. If we could imagine a human being endowed with the power of making himself, through the medium of his senses, a witness of whatever is passing on the face of the globe, what a series of festivities, what successive manifestations of the love and admiration which all who speak our language bear to the great Scottish poet, would present themselves to his observation, accompanying the shadow of this night in its circuit round the earth! Some twelve hours before this time he would have heard the praises of Burns recited and the songs of Burns sung on the banks of the Ganges, the music flowing out at the open windows on the soft evening air of that region, and mingling with the murmurs of the sacred river. A little later, he might have heard the same sounds from the mouth of the Euphrates; later still, from the southern extremity of Africa, under constellations strange to our eyes,—the stars of the Southern Hemisphere,—and almost at the same moment from the rocky shores of the Ionian Isles. Next they would have been heard from the orange groves of Malta, and from the winter colony of English and Americans on the banks of the Tiber. Then, in its turn, the Seine takes up the strain; and what a chorus rises from the British Isles—from every ocean, mart, and river, and mountain side, with a distant response from the rock of Gibraltar! Last, in the Old World, on the westernmost verge, the observer whom I have imagined would have heard the voice of song and of gladness from the coasts of Liberia and Sierra Leone, among a race constitutionally and passionately fond of music, and to which we have given our language and literature. In the New World, frozen Newfoundland has already led in the festival of this night; and next, those who dwell where the St. Lawrence holds an icy mirror to the stars; thence it has passed to the hills and valleys of New England; and it is now our turn, on the lordly Hudson. The Schuylkill will follow, the Potomac, the rivers of the Carolinas. The majestic St. John's, drawing his dark, deep waters from the Everglades; the borders of our mighty lakes; the beautiful Ohio; the great Mississippi, with its fountains gushing under fields of snow, and its mouth among

flowers that fear not the frost. Then will our festival, in its westward course, cross the Rocky Mountains, gather in joyous assemblies those who pasture their herds on the Columbia and those who dig for gold on the Sacramento. By a still longer interval it will pass to Australia, lying in her distant solitude of waters, and now glowing with the heats of midsummer, where I fear the zealous countrymen of Burns will find the short night of the season too short for their festivities. And thus will this commemoration pursue the sunset round the globe, and follow the journey of the evening star till that gentle planet shines on the waters of China. Well has our great poet deserved this universal commemoration—for who has written like him? What poem descriptive of rural manners and virtues, rural life in its simplicity and dignity,—yet without a single false outline or touch of false colouring,—clings to our memories and lives in our bosoms like his “Cotter’s Saturday Night”? What humorous narrative in verse can be compared with his “Tam O’Shanter”? From the fall of Adam to his time, I believe, there was nothing written in the vein of his “Mountain Daisy”; others have caught his spirit from that poem, but who among them all has excelled him? Of all the convivial songs I have ever seen in any language, there is none so overflowing with the spirit of conviviality, so joyous, so contagious, as his song of “Willie Brewed a Peck o’ Maut.” What love songs are sweeter and tenderer than those of Burns? What song addresses itself so movingly to our love of old friends and our pleasant recollection of old days as his “Auld Lang Syne,” or to the domestic affections so powerfully as his “John Anderson”? You heard yesterday, my friends, and will hear again to-day, better things said of the genius of Burns than I can say. That will be your gain and mine. But there is one observation which, if I have not already tried your patience too far, I would ask your leave to make. If Burns was thus great among poets, it was not because he stood higher than they by any pre-eminence of a creative and fertile imagination. Original, affluent, and active his imagination certainly was, and it was always kept under the guidance of a masculine and vigorous understanding; but it is the feeling which lives in his poems that gives them their supreme mastery over the minds of men. Burns was thus great, because, whatever may have been the errors of his after life, when he came from the hand that formed him,—I say it with the profoundest reverence,—God breathed into him, in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies,—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest toward those of his own kin, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings,

upon the animal in his stall ; upon the ' wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie ' dislodged from her autumnal covert ; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman ; upon the very field flower, overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true, genuine, manly, noble ; we honour, we venerate the poet while we read ; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory forever.

JOHN CAIRD

(1820-1898).

JOHN CAIRD'S "University Addresses" represent the best thought of one of the strongest and clearest minds of the nineteenth century. In lucidity and directness, and often in beauty of diction, they are models of their class. Though probably carefully prepared before their delivery, they often show the freedom and force of the extemporaneous speech. The address on the "Art of Public Speaking" has compressed into it more thought than often goes to make an entire volume and it has many periods of striking eloquence.

Caird was born at Greenock, Scotland, in 1820. Educated for the pulpit, he became Professor of Divinity at Glasgow University in 1862, and it was there that he delivered the addresses by which he is likely to be longest remembered. He is celebrated as the author of numerous works on philosophy, metaphysics, and theology. He became Principal of the University in 1873, and is generally spoken of as Principal Caird. For some years before his death, July 30th, 1898, he was one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland.

THE ART OF ELOQUENCE

(Address on the "Art of Public Speaking," delivered at the University of Glasgow, November 9th, 1889).

OF all intellectual agencies, the faculty of public speaking is that which, in proportion to its practical influence and importance, has received the least attention in our educational system. Of course, seeing that the first condition of good speaking is that the speaker should have something to say, indirectly all education is an education of the orator. External gifts of voice and manner, apart from more solid acquirements, may deceive and dazzle the unwary and make a slender stock of ideas go a long way with an uneducated or half-educated auditory. But such superficial qualities in the long run lose their effect, even on uncritical ears, and to the better instructed may even become offensive as a kind of tacit insult to their judgment. Knowledge and a disciplined

intelligence therefore constitute the first condition of effective speaking. But if it be true, as we must all admit, that the possession of knowledge does not imply the power of imparting it, that profound thinkers and ripe scholars may be poor and ineffective speakers ; if experience proves that men who are strong in the study may be weak on the platform or in the pulpit, and that even men whose books evince a masterly grasp of their subject may be distanced as teachers or preachers or public speakers by persons of greatly inferior gifts and attainments—then it is obvious that something more than the possession of ideas goes to the making of the orator, and that that system of education is incomplete which confines itself to the acquirement of knowledge and neglects the art of oral expression.

Every one knows of the immense pains that were bestowed on the cultivation of this art in ancient times. "Ancient oratory," writes Professor Jebb, "is a fine art, an art regarded by its cultivators as analogous to sculpture, to poetry, to music." Already before the art of rhetoric had become an elaborate system, the orators were accustomed to prepare themselves for their task, first in composition, then in delivery. "Great is the labour of oratory," says Cicero, "as is its field, its dignity, its reward." And though it may be true that in this as in other arts, nature and original aptitude count for much, and the highest eminence is attainable by few, yet moderate success is not beyond the reach of average ability industriously and carefully cultivated. How then shall we explain the comparative neglect into which, in our modern educational system, this art has fallen ; how shall we account for the fact that whilst every other art has its principles and methods, its long and laborious discipline, its assiduous study of the best models, the acquisition of this art is for the most part left to chance or to such proficiency as can be gained in course of time and at the expense of long-suffering audiences ? How is it that in our schools and colleges everything is done for the attainment of knowledge, and nothing at all for the capacity of communicating it ?

At first sight we might suppose that this neglect is to be ascribed to the diffusion of literature and the growing influence of the press. Oral teaching, we might naturally suppose, would count for more in times when there was almost no other access to the popular mind, and, with the spread of education and the multiplication of books, would gradually be superseded by instruction conveyed in a literary form. That the gift of eloquence should be rated high, and should be sedulously cultivated in an age before books existed in printed form, or when books were few and costly and readers a very limited class, and when for the great mass of men the preacher or public speaker was in himself all that books,

newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, popular manuals, organs of political parties and religious sects, the vast and varied mass of publications that are constantly pouring forth from the press, are for us in the present day—that at such a period the faculty of oral address should be supremely important is only what we might expect. But as education advances, and ideas in the more exact and permanent form of printed matter, suited to every variety of taste and intelligence, become almost universally accessible, we might also expect that the speaker's function, if it did not become extinct, would fall into the background; and also that, in so far as it survived, the improved taste of society would tend at once to diminish the quantity and to raise the quality of public speaking.

How groundless such expectations would prove you need not be told. The vocation of the speaker has not only lost nothing, but has enormously gained in public consequence with the gradual diffusion of knowledge in printed form. There never was a time, in modern history at least, when it constituted so potent a factor in the national life as in our own day. There never was a time when the gift of oratory or the talent for debate brought so much influence—social, political, ecclesiastical, or when he who was endowed with it found the power and ready utterance so much in demand. In this country, at least, the man who can speak is under a perpetual pressure to exercise his gift. Lecture platforms, public meetings, associations for all sorts of objects, festivals, banquets, ceremonials, conferences, anniversaries, meetings to offer testimonials to retiring, or to organize memorials to departed, officials and celebrities, great and small—public occasions of all sorts, in short, create a perpetual call on his power of utterance. Nor is the demand confined to public occasions. The rage for oratory pursues him in his hours of relaxation and into the retreats of social and private life. In the pauses of a railway journey admiring auditors insist on a modicum of their favourite stimulant. At a private dinner or garden party, the reporter, note-book in hand, is either openly or furtively introduced; and, sometimes, it must be confessed, not without his own connivance, opportunity is afforded to the oratorical celebrity to give the world another taste of his quality.

Moreover, it is to be observed that, contrary to the natural anticipation I have just suggested, the public taste for public qualification does not become more fastidious with the progress of education. Public speaking, with rare exceptions, does not in our day improve in quality. The palmy days of oratory, when it was regarded as an art on a level with painting, and sculpture, and poetry, when the severest canons of criticism were applied to it, when the great speaker cultivated his gift by laborious and varied discipline, speaking seldom, and only on

occasions worthy of his powers, and grudging no pains to meet the claims of an exacting but appreciative audience—these days are long passed away. How could it be otherwise? An epicure could not expect a chef in the culinary art to send up, day after day, at a moment's notice, a perpetual series of *recherché* viands; and from even men of the highest abilities it would be too much to ask for the production of off-hand extempore, oratorical feasts. Hence we need not wonder if, when we examine the speeches of even the most renowned purveyors of modern oratory, political and other, we should find that, in the best qualities of eloquence, in clearness of thought, precision of aim, consecution of argument, force, aptitude, and elegance of expression, they fall miserably short of the best types of ancient oratory; and that loose, slipshod, and ambiguous phraseology, involved and interminable sentences, sounding but empty declamation, perplexed and inconclusive argument, and the cheap impressiveness of appeals to vulgar prejudice and passion, should be their too common characteristics.

There are, however, some considerations which may serve to abate the severity of the censure we pass on these and other defects of modern oratory. Much, of course, depends on our canons of criticism. We must consider how far the blemishes on which we animadvert arise, not from the incapacity or carelessness of the artist, but from the necessary limits and conditions of his art. It is obvious, for one thing, that we cannot apply the same standard, either as to matter or form, to written and spoken prose composition. It is even possible that the speaker who should aim at literary excellence would be going on a false quest, and that the qualities which made his work good as literature would mar or vitiate it as oratory. A reported speech, indeed, becomes literature, but it is not to be judged of as such, but as a composition primarily addressed to the ear, and producing its effect, whether instruction or persuasion, whether intelligent conviction or emotion and action, under the condition of being rapidly spoken and rapidly apprehended. And this condition obviously implies that many qualities which are meritorious in a book or treatise—profundity or subtlety of thought, closeness and consecution of argument, elaborate refinement and beauty of style, expression nicely adapted to the most delicate shades of thought—would not only involve a waste of labour in a spoken address, but might mar or frustrate its effectiveness. A realistic painter who bestows infinite pains in copying the form and colour of every pebble on the bank of brook or stream, and every reticulation of each leaf on the spray that overhangs it, not only squanders effort in achieving microscopic accuracy, but distracts by irrelevant detail the eye of the observer, and destroys the general idea or impression of the landscape. And a like result may attend elaboration.

of thought and fastidious nicety of form in a spoken composition. Such minute finish is either lost or unappreciated by the auditor, or, while he pauses to admire it, his attention is diverted, and he loses the thread of the discourse or argument.

Moreover, in studying a written composition, a reader has no right to complain of compression or conciseness or, on the other hand, of the space occupied in the development of the thought. If the sense be not immediately obvious, or if he fails to catch it on a first reading, he can pause on a phrase or sentence; he can go back on a paragraph; if the matter sets his own mind aworking in a different track, he can suspend his reading to follow out the suggested train of thought, and then come back to take up the interrupted sequence of the author's argument; or again, if the strain on his attention or intelligence becomes too great, he can stop and resume his reading at will.

But oral address admits of no such delays and interruptions. The meaning must be understood at a first hearing or not at all, the discourse must be so framed that the mind of the hearer can move on at least as fast as that of the speaker; and seeing you cannot, on many occasions at any rate, shut up a speaker as you can a book, there are limits of length to which every public address must conform. Obviously, therefore, oral composition not only admits, but requires, certain characteristics which would not be only illegitimate, but positive blemishes in matter intended to be read. Hearers, of course, vary in quickness of apprehension, and no speaker is bound to be plain to auditors whose intelligence must be supplemented by a surgical operation. But though it is true that greater condensation is possible in addressing a select audience an average audience cannot be fed with intellectual pemmican. To present the same thought in varied language or in diversified aspects, to make use of pictorial forms and abundant and familiar illustrations; to go at a slow pace in argument; to avoid rapid transitions and elliptical reasoning; to arrest wavering attention at the cost even of irrelevancy and digression; to be not over-scrupulous as to grammatical and dialectic proprieties or a telling roughness that jars on a fastidious ear; to make sure not merely that the ideas are there, but that they are so presented as to interest, strike, sustain the attention, and tell on the heart and soul of the hearers—these and such as these must be aims present to the mind of the public speaker and controlling the form and substance of his talk. But all this implies that a certain latitude must be conceded to oral, which is denied to written, composition, and that the very effectiveness and success of a speech may be due to its offences against the strict canons of literary criticism.

It is on this principle that we explain the fact that good speakers are often bad writers, good writers bad speakers, and that the instances are rare in which men attain to great and equal excellence as authors and as orators.

Following out a little further this comparison of speaking and writing, or of oral and written prose composition, there is another characteristic by reason of which, at first sight at least, we must ascribe an inferior value to the former ; *viz.*, its evanescence. Written or printed matter has the advantage not only of greater precision but of greater permanence. A great book is a treasure for all time. The thinker passes away, but the thoughts that are enshrined in the literature of the past live on for the instruction and delight of succeeding generations. It is of the very essence of oratory, on the other hand, to be ephemeral. Its most brilliant effects, like the finest aspects of nature, vanish in the very moment of observation. They can no more be arrested than the light of morning on the mountain summit, or the flashing radiance on the river's rippling waves, " a moment here, then gone forever." The words that touch us by their pathos, or rouse us by their lofty eloquence, pass away like the successive notes of a song in the very act of falling on the enraptured ear.

It may even be said that the best and noblest effects of oratory are more evanescent than those of music. The song may be sung, the great composer's work that delights us at a first hearing may be repeated with equal or higher artistic skill. But often the power of spoken words depends on a combination of circumstances that can never be reproduced. The speech of a great statesman in debate—say on some critical emergency when the vote is about to be taken that is to decide the fate of a ministry, or the passing of a measure of reform or of domestic or foreign policy on which the interests of millions are staked ; or again, the speech spoken by an illustrious pleader in a great State trial, and before an audience composed of all the elements, social and intellectual, that stimulate to their very highest an orator's powers ; or, to name no other instance, the words in which no one knows how to sympathize with and touch the hidden springs of human emotion, give expression to the sorrow of a community for departed greatness, or the proud reaction with which it rises to face some national calamity or peril—in these and in many similar instances the conditions of a great speech, and therefore the speech itself, can never recur. A song may be sung again by the same or other voice, but the speech can never be spoken even by the voice that uttered it ; and that not merely because, under the inspiration of a great occasion, it may have reached the climax of its powers, but because the moving panorama of history never repeats itself, never revives again the circum-

stances that gave it its power to affect us. And when the eloquent voice has itself been silent, unlike the song, no other voice can reproduce its music. On the lips of Æschines it may seem still instinct with power, but all his art cannot make us feel as we should have done, had we heard Demosthenes.

But if we reflect for a moment on this distinction between oral and written composition, may not the very fact of the evanescence of the former suggest to us that there is in good oratory an element of power which written or printed matter does not and cannot possess? Society will never, by reason of advancing culture and the diffusion of literature, outgrow the relish and demand for good speaking, for this, if for no other reason, that, besides outward circumstances and accessories, there is something in what we call eloquent speech which by no effort or artifice can be produced in literary form. . . . There is a universal language which, long ere we have mastered the meaning of articulate words, carries with it for each and all of us its own interpretation, and with the potent aid of which the most consummate linguist can never dispense. Betwixt parent and child in all lands and climes, the light in the eye, the smile on the cheek, the tones of the voice, the thousand movements, touches, caresses of the enfolding arms, constitute a medium of communication intuitively understood, which not art but nature has taught. And this, too, is a language which we never outgrow, and which, in the hands of one who knows how to use it, reinforces and in some measure transcends the capacities of oral address. The artifices of the printer, the notation of the musician, can no doubt do much to reduce this language of nature to formal expression. But even musical notation, though much more complete than any that could be adopted to speaking, leaves—as any one knows who has ever listened to a great artist and compared his singing or playing with that of an inferior and common-place performer—an almost boundless latitude of expression to individual taste and feeling.

And even more remarkable is this untaught and unteachable power in the case of the speaker. What ingenuity could invent a written or printed notation that would represent the infinite, nicely-discriminated subtle shades of tone and accent which a great speaker instinctively employs, and which the ear and soul of a sympathetic auditory instinctively interpret. Even in deliberate speech, in exposition, narrative, calm and unimpassioned argument, there are innumerable subtle changes by which corresponding variations of thought are indicated. And when he rises to the region of emotion, has not nature wedded its own symbols to the whole gamut of feeling,—entreaty, passion, pathos, tenderness, grief subdued or unrepressed, remonstrance, anger, scorn, sarcasm,

reverence, awe, aspiration, homage, the agony of the penitent, the hope and trust of the believer, the mystical rapture of the saint,—has not each of these and a thousand other varieties of feeling its own appropriate form of expression so that, through the whole continuity of speech or sermon, a speaker can suffuse articulate language with this deeper, subtler, underlying and all-potent language of nature? Lacking this organ of spiritual power a discourse may have every intellectual excellence, but it will fall short of the highest effect. For often

“ Words are weak and far to seek
 When wanted fifty-fold,
 And so if silence do not speak,
 And trembling lip and tearful cheek,
 There's nothing told.”

In one word, the ultimate reason for the greater effectiveness of spoken than of written matter is simply this, that the latter is dead and silent, the former quick with the glow and vitality of intelligence and emotion. In certain scientific observations you must eliminate what is called the personal equation ; but in good speaking, the personality of the speaker, instead of needing to be discounted, is that which lends its special value to the result. What reaches the auditor is not thought frozen into abstract form, but thought welling warm and fluent from a living source. In reading a book or report the whole burden of the process is thrown upon the reader. In listening to a spoken address more than half of the burden is borne by the speaker ; or rather, activity and receptivity become almost indistinguishable. Charged alike with the electric force of sympathy, the minds of speaker and hearer meet and mingle in a common medium of intelligence and emotion.

THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795-1881).

ON his election as rector of Edinburgh University, in 1866, Thomas Carlyle delivered, without notes or apparent preparation, an address on *The Choice of Books*. It had no more to do with the subject than, in his characteristic way, he thought necessary, but it gathered force in its progress until its closing passages became worthy of his great intellect. He was perhaps the most eloquent Englishman of the second half of the nineteenth century. His addresses on *Heroes* were delivered as lectures, but they are really orations in the same sense in which the carefully prepared speeches of Cicero and Demosthenes were orations. Many of his most admired essays, though never delivered from a platform, are really oratorical in form and spirit, and it is not unjust nor discreditable to his 'History of the French Revolution' to call it a series of orations, which come nearer complying with the classical requirements of oratorical composition than almost any English oration which has been prepared for actual delivery.

That in his Edinburgh address, Carlyle, the greatest and most incessant talker of his day, should eulogize silence as better than eloquence, and put the silent Phocion above Demosthenes, is eminently illustrative of his love of self-contradictory paradox. The address is illustrative of his mind in a much more important respect, for it is phosphorescent with ideas. They do not flash out of obscurity and increase the darkness after them, as it sometimes happens with his ideas. They grow steadily more luminous until the close. There Carlyle is at his simplest and best.

He was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, December 4th, 1795. After receiving a thoroughly Scottish education, consummated by his graduation at Edinburgh University, he began his after education with the study of German literature, which gave his mind its final bent. His style was probably influenced most largely by that of Richter, though Goethe undoubtedly influenced his thought more deeply than he was influenced by any other single writer. He died at Chelsea, February 4th, 1881, after a life of almost unparalleled intellectual activity.

THE EDINBURGH ADDRESS

(Delivered to the Students of the University of Edinburgh, April 2nd, 1866).

I HAVE accepted the office you have elected me to, and have now the duty to return thanks for the great honour done me. Your enthusiasm towards me, I admit, is very beautiful in itself, however undesirable it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end, that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour, and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it ; for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on. There are now fifty-six years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen,—fifty-six years ago,—to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all kinds, I know not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation ; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, “ Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard : you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges.” As the old proverb says, “ He that builds by the wayside has many masters.” We must expect a variety of judges ; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence.

When this office was proposed to me, some of you know that I was not very ambitious to accept it, at first. I was taught to believe that there were more or less certain important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it,—at least, in reconciling the objections felt to such things ; for if I can do anything to honour you and my dear old *Alma Mater*, why should I not do so ? Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different state of things ; and my weak health—now for many years accumulating upon me—and

a total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may, however, depend upon it that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavour to do whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment.

In the meanwhile, the duty I have at present—which might be very pleasant, but which is quite the reverse, as you may fancy—is to address some words to you on subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. In fact, I had meant to throw out some loose observations,—loose in point of order. I mean—in such a way as they may occur to me—the truths I have in me about the business you are engaged in, the race you have started on, what kind of race it is you young gentlemen have begun, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper, and had read it out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment, but when I attempted to write, I found that I was not accustomed to writing speeches, and that I did not get on very well. So I flung that away, and resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment,—just to what came uppermost. You will therefore have to accept what is readiest, what comes direct from the heart, and you must just take that in compensation for any good order of arrangement there might have been in it.

I will endeavour to say nothing that is not true, as far as I can manage, and that is pretty much all that I can engage for.

When the seven free Arts on which the old universities were based came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for, or to promote the wants of, modern society,—though, perhaps, some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us—there is a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, though he may be a great speaker, an eloquent orator, yet there is no real substance there,—if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maidservants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the “ologies” and so on, and are apparently totally ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking above all things, not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest to the lowest,—strict obedience, humility, and correct moral conduct. O, it is a dismal chapter, all that, if one went into it!

What has been done by rushing after a fine speech? I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I would wish them to be now; but they are deeply my

conviction. There is very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by and by, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and, what is more than any other, pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence. "Watch the tongue" is a very old precept and a most true one. I do not want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a proper thing, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and know all his excellencies. At the same time, I must say that speech does not seem to me, on the whole, to have turned to any good account.

Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes. He used to tell the Athenians—"You can't fight Philip. You have not the slightest chance with him. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; he can brag anybody you like in your cities here; and he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object; and he will infallibly beat any kind of men such as you, going on ragging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him one day,—“The Athenians will get mad some day and kill you.” “Yes,” Phocion says, “When they are mad; and you as soon as they get sane again.”

It is also told about him going to Messina on some deputation that the Athenians wanted on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature, that Phocion went with some story in his mouth to speak about. He was a man of few words,—no unverity; and after he had gone on telling the story a certain time there was one burst of interruption. One man interrupted with something he tried to answer, and then another, and, finally, the people began bragging and bawling and no end of debate, till it ended in the want of power in the people to say any more. Phocion drew back altogether, struck dumb, and would not speak another word to any man; and he left it to them to decide in any way they liked.

It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said,—“Take your own way, and leave me out altogether.”

All these considerations, and manifold more connected with them, innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this moment,—have led many people to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded ; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers and remain worse than it was. For if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation ? Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say it is excellent ; but I care very little about how he said it, provided I understand it, and it be true. Excellent speaker ! but what if he is telling me things that are untrue, that are not the facts about it—if he has formed a wrong judgment about it—if he has no judgment in his mind to form a right conclusion in regard to the matter ? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying—“ Ho, everyone that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither.” I would recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech.

Well, all that being the too well-known product of our method of vocal education,—the mouth merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way, it had made a great many thinking men entertain a very great distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some kind of practical way of working out the business. There would be room for a great deal of description about it if I went into it ; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of reading that you may be recommended to take and try if you can study is a book by Goethe,—one of his last books, which he wrote when he was an old man, about seventy years of age,—I think one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, full of mild wisdom, and which is found to be very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. It is one of the pieces in “ Wilhelm Meister's Travels.” I read it through many years ago ; of course, I had to read into it very hard when I was translating it, and it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing that I have known to be executed in these last centuries. I have often said there are ten pages of that which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. They turn on the Christian religion and the religious phenomena of Christian life,—altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful, delicately-wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among

others, he introduces, in an ærial, flighty kind of way, here and there a touch which grows into a beautiful picture,—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do.

Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function which transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse, for our having been in it for those who are to follow. The man who is the eldest of the three says to Goethe, “ You give by nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by nature herself, with a very slight assistance, where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and forbearance very often on the part of the overlooker of the process of education ; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use.” Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says, “ What is that ? ” “ All who enter the world want it,” says the eldest ; “ perhaps you yourself.” Wilhelm says, “ Well, tell me what it is.” “ It is,” says the eldest, “ reverence,—*Ehrfurcht*—Reverence ! Honour done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear ; distinct from fear.” *Ehrfurcht*—“ the soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be.” And he goes into practicality. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations, to lay their hands on their breasts and look up to heaven, and they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us.

It is the soul of all the pagan religions ; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us or about us, reverence for our equals, and to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us,—to learn to recognize in pain, sorrow, and contradiction, even in those things, odious as they are to flesh and blood,—to learn that there lies in these a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion,—the highest of all religions ; a height, as Goethe says,—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider,—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is.

Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind—that always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognize what that meant ; and that the world, having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the way in which they seek to teach boys, in the sciences particularly, whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a Master of Arts, or something of that kind ; and when he came back for him he saw a thundering cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them, and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. This is what Goethe calls art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition unless it is clear already. I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, and poetry, and so on ; it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets, and music men would not pass muster. He considers that the highest pitch to which human culture can go and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about with men who have a turn for it.

Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for man in the world. I confess it seems to me it is a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly frightful ; some kind of scheme of education like that, presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance,—a training in practicality at every turn ; no speech in it except that speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among them. For rarely should men speak at all, unless it is to say that thing that is to be done ; and let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together—rough, rude, and ignorant people—gather them together, promise them a shilling a day, rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill, and, by bullying and drill,—for the word “drill” seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn,—they learn what it is necessary to learn ; and there is the man, a piece of an animated machine, a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannon’s mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is commanded of him by his general officer. And I believe all manner of things in this way could be done if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many

things could be regimented and organized into the mute system of education that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. But I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction ; for the saving of human labour and the avoidance of human misery would be unaccountable if it were set about and begun even in part.

Alas ! it is painful to think how very far away it is,—any fulfilment of such things ; for I need not hide from you, young gentlemen,—and that is one of the last things I am going to tell you,—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world ; and I don't think you will find it improve the footing you have, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognize as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world more anarchical than ever, I think. As far as I have noticed, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were ; hotter and hotter the wind rises around everything.

Curious to say, now in Oxford and other places that used to seem to lie at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humour of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are getting afloat. It is evident that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burnt in this world. It will not stand the heat it is getting exposed to. And in saying that, it is but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy,—anarchy *plus* the constable. There is nobody that picks one's pockets without some policeman being ready to take him up. But in every other thing he is the son, not of Kosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, and reckless, and altogether a waste kind of object,—a commonplace man in these epochs ; and the wiser kind of man—the select of whom I hope you will be part—has more and more a set time to it to look forward, and will require to move with double wisdom ; and will find, in short, that the crooked things that he has to pull straight in his own life, or round about, wherever he may be, are manifold, and will tax all his strength wherever he may go.

But why should I complain of that either ?—for that is a thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for,—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that ; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work ; for that is a great

blessing in itself ; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have £10,000, or £10,000,000, or £70 a year. He can get meat and clothes for that ; and he will find very little difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men,—“ Don't be ambitious ; don't be at all too desirous of success ; be loyal and modest.” Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now.

Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one.

I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high ; and you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, that health is a thing to be attended to continually,—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What are nuggets and millions ? The French financier said, “ Alas ! why is there no sleep to be sold ? ” Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

It is a curious thing that I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for “ holy ” in the German language—*heilig*—also means “ healthy.” And so *Heilbronn* means “ holy-well,” or “ healthy-well.” We have in the Scotch “ hale ” ; and I suppose our English word “ whole ”—with a “ w ”—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get better definition of what “ holy ” really is than “ healthy—completely healthy.” *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

A man with his intellect a clear, plain, geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imagining all things in their correct proportions,—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation,—healthy, clear and free, and all round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation—if you are going to write a book—at least, I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health,

and regard the real equilibrium as the centre of things. You should always look at the *helig*, which means holy, and holy means healthy.

Well, that old etymology,—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, that have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison house! It has, indeed, got all the ugly things in it that I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it, and the blessed sunshine, verdure of spring, and rich autumn, and all that in it, too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with old Knox. If you look into him you will find a beautiful Scotch humour in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man; for instance, in his “History of the Reformation,” which is a book I hope everyone of you will read,—a glorious book.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it,—not in sorrows or contradiction to yield, but pushing on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be because the world is travelling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extremely good-will to himself—which he has a right to have—and is moving on towards his object. Keep out of literature as a general rule, I should say also. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you in a world that you consider to be inhospitable and cruel,—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature,—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you.

I will wind up with a small bit of verse that is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a modern psalm in it in some measure. It is sweet and clear. The clearest of sceptical men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had,—freer from cant and misdirected notions of any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says:—

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still through;
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—Onward!

And solemn before us,
 Veiled, the dark Portal,
 Goal of all mortal.
 Stars silent rest o'er us,—
 Graves under us, silent.

While earnest thou gazest
 Comes boding of terror,
 Come phantasm and error
 Perplexes the bravest
 With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
 Heard are the sages,
 The Worlds and the Ages :
 " Choose well : your choice is
 Brief, and yet endless."

Here eyes do regard you
 In Eternity's stillness ;
 Here is all fullness,
 Ye brave, to reward you.
 Work, and despair not.

One last word. *Wir heissen euch hoffen*,—we bid you be of hope.
 Adieu for this time.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772-1834).

THE main "objective" facts relating to the life of S. T. Coleridge are few; like those of most men of letters his adventures were almost solely ideal. We note that he was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devon (where his father was the vicar-schoolmaster), and that he was entered at Christ's Hospital—the Bluecoat School—at the age of nine. Here he remained for eight years learning to read Greek and Latin fluently, and devouring whole libraries.

He went to Cambridge in 1791, where he read deeply in many old folios, and, less innocent amusement, got deeply into debt. His money difficulties combined with a love affair, caused his flight to London, where he enlisted in the Dragoons under the name of Silas Comburbache. Probably the British Army had never before received such a queer recruit. It was found an impossibility to teach him to ride, and when a few Latin words chalked on a stable door served to discover his real identity, no difficulty was found in his being 'bought out' of the army.

In 1795, Coleridge married and settled in Somerset, where he met Wordsworth. This famous friendship led to the Lyrical Ballads—to which Coleridge contributed 'The Ancient Mariner'—the beginning of a new era in English poetry.

Coleridge became addicted to the opium habit, and this hampered his intellect and destroyed his will. Yet he contrived to do a large amount of writing and lecturing, and his Shakespearian Addresses, given in London, are recognised as classics because of their pith and power.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

IN lectures, of which amusement forms a large part of the object, there are some peculiar difficulties. The architect places his foundation out of sight, and the musician tunes his instrument before he makes his appearance; but the lecturer has to try his chords in the presence of the assembly; an operation not likely, indeed, to produce much pleasure, but yet indispensably necessary to a right understanding of the subject to be developed.

Poetry in essence is as familiar to barbarous as to civilized nations. The Laplander and the savage Indian are cheered by it as well as the inhabitants of London and Paris ;—its spirit takes up and incorporates surrounding materials, as a plant clothes itself with soil and climate, whilst it exhibits the working of a vital principle within independent of all accidental circumstances. And to judge with fairness of an author's works, we ought to distinguish what is inward and essential from what is outward and circumstantial. It is essential to poetry that it be simple, and appeal to the elements and primary laws of our nature ; that it be sensuous, and by its imagery elicit truth at a flash ; that it be impassioned, and be able to move our feelings and awaken our affections. In comparing different poets with each other, we should inquire which have brought into the fullest play our imagination and our reason, or have created the greatest excitement and produced the completest harmony. If we consider great exquisiteness of language and sweetness of metre alone, it is impossible to deny to Pope the character of a delightful writer ; but whether he be a poet, must depend upon our definition of the word ; and, doubtless, if everything that pleases be poetry, Pope's satires and epistles must be poetry. This I must say, that poetry, as distinguished from other modes of composition, does not rest in metre, and that it is not poetry, if it make no appeal to our passions or our imagination. One character belongs to all true poets, that they write from a principle within, not originating in any thing without ; and that the true poet's work in its form, its shapings, and its modifications, is distinguished from all other words that assume to belong to the class of poetry, as a natural from an artificial flower, or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems and stuck into the ground ; they are beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the sense, but their colours soon fade, and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter ;—while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight ; its beauty is innate in the soil, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.

The next ground of critical judgment, and point of comparison, will be as to how far a given poet has been influenced by accidental circumstances. As a living poet must surely write, not for the ages past, but for that in which he lives, and those which are to follow, it is, on the one hand, natural that he should not violate, and on the other, necessary that he should not depend on, the mere manners and modes of his day. See how little does Shakespeare leave us to regret that he was born in his particular age ! The great era in modern times was what is called the Restoration of Letters ;—the ages preceding it are called the dark ages ; but it would be more wise, perhaps,

to call them the ages in which we were in the dark. It is usually overlooked that the supposed dark period was not universal, but partial and successive, or alternate ; that the dark age of England was not the dark age of Italy, but that one country was in its light and vigour, whilst another was in its gloom and bondage. But no sooner had the Reformation sounded through Europe like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, than from king to peasant there arose an enthusiasm for knowledge ; the discovery of a manuscript became the subject of an embassy ; Erasmus read by moonlight, because he could not afford a torch, and begged a penny, not for the love of charity, but for the love of learning. The three great points of attention were religion, morals, and taste ; men of genius as well as men of learning, who in this age need to be so widely distinguished, then alike became copyists of the ancients ; and this, indeed, was the only way by which the taste of mankind could be improved, or their understandings informed. Whilst Dante imagined himself a humble follower of Virgil, and Ariosto of Homer, they were both unconscious of that greater power working within them, which in many points carried them beyond their supposed originals. All great discoveries bear the stamp of the age in which they are made ;—hence we perceive the effects of the purer religion of the moderns, visible for the most part in their lives ; and in reading their works we should not content ourselves with the mere narratives of events long since passed, but should learn to apply their maxims and conduct to ourselves.

Having intimated that times and manners lend their form and pressure to genius, let me once more draw a slight parallel between the ancient and modern stage, the stages of Greece and of England. The Greeks were polytheists ; their religion was local ; almost the only object of all their knowledge, art and taste, was their gods ; and, accordingly, their productions were, if the expression may be allowed, statuesque, whilst those of the moderns are picturesque. The Greeks reared a structure, which in its parts, and as a whole filled the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty, and symmetrical proportion. The moderns also produced a whole, a more striking whole ; but it was by blending materials and fusing the parts together. And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakespeare ; in the one a completeness, a satisfaction, an excellence, on which the mind rests with complacency ; in the other a multitude of interlaced materials, great and little, magnificent and mean, accompanied, indeed, with the sense of a falling short of perfection, and yet, at the same time, so promising of our social and individual progression that we would not, if we could, exchange it for that repose of the mind which dwells on the forms of symmetry in the acquiescent admiration or grace. This general

characteristic of the ancient and modern drama might be illustrated by a parallel of the ancient and modern music ;—the one consisting of melody arising from a succession only of pleasing sounds,—the modern embracing harmony also, the result of combination and the effect of a whole.

I have said, and I say it again, that great as was the genius of Shakespeare, his judgment was at least equal to it. Of this anyone will be convinced, who attentively considers those points in which the dramas of Greece and England differ, from the dissimilitude of circumstances by which each was modified and influenced. The Greek stage had its origin in the ceremonies of a sacrifice, such as of the goat to Bacchus, whom we most erroneously regard as merely the jolly god of wine ;—for among the ancients he was venerable, as the symbol of that power which acts without our consciousness in the vital energies of nature,—the *vinum mundi*,—as Apollo was that of the conscious agency of our intellectual being. The heroes of old under the influences of this Bacchic enthusiasm performed more than human actions ;—hence tales of the favourite champions soon passed into dialogue. On the Greek stage the chorus was always before the audience ; the curtain was never dropped, as we should say ; and change of place being therefore, in general, impossible, the absurd notion of condemning it merely as improbable in itself was never entertained by any one. If we can believe ourselves at Thebes in one act, we may believe ourselves at Athens in the next. If a story lasts twenty-four hours or twenty-four years, it is equally improbable. There seems to be no just boundary but what the feelings prescribe. But on the Greek stage where the same persons were perpetually before the audience, great judgment was necessary in venturing on any such change. The poets never, therefore, attempted to impose on the senses by bringing places to men, but they did bring men to places, as in the well known instance in the *Eumenides*, where during an evident retirement of the chorus from the orchestra, the scene is changed to Athens, and *Orestes* is first introduced in the temple of *Minerva*, and the chorus of *Furies* come in afterwards in pursuit of him.

In the Greek drama there were no formal divisions into scenes and acts ; there were no means, therefore, of allowing for the necessary lapse of time between one part of the dialogue and another, and unity of time in a strict sense was, of course, impossible. To overcome that difficulty of accounting for time, which is effected on the modern stage by dropping a curtain, the judgment and great genius of the ancients supplied music and measured motion, and with the lyric ode filled up the vacuity. In the story of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, the capture of Troy is supposed to be announced by a fire lighted on the Asiatic shore, and the trans-

mission of the signal by successive beacons to Mycenæ. The signal is first seen at the 21st line, and the herald from Troy itself enters at the 486th, and Agamemnon himself at the 783rd line. But the practical absurdity of this was not felt by the audience who, in imagination stretched minutes into hours, while they listened to the lofty narrative odes of the chorus which almost entirely filled up the interspace. Another fact deserves attention here, namely, that regularly on the Greek stage a drama, or acted story, consisted in reality of three dramas, called together a trilogy, and performed consecutively in the course of one day. Now you may conceive a tragedy of Shakespeare's as a trilogy connected in one single representation. Divide Lear into three parts, and each would be a play with the ancients ; or take the three Æschylean dramas of Agamemnon, and divide them into, or call them, as many acts, and they together would be one play. The first act would comprise the usurpation of Ægisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon ; the second, the revenge of Orestes, and the murder of his mother ; and the third, the penance and absolution of Orestes ;—occupying a period of twenty-two years.

The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain ; but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet* ;—all is youth and spring ;—youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies ;—spring with its odours, its flowers, and its change ; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men ; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring ; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth ;—whilst in *Juliet* love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring ; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare.

It seems to me that his plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics :

1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage :—' God said, Let there be light, and there *was* light ;' —not there *was* light. As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation.

2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. Passion in Shakespeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality ; and if there are exceptions to this, they are, independently of their intrinsic value, all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of a parent, have an end beyond the parental relation. Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favourite, and soften down the point in her which Shakespeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify. And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage. Shakespeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon ; for although it was natural that Hamlet,—a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation,—should express himself satirically,—yet this must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him. In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business ; but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties,—his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness.

But as in Homer all the deities are in armour, even Venus ; so in Shakespeare all the characters are strong. Hence real folly and dullness are made by him the vehicles of wisdom. There is no difficulty for one being a fool to imitate a fool ; but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool,—*hic labor, hoc opus est*. A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw ; but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry.

3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice ;—he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakespeare's fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness ; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel. Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own, or the succeeding, age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakespeare ;—even the

letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites, nor flatters, passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carry on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortunate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place;—he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental rat-catchers.

4. Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot. The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchman and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action;—take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the main-spring of the plot of this play; but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

5. Independence of the interest on the story as the ground-work of the plot. Hence Shakespeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitability to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was, to see the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakespeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in *Lear*, and yet everything will remain; so the first and second scenes in the *Merchant of Venice*. Indeed it is universally true.

6. Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* as the *exit* speech of the character,—

but also in and through the dramatic. Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has sung or called for them, as Desdemona's 'Willow,' and Ophelia's wild snatches, and the sweet carollings in *As You Like It*. But the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical. And observe how exquisitely the dramatic of *Hotspur* :—

Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart ;
I'd rather be a kitten and cry—mew, &c.

melts away into the lyric of *Mortimer* ;—

I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in, &c.

Henry IV. part i. act iii. sc. i.

7. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader ;—they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so if that which his enemies say ; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right ; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose a pressure or passion always acting on or in the character !—passion in Shakespeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. Shakespeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy.

SIR SIMON D'EWES

(1602-1650).

SIR SIMON D'EWES, the celebrated antiquary, was a Member of the Long Parliament and helped by his eloquence to make it celebrated among the deliberative bodies of the world. Of the three of his speeches of 1640 which are preserved in verbatim reports, that on the 'Antiquity of Cambridge' is the most characteristic of the man and of the learning of the educated classes of a time when education, devoting itself to what Raleigh called "tickle points of niceness," was rendering its possessors foreign to the great body of the English people. On the eve of one of the greatest revolutions in history, D'Ewes took advantage of the fact that the name of Cambridge appeared above that of Oxford in a document under consideration by the House to make a learned and interesting speech—at which, under the circumstances, posterity cannot fail to wonder.

He was born at Coxden, in Dorsetshire, December 18th, 1602, and died April 8th, 1650. He collected the journals of the Parliaments held during the reign of Elizabeth, and his manuscripts sold after his death to Sir Robert Harley are now among the treasures of the British Museum.

THE ANTIQUITY OF CAMBRIDGE

(Delivered in Parliament, January 21st, 1640).

I STAND up to persuade, if it may be, the declining of the present question and the further dispute of this business. Yesterday we had long debate about the putting out of a word, and now we are fallen upon the dispute of putting one word before another. I account no honour to Cambridge that it got the precedency by voices at the former committee, nor will it be any glory to Oxford to gain it by voices here, where we all know the multitudes of borough towns of the western parts of England do send so many worthy Members hither, that if we measure things by number, and not by weight, Cambridge is sure to lose

it. I would therefore propound a more noble way and means for the decision of the present controversy than by question, in which, if the University of Oxford (which for my own part I do highly respect and honour) shall obtain the prize, it will be far more glory to it than to carry it by multitude of voices, which, indeed, can be none at all. Let us therefore dispute it by reason, and not make an idol of either place, and if I shall be so convinced I shall readily change my vote, wishing we may find the same ingenuity in the Oxford men.

There are two principal respects, besides others, in which these famous universities may claim precedency each of the other.

Firstly, in respect of their being, as they were places of note in the elder ages.

Secondly, as they were ancient nurseries and seed plots of learning. If I do not, therefore, prove that Cambridge was a renowned city at least three hundred years before there was a house of Oxford standing, and whilst brute beasts fed, or corn was planted on that place, where the same city is now seated, and that Cambridge was a nursery of learning before Oxford was known to have a Grammar School in it I will yield up the bucklers. If I should lose time to reckon up the vain allegations produced for the antiquity of Oxford by Twyne, and of Cambridge by Caius, I should but repeat *deliria senum*, for I account the most of that they have published in print to be no better. But I find my authority without exception, that in the ancient catalogue of cities of Britain, Cambridge is the ninth in number, where London itself is but the eleventh, and who would have thought that ever Oxford should have contended for precedency with Cambridge, which London gave it above twelve hundred years. This I find in 'Gildas Albanus,' his British story, who died about the year 520, being the ancientest domestic monument we have (page 60); and in a Saxon anonymous story in Latin, touching the Britons and Saxons (page 39), who saith of himself that he lived in the days of Penda, King of the Mercians, in the tenth year of his reign, and that he knew him well, which falls out to be near the year 620. And lastly, I find the catalogue of the said British cities, with some little variation, to be set down in 'Nennius,' his Latin story of Britain (page 38), and he wrote the same, as he says of himself, in the year 880. They all call it "Cair-grant,"—the word "Cair" in the old Celtic tongue signifying city.

These three stories are exotic, and rare monuments, remaining yet only in ancient manuscripts amongst us not known to many; but the authority of them is irrefragable and without exception. The best and most ancient copies that I have seen of 'Gildas Albanus' and 'Nennius' remain in the University library of Cambridge, being those I have vouched, and the 'Saxon Anonymous' in a library we have near

us. This Cairgrant is not only expounded by Alfred of Beverley to signify Cambridge, but also by William de Ramsey, Abbot of Croyland, in his manuscript story of the life of 'Guthlacas,' ignorantly in those elder days reputed a Saint, the said William goes further, and says it was so called *a granta flumine*. This place remained still a city of fame and repute a long time under the reign of the English Saxons, and is called in divers of the old manuscript Saxon annals "Grantecearten." And not withstanding the great devastations it suffered with other places, by reason of the Danish incursions, yet in the first tome or volume of the book of 'Domes Dei' (for now I come to cite records) it appears to have been a place of considerable moment, having in it *decem custodias* and a castle of great strength and extent, and so I have done with Cambridge as a renowned place.

And now I come to speak to it, as it hath been a nursery of learning, nor will I begin higher with it than the time of the learned Saxon monarch King Alfred, because I suppose no man will question or gainsay but that there are sufficient testimonies of certain persons that did together in Cambridge study the arts and sciences much about that time. And it grew to be a place so famous for learning about the time of William I., the Norman, that he sent his younger son Henry thither to be there instructed, who himself being afterwards King of England, by the name of Henry I., was also surnamed Beauclerk, in respect of his great knowledge. If I should undertake to allege and vouch the records and other monuments of good authority, which assert and prove the increase and flourishing estate of this University in the succeeding ages, I should spend more time than our great and weighty occasions at this present will permit ; it shall therefore suffice to have added, that the most ancient and first endowed college of England was Valence College in Cambridge, which after the foundation thereof, as appears by one of our Parliament Rolls remaining upon record in the Tower of London, received the new name or appellation of Pembroke Hall ; it is in Rota. Parliam. de Anno 38 H. 6 num. 31. It appearing therefore so evidently by all that I have said, that Cambridge is in all respects the elder sister (which I speak not to derogate from Oxford), my humble advice is, that we lay aside the present question, as well to avoid division amongst ourselves as to intomb all further emulation between the two sisters, and that we suffer the present bill to pass as it is now penned ; and the rather, because I think Oxford had the precedence in the last bill of this nature that passed this House.

HERBERT ALBERT LAURENS FISHER

(*For Biographical Note see Section i.*)

ART IN PUBLIC LIFE

(Delivered in Sheffield, 1922).

THE schools of art in this country exist, we may suppose, for some purpose. What is that purpose? It is, I think, two-fold: first to equip with the needful measure of accomplishment the teachers who give art instruction in our schools, and secondly, to train men and women to earn their livelihood in one of the artistic professions, either as painters, sculptors, or architects, or as printers or book-binders, or as designers in gold and silver, wood and glass, bronze and iron, porcelain or textiles. Of the first of these important functions I will only now say that in my opinion its effective discharge must greatly depend upon the extent to which the other subject is simultaneously kept in view. A school of art, frequented only by intended art teachers and instructed only by those who have nothing else to do will have to struggle hard to escape petrification; but if, in addition to the students who are designed for the teaching profession, there are others who have sufficient confidence in themselves and in their art to take their talents into the open market and to confront the April weather of an artistic life—if, that is to say, in addition to the students who propose for themselves the modest and limited aim of teaching in schools, there are those who draw no such boundary round their ambitions—then there is a seed of life and buoyancy in the school which should preserve it against the dangers of dullness and decay.

There is, of course, nothing new or peculiar to art schools in this contention. We think it desirable that those who intend to teach the law should receive their education side by side with those who intend to practise it. And one of the main arguments for the development of training departments at our universities is that it throws the prospective teacher into the whirlpool of academic life and enables him to mix freely with contemporaries who are preparing themselves for other callings. But for the art teacher this opportunity of intercourse with art workers of every description is of incomparable value, for without it he might lose sight of the fact that he, too, within the measure of his faculties, should consider himself to be artist as well as teacher, and realize that he will

gain in power and impressiveness as a teacher in proportion as he perfects himself in his art.

And now I come to your second and more important function, the training of the creative artist. And here again I can only speak on the most general lines. The state of the arts and crafts in every country is conditioned by, as it conditions, the public taste. You, who control our schools of art, give directions and receive directions; you influence taste and taste influences you. The artist who designs for a commercial firm must supply a pattern which the firm can sell, and the extent to which a firm can educate its customers in the principles of high art may be less ample than we desire.

There will be no dissent from the proposition that the education of our public bodies is still far from complete. Here, then, is a new task for the art schools. The municipal councillor is not, in my experience, impervious to humanizing influences. Like every other mortal he will yield to seductions, wisely and temperately applied. But nobody capitulates to seductions unless regular siege is laid to the heart. And so, when I pass a hideous public building, I feel that the art lovers of this country should bestir themselves and make their influence felt in the proper quarter, which is not in the circles of the Royal Academy, but in the homes of those plain, honest and laborious citizens who direct the expenditure of our public money. I am not arguing for a greater outlay of money. There is no reason to suppose that beauty is more costly than ugliness. Rather it is ostentation in scale and ornament which is expensive. The unobtrusive perfections of line and symmetry can often be purchased for a song.

Since all artists must obtain a living, great is the power of industry and commerce over the development of our arts and crafts. A genius like William Morris, artist, craftsman, poet, man of business, creates a revolution in natural taste and sets an imprint on every branch of decorative art. Yet in spite of the impulse that has been given by Morris and his school Great Britain fails to hold her own against France in the sphere of industrial design. For some reason or other we seem to lag behind, save always in the lugubrious department of sepulchral monuments. On the Continent the business man is more ready to make an ally of the artist than is the case in England. If we paid more attention to beauty of design, we might conquer some markets which are now closed to us.

I do not, however, wish to exaggerate. In the last 50 years we have made great progress in the minor arts and crafts. Some of our printing is beautiful; so too are the best samples of modern English bookbinding. In the illustration of books again there has been great progress. And

though the French preceded us in this happy departure by at least fifteen years, we are now putting some first-rate artistic work into the advertisements upon our hoardings. What, however, of the textile trade, which is one of our greatest industries? I greatly question—and here I am supported by the Board of Trade Committee on the position of the Textile Trades after the War—whether it is extracting all the assistance which it deserves from the great reserves of artistic talent in the country. The same observation applies to those whose business it is to sell ornamental work in metal, china or glass.

We have no excuse for being contented with any standard lower than the highest. It is a great mistake to paint the Englishman as a natural and ineradicable Philistine, concerned only with his meals and his bank-balances, and his athletic sports. Nobody was ever less like an Englishman than the absurd figure of John Bull, which has been taken as emblematic of the characteristics of our race. There has, on the contrary, never been an age in which our country has not given abundant proof of a high and distinguished power in one or other of the arts. In lyric poetry we are confessedly, next to the ancient Greeks, supreme. In the Middle Ages, our architecture, ecclesiastical and domestic, our wood-carving, our St. Albans School of Illumination, our needlework, were, each in its own line, equal in quality to anything produced in Europe. Of our medieval paintings, only a few faint fragments remain, but enough to show that painting was not an art imported into England with the coming of Holbein from Germany. I need not elaborate a theme, which the treasures contained in the Victoria and Albert Museum would abundantly verify. I will only add an illustration. We do not specially pride ourselves upon our tapestries and textile designs. Tapestry is not, like landscape painting, one of the famous English arts. Yet at the recent Franco-British Exhibition of Textile Art in South Kensington, we had no reason to be ashamed of our native Mortlake School even though its products had to suffer comparison with the masterpieces of the Gobelin factory and the still more exquisite fabrics of the Rheims Cathedral which through the munificence of the French government we were permitted temporarily to enjoy. Let us then start with the assumption that we are not a nation of Philistines, but on the contrary, a people rich in every kind and description of artistic impulse and skill, but, owing to imperfect organization and contrivance, wasting much of this treasure in our careless English way, and contenting ourselves with a great deal of unnecessary ugliness, out of sheer laziness and conservatism. For that I believe to be the true state of affairs. There is plenty of music in our people, but very little musical education. There is plenty of art in our people, but as yet a wholly imperfect use of our artistic resources in industry.

What, then, is the remedy? Let our art schools be few and strong rather than many and weak. Let them influence the public bodies and the industries in their respective areas. Let some, at least, of those who teach in them be employed half time, and otherwise engaged as creative artists, in their respective departments, as designers of fabrics, as workers in glass or metal, as portrait painters or engravers, so that a close touch may be kept with the needs of industry, and a quickening impulse from the outside world may be communicated to work in the school. Conversely, let the city in which such a school is placed, and the conductors of industry in the city and its neighbourhood, realise that the school of art is not an idle luxury, but a tool fashioned for their own use and profit. And if the school does not yield them all the results which they desire, let them ask themselves whether they are giving it all the support which it deserves—and when I speak of support I am not alluding to funds, but to advice and counsel and to those opportunities of usefulness which it is always in the power of the wise and intelligent patron to extend to a client.

If in these observations I have mainly dwelt upon the school of art as an influence operating through direct production to raise the level of taste in the community and have only glanced for a moment at the direct influence which it exercises through the training of teachers, it is not that I am disposed to under-value the importance of an artistic element in the general education of the ordinary citizen. Every writer who has made a serious contribution to pedagogical literature recognises that Art must have a place in a well-balanced scheme of education. We cannot, indeed, determine in advance what form of artistic discipline, whether drawing or music or handicraft, or the imitation of literary models in prose and verse, will make the most powerful appeal, for each form of art enlists its own disciples. But this we can say, that a school which does not endeavour to convey the idea of beauty, in some parts, at least, of its teaching, even if it be only in the comparatively humble but most important sphere of handwriting, is failing in at least one-third of its mission.

What, however, is beauty? I cannot tell you. My last attempt to frame a philosophy of the beautiful was shattered some years ago in Sheffield at the bottom of the thoroughfare which descends the steep declivity of Brocco Bank. It was there that my eminent and ever-to-be-lamented friend the Belgian poet Verhaeren paused to admire the architectural splendours of the Ecclesall road. It was a clear autumn evening. The drab and woeful scene owed nothing to the familiar and often exquisite clarity of Sheffield smoke. The little row of stark, squalid com-

monplace suburban dwellings offered themselves without veil or apology to the eye of the poet, and he stood in raptures. I dare not challenge, though I cannot adopt, the eulogium of my sensitive friend ; but this moral at least may be drawn from the incident, that it is well to be modest in æsthetic disparagement, seeing that the discovery of beauty is one of the secrets of genius.

JOHN FISHER

(1459(?)-1535).

FISHER'S 'Sermons on the Psalms' are admirable examples of Saxon-English. In eloquence they will not suffer by comparison with the best examples of other pulpit orators in his day or in the Shakespearean age. He was born at Beverley in Yorkshire about 1459. Graduating at Cambridge in 1487, he was made Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1501, and professor of divinity two years later. In 1504, he became Chancellor of the University, a position to which he was repeatedly re-elected. In the same year he was made Bishop of Rochester, and both as an educator and an ecclesiastic he seems to have used his influence in the interest of liberalism and the advancement of learning. He was the friend of Erasmus, and the promoter of the classical scholarship from which at the first revival of ancient learning so much was expected. As he would not lend his countenance to the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and the policies of Henry VIII., he fell into great disfavour at court, and on his refusal to comply with the act of Succession and the act of Supremacy, the King had him beheaded on Tower Hill, June 22nd, 1535.

THE JEOPARDY OF DAILY LIFE

(From his 'Sermons on the Psalms').

THAT man were put in great peril and jeopardy that should hang over a very deep pit holden up by a weak and slender cord or line, in whose bottom should be most wood and cruel beasts of every kind, abiding with great desire his falling down, for that intent when he shall fall down anon to devour him, which line or cord that he hangeth by should be holden up and stayed only by the hands of that man, to whom by his manifold ungentleness he hath ordered and made himself as a very enemy. Likewise, dear friends, consider in yourselves. If now under me were such a very deep pit, wherein might be lions, tigers, and bears gaping with open mouth to destroy and devour me at my falling down, and that there be nothing whereby I might be holden

up and succoured, but a broken bucket or pail which should hang by a small cord, stayed and holden up only by the hands of him to whom I have behaved myself as an enemy and adversary, by great and grievous injuries and wrongs done unto him, would ye not think me in perilous conditions? Yes, without fail! Truly all we be in like manner. For under us is the horrible and fearful pit of hell, where the black devils in the likeness of ramping and cruel beasts do abide desirously our falling down to them. The lion, the tiger, the bear, or any other wild beast, never layeth so busily await for his prey, when he is hungry, as do these great and horrible hell hounds, the devils, for us. Of whom may be heard the saying of Moses: *Dentes bestiarum immittam in eos cum furore trahentium atque serpentium*. I shall send down among them wild beasts to gnaw their flesh, and with the woodness of cruel birds and serpents drawing and tearing their bones. There is none of us living but that is holden up from falling down to hell in as feeble and frail vessel, hanging by a weak line as may be. I beseech you what vessel may be more bruckle and frail than is our body that daily needeth reparation. And if thou refresh it not, anon it perisheth and cometh to naught.

An house made of clay, if it be not oft renewed and repaired with putting to of new clay, shall at the last fall down. And much more this house made of flesh, this house of our soul, this vessel wherein our soul is holden up and borne about, but if it be not refreshed by oft feeding and putting to of meat and drink, within the space of three days it shall waste and slip away. We be daily taught by experience how feeble and frail man's body is. Also, beholding daily the goodly and strong bodies of young people, how soon they die by a short sickness. And, therefore, Solomon, in the book called Ecclesiastes, compareth the body of man to a pot that is bruckle, saying; *Memento creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tue, antequam conteratur hydria super fontem*. Have mind on thy Creator and Maker in the time of thy young age, or ever the pot be broken upon the fountain, that is to say, thy body, and thou, peradventure, fall into the well, that is to say, into the deepness of hell. This pot, man's body, hangeth by a very weak cord which the said Solomon in the same place calleth a cord or line made of silver. *Et antequam rumpatur funiculus argenteus*. Take heed, he saith, or ever the silver cord be broken. Truly this silver cord whereby our soul hangeth and is holden up in this pot, in this frail vessel our body, is the life of man. For as a little cord or line is made or woven of a few threads, so is the life of man knit together by four humours, that as long as they be knit together in a right order, so long is man's life whole and sound. This cord also hangeth by the hand and power of God.

For as Job saith : *Quoniam in illius manu est anima (id est vita) omnis viventis.* In this hand and power is the life of every living creature. And we by our unkindness done against his goodness have so greatly provoked him to wrath that it is a marvel this line should be so long holden up by his power and majesty ; and if it be broken, this pot, our body, is broken, and the soul slippeth down into the pit of hell, there to be torn and all to rent of those most cruel hell hounds. Oh ! good Lord, how fearful condition stand we in if we remember these jeopardies and perils ; and if we do not remember them, we may say Oh, marvellous blindness, ye are madness, never enough to be wailed at, cried out upon. Heaven is above us, wherein Almighty God is resident and abiding, which giveth himself to us as our Father, if we obey and do according unto his holy commandments. The deepness of hell is under us, greatly to be abhorred, full of devils. Our sins and wickedness be afore us. Behind us be the times and spaces that were offered to do satisfaction and penance, which we have negligently lost. On our right hand be all the benefits of our most good and meek Lord, Almighty God, given unto us. And on our left hand be innumerable misfortunes that might have happened if that Almighty God had not defended us by his goodness and meekness. Within us is the most stinking abomination of our sin, whereby the image of Almighty God in us is very foul deformed, and by that we be made unto him very enemies. By all these things before rehearsed, we have provoked the dreadful majesty of him unto so great wrath that we must needs fear lest he let fall this line, our life, from his hands, and the pot, our body, be broken, and we then fall down into the deep dungeon of hell. Therefore, what shall we wretched sinners do, of whom may help and succour be had and obtained for us ? By what manner of sacrifice may the wrath and ire of so great a majesty be pacified and made easy ? Truly the best remedy is to be swift in doing penance for our sins. He only may help them that be penitent. By that only sacrifice his ire is mitigated and suaged chiefly. Our most gracious Lord Almighty God is merciful to them that be penitent. Therefore, let us ask now his mercy with the penitent prophet David. Let us call and cry before the throne of his grace, saying : *Miserere mei deus.* God have mercy on me !

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE

(1835-1924).

THE famous Scottish geologist was born in Edinburgh, December, 1835. He was educated at the High School and University of his native town ; showing an early bent towards geology he was appointed in 1855 on the Geological Survey. He evinced great skill as a field geologist and worked with his chief, Sir Roderick Murchiston, in producing the geological map of Scotland (1862). In 1865 appeared his "Scenery of Scotland," which showed how the scenery of a countryside came to be. This is a favourite topic of Geikie's, who gave a Romanes Lecture in 1898 on "Types of Scenery."

In 1881 he became head of the great Geological Survey, a post held for ten years. He travelled and observed extensively through Europe and America, and published many volumes embodying his researches in geology. He was knighted in 1901, became President of the Royal Society in 1908, and in 1914 received the Order of Merit.

THE VALUE OF ORGANISED KNOWLEDGE

(Address to University Students).

AMONG the mental habits which your education in science has helped to foster, there are a few which I would specially commend to your attention as worthy of your most sedulous care all through life.

In the first place I would place Accuracy. You have learnt in the laboratory how absolutely essential this condition is for scientific investigation. We are all supposed to make the ascertainment of the truth our chief aim, but we do not all take the same trouble to attain it. Accuracy involves labour, and every man is not gifted with an infinite capacity for taking pains. Inexactness of observation is sure, sooner or later, to be detected, and to be visited on the head of the man who commits it. If his observations are incorrect, the conclusions he has drawn from them may be vitiated. Thus all the toil he has endured

in a research may be rendered of no avail, and the reputation he might have gained is not only lost but replaced by discredit. It is quite true that absolute accuracy is often unattainable ; you can only approach it.

But the greater the exertion you make to reach it, the greater will be the success of your investigations. The effort after accuracy will be transferred from your scientific work to your every-day life and becomes a habit of mind, advantageous both to yourselves and to society at large.

In the next place I would set Thoroughness, which is closely akin to accuracy. Your training here has shown you how needful it is in scientific research to adopt thorough and exhaustive methods of procedure. The conditions to be taken into account are so numerous and complex, the possible combinations so manifold, before a satisfactory conclusion can be reached. A laborious collection of facts must be made. Each supposed fact must be sifted out and weighed. The evidence must be gone over again and yet again, each link in its chain being scrupulously tested. The deduction to which the evidence may seem to point must be closely and impartially scrutinised, every other conceivable explanation of the facts being frankly and fully considered. Obviously the man whose education has inured him to the cultivation of a mental habit of the kind is admirably equipped for success in any walk of life which he may be called upon to enter. The accuracy and thoroughness which you have learnt to appreciate and practise at College must never be dropped in later years. Carry them with you as watch-words, and make them characteristic of all your undertaking.

In the third place we may take Breadth. At the outset of your scientific education you were doubtless profoundly impressed by the multiplicity of detail which met your eye in every department of natural knowledge. When you entered upon the study of one of these departments you felt, perhaps almost overpowered and bewildered by the vast mass of facts with which you had to make acquaintance. And yet as your training advanced, you gradually came to see that the infinite variety of phenomena could all be marshalled, according to definite laws, into groups and series. You were led to look beyond the details to the great principles that underlie them and bind them into a harmonious and organic whole. With the help of a guiding system of classification, you were able to see the connection between the separate facts, to arrange them according to their mutual relations, and thus to ascend to the great general laws under which the material world has been constructed. With all attainable thoroughness in the mastery of detail, you have been taught to combine a breadth of treatment which enables you to find and keep a leading clue even through the midst of what might seem a tangled web of confusion. There are some men who cannot see the wood for

trees, and who consequently can never attain great success in scientific investigation. Let it be your aim to master fully the details of the tree, and yet to maintain such a breadth of vision as will enable you to embrace the whole forest within your ken. I need not enlarge on the practical value of this mental habit in every-day life, nor point out the excellent manner in which a scientific education tends to develop it.

In the fourth place, I would inculcate the habit of wide reading in scientific literature. Although the progress of science is now too rapid for any man to keep pace with the advance in all its departments, you should try to hold yourselves in touch with at least the main results arrived at in other branches than your own ; while, in that branch itself, it should be your constant aim to watch every onward step that is taken by others, and do not fall behind the van. This task you will find to be no light one. Even if it were confined to a survey of the march of science in your own country, it would be arduous enough to engage much of your time. But science belongs to no country, and it continues its onward advance all over the globe. If you would keep yourselves informed regarding this progress in other countries, as you are bound to do if you would not willingly be left behind, you will need to follow the scientific literature of those countries. You must be able to read at least French and German. You will find in these languages a vast amount of scientific work relating to your own department and to this accumulated pile of published material the journals of every month continue to add. In many ways it is a misfortune that the literature of Science increases so fast ; but we must take the evil with the good. Practice will eventually enable you to form a shrewd judgment as to which authors or papers you may skip without serious danger of losing any valuable fact or useful suggestion.

In the fifth place, let me plead for the virtue of Patience. In a scientific career we encounter two dangers for the avoidance of which patience is our best support and guide. When life is young and enthusiasm is boundless ; when from the details which we may have laboriously gathered together we seem to catch sight of some new fact or principle, some addition of more or less importance to the sum of human knowledge, there may come upon us the eager desire to make our discovery known. We may long to be allowed to add our own little store to the growing temple of science. We may think of the pride with which we should see our names enrolled among those of the illustrious builders by whom this temple has been slowly reared since the infancy of mankind. So we commit our observations to writing and send them to publication. Eventually we obtain the deep gratification of appearing in print among well-known authors in science. Far be it from me to condemn this

natural desire for publicity. But, as your experience grows, you will probably come to agree with me that if the desire were more frequently and energetically curbed scientific literature would gain much thereby. There is amongst us far too much hurry in publication. We are so afraid lest our observations should be forestalled—so anxious not to lose our claim to priority, that we rush before the world often with a half finished performance which must be corrected, supplemented or cancelled by some later communication. It is this feverish haste which is largely answerable for the mass of jejune, ill-digested and erroneous matter that cumpers the pages of modern scientific journals. Here it is that you specially need patience. Before you venture to publish anything, take the utmost pains to satisfy yourself that it is true, that it is new, and that it is worth putting into print. And be assured that this reticence, while it is a kindness to the literature of science, will most certainly bring with it its own reward to yourselves. It will increase your confidence, and make your ultimate contributions more exact in their facts as well as more accurate and convincing in their argument.

The other danger to which I referred as demanding patience is of an opposite kind. As we advance in our career, and the facts of our investigations accumulate around us, there will come times of depression when we seem lost in a labyrinth of detail out of which no path appears to be discoverable. We have, perhaps, groped our way through this maze, following now one clue, now another, that seemed to promise some outlet to the light. But the darkness has only closed around us the deeper, and we feel inclined to abandon the research as one in which success is, for us at least, unattainable. When this blankness of despair shall come upon you, take courage under it, by remembering that a patient study of any department of nature is never labour thrown away. Every accurate observation you have made, every new fact you have established, is a gain to science. You may not for a time see the meaning of these observations, nor the connection of these facts. But their meaning and connection are sure in the end to be made out. You have gone through the labour necessary for the ascertainment of truth, and if you patiently and watchfully bide your time, the discovery of the truth itself may reward your endurance and your toil.

It is by failures as well as by successes that the true ideal of the man of science is reached. The task allotted to him in life is one of the noblest that can be undertaken. It is his to penetrate into the secrets of nature, to push back the circumference of darkness that surrounds us. To disclose ever more and more of the limitless beauty, harmonious order, and imperious laws that extend throughout the universe. And while he thus enlarges our knowledge, he shows us also how nature may be made

to minister in an ever augmenting multiplicity of ways to the service of humanity. It is to him and his conquests that the material progress of our race is mainly due. If he were content merely to look back over the realms which he has subdued, he might well indulge in jubilant feelings, for his peaceful victories have done more for the enlightenment and progress of mankind than were ever achieved by the triumphs of war. But his eye is turned rather to the future than to the past. In front of him rises the wall of darkness that shrouds from him the still unknown. What he has painfully accomplished seems to him but little in comparison with the infinite possibilities that lie beyond. And so he presses onward, not self-satisfied and exultant, but rather humbled and reverential, yet full of hope and courage for the work of further conquest that lies before him.

JULIUS CHARLES HARE

(1795-1855).

JULIUS CHARLES HARE, Archdeacon of Lewes, born September 13th, 1795, was one of the most eloquent English divines of the first half of the nineteenth century. To read half a dozen of his sentences is to see that he has the gift of setting his thought to music and that all his prose lacks of being poetry is a more exact metre than he chose to give it. Aside from its intense and delicate melody,—approaching that of Schubert among composers,—his prose has beauty and strength, due to the rapid succession of its monosyllables. His sermon, 'The Children of Light,' is one of the best examples of English pulpit oratory. He died January 23rd, 1855, leaving numerous memorials of his active career in the shape of sermons, treatises and essays, among them the 'Guesses at Truth,' of which, with A. W. Hare he was joint author.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT

(Delivered before the University of Cambridge).

WALK as children of light. This is the simple and beautiful substance of your Christian duty. This is your bright privilege, which if you use it according to the grace whereby you have received it, will be a prelude and foretaste of the bliss and glory of heaven. It is to light that all nations and languages have had recourse, whenever they wanted a symbol for anything excellent in glory ; and if we were to search through the whole of inanimate nature for an emblem of pure unadulterated happiness, where could we find such an emblem except in light ?—traversing the illimitable regions of space with a speed surpassing that of thought, incapable of injury or stain, and, whithersoever it goes, showering beauty and gladness. In order, however, that we may in due time inherit the whole fullness of this radiant beatitude, we must begin by training and fitting ourselves for it. Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud ; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming. So should

we endeavour to render our lives here on earth as it were the dawn of heaven's eternal day ; we should endeavour to walk as children of light. Our thoughts and feelings should all be akin to light and have something of the nature of light in them ; and our actions should be like the action of light itself, and like the action of all those powers and of those beings which pertain to light, and be said to form the family of light ; while we should carefully abstain and shrink from all such works as pertain to darkness, and are wrought by those who may be called the brood of darkness.

Thus the children of light will walk as having the light of knowledge, steadfastly, firmly, right onward to the end that is set before them. When men are walking in the dark, through an unknown and roadless country, they walk insecurely, doubtingly, timidly. For they cannot see where they are treading ; they are fearful of stumbling against a stone or falling into a pit ; they cannot even keep on for many steps certain of the course they are taking. But by day we perceive what is under us and about us, we have the end of our journey, or at least the quarter where it lies, full in view, and we are able to make for it by the safest and speediest way. The very same advantage have those who are light in the Lord, the children of spiritual light, over the children of spiritual darkness. They know whither they are going ; to heaven. They know how they are to get there ; by Him who has declared Himself to be the Way ; by keeping His word, by walking in His paths, by trusting in His atonement. If you, then, are children of light, if you know all this, walk according to your knowledge, without stumbling or slipping, without swerving or straying, without loitering or dallying by the way, onward ever onward beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness, on the road which leads to heaven.

In the next place, the children of light are upright and honest and straightforward and open and frank in all their dealings. There is nothing like dissimulation, nothing like fraud or deceit. These are the ministers and the spawn of darkness. It is the darkness that hides its face, lest any should be appalled by so dismal a sight ; light is the revealer and manifester of all things. It lifts up its brow on high, that all may behold it ; for it is conscious that it has nothing to dread, that the breath of shame cannot soil it. Whereas, the wicked lie in wait, and roam through the dark, and screen themselves therein from the sight of the sun, as though the sun were the only eye wherewith God can behold their doings. It is under the cover of night that the reveller commits his foulest acts of intemperance and debauchery. It is under the cover of night that the thief and murderer prowls about to bereave his brother of his substance or of his life. These children of darkness seek the shades of darkness

to hide themselves thereby from the eyes of their fellow-creatures, from the eyes of heaven, nay, even from their own eyes, from the eye of conscience, which, at such a season, they find easier to hoodwink and blind. They, on the other hand, who walk abroad and ply their tasks during the day, and those by whose labour their brethren are benefited and supported ; those who make the earth yield her increase or who convert her produce into food and clothing, or who minister to such wants as spring up in countless varieties beneath the march of civilized society. Nor is this confined to men ; the brute animals seem to be under a similar instinct. The beasts of prey lie in their lair during the daytime and wait for sunset ere they sally out on their destructive wanderings ; while the beneficent, household animals, those which are the most useful and friendly to man, are like him in a certain sense children of light, and come forth and go to rest with the sun. They who are conscious of no evil wish or purpose do not shun or shrink from the eyes of others ; though never forward in courting notice, they bid it welcome when it chooses to visit them. Our Saviour Himself tells us that the condemnation of the world lies in this, that although light is come into the world, yet men love darkness rather than the light, because their deeds are evil. Nothing but their having utterly depraved their nature could seduce them into loving what is so contrary and repugnant to it. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, nor cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God. To the same effect, He commands His disciples to let their light so shine before men that they may see their good works, not, however, for any vain, ostentatious, selfish purpose,—this would have been directly against the whole spirit of His teaching,—but in order that men may be moved thereby to glorify God.

For the children of light are also meek and lowly. Even the sun, although he stand up on high, and drives his chariot across the heavens, rather averts observation from himself than attracts it. His joy is to glorify his Maker, to display the beauty, and magnificence, and harmony, and order, of all the works of God. So far, however, as it is possible for him, he withdraws himself from the eyes of mankind ; not indeed in darkness, wherein the wicked hide their shame, but in excess of light wherein God Himself veils His glory. And if we look at the other children of light, that host of white-robed pilgrims that travel across the vault of the nightly sky, the imagination is unable to conceive anything quieter and calmer, and more unassuming. They are the exquisite and perfect emblems of meek loveliness and humility in high station. It is only the spurious lights of the fires whereby the earth would mimic the light

of heaven, that glare and flare and challenge attention for themselves ; while, instead of illuminating the darkness beyond their immediate neighbourhood, they merely make it thicker and more palpable ; as these lights alone vomit smoke, as these alone ravage and consume.

Again the children of light are diligent, and orderly, and unwearied in the fulfilment of their duties. Here, also, they take a lesson from the sun, who pursues the path that God has marked out for him, and pours daylight on whatever is beneath him from his everlasting, inexhaustible fountains, and causes the wheel of the seasons to turn round, and summer and winter to perform their annual revolutions, and has never been behindhand in his task, and never slackens, nor faints, nor pauses, nor ever will pause, until the same hand which launched him on his way shall again stretch itself forth to arrest his course. All the children of light are careful to follow their Master's example, and to work His works while it is day ; for they know that the night of the grave cometh, when no man can work, and that, unless they are working the works of light, when that night overtakes them, darkness must be their portion for ever.

The children of light are likewise pure. For the light is not only the purest of all sensuous things, so pure that nothing can defile it, but whatever else is defiled is brought to the light, and the light purifies it. And the children of light know that, although, whatever darkness cover them will be no darkness to God, it may and will be darkness to themselves. They know that, although no impurity in which they can bury their souls will be able to hide them from the sight of God, yet it will utterly hide God from their sight. They know that it is only by striving to purify their own hearts, even as God is pure, that they can at all fit themselves for the beatific vision which Christ has promised to the pure in heart.

Cheerfulness, too, is a never failing characteristic of those who are truly children of light. For is not light at once the most joyous of all things, and the enlivener and gladdener of all nature, animate and inanimate, the dispeller of sickly cares, the calmer of restless inquietudes ? Is it not as a bridegroom that the sun comes forth from his chamber ? And does he not rejoice as a giant to run his course ? Does not all nature grow bright the moment he looks upon her, and welcome him with smiles ? Do not all the birds greet him with their merriest notes ? Do not even the tearful clouds deck themselves out in the glowing hues of the rainbow when he vouchsafes to shine upon them ? And shall not man smile with rapture beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness ? Shall he not hail His rising with hymns of praise and psalms of thanksgiving ? Shall he not be cheered amid his deepest affliction, when the rays of that sun fall upon him, and paint the arch of promise on his soul ?

It cannot be otherwise. Only while we are hemmed in with darkness are we harassed by terrors and misgiving. When we see clearly on every side, we feel bold and assured ; nothing can then daunt, nothing can dismay us. Even that sorrow which of all others is the most utterly without hope, the sorrow for sin, is to the children of light the pledge of their future bliss. For with them it is the sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation ; and having the Son of God for their Saviour, what can they fear ? Or, rather, when they know and feel in their hearts that God has given His only-begotten Son to suffer death for their sakes, how shall they not trust that He who has given them His Son, will also give them whatsoever is for their real, everlasting good ?

Finally the children of light will also be children of love. Indeed, it is only another name for the same thing. For light is the most immediate outward agent and minister of God's love, the most powerful and rapid diffuser of His blessings through the whole universe of His creation. It blesses the earth and makes her bring forth herbs and plants. It blesses the herbs and plants, and makes them bring forth their grain and their fruit. It blesses every living creature, and enables all to support and enjoy their existence. Above all, it blesses man in his goings out and comings in, in his body and in his soul, in his senses and in his imagination, and in his affections ; in his social intercourse with his brother and in his solitary communion with his Maker. Merely blot out light from the earth, and joy will pass away from it ; and health will pass away from it ; and life will pass away from it ; and it will sink back into a confused turmoiling chaos. In no way can the children of light so well prove that this is, indeed, their parentage, as by becoming the instruments of God in shedding His blessings around them. Light illumines everything, the lowly valley as well as the lofty mountain ; it fructifies everything, the humblest herb as well as the lordliest tree ; and there is nothing hid from its heat. Nor does Christ the Original, of whom light is the image, make any distinction between the high and the low, between the humble and the lordly. He comes to all, unless they drive Him from their doors. He calls to all, unless they obstinately close their ears against Him. He blesses all, unless they cast away His blessing. Nay, although they cast it away, He still perseveres in blessing them, even unto seven times, even unto seventy times seven. Ye, then, who desire to be children of light, ye, who would gladly enjoy the full glory and blessedness of that heavenly name, take heed to yourselves, that ye walk as children of light in this respect more especially. No part of your duty is easier ; you may find daily and hourly opportunity of practising it. No part of your duty is more delightful ; the joy you kindle in the heart of another cannot fail of shedding back its brightness on your own. No part of your duty

is more Godlike. They who attempted to become like God in knowledge fell in the Garden of Eden. They who strove to become like God in power were confounded on the plain of Shinar. They who endeavour to become like God in love, who feel His approving smile and His helping arm, every effort they make will bring them nearer to His presence, and they will find His renewed image grow more and more vivid within them, until the time comes when they, too, shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778-1830).

HAZLITT'S lectures on English literature and other literary topics were among the earliest of those platform addresses by critics, scholars, scientists, and philosophers, for which the nineteenth century has been distinguished above all others in history. Hazlitt has been frequently attacked as a critic by other critics, who accuse him of "cramming for each occasion." If that habit be more criminal than the habit much more general among critics of disregarding the facts they have not time or inclination to "cram," the unquestionable and striking eloquence of Hazlitt's lectures has nevertheless immortalized them. The friend of Leigh Hunt, of Godwin, of Coleridge, and of Charles Lamb, he represents the intellectual tradition of a period in English literature which in many respects strikingly approximates to the "Golden Age" of Elizabeth. Hazlitt was born April 10th, 1778, at Maidstone. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, who sent him to the Unitarian College at Hackney to complete his education. It is said he received there the bent towards metaphysics which is so frequently apparent in his writings. In 1802 he determined to be a painter, and did finally open a studio in London, where he made a complete failure as an artist, and was accordingly forced into the field for which he was eminently fitted—that of a lecturer and essayist on literature. His private life was irregular and unhappy. The nervous temperament which gave him the susceptibility necessary for the expression of his genius subjected him to constant depression as the price of his effectiveness, and he died, prematurely, September 18th, 1830, attended to the last by his friend Charles Lamb, who so strikingly resembled him in temperament.

WIT AND HUMOUR

(Lectures on the English Humorists).

MAN is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters: we laugh at what only disappoints our

expectations in trifles. We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress ; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth, rather than any serious reflections on it.

To explain the nature of laughter and tears is to account for the condition of human life, for it is in a manner compounded of these two. It is a tragedy or a comedy—sad or merry, as it happens. The crimes and misfortunes that are inseparable from it shock and wound the mind when they once seize upon it, and, when the pressure can no longer be borne, seek relief in tears ; the follies and absurdities that men commit, or the odd accidents that befall them, afford us amusement from the very rejection of these false claims upon our sympathy, and end in laughter. If everything that went wrong, if every vanity or weakness in another gave us a sensible pang, it would be hard indeed ; but as long as the disagreeableness of the consequences of a sudden disaster is kept out of sight by the immediate oddity of the circumstances, and the absurdity or unaccountableness of a foolish action is the most striking thing in it, the ludicrous prevails over the pathetic, and we receive pleasure instead of pain from the farce of life which is played before us, and which discomposes our gravity as often as it fails to move our anger or our pity.

Mere wit, as opposed to reason or argument, consists in striking out some casual and partial coincidence which has nothing to do or, at least, implies no necessary connection with the nature of the things, which are forced into a seeming analogy by a play upon words, or some irrelevant conceit, as in puns, riddles, alliteration, etc. The jest, in all such cases, lies in the sort of mock identity, or nominal resemblance, established by the intervention of the same words expressing different ideas, and countenancing, as it were, by a fatality of language, the mischievous insinuation which the person who has the wit to take advantage of it wishes to convey. So when the disaffected French wits applied to the new order of the *Fleur du lys* the *double entendre* of *Compagnons d' Ulysses*, or companions of Ulysses, meaning the animal into which the fellow-travellers of the hero of the "Odyssey" were transformed, this was a shrewd and biting intimation of a galling truth (if truth it were) by a fortuitous concurrence of letters of the alphabet, jumping in "a foregone conclusion," but there was no proof of the thing, unless it was self-evident. And, indeed, this may be considered as the best defence of the contested maxim, that ridicule is the test of truth, namely, that it does not contain or attempt a formal proof of it but owes its power of conviction to the bare suggestion of it, so that if the thing when once hinted is not clear in itself, the satire fails of its effect and falls to the ground.

The sarcasm here glanced at the character of the new or old French noblesse may not be well founded ; but it is so like truth, and “ comes in such a questionable shape,” backed with the appearance of an identical proposition, that it would require a long train of facts and laboured arguments to do away the impression, even if we were sure of the honesty and wisdom of the person who undertook to refute it. A flippant jest is as good a test of truth as a solid bribe ; and there are serious sophistries,

“ Soul-killing lies, and truths that work small good,”

as well as idle pleasantries. Of this we may be sure, that ridicule fastens on the vulnerable points of a cause, and finds out the weak sides of an argument ; if those who resort to it sometimes rely too much on its success, those who are chiefly annoyed by it almost always are so with reason, and cannot be too much on their guard against deserving it. Before we can laugh at a thing, its absurdity must at least be open and palpable to common apprehension. Ridicule is necessarily built on certain supposed facts, whether true or false, and on their inconsistency with certain acknowledged maxims, whether right or wrong. It is, therefore, a fair test, if not a philosophical or abstract truth, at least of what is truth according to public opinion and common sense ; for it can only expose to instantaneous contempt that which is condemned by public opinion, and is hostile to the common sense of mankind. Or, to put it differently, it is the test of the quantity of truth, that there is in our favourite prejudices. To show how nearly allied wit is thought to be to truth, it is not unusual to say of any person : “ Such a one is a man of sense ; for though he said nothing, he laughed in the right place.” Alliteration comes in here under the head of a certain sort of verbal wit ; or, by pointing the expression, sometimes points the sense. Mr. Grattan’s wit or eloquence (I don’t know by what name to call it) would be nothing without this accompaniment. Speaking of some ministers whom he did not like he said : “ Their only means of government are the guinea and the gallows.” There can scarcely, it must be confessed, be a more effectual mode of political conversion than one of these applied to a man’s friends and the other to himself. The fine sarcasm of Junius on the effect of the supposed ingratitude of the Duke of Grafton at court,—“ The instance might be painful but the principle would please,”—notwithstanding the profound insight into human nature it implies, would hardly pass for wit without the alliteration, as some poetry would hardly be acknowledged as such without the rhyme to clench it. A quotation or a hackneyed phrase, dexterously turned or wrested to another purpose, has often the effect of the liveliest wit. An idle fellow who had

only fourpence left in the world, which had been put by to pay for the baking some meat for his dinner, went and laid it out to buy a new string for a guitar. An old acquaintance, on hearing this story, repeated those lines out of the "Allegro":—

" And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs."

The reply of the author of the periodical paper called the *World* to a lady at church, who seeing him look thoughtful, asked what he was thinking of—"The next *World*"—is a perversion of an established formula of language, something of the same kind. Rhymes are sometimes a species of wit, where there is an alternate combination and resolution or decomposition of the elements of sound, contrary to our usual division and classification of them in ordinary speech, not unlike the sudden separation and reunion of the component parts of the machinery in a pantomime. The author who excels infinitely the most in this way is the writer of '*Hudibras*.' He also excels in the invention of single words and names, which have the effect of wit by sounding big, and meaning nothing—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But of the artifices of this author's burlesque style I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It is not always easy to distinguish between the wit of words and that of things "for thin partitions do their bounds divide." Some of the late Mr. Curran's *bon mots*, or *jeux d'esprit*, might be said to owe their birth to this sort of equivocal generation; or were a happy mixture of verbal wit and a lively and picturesque fancy, of legal acuteness in detecting the variable applications of words, and of a mind apt at perceiving the ludicrous in external objects. "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said one of his brother judges to him. "Nothing but the head," was the answer. Now here instantaneous advantage was taken of the slight technical ambiguity in the construction of language, and the matter-of-fact is flung into the scale as a thumping makeweight. After all, verbal and accidental strokes of wit, though the most surprising and laughable, are not the best and most lasting. That wit is the most refined and effectual which is founded on the detection of unexpected likeness or distinction in things, rather than in words. It is more severe and galling, that is, it is more unpardonable though less surprising, in proportion as the thought suggested is more complete and satisfactory, from its being inherent in the nature of the things themselves. Truth makes the greatest libel, and it is that which bars the darts of wit. The Duke of Buckingham's saying, "Laws are not, like women, the worse for being

old," is an instance of a harmless truism and the utmost malice of wit united. This is, perhaps, what has been meant by the distinction between true and false wit. Addison, indeed, goes so far as to make it the exclusive test of true wit that it will bear translation into another language, that is to say, that it does not depend at all on the form of expression. But this is by no means the case. Swift would hardly have allowed of such a strait-laced theory, to make havoc with his darling conundrums ; though there is no one whose serious wit is more that of things, as opposed to a mere play either of words or fancy. I ought, I believe, to have noticed before, in speaking of the difference between wit and humour, that wit is often pretended absurdity, where the person overacts or exaggerates a certain part with a conscious design to expose it as if it were another person, as when Mandrake in the " Twin Rivals " says : " This glass is too big, carry it away ; I'll drink out of the bottle." On the contrary, when Sir Hugh Evans says very innocently " 'Od's plessed will, I will not be absent at the grace," though there is here a great deal of humour, there is no wit. This kind of wit of the humorist, where the person makes a butt of himself, and exhibits his own absurdities or foibles purposely in the most pointed and glaring lights, runs through the whole of the character of Falstaff, and is, in truth, the principle on which it is founded. It is an irony directed against oneself. Wit is, in fact, a voluntary act of the mind, or exercise of the invention, showing the absurd and ludicrous consciously, whether in ourselves or another. Cross-readings, where the blunders are designed, are wit ; but if any one were to light upon them through ignorance or accident, they would be merely ludicrous.

It might be made an argument of the intrinsic superiority of poetry or imagination to wit, that the former does not admit of mere verbal combinations. Whenever they do occur, they are uniformly blemishes. It requires something more solid and substantial to raise admiration or passion. The general forms and aggregate masses of our ideas must be brought more into play, to give weight and magnitude. Imagination may be said to be the finding out something similar in things generally alike, or with like feelings attached to them, while wit principally aims at finding out something that seems the same, or amounts to a momentary deception where you least expected it, namely, in things totally opposite. The reason why more slight and partial, or merely accidental and nominal, resemblances serve the purposes of wit, and indeed characterise its essence as a distinct operation and faculty of the mind, is, that the object of ludicrous poetry is naturally to let down and lessen ; and it is easier to let down than to raise up ; to weaken than to strengthen ; to disconnect our sympathy from passion and power than to attach and

rivet it to any object of grandeur or interest ; to startle and shock our preconceptions, by incongruous and equivocal combinations, than to confirm, enforce, and expand them by powerful and lasting associations of ideas, or striking and true analogies. A slight cause is sufficient to produce a slight effect. To be indifferent or sceptical requires no effort ; to be enthusiastic and in earnest requires a strong impulse and collective power. Wit and humour (comparatively speaking, or taking the extremes to judge of the gradations by) appeal to our indolence, our vanity, our weakness, and insensibility ; serious and impassioned poetry appeals to our strength, our magnanimity, our virtue, and humanity. Anything is sufficient to heap contempt upon an object ; even the bare suggestion of a mischievous allusion to what is improper dissolves the whole charm and puts an end to our admiration of the sublime or beautiful. Reading the finest passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost" in a false tone will make it seem insipid and absurd. The cavilling at, or invidiously pointing out, a few slips of the pen will embitter the pleasure or alter our opinion of a whole work, and make us throw it down in disgust. The critics are aware of this vice and infirmity in our nature, and play upon it with periodical success. The meanest weapons are strong enough for this kind of warfare, and the meanest hands can wield them. Spleen can subsist on any kind of food. The shadow of a doubt, the hint of an inconsistency, a word, a look, a syllable, will destroy our best-formed convictions. What puts this argument in as striking a point of view as anything is the nature of parody or burlesque, the secret of which lies merely in transposing or applying at a venture to anything, or to the lowest objects, that which is applicable only to certain given things, or to the highest matters. "From the sublime to the ridiculous, there is but one step." The slightest want of unity of impression destroys the sublime ; the detection of the smallest incongruity is an infallible ground to rest the ludicrous upon.

ON SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON

(Lectures on the Dramatists).

DR. JOHNSON thought Shakspeare's comedies better than his tragedies and gives as a reason, that he was more at home in the one than in the other. That comedies should be written in a more easy and careless vein than tragedies, is but natural. That is only saying that a comedy is not so serious a thing as a tragedy. But that he showed a greater

mastery in the one than the other, I cannot allow, nor is it generally felt. The labour which the Doctor thought it cost Shakspeare to write his tragedies, only showed the labour which it cost the critic in reading them, that is, his general indisposition to sympathise heartily and spontaneously with works of high-wrought passion or imagination. There is not in any part of this author's writings the slightest trace of his having ever been 'smit with the love of sacred song,' except some passages in Pope. His habitually morbid temperament and saturnine turn of thought required that the string should rather be relaxed than tightened, that the weight upon the mind should rather be taken off than have anything added to it. There was a sluggish moroseness about his moral constitution that refused to be roused to any keen agony of thought, and that was not very safely to be trifled with in lighter matters, though this last was allowed to pass off as the most pardonable offence against the gravity of his pretensions. It is in fact the established rules at present, in these cases, to speak highly of the doctor's authority, and to dissent from almost every one of his critical decisions. For my own part, I so far consider this preference given to the comic genius of the poet as erroneous and unfounded, that I should say that he is the only tragic poet in the world in the highest sense, as being on a par with, and the same as Nature, in her greatest heights and depths of action and suffering. There is but one who durst walk within that mighty circle, treading the utmost bound of nature and passion, showing us the dread abyss of woe in all its ghastly shapes and colours, and laying open all the faculties of the human soul to act, to think, and suffer, in direst extremities; whereas I think, on the other hand, that in comedy, though his talents there, too, were as wonderful as they were delightful, yet that there were some before him, others on a level with him, and many close behind him. I cannot help thinking, for instance, that Molière was as great, or a greater comic genius than Shakspeare, though assuredly I do not think that Racine was as great, or a greater tragic genius. I think that both Rabelais and Cervantes, the one in the power of ludicrous description, the other in the invention and perfect keeping of comic character, excelled Shakspeare; that is, they would have been greater men, if they had had equal power with him over the stronger passions. For my own reading, I like Vanbrugh's *City Wives' Confederacy* as well, or ('not to speak it profanely') better than the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Congreve's *Way of the World* as well as the *Comedy of Errors* or *Love's Labour Lost*. But I cannot say that I know of any tragedies in the world that make even a tolerable approach to *Hamlet*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*, or some others, either in the sum total of their effect, or in their complete distinctness from everything else, by which they take not only unquestioned,

but undivided possession of the mind, and form a class, a world by themselves, mingling with all our thoughts like a second being. Other tragedies tell for more or less, are good, bad, or indifferent, as they have more or less excellence of a kind common to them with others : but these stand alone by themselves ; they have nothing common-place in them, they are a new power in the imagination, they tell for their whole amount, they measure from the ground. There is not only nothing so good (in my judgment) as Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, or Macbeth, but there is nothing like Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, or Macbeth. There is nothing, I believe, in the majestic Corneille, equal to the stern pride of Coriolanus, or which gives such an idea of the crumbling in pieces of the Roman grandeur, "like an unsubstantial pageant faded," as the Antony and Cleopatra. But to match the best serious comedies, such as Molière's Misanthrope and his Tartuffe, we must go to Shakspeare's tragic characters, the Timon of Athens or honest Iago, when we shall more than succeed. He put his strength into his tragedies, and played with comedy. He was greatest in what was greatest ; and his *forte* was not trifling, according to the opinion here combated, even though he might do that as well as anybody else, unless he could do it better than anybody else, —I would not be understood to say that there are not scenes or whole characters in Shakspeare equal in wit and drollery to anything upon record. Falstaff alone is an instance which, if I would, I could not get over. 'He is the leviathan of all the creatures of the author's comic genius, and tumbles about his unwieldy bulk in an ocean of wit and humour.' But in general it will be found (if I am not mistaken) that even in the very best of these, the spirit of humanity and the fancy of the poet greatly prevail over the mere wit and satire, and that we sympathise with his characters oftener than we laugh at them. His ridicule wants the sting of ill nature. He had hardly such a thing as spleen in his composition. Falstaff himself is so great a joke, rather from his being so huge a mass of enjoyment than of absurdity. His re-appearance in the Merry Wives of Windsor is not 'a consummation devoutly to be wished,' for we do not take pleasure in the repeated triumphs over him. Mercurio's quips and banter upon his friends show amazing gaiety, frankness, and volubility of tongue, but we think no more of them when the poet takes the words out of his mouth, and gives the description of Queen Mab. Touchstone, again, is a shrewd biting fellow, a lively mischievous wag ; but still what are his gibing sentences and chopped logic to the fine moralising vein of the fantastical Jacques, stretched beneath 'the shade of melancholy boughs ?' Nothing. That is, Shakspeare was a greater poet than wit ; his imagination was the leading and master-quality of his mind, which was always ready to soar into its native element :

the ludicrous was only secondary and subordinate. In the comedies of gallantry and intrigue, with what freshness and delight we come to the serious and romantic parts ! What a relief they are to the mind, after those of mere ribaldry or mirth ! Those in *Twelfth Night*, for instance, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Olivia and Hero are concerned, throw even Malvolio and Sir Toby, and Benedick and Beatrice, into the shade. They ' give a very echo to the seat where love is throned.' What he has said of music might be said of his own poetry—

' Oh ! it came o'er the ear like the sweet south
Breathing upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.'

How poor, in general, what a falling-off, these parts seem in mere comic authors ; how ashamed we are of them ; and how fast we hurry the blank verse over, that we may get upon safe ground again, and recover our good opinion of the author ! A striking and lamentable instance of this may be found (by anyone who chooses) in the high-flown speeches in Sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*.—As good an example as any of this informing and redeeming power in our author's genius might be taken from the comic scenes in both parts of *Henry IV*. Nothing can go much lower in intellect or morals than many of the characters. Here are knaves and fools in abundance, of the meanest order, and stripped stark-naked. But genius, like charity, ' covers a multitude of sins ; ' we pity as much as we despise them ; in spite of our disgust we like them, because they like themselves, and because we are made to sympathise with them ; and the ligament, fine as it is, which links them to humanity, is never broken. Who would quarrel with Wart or Feeble, or Mouldy or Bull-calf, or even with Pistol, Nym, or Bardolph ? None but a hypocrite. The severe censurers of the morals of imaginary characters can generally find a hole for their own vices to creep out at ; and yet do not perceive how it is that the imperfect and even deformed characters in Shakspeare's plays, as done to the life, by forming a part of our personal consciousness claim our personal forgiveness, and suspend or evade our moral judgment, by bribing our self-love to side with them. Not to do so, is not morality, but affectation, stupidity, or ill-nature. I have more sympathy with one of Shakspeare's pick-purses Gadshill or Peto, than I can possibly have with any member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and would by no means assist to deliver the one into the hands of the other. Those who cannot be persuaded to draw a veil over the foibles of ideal characters, may be suspected of wearing a mask over their own ! Again, in point of understanding and attainments, Shallow sinks low enough ; and yet his

cousin Silence is a foil to him ; he is the shadow of a shade, glimmers on the very verge of downright imbecility, and totters on the brink of nothing. ' He has been merry twice or once ere now,' and is hardly persuaded to break his silence in a song. Shallow, has ' heard the chimes at midnight,' and roared out glees and catches at taverns and inns of court, when he was young. So, at least, he tells his cousin Silence, and Falstaff encourages the loftiness of his pretensions. Shallow would be thought a great man among his dependents and followers. Silence is nobody—not even in his own opinion ; yet he sits in the orchard, and eats his caraways and pippins among the rest. Shakspeare takes up the meanest subjects with the same tenderness that we do an insect's wing, and would not kill a fly. To give a more particular instance of what I mean, I will take the inimitable and effecting, though most absurd and ludicrous dialogue, between Shallow and Silence, on the death of old Double.

Shallow. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your hand, Sir ; give me your hand, Sir ; an early stirrer, by the road. And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

Silence. Good morn^gw, good cousin Shallow.

Shallow. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

Silence. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shallow. By yea and nay, Sir ; I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar : he is at Oxford still, is he not ?

Silence. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shallow. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly. I was once of Clement's-Inn ; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Silence. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shallow. I was called anything, and I would have done anything indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Beare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again ; and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff (now Sir John), a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Silence. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shallow. The same Sir John, the very same : I saw him break Schoggan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high ;

and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead.

Silence. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure : death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all, all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Silence. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shallow. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet ?

Silence. Dead, Sir.

Shallow. Dead ! see, see ! he drew a good bow : and dead ? he shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ! he would have clapped i'th' clout at twelve score ; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

Silence. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shallow. And is old Double dead ? '

There is not anything more characteristic than this in all Shakspeare. A finer sermon on mortality was never preached. We see the frail condition of human life, and the weakness of the human understanding in Shallow's reflections on it ; who, while the past is sliding from beneath his feet, still clings to the present. The meanest circumstances are shown through an atmosphere of abstraction that dignifies them : their very insignificance makes them more effecting, for they instantly put a check on our aspiring thoughts, and remind us that, seen through that dim perspective, the difference between the great and little, the wise and foolish, is not much. ' One touch of nature makes the whole world kin : ' and old Double, though his exploits had been greater, could but have had his day. There is a pathetic *naïveté* mixed up with Shallow's commonplace reflections and impertinent digressions. The reader laughs (as well he may) in reading the passage, but he lays down the book to think. The wit, however diverting, is social and humane. But this is not the distinguishing characteristic of wit which is generally provoked by folly, and spends its venom upon vice.

The fault, then, of Shakspeare's comic Muse is, in my opinion, that it is too good-natured and magnanimous. It mounts above its quarry. It is ' apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes : ' but it does not take the highest pleasure in

making human nature look as mean, as ridiculous, and contemptible as possible. It is in this respect, chiefly, that it differs from the comedy of a later, and (what is called) a more refined period. Genteel comedy is the comedy of fashionable life, and of artificial character and manners. The most pungent ridicule is that which is directed to mortify vanity, and to expose affectation ; but vanity and affectation, in their most exorbitant and studied excesses are the ruling principles of society, only in a highly advanced state of civilization and manners. Man can hardly be said to be a truly contemptible animal, till, from the facilities of general intercourse, and the progress of example and opinion, he becomes the ape of the extravagances of other men. The keenest edge of satire is required to distinguish between the true and false pretensions to taste and elegance ; its lash is laid on with the utmost severity, to drive before it the common herd of knaves and fools, not to lacerate and terrify the single stragglers. In a word it is when folly is epidemic, and vice worn as a mark of distinction, that all the malice of wit and humour is called out and justified to detect the imposture and prevent the contagion from spreading. The fools in Wycherley and Congreve are of their own, or one another's making, and deserve to be well scourged into common sense and decency : the fools in Shakspeare are of his own or nature's making ; and it would be unfair to probe to the quick, or hold up to unqualified derision, the faults which are involuntary and incorrigible, of those which you yourself encourage and exaggerate, from the pleasure you take in witnessing them. Our later comic writers represent a state of manners, in which to be a man of wit and pleasure about town has become the fashion, and in which the swarms of egregious pretenders in both kinds openly kept one another in countenance, and were become a public nuisance. Shakspeare, living in a state of greater rudeness and simplicity, chiefly gave certain characters which were a kind of *grotesques*, or solitary excrescences growing up out of their native soil without affectation, and which he undertook kindly to pamper for the public entertainment. For instance, Sir Andrew Aguecheek is evidently a creature of the poet's own fancy. The author lends occasion to his absurdity to show itself as much as he pleases, devises antics for him which would never enter into his own head, makes him ' go to church in a galliard, and return home in a coranto ; ' adds fuel to his folly, or throws cold water on his courage ; makes his puny extravagances venture out or slink into corners without asking his leave ; encourages them into indiscreet luxuriance, or checks them in the bud, just as it suits him for the jest's sake. The gratification of the fancy, ' and furnishing matter for innocent mirth,' are, therefore, the chief object of this and other characters like it, rather than reforming the moral sense, or indulging

our personal spleen. But Tattle and Sparkish, who are fops cast not in the mould of fancy, but of fashion, who have a tribe of forerunners and followers, who catch certain diseases of the mind on purpose to communicate the infection, and are screened in their preposterous eccentricities by their own conceit and by the world's opinion, are entitled to no quarter, and receive none. They think themselves objects of envy and admiration, and on that account are doubly objects of our contempt and ridicule. We find that the scenes of Shakspeare's comedies are mostly laid in the country, or are transferable there at pleasure. The genteel comedy exists only in towns, and crowds of borrowed characters, who copy others as the satirist copies them, and who are only seen to be despised. 'All, beyond Hyde Park is a desert to it;' while there the pastoral and poetic comedy begins to vegetate and flourish, unpruned, idle, and fantastic. It is hard to 'lay waste a country gentleman' in a state of nature, whose humours may have run a little wild or to seed, or to lay violent hands on a young booby 'squire, whose absurdities have not yet arrived at years of discretion; but my Lord Foppington, who is "the prince of coxcombs," and "proud of being at the head of so prevailing a party," deserves his fate. I am not for going so far as to pronounce Shakspeare's 'manners damnable, because he had not seen the court;' but I think that comedy does not find its richest harvest till individual infirmities have passed into general manners, and it is the example of courts, chiefly, that stamps folly with credit and currency, or glosses over vice with meretricious lustre. I conceive, therefore, that the golden period of our comedy was just after the age of Charles II., when the town first became tainted with the affectation of the manners and conversation of fashionable life, and before the distinction between rusticity and elegance, art and nature, was lost, as it afterwards was in a general diffusion of knowledge, and the reciprocal advantages of civil intercourse. It is to be remarked, that the union of the three gradations of artificial elegance and courtly accomplishments in one class, of the affectation of them in another, and of absolute rusticity in a third, forms the highest point of perfection of the comedies of this period, as we may see in Vanbrugh's Lord Foppington, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, and Miss Hoyden; Lady Townly, Count Bassett, and John Moody; in Congreve's Millamant, Lady Wishfort Witwoud, Sir Wilful Witwoud, and the rest.

In another point of view, or with respect to that part of comedy which relates to gallantry and intrigue, the difference between Shakspeare's comic heroines and those of a later period may be referred to the same distinction between natural and artificial life, between the world of fancy and the world of fashion. The refinements of romantic passion arise out of the imagination brooding over 'airy nothing,' or over a favourite

object, where 'love's golden shaft hath killed the flock of all affections else : ' whereas the refinements of this passion in genteel comedy, or in everyday life, may be said to arise out of repeated observation and experience diverting and frittering away the first impressions of things by a multiplicity of objects, and producing not enthusiasm but fastidiousness or giddy dissipation. For the one a comparatively rude age and strong feelings are best fitted ; for ' there the mind must minister to itself : ' to the other the progress of society and the knowledge of the world are essential ; for here the effect does not depend on leaving the mind centred in itself, but on the wear and tear of the heart, amidst the complex and rapid movements of the artificial machinery of society, and on the arbitrary subjection of the natural course of the affections to even the slightest fluctuation of fashion, caprice, or opinion. Thus Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, has but one admirer of equal rank with herself, and but one love, to whom she innocently plights her hand and heart ; or if she had a thousand lovers, she would be the sole object of their adoration and burning vows, without a rival. The heroine of romance and poetry sits secluded in the bowers of fancy sole queen and arbitress of all hearts and as the character is one of imagination, ' of solitude and melancholy musing born,' so it may be best drawn from the imagination. Millamant, in *the Way of the World*, on the contrary, who is the fine lady or heroine of comedy, has so many lovers, that she surfeits on admiration, till it becomes indifferent to her ; so many rivals, that she is forced to put on a thousand airs of languid affectation to mortify and vex them more ; so many offers, that she at last gives her hand to the man of her heart, rather to escape the persecution of their addresses, and out of levity and disdain, than from any serious choice of her own. This is a comic character ; its essence consists in making light of things from familiarity and use, and as it is formed by habit and outward circumstances, so it requires actual observation, and an acquaintance with the modes of artificial life, to describe it with the utmost possible grace and precision. Congreve, who had every other opportunity, was but a young man when he wrote this character ; and that makes the miracle the greater.

I do not, in short, consider comedy as exactly an affair of the heart or the imagination ; and it is for this reason only that I think Shakspeare's comedies deficient. I do not, however, wish to give a preference to any comedies over his ; but I do perceive a difference between his comedies and some others that are, notwithstanding, excellent in their way, and I have endeavoured to point out in what this difference consists, as well as I could. Finally, I will not say that he had not as great a natural genius for comedy as anyone ; but I may venture to say, that he had not

the same artificial models and regulated mass of fashionable absurdity or elegance to work upon.

The superiority of Shakspeare's natural genius for comedy cannot be better shown than by a comparison between his comic characters and those of Ben Jonson. The matter is the same : but how different is the manner ! The one gives fair-play to nature and his own genius, while the other trusts almost entirely to imitation and custom. Shakspeare takes his groundwork in individual character and the manners of his age, and raises from them a fantastical and delightful superstructure of his own : the other takes the same groundwork in matter-of-fact, but hardly ever rises above it ; and the more he strives, is but the more enveloped ' in the crust of formality ' and the crude circumstantials of his subjects. His genius (not to profane an old and still venerable name, but merely to make myself understood) resembles the grub more than the butterfly, plods and grovels on, wants wings to wanton in the idle summer's air, and catch the golden light of poetry. Ben Jonson is a great borrower from the works of others, and a plagiarist even from nature ; so little freedom is there in his imitations of her, and he appears to receive her bounty like an alms. His works read like translations, from a certain cramped manner, and want of adaptation. Shakspeare, even when he takes whole passages from books, does it with a spirit, felicity, and mastery over his object, that instantly makes them his own ; and shows more independence of mind and original thinking in what he plunders without scruple, than Ben Jonson often did in his most studied passages, forced from the sweat and labour of his brain. His style is as dry as literal, and meagre, as Shakspeare's is exuberant, liberal, and unrestrained. The one labours hard, lashes himself up, and produces little pleasures with all his fidelity and tenaciousness of purpose : the other, without putting himself to any trouble, or thinking about his success, performs wonders,—

' Does mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.'

There are people who cannot taste olives—and I cannot much relish Ben Jonson, though I have taken some pains to do it, and went to the task with every sort of good will. I do not deny his power or his merit ; far from it : but it is to me of a repulsive and unamiable kind. He was a great man in himself, but one cannot readily sympathise with

him. His works, as the characteristic productions of an individual mind, or as records of the manners of a particular age, cannot be valued too highly; but they have little charm for the mere general reader. Schlegel observes, that whereas Shakspeare gives the springs of human nature, which are always the same, or sufficiently so to be interesting and intelligible, Jonson chiefly gives the *humours* of men, as connected with certain arbitrary or conventional modes of dress, action, and expression, which are intelligible only while they last, and not very interesting at any time. Shakspeare's characters are men; Ben Jonson's are more like machines, governed by mere routine, or by the convenience of the poet, whose property they are. In reading the one, we are let into the minds of his characters, we see the play of their thoughts, how their humours flow and work: the author takes a range over nature, and has an eye to every object or occasion that presents itself to set off and heighten the ludicrous character he is describing. His humour (so to speak) bubbles, sparkles, and finds its way in all directions, like a natural spring. In Ben Jonson it is, as it were, confined in a leaden cistern, where it stagnates and corrupts; or directed only through certain artificial pipes and conduits, to answer a given purpose. The comedy of this author is far from being 'lively, audible, and full of vent:' it is for the most part obtuse, obscure, forced, and tedious. He wears out a jest to the last shred and coarsest grain. His imagination fastens instinctively on some one mark or sign by which he designates the individual, and never lets it go, for fear of not meeting with any other means to express himself by. A cant phrase, an odd gesture, an old-fashioned regimental uniform, a wooden leg, a tobacco-box, or a hacked sword, are the standing topics by which he embodies his characters to the imagination. They are cut and dried comedy, the letter, not the spirit of wit and humour. Each of his characters has a particular cue, a professional badge which he wears and is known by, and by nothing else. Thus there is no end of Captain Otter, his Bull, his Bear, and his Horse, which are no joke at first and do not become so by being repeated twenty times. It is a mere matter of fact, that some landlord of his acquaintance called his drinking cups by these ridiculous names; but why need we be told so more than once, or indeed at all? There is almost a total want of variety, fancy, relief, and of those delightful transitions which abound, for instance, in Shakspeare's tragi-comedy. In Ben Jonson, we find ourselves generally in low company, and we see no hope of getting out of it. He is like a person who fastens upon a disagreeable subject, and cannot be persuaded to leave it. His comedy, in a word, has not what Shakspeare somewhere calls 'bless'd conditions.' It is cross-grained, mean, and mechanical. It is handicraft wit. Squalid poverty, sheer ignorance, bare-faced

impudence, or idiot imbecility, are his dramatic common-places—things that provoke pity or disgust, instead of laughter. His portraits are caricatures by dint of their very likeness, being extravagant tautologies of themselves; as his plots are improbable by an excess of consistency for he goes through stitch with whatever he takes in hand, makes one contrivance answer all purposes, and every obstacle give way to a pre-determined theory. For instance, nothing can be more incredible than the mercenary conduct of Corvino, in delivering up his wife to the palsied embraces of Volpone; and yet the poet does not seem in the least to boggle at the incongruity of it: but the more it is in keeping with the absurdity of the rest of the fable, and the more it advances to an incredible catastrophe, the more he seems to dwell upon it with complacency, and a sort of wilful exaggeration as if it were a logical discovery or corollary from well-known premises. He would no more be baffled in the working out of a plot, than some people will be baffled in an argument. 'If to be wise were to be obstinate,' our author might have laid signal claim to this title. Old Ben was of a scholastic turn, and had dealt a little in the occult sciences and controversial divinity. He was a man of strong crabbed sense, retentive memory, acute observation, great fidelity of description and keeping in character, a power of working out an idea so as to make it painfully true and oppressive, and with great honesty and manliness of feeling as well as directness of understanding: but with all this, he wanted, to my thinking, that genial spirit of enjoyment and finer fancy, which constitute the essence of poetry and of wit. The sense of reality exercised a despotic sway over his mind, and equally weighed down and clogged his perception of the beautiful or the ridiculous. He had a keen sense of what was true and false, but not of the difference between the agreeable and disagreeable; or if he had, it was by his understanding rather than his imagination, by rule and method, not by sympathy or intuitive perception of 'the gayest, happiest attitude of things.' There was nothing spontaneous, no impulse or ease above his genius: it was all forced, up-hill work, making a toil of pleasure. And hence his overweening admiration of his own works, from the effort they had cost him, and the apprehension that they were not proportionably admired by others, who knew nothing of the pangs and throes of his Muse in child-bearing. In his satirical descriptions he seldom stops short of the lowest and most offensive point of meanness; and in his serious poetry he seems to repose with complacency only on the pedantic and far-fetched, the *ultima Thule* of his knowledge. He has a conscience of letting nothing escape the reader that he knows. He is doggedly bent upon fatiguing you with a favourite idea; whereas, Shakspeare overpowers and distracts attention by the throng and

indiscriminate variety of his. His Sad Shepherd is a beautiful fragment. It was a favourite with the late Horne Tooke : indeed, it is no wonder, for there was a sort of sympathy between the two men. Ben was like the modern wit and philosopher, a grammarian and a hard-headed thinker.—There is an amusing account of Ben Jonson's private manners in Howel's Letters, which is not generally known, and which I shall here extract.

' From James Howel, Esq. to Sir Thomas Hawk, Kt.

Westminster, 5th April, 1636.

' Sir,

' I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper by B. J. where you were deeply remembered ; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome : one thing intervned, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. (Tom Carew) buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrell'd up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon, she took a mouthful of claret, and spouted into the hollow bird : such an accident happened in this entertainment : you know—*Propria laus sordet in ore* : be a man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's praise stink, if he makes his own mouth the conduit-pipe of it.'

The concurring testimony of all his contemporaries agrees with his own candid avowal, as to Ben Jonson's personal character. He begins, for instance, an epistle to Drayton in these words—

' Michael, by some 'tis doubted if I be
A friend at all ; or if a friend, to thee.'

Of Shakspeare's comedies I have already given a detailed account, which is before the public, and which I shall not repeat of course : but I shall give a cursory sketch of the principal of Ben Jonson's.—The Silent Woman is built upon the supposition of an old citizen disliking noise, who takes to wife Epicene (a supposed young lady) for the reputation of her silence, and with a view to disinherit his nephew, who has laughed at his infirmity ; when the ceremony is no sooner over than the bride turns out a very shrew, his house becomes a very Babel of noises, and

he offers his nephew his own terms to unloose the matrimonial knot, which is done by proving that Epicene is no woman. There is some humour in the leading character, but too much is made out of it, not in the way of Molière's exaggerations, which, though extravagant, are fantastical and ludicrous, but of serious, plodding, minute prolixity. The first meeting between Morose and Epicene is well managed, and does not 'o'erstep the modesty of nature,' from the very restraint imposed by the situation of the parties—by the affected taciturnity of the one, and the other's singular dislike of noise. The whole story, from the beginning to the end, is a gratuitous assumption, and the height of improbability. The author, in sustaining the weight of his plot, seems like a balance-master who supports a number of people, piled one upon another, on his hands, his knees, his shoulders, but with a great effort on his own part, and with a painful effect to the beholders. The scene between Sir Amorous La Foole and Sir John Daw, in which they, frightened by a feigned report of each other's courage into a submission to all sorts of indignities, which they construe into flattering civilities, is the same device as that in *Twelfth Night* between Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Viola, carried to a paradoxical and revolting excess. Ben Jonson had no idea of decorum in his dramatic fictions, which Milton says is the principal thing, but went on caricaturing himself and others till he could go no farther in extravagance, and sink no lower in meanness. The titles of his *dramatis personæ*, such as Sir Amorous La Foole, Truewit, Sir John Daw, Sir Politick Would-be, &c., &c., which are significant and knowing, show his determination to overdo everything by thus letting you into their characters beforehand, and afterwards proving their pretensions by their names. Thus Peregrine, in *Volpone*, says 'Your name, Sir? *Politick*. My name is Politick Would-be.' To which Peregrine replies, 'Oh, that speaks him.' How it should, if it was his real name, and not a nick-name given him on purpose by the author, is hard to conceive. This play was Dryden's favourite. It is indeed full of sharp, biting sentences against the women, of which he was fond. The following may serve as a specimen. Truewit says, 'Did I not tell thee, Dauphine, why all their actions are governed by crude opinion without reason or cause? They know not why they do anything; but, as they are informed, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways 'em generally to the worse, when they are left to themselves.' This is a cynical sentence; and we may say of the rest of his opinions, that 'even though we should hold them to be true, yet it is slander to have them so set down.' The women in this play indeed justify the author's severity; they are altogether abominable. They have an

utter want of principle and decency, and are equally without a sense of pleasure, taste, or elegance. Madame Haughty, Madame Centaur, and Madame Mavis, form the College, as it is here pedantically called. They are a sort of candidates for being upon the town, but cannot find seducers, and a sort of blue-stockings, before the invention of letters. Mistress Epicene, the silent gentlewoman, turns out not to be a woman at all ; which is not a very pleasant *dénouement* of the plot, and is itself an incident apparently taken from the blundering blindman's-buff conclusion of the Merry Wives of Windsor. What Shakspeare might introduce by an accident, and as a mere passing jest, Ben Jonson would set about building a whole play upon. The directions for making love given by Truewit, the author's favourite, discover great knowledge and shrewdness of observation, mixed with the acuteness of malice, and approach to the best style of comic dialogue. But I must refer to the play itself for them.

The Fox, or Volpone, is his best play. It is prolix and improbable, but intense and powerful. It is written *con amore*. It is made up of cheats and dupes, and the author is at home among them. He shows his hatred of the one and contempt for the other, and makes them set one another off to great advantage. There are several striking dramatic contrasts in his play, where the Fox lies *perdue* to watch his prey, where Mosca is the dextrous go-between, outwitting his gulls, his employer, and himself, and where each of the gaping legacy-hunters, the lawyer, the merchant, and the miser, eagerly occupied with the ridiculousness of the other's pretensions, is blind only to the absurdity of his own : but the whole is worked up too mechanically, and our credulity over-stretched at last revolts into scepticism, and our attention overtaken flags into drowsiness. This play seems formed on the model of Plautus, in unity of plot and interest, and old Ben in emulating his classic model appears to have done his best. There is the same caustic unsparing severity in it as in his other works. His patience is tried to the utmost. His words drop gall.

‘ Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his too ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.’

The scene between Volpone, Mosca, Voltore, Corvino, and Corbaccio, at the outset, will show the dramatic power in the conduct of this play, and will be my justification in what I have said of the literal tenaciousness (to a degree that is repulsive) of the author's imaginary descriptions.

Every Man in his Humour is a play well-known to the public. This play acts better than it reads. The pathos in the principal character Kitley is 'as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' There is, however, a certain good sense, discrimination, or logic of passion in the part which affords excellent hints for an able actor, and which, if properly pointed, gives it a considerable force on the stage. Bobadil is the only actually striking character in the play, and the real hero of the piece. His well-known proposal for the pacification of Europe, by killing some twenty of them, each his man a day, is as good as any other that has been suggested up to the present moment. His extravagant affectation, his blustering and cowardice, are an entertaining medley; and his final defeat and exposure, though exceedingly humorous, are the most affecting part of the story. Brain-worm is a particularly dry and abstruse character. We neither know his business nor his motives: his plots are as intricate as they are useless, and as the ignorance of those he imposes upon is wonderful. This is the impression in reading it. Yet from the bustle and activity of this character on the stage, the changes of dress, the variety of affected tones and gipsy jargon, and the limping affected gestures, it is a very amusing theatrical exhibition. The rest, Master Matthew, Master Stephen, Cob and Cob's wife, were living in the sixteenth century. That is all we know of them. But from the very oddity of their appearance and behaviour, they have a very droll and even picturesque effect when acted. It seems a revival of the dead. We believe in their existence when we see them. As an example of the power of the stage in giving reality and interest to what otherwise would be without it, I might mention the scene in which Brain-worm praises Master Stephen's leg. The folly here is insipid from its being seemingly carried to an excess, till we see it; and then we laugh the more at it, the more incredible we thought it before.

Bartholomew Fair is chiefly remarkable for the exhibition of odd humours and tumbler's tricks, and is on that account amusing to read once.—The Alchymist is the most famous of this author's comedies, though I think it does not deserve its reputation. It contains all that is quaint, dreary, obsolete, and hopeless in this once-famed art, but not the golden dreams and splendid disappointments. We have the mere circumstantial of the sublime science, pots and kettles, aprons and bellows, crucibles and diagrams, all the refuse and rubbish, not the essence, the true *elixir vite*. There is, however, one glorious scene between Surly and Sir Epicure Mammon, which is the finest example I know of dramatic sophistry, or of an attempt to prove the existence of a thing by an imposing description of its effects; but compared with this, the rest of the play is a *caput mortuum*. The scene I allude to is the following:

' *Mammon*. Come on, Sir. Now, you set your foot on shore,
 In *Novo Orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
 And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
 Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
 This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
 This day you shall be Spectatissimi.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
 Or the frail card.

You shall start up young viceroys,
 And have your punks and punketees, my Surly,
 And unto thee, I speak it first, BE RICH.
 Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

Face. (*within*) Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That is his Firedrake,
 His lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he firks nature up in her own centre.
 You are not faithful, Sir. This night I'll change
 All that is metal in my house to gold:
 And early in the morning, will I send
 To all the plumbers and the pewterers
 And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury,
 For all the copper.

Surly. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
 And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

Surly. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the great medicine,
 Of which one part projected on a hundred
 Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
 Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
 Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*;
 You will believe me.

Surly. Yes, when I see't, I will—

Mam. Ha! why?

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
 He that has once the flower of the Sun,
 The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,
 Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
 Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
 Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,

To whom he will. In eight and twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.

Surly. No doubt ; he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age ; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants ; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

.
You are incredulous.

Surly. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax Surly.
Will you believe antiquity ? records ?
I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art ;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—

Surly. How !

Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

Surly. Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch ?

Mam. He did ;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

.
(*Enter Face, as a servant.*)

How now !

Do we succeed ? Is our day come, and holds it ?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, Sir :
You have colour for it, crimson ; the red ferment
Has done his office ; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day thou shalt have ingots ; and to-morrow
Give lords the affront. . . . Where's thy master ?

Face. At his prayers, Sir, he ;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period

To all thy labours ; thou shalt be the master
 Of my seraglio
 For I do mean
 To have a list of wives and concubines
 Equal with Solomon :
 I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff :
 Down is too hard ; and then, mine oval room
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
 And multiply the figures, as I walk. . . . My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapoured about the room
 To lose ourselves in ; and my baths, like pits,
 To fall into : from whence we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.
 Is it arriv'd at ruby ? Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,
 Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
 I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
Face. And I shall carry it ?
Mam. No. I'll have no bawds.
 But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
 Best of all others. And my flatterers
 Shall be the pure and gravest of divines
 That I can get for money.
 We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the medicine.'

PRIOR, SWIFT AND GAY

I SHALL in the present Lecture go back to the age of Queen Anne, and endeavour to give a cursory account of the most eminent of our poets, of whom I have not already spoken, from that period to the present.

The three principal poets among the wits of Queen Anne's reign, next to Pope, were Prior, Swift, and Gay. Parnell, though a good-natured, easy man, and a friend to poets and the Muses, was himself little more than an occasional versifier ; and Arbuthnot, who had as much wit as the best of them, chose to show it in prose, and not in verse.

He had a very notable share in the immortal "History of John Bull" and the inimitable and praiseworthy "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." There has been a great deal said and written about the plagiarisms of Sterne; but the only real plagiarism he has been guilty of (if such theft were a crime) is in taking Tristram Shandy's father from Martin's, the elder Scriblerus. The original idea of the character, that is, of the opinionated, captious old gentleman, who is pedantic, not from profession, but choice, belongs to Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot's style is distinguished from that of his contemporaries, even by a greater degree of terseness and conciseness. He leaves out every superfluous word; is sparing of connecting particles and introductory phrases; uses always the simplest forms of construction; and is more a master of the idiomatic peculiarities and internal resources of the language than almost any other writer. There is a research in the choice of a plain, as well as of an ornamented or learned style; and, in fact, a great deal more. Among common English words, there may be ten expressing the same thing with different degrees of force and propriety, and only one of them the very word we want, because it is the only one that answers exactly with the idea we have in our minds. Each word in familiar use has a different set of associations and shades of meaning attached to it, and distinguished from each other by inveterate custom; and it is in having the whole of these at our command, and in knowing which to choose, as they are called for by the occasion, that the perfection of a pure conversational prose style consists. But in writing a florid and artificial style, neither the same range of invention, nor the same quick sense of propriety—nothing but learning is required. If you know the words, and their general meaning, it is sufficient: it is impossible you should know the nicer inflections of signification, depending on an endless variety of application, in expressions borrowed from a foreign or dead language. They all impose upon the ear alike, because they are not familiar to it; the only distinction left is between the pompous and the plain; the *sesquipedalia verba* have this advantage, that they are all of one length; and any words are equally fit for a learned style, so that we have never heard them before. Themistocles thought that the same sounding epithets could not suit all subjects, as the same dress does not fit all persons. The style of our modern prose writers is very fine in itself; but it wants variety of inflection and adaptation; it hinders us from seeing the differences of the things it undertakes to describe.

What I have here insisted on will be found to be the leading distinction between the style of Swift, Arbuthnot, Steele, and the other writers of the age of Queen Anne, and the style of Dr. Johnson, which succeeded to it. The one is English, and the other is not. The writers

first mentioned, in order to express their thoughts, looked about them for the properest word to convey any idea, that the language which they spoke, and which their countrymen understood, afforded: Dr. Johnson takes the first English word that offers, and by translating it at a venture into the first Greek or Latin word he can think of, only retaining the English termination, produces an extraordinary effect upon the reader, by much the same sort of mechanical process that Trim converted the old jack-boots into a pair of new mortars.

Dr. Johnson was a lazy learned man, who liked to think and talk better than to read or write; who, however, wrote much and well, but too often by rote. His long compound Latin phrases required less thought, and took up more room than others. What shows the facilities afforded by this style of imposing generalization, is that it was instantly adopted with success by all those who were writers by profession, or who were not; and that at present we cannot see a lottery puff or a quack advertisement pasted against a wall, that is not perfectly Johnsonian in style. Formerly, the learned had the privilege of translating their notions into Latin; and a great privilege it was, as it confined the reputation and emoluments of learning to themselves. Dr. Johnson may be said to have naturalized this privilege by inventing a sort of jargon translated half-way out of one language into the other, which raised the Doctor's reputation and confounded all ranks in literature.

In the short period above alluded to, authors professed to write as other men spoke; everybody now affects to speak as authors write; and any one who retains the use of his mother tongue, either in writing or conversation, is looked upon as a very illiterate character.

Prior and Gay belong, in the characteristic excellences of their style, to the same class of writers with Suckling, Rochester, and Sedley: the former imbibed most of the licentious levity of the age of Charles II. and carried it on beyond the Revolution under King William. Prior has left no single work equal to Gay's *Fables*, or the *Beggar's Opera*. But in his lyrical and fugitive pieces he has shown even more genius, more playfulness, more mischievous gaiety. No one has exceeded him in the laughing grace with which he glances at a subject that will not bear examining, with which he gently hints at what cannot be directly insisted on, with which he half conceals, and half draws aside the veil from some of the Muses' nicest mysteries. His Muse is, in fact, a giddy wanton flirt, who spends her time in playing at snapdragon and blind-man's-buff, who tells what she should not, and knows more than she tells. She laughs at the tricks she shows us, and blushes, or would be thought

to do so, at what she keeps concealed. Prior has translated several of Fontaine's Tales from the French; and they have lost nothing in the translation, either of their wit or malice. I need not name them: but the one I like the most is that of Cupid in search of Venus' doves. No one could insinuate a knavish plot, a tender point, a loose moral, with such unconscious archness, and careless raillery, as if he gained new self-possession and adroitness from the perplexity and confusion into which he throws scrupulous imaginations, and knew how to seize on all the ticklish parts of his subject from their involuntarily shrinking under his grasp. Some of his imitations of Boileau's servile addresses to Louis XIV. which he has applied with a happy mixture of wit and patriotic enthusiasm to King William, or, as he familiarly calls him,

Little Will, the scourge of France,
No Godhead, but the first of men,

are excellent, and show the same talent for double-entendre and the same gallantry of spirit, whether in the softer lyric, or the more lively heroic. Some of Prior's bons mots are the best that are recorded. His serious poetry, as his Solomon, is as heavy as his familiar style was light and agreeable. His moral Muse is a Magdalen, and should not have obtruded herself on public view. "Henry and Emma" is a paraphrase of the old ballad of the Nut-brown Maid, and not so good as the original. In short, as we often see in other cases where men thwart their own genius, Prior's sentimental and romantic productions are mere affectation, the result not of powerful impulse or real feeling, but of a consciousness of his deficiencies and a wish to supply their place by labour and art. Gay was sometimes grosser than Prior, not systematically but inadvertently—from not being so well aware of what he was about; nor was there the same necessity for caution, for his grossness is by no means so seductive or inviting.

Gay's Fables are certainly a work of great merit, both as to the quantity of invention implied and as to the elegance and facility of the execution. They are, however, spun out too long; the descriptions and narrative are too diffuse and desultory; and the moral is sometimes without point. They are more like Tales than Fables. The best are, perhaps, the Hare with Many Friends, the Monkeys, and the Fox at the Point of Death. His pastorals are pleasing and poetical. But his capital work is his Beggar's Opera. It is indeed a masterpiece of wit and genius, not to say of morality. In composing it, he chose a very unpromising ground to work upon, and he has prided himself in adorning it with all the graces, the precision, and brilliancy of style. It is a vulgar error to call this a vulgar play. So far from it I do not scruple to say that

it appears to me one of the most refined productions in the language. The elegance of the composition is in exact proportion to the coarseness of the materials: by "happy alchemy of mind" the author has extracted an essence of refinement from the dregs of human life, and turns its very dross into gold. The scenes, characters, and incidents are, in themselves, of the lowest and most disgusting kind: but, by the sentiments and reflections which are put into the mouths of highwaymen, turnkeys, their mistresses, wives, or daughters, he has converted this motley group into a set of fine gentlemen and ladies, satirists and philosophers. He has also effected this transformation without once violating probability or "o'erstepping the modesty of nature." In fact, Gay has turned the tables on the critics; and by the assumed licence of the mock-heroic style has enabled himself to do justice to nature, that is, to give all the force, truth, and locality of real feeling to the thoughts and expressions, without being called to the bar of false taste and affected delicacy. The extreme beauty and feeling of the song, "Woman is like the fair flower in its lustre," are only equalled by its characteristic propriety and naïveté. Polly describes her lover going to the gallows, with the same touching simplicity, and with all the natural fondness of a young girl in her circumstances, who sees in his approaching catastrophe nothing but the misfortune and the personal accomplishments of the object of her affections. "I see him sweeter than the nosegay in his hand; the admiring crowd lament that so lovely a youth should come to an untimely end:—even butchers weep, and Jack Ketch refuses his fee rather than consent to tie the fatal knot." The preservation of the character and costume is complete. It has been said by a great authority—"There is some soul of goodness in things evil":—and the Beggar's Opera is a good-natured but instructive comment on this text. The poet has thrown all the gaiety and sunshine of the imagination, all the intoxication of pleasure, and the vanity of despair, round the short-lived existence of his heroes; while Peachum and Lockit are seen in the background, parcelling out their months and weeks between them. The general view exhibited of human life is of the most subtle and abstracted kind. The author has, with great felicity, brought out the good qualities and interesting emotions almost inseparable from the lowest conditions; and with the same penetrating glance, has detected the disguises which rank and circumstances lend to exalted vice. Every line in this sterling comedy sparkles with wit and is fraught with the keenest sarcasm. The very wit, however, takes off from the offensiveness of the satire; and I have seen great statesmen, very great statesmen, heartily enjoying the joke, laughing most immoderately at the compliments paid to them as not much worse than

pickpockets and cut-throats in a different line of life, and pleased, as it were, to see themselves humanized by some sort of fellowship with their kind. Indeed, it may be said that the moral of the piece is to show the vulgarity of vice ; or that the same violations of integrity and decorum, the same habitual sophistry in palliating their want of principle, are common to the great and powerful, with the meanest and most contemptible of the species. What can be more convincing than the arguments used by these would-be politicians, to show that in hypocrisy, selfishness, and treachery, they do not come up to many of their betters ? The exclamation of Mrs. Peachum, when her daughter marries Macheath, "Hussy, hussy, you will be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if you had married a lord," is worth all Miss Hannah Moore's laboured invectives on the laxity of the manners of high life !

THOMAS HUGHES

(1823-1896).

AS the author of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' the most thoroughly genuine boy's book since 'Robinson Crusoe,' Thomas Hughes is known and loved wherever the English language is spoken. In such addresses as that delivered at Clifton College in 1879, he showed the same mental and moral traits which have made him so popular as an author. He was candid in thought, earnestly desirous of helping others rather than of exploiting himself, and both in his ideas and his eloquent expression of them, full of the grace of beneficent activity of intellect. He was born near Newbury, in Berkshire, October 23rd, 1823. Educated in many ways and at many places, he received his intellectual bent at Rugby from Doctor Arnold. He has honoured his master, not only in 'Tom Brown's School Days' but in his colony at Rugby, Tennessee, and in his work done in association with Canon Kingsley to uplift the English masses. He died March 22nd, 1896.

As a public speaker, he represents the best tradition of the English platform. He is strong, terse, and full of the force of his own belief in the power of goodness and of truth. Every word he says means something.

THE HIGHEST MANHOOD

(Delivered at Clifton College, October, 1879).

WHAT is it in such societies as yours that gives them so strong a hold on, so unique an attraction for, those who have been for years engaged in the rough work of life? That the fact is so I think no one will deny, explain it how they will. I, at least, cannot remember to have met with any man who will not own that a visit to one of our great schools moves and touches him on a side of his nature which, for the most part, lies quiet, almost dormant, but which he feels it is good for him should be stirred. He may go back to his work without an effort to

explain to himself why these unwonted sensations have visited him, but not without a consciousness that he has had a change of air which has done him good—that he has been in a bracing atmosphere, like that at the top of some high mountain pass, where the morning sun strikes earlier and more brightly than in the valleys where his daily task must be done.

To him who cares to pursue the inquiry, I think the conviction will come that to a stranger there is something at once inspiring and pathetic in such societies as this, standing apart as they do from, and yet so intimately connected with, the great outside world.

Inspiring, because he finds himself once again amongst these before whom the golden gates of active life are about to open, for good or evil—each one of whom holds in his hands the keys of those gates, the keys of light or of darkness, amongst whom faith is strong, hope bright, and ideals, untainted as yet by the world's slow stain, still count for a great power.

Pathetic, because he knows but too well how hard the path is to find, how steep to climb, on the further side of those golden gates—how often in the journey since he himself passed out from under them, his own faith and hope have burned dimly, and his ideal has faded away as he toiled on, or sat by the wayside, looking wistfully after it, till in the dust and jar, the heat and strain of the mighty highway, he has been again and again tempted to doubt whether it was indeed anything more than a phantom exhalation, which had taken shape in the glorious morning light, only to vanish when the workday sun had risen fairly above the horizon, and dispersed the coloured mists.

He may well be pardoned if at such times the remembrance of the actual world in which he is living, and of the generation which moved into line on the great battlefield when he himself shouldered musket and knapsack, and passed into action out of the golden gates, should for one moment or two bring the pathetic side to the picture into strongest relief. "Where are they now who presented genius, valour, self-sacrifice, the invisible heavenly world to these? Are they dead? Has the high ideal died out of them? Will it be better with the new generation?"

Such thoughts, such doubts, will force themselves at times on us all, to be met as best we may. Happy the man who is able, not at all times and in all places, but on the whole, to hold them resolutely at arm's length, and to follow straight on, though often wearily and painfully, in the tracks of the divine visitor who stood by his side in his youth, though sadly conscious of weary lengths of way, of gulfs, and chasms, which since those days have come to stretch and yawn between him.

and his ideal—of the difference between the man God meant him to be—of the manhood he thought he saw so clearly in those early days—and the man he and the world have together managed to make of him.

I say, happy is that man. I had almost said that no other than he is happy in any true or noble sense, even in this hard materialist nineteenth century, when the faith that the weak must go to the wall, that the strong alone are to survive, prevails as it never did before—which on the surface seems specially to be organized for the destruction of ideals and the quenching of enthusiasms. I feel deeply the responsibility of making any assertion on so moot a point to such an audience in such a place as this; nevertheless, even in our materialist age, I must urge you all, as you would do good work in the world, to take your stand resolutely and once for all, at school and all your lives through, on the side of the idealists.

In doing so I trust and believe I shall not be running counter to the teaching you are accustomed to hear in this place. I know that I should be running counter to it if anything I may say were to give the least encouragement to dreaminess or dawdling. Let me say, then, at once and emphatically, that nothing can be further from my wish or thought. The only idealism I plead for is not only compatible with sustained and vigorous work; it cannot be maintained without it.

The gospel of work is a true gospel, though not the only one, or the highest, and has been preached in our day by great teachers. And I do not deny that the advice I have just been giving you may seem at first sight to conflict with the work gospel. Listen, for instance, to the ring of it in the rugged and incisive words of one of our strongest poets:—

“ That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it.
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundreds soon hit it.
 This high man aiming at a million,
 Misses a unit.”

This sounds like a deliberate attack on the idealist, a direct preference of low to high aims and standards, of the seen to the unseen. It is in reality only a wholesome warning against aiming at any ideal by wrong methods though the use of the words “ low ” and “ high ” is no doubt likely to mislead. The true idealist has no quarrel with the lesson of these lines; indeed, he would be glad to see them written on one of the doorposts

of every great school, if only they were ballasted on the other by George Herbert's quaint and deeper wisdom :—

“ Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
 Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky,
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.”

Both sayings are true, and worth carrying in your minds as part of their permanent furniture, and you will find that they will live there very peaceably side by side.

There is in truth no real antagonism between them. The seeming paradox, like so many others, disappears in the working world. In the stress of the great battle of life it will trouble no soldier who keeps a single eye in his head and a sound heart in his bosom. For he who has the clearest and intensest vision of what is at issue in that battle, and who acquits himself in it most manfully, will be the first to acknowledge that for him there has been no approach to victory except by the faithful doing day by day of the work which lay at his own threshold.

On the other hand, the universal experience of mankind—the dreary confession of those who have merely sought a “ low thing,” and “ gone on adding one to one,” making that the aim and object of their lives—unites in warning us that on these lines no true victory can be had, either for the man himself or for the cause he was sent into the world to maintain.

No, there is no victory possible for boy or man without humility and magnanimity ; and no humility or magnanimity possible without an ideal. I have been pleading with you boys to take sides with the idealists at once and through life. I have told you unless you do so you can neither be truly humble nor truly magnanimous. You may reply : ‘ Well, that advice may be good or bad, we cannot tell, until you tell us how we are to side with them, and what you mean by an idealist.’ Such a reply would be only reasonable, and I will try to answer the demand it makes, or at any rate to give you a few hints which will enable you to work out the question for yourselves.

There is not one amongst you all, I care not how young he may be, who has not heard or felt the call in his own heart to put aside all evil habits, and to live a brave, simple, truthful life in this school. It may have come to you while listening in chapel or elsewhere to religious teaching, or in the play fields or dormitories ; when you have been alone or in company, at work or at play ; but in this chapel who will deny. It is no modern, no Christian experience, this. The choice of Hercules and numberless other Pagan stories, the witness of nearly all histories

and all literature, attest that it is an experience common to all our race. It is of it that the poet is thinking in those fine lines of Emerson which are written up in the Hall of Marlborough College :—

“ So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man—
When duty whispers low, ‘ Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘ I can.’ ”

If you have not already felt it, you will assuredly feel, as soon as you leave these walls, that your lot is cast in a world which longs for nothing so much as to succeed in shaking off all belief in anything which cannot be tested by the senses, and gauged and measured by the intellect, as the trappings of a worn-out superstition. Men have been trying, so runs the new gospel, to live by faith, and not by sight, ever since there is any record at all of their lives ; and so they have had to manufacture for themselves the faiths they were to live by. What is called the life of the soul or spirit, and the life of the understanding, have been in conflict all this time, and the one has always been gaining on the other. Stronghold after stronghold has fallen, till it is clear almost to demonstration that there will soon be no place left for that which was once deemed all-powerful. The spiritual life can no longer be led honestly. Man has no knowledge of the invisible upon which he can build. Let him own the truth and turn to that upon which he can build safely—the world of matter, his knowledge of which is always growing—and be content with the things he can see and taste and handle. Those who are telling you still in this time that your life can and ought to be lived in daily communion with the unseen—that so only you can loyally control the visible—are either wilfully deceiving you, or are dreamers and visionaries.

So the high priests of the new gospel teach, and their teaching echoes through our literature, and colours the life of the streets and markets in a thousand ways ; and a Mammon-ridden generation, longing to be rid of what they hope are only certain old and clumsy superstitions,—which they try to believe injurious to others, and are quite sure make them uneasy in their own efforts to eat, drink, and be merry,—applauds as openly as it dares, and hopes soon to see the millennium of the fleshpots publicly declared and recognised.

Against which, wherever you may encounter them, that you young Englishmen may be ready and able to stand fast is the hope and prayer of many anxious hearts in a time, charted on every side with signs of the passing away of old things, such as have not been seen above the horizon in Christendom since Luther nailed his protest on the church door of a German village.

VICTOR HUGO

(1802-1885).

IN 'LES MISERABLES' Victor Hugo has written what the reading world accepts almost without dissent as the greatest novel of the nineteenth century. By virtue of his lyrics and his dramas, he belongs to the first rank of French poets. As an orator he is second among Frenchmen only to Mirabeau—and not, indeed, to Mirabeau himself in the field where the highest success depends on giving the fullest possible expression to the deepest and strongest emotion.

During his life, from his schooldays, when he wrote two tragedies and a melodrama, until he had passed his eightieth year, his mind was almost incredibly active and enormously productive. He wrote odes, ballads, tragedies, melodramas, novels, reviews, political diatribes, criticisms, travels, newspaper editorials—everything in fine that he thought calculated to inspire or to direct the intellect of France. He studied the literature of the world for the purposes of his own growth; but broad as he was in his range after food for his own intellect, he was the most typical of Parisians in all his methods of expression. To him France was the leader of civilization as Paris was of France. When he had become the intellectual dictator of Paris he felt that he had conquered the world; and to this feeling is due no small part of his success. If it made him excessively egotistical, it made him absolutely fearless in expressing himself. When he speaks, he feels that his first duty is to satisfy his own sense of the artistic—which is for him a synonym for the noble, the true, the sublime. Having satisfied himself and Paris he feels that if the world does not approve, it is the world's misfortune always—never his fault. He was so absolutely fearless in the conviction of his own strength that he did not hesitate to match himself against "Napoleon the Little"; and since the time of Alcæus, genius has never done itself greater honour than in the struggle for French liberty, which ended for Hugo in defeat and exile.

The literary style which he made so celebrated in 'Les Misérables' is essentially oratorical. No writer of less genius than his own could have sustained it in so extensive a work; but no matter how high-pitched seems his mode of expression, his thought is always pitched above it. The secret of his success as a writer and as an orator lies chiefly in his deep

religious feeling and his sensitiveness to human suffering. He had an intellect so extraordinary in its scope that he could stand one day before a Parisian audience and compel it to "intense emotion" by holding up the passion of Christ as the divine source of liberty and progress; while again before the same audience he could eulogize Voltaire as the instrument of heaven, appointed to redeem the world from the barbarism of the Dark ages. In this he saw no inconsistency, nor in such antitheses as "Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled"—impossible outside of Paris—did it ever occur to him that there was the least savour of blasphemy. It would have seemed to him rather that he was honouring Christ in honouring the good done by Voltaire at the expense of the evil. He is governed by the same feeling in 'Les Miserables' when he regenerates a galley slave and makes of him the highest example of the Christ-type in literature. The supreme daring of such attempts required a supreme genius to prevent the result from being incoherent and repulsive. Undoubtedly Hugo had supreme genius,—

" For to his hand, more tame
Than birds in winter, came
High thoughts and flying forms of power,
And from his table fed and sang
Till with the tune men's ears took fire and rang ! "

W.V.B.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

(Delivered at the Funeral of Balzac, August 20th, 1840).

THE man who now goes down into this tomb is one of those to whom public grief pays homage.

In our day all fictions have vanished. The eye is fixed not only on the heads that reign, but on the heads that think, and the whole country is moved when one of those heads disappears. To-day we have a people in black because of the death of the man of talent; a nation in mourning for a man of genius.

Gentlemen, the name of Balzac will be mingled in the luminous trace our epoch will leave across the future.

Balzac was one of that powerful generation of writers of the nineteenth century who came after Napoleon, as the illustrious Pleiad of the seventeenth century came after Richelieu,—as if in the development of civilization there were a law which gives conquerors by the intellect as successors to conquerors by the sword.

Balzac was one of the first among the greatest, one of the highest among the best. This is not the place to tell all that constituted this splendid and sovereign intelligence. All his books form but one book,—a book living, luminous, profound, where one sees coming and going and marching and moving, with I know not what of the formidable and terrible, mixed with the real, all our contemporary civilization ;—a marvellous book which the poet entitled “ a comedy ” and which he could have called history ; which takes all forms and all style, which surpasses Tacitus and Suetonius ; which traverses Beaumarchais and reaches Rabelais ;—a book which realizes observation and imagination, which lavishes the true, the esoteric, the commonplace, the trivial, the material, and which at times through all realities, swiftly and grandly rent away, allows us all at once a glimpse of a most sombre and tragic ideal. Unknown to himself whether he wished it or not, whether he consented or not, the author of this immense and strange work is one of the strong race of Revolutionist writers. Balzac goes straight to the goal. Body to body he seizes modern society ; from all he wrests something, from these an illusion, from those a hope ; from one a catch-word, from another a mask. He ransacked vice, he dissected passion. He searched out and sounded man, soul, heart, entrails, brain,—the abyss that each one has within himself. And by grace of his free and vigorous nature ; by a privilege of the intellect of our time, which, having seen revolutions face to face, can see more clearly the destiny of humanity and comprehend Providence better,—Balzac redeemed himself smiling and severe from those formidable studies which produced melancholy in Molière and misanthropy in Rousseau.

This is what he has accomplished among us, this is the work which he has left us,—a work lofty and solid,—a monument robustly piled in layers of granite from the height of which hereafter his renown shall shine in splendour. Great men make their own pedestal, the future will be answerable for the statue.

His death stupefied Paris ! Only a few months ago he had come back to France. Feeling that he was dying, he wished to see his country again, as one who would embrace his mother on the eve of a distant voyage. His life was short, but full, more filled with deeds than days.

Alas ! this powerful worker, never fatigued, this philosopher, this thinker, this poet, this genius, has lived among us that life of storm, of strife, of quarrels and combats, common in all times to all great men. To-day he is at peace. He escapes contention and hatred. On the same day he enters into glory and the tomb. Hereafter beyond the clouds, which are above our heads, he will shine among the stars of his country. All you who are here, are you not tempted to envy him ?

Whatever may be our grief in presence of such a loss, let us accept these catastrophes with resignation. Let us accept in it whatever is distressing and severe ; it is good perhaps, it is necessary in an epoch like ours, from time to time the great dead shall communicate to spirits devoured with scepticism and doubt, a religious fervour. Providence knows what it does when it puts the people face to face with the supreme mystery and when it gives them death to reflect on,—death which is supreme equality, as it is also supreme liberty. Providence knows what it does, since it is the greatest of all instructors.

There can be but austere and serious thoughts in all hearts when a sublime spirit makes its majestic entrance into another life, when one of those beings who have long soared above the crowd on the visible wings of genius, spreading all at once other wings which we did not see, plunges swiftly into the unknown.

No, it is not the unknown ; no, I have said it on another sad occasion and I shall repeat it to-day ; no, it is not night, it is light. It is not the end, it is the beginning ! It is not extinction ; it is eternity ! Is it not true, my hearers, such tombs as this demonstrate immortality ? In presence of the illustrious dead, we feel more distinctly the divine destiny of that intelligence which traverses the earth to suffer and to purify itself,—which we call man.

THE LIBERTY TREE IN PARIS

(Delivered at the Planting of the Liberty Tree in the Place des Vosges, 1848).

IT is with joy that I yield to the call of my fellow-citizens, and come to hail in their midst the hopes of emancipation, of order, and of peace which will germinate, blent with the roots of this tree of Liberty.

What a true and beautiful symbol for Liberty is this tree ! Liberty has its roots in the hearts of the people, as the tree in the heart of the earth ; like the tree it raises and spreads its branches to heaven ; like the tree it is ceaseless in its growth, and it covers generations with its shade !

The first tree of Liberty was planted eighteen hundred years ago by God himself on Golgotha ! The first tree of Liberty was that cross on which Jesus Christ was offered a sacrifice, for the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the human race !

The significance of this tree has not changed in eighteen centuries ! Only let us not forget that with new times are new duties. The revolution which our fathers made sixty years ago was great by war ; the

revolution which you make to-day should be great by peace. The first destroyed ; the second should organize ! The work of organization is the necessary complement to the work of destruction. It is that which connects 1848 intimately to 1789. To establish, to create, to produce, to pacify ; to satisfy all rights, to develop all the grand instincts of man, to provide for all the needs of society,—this is the task of the future ! And in the times in which we live, the future comes quickly !

One can almost say the future is but to-morrow ! It commences to-day ! To the task then ! To the task, workers with hands ; workers with intelligence ; you who hear me, you who surround me ! Complete this great work of the fraternal organization of all peoples, leading to the same object, attached to the same idea, and living with the same heart. Let us all be men of good-will, let us spare neither our toil nor our sweat. Let us spread among all the peoples who surround us and over the whole world sympathy, charity, and fraternity.

For three centuries the world has imitated France ; for three centuries France has been the first of nations. And do you know what that means,—“ the first of nations ? ” It means the greatest, it should also mean the best. My friends, my brothers, my fellow-citizens, let us establish throughout the whole world, by the grandeur of our example, the empire of our ideas ! That each nation may be happy and proud to resemble France !

Let us unite, then, in one common thought, and join with me in the cry : “ Hail to Universal Liberty ! All hail to the Universal Republic ! ”

ON THE CENTENNIAL OF VOLTAIRE'S DEATH

(Delivered at Paris, May 30th, 1878, the Hundredth Anniversary of Voltaire's Death).

ONE hundred years ago to-day a man died ! He died immortal, laden with years, with labours, and with the most illustrious and formidable of responsibilities,—the responsibility of the human conscience informed and corrected. He departed amid the curses of the past and the blessings of the future—and these are the two superb forms of glory !—dying amid the acclamations of his contemporaries and of posterity, on the one hand, and on the other with the hootings and hatreds bestowed by the implacable past on those who combat it. He was more than a man—he was an epoch ! He had done his work ; he had fulfilled the mission evidently chosen for him by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws

of nature. The eighty-four years he had lived bridge over the interval between the apogee of the Monarchy and the dawn of the Revolution. At his birth, Louis XIV. still reigned; at his death Louis XVI. had already mounted the throne. So that his cradle saw the last rays of the great throne and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss. . . .

The court was full of festivities; Versailles was radiant; Paris was ignorant; and meanwhile, through religious ferocity, judges killed an old man on the wheel and tore out a child's tongue for a song. Confronted by this frivolous and dismal society, Voltaire alone, sensible of all the forces marshalled against him—court, nobility, finance; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so oppressive for the subject, so docile for the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, a sinister medley of hypocrisy and fanaticism—Voltaire alone declared war against this coalition of all social iniquities—against that great and formidable world. He accepted battle with it. What was his weapon? That which has lightness of the wind and the force of a thunderbolt—a pen. With that weapon Voltaire fought, and with that he conquered. Let us salute that memory! He conquered! He waged a splendid warfare,—the war of one alone against all,—the grand war of mind against matter, of reason against prejudice; a war for the just against the unjust, for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the anger of a hero. His was a great mind and an immense heart. He conquered the old code, the ancient dogma! He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He bestowed on the populace the dignity of the people! He taught, pacified, civilized! He fought for Sirven and Montbailly as for Calas and Labarre. Regardless of menaces, insults, persecutions, calumny, exile, he was indefatigable and immovable. He overcame violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth! I have just uttered the word "smile," and I pause at it! "To smile!" That is Voltaire. Let us repeat it,—pacification is the better part of philosophy. In Voltaire the equilibrium was speedily restored. Whatever his just anger, it passed off. The angry Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire of calmness; and then in that profound eye appears his smile. That smile is wisdom—that smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. It sometimes goes as far as a laugh, but philosophic sadness tempers it. It mocks the strong, it caresses the weak. Disquieting the oppressor, it reassures the oppressed. It becomes raillery against the great; pity for the little! Ah! let that smile sway us, for it had in it the rays of the dawn. It was an illumination for truth, for

justice, for goodness, for the worthiness of the useful. It illuminated the inner, stronghold of superstition. The hideous things it is salutary to see, he showed. It was a smile, fruitful as well as luminous! The new society, the desire for equality and concession; that beginning of fraternity called tolerance, mutual good-will, the just accord of men and right, the recognition of reason as the supreme law, the effacing of prejudices, serenity of soul, the spirit of indulgence and pardon, harmony and peace. Behold what has resulted from that grand smile! On the day—undoubtedly close at hand—when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, when the amnesty is proclaimed, I say it!—yonder in the stars Voltaire will smile!

Between two servants of humanity who appeared at one thousand eight hundred years interval, there is a mysterious relation. To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions—to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false, attack the fierce magistracy, the sanguinary priesthood; to scourge the money changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, poor, suffering, and crushed; to combat for the persecuted and oppressed—such was the war of Jesus Christ! And what man carried on that war? It was Voltaire! The evangelical work had for its complement the philosophic work; the spirit of mercy commenced the spirit of tolerance continued, let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and that human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization. . . .

Alas! the present moment, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still its dark side. There are still clouds on the horizon; the tragedy of the peoples is not played out; war still raises its head over this august festival of peace. Princes for two years have persisted in a fatal misunderstanding; their discord is an obstacle to our concord, and they are ill-inspired in condemning us to witness the contrast. This contrast brings us back to Voltaire. Amid these threatening events let us be more peaceful than ever. Let us bow before this great death, this great life, this great living spirit. Let us bend before this venerated sepulchre! Let us ask counsel of him whose life, useful to men, expired a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us ask counsel of other mighty thinkers auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire—of Jean Jacques, Diderot, Montesquieu! Let us stop the shedding of human blood. Enough, despots! Barbarism still exists. Let philosophy protest. Let the eighteenth century succour the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of truth. Let us invoke these illustrious phantoms that, face to face with monarchies thinking of war,

they may proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the sacredness of labour, the blessedness of peace ! And since night issues from thrones, let light emanate from the tombs.

THOMAS HUXLEY

(*For Biographical Note see Section i.*)

A LIBERAL EDUCATION AND WHERE TO FIND IT

(A Lecture before the South London Working Men's College).

THE business which the South London Working Men's College has undertaken is a great work ; indeed, I might say, that Education, with which that college proposes to grapple, is the greatest work of all those which lie ready to a man's hand just at present.

And at length this fact is becoming generally recognised. You cannot go anywhere without hearing a buzz of more or less confused and contradictory talk on this subject—nor can you fail to notice that, in one point at any rate, there is a very decided advance upon like discussions in former days. Nobody outside the agricultural interest now dares to say that education is a bad thing. If any representative of the once large and powerful party, which in former days proclaimed this opinion, still exists in a semi-fossil state, he keeps his thoughts to himself. In fact, there is a chorus of voices, almost distressing in their harmony, raised in favour of the doctrine that education is the great panacea for human troubles, and that, if the country is not shortly to go to the dogs, everybody must be educated.

The politicians tell us, "you must educate the masses because they are going to be masters." The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest infidelity. The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen ; that England will soon be unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam engines, cheaper than other people ; and then Ichabod ! Ichabod ! the glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favour of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is as true now as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.

These members of the minority, with whom I confess I have a good deal of sympathy, are doubtful whether any of the other reasons urged in favour of the education of the people are of much value, whether, indeed, some of them are based upon either wise or noble grounds of

action. They question if it be wise to tell people that you will do for them out of fear of their power, what you have left undone, so long as your only motive was compassion for their weakness and their sorrows. And if ignorance of everything which it is needful a ruler should know is likely to do so much harm in the governing classes of the future, why is it, they ask reasonably enough, that such ignorance in the governing classes of the past has not been viewed with equal horror ?

Compare the average artisan and the average country squire, and it may be doubted if you will find a pin to choose between the two in point of ignorance, class feeling, or prejudice. It is true that the ignorance is of a different sort—that the class feeling is in favour of a different class—and that the prejudice has a distinct savour of wrong-headedness in each case—but it is questionable if the one is either a bit better, or a bit worse, than the other. The old protectionist theory is the doctrine of trades unions as applied by the squires, and the modern trades unionism is the doctrine of the squires applied by the artisans. Why should we be worse off under one *régime* than under the other ?

Again, this sceptical minority asks the clergy to think whether it is really want of education which keeps the masses away from their ministrations—whether the most completely educated men are not as open to reproach on this score as the workmen ; and whether perchance this may not indicate that it is not education which lies at the bottom of the matter ?

Once more, these people, whom there is no pleasing, venture to doubt whether the glory, which rests upon being able to undersell all the rest of the world, is a very safe kind of glory—whether we may not purchase it too dear ; especially if we allow education which ought to be directed to the making of men, to be diverted into a process of manufacturing human tools, wonderfully adroit in the exercise of some technical industry, but good for nothing else.

And, finally, these people inquire whether it is the masses alone who need a reformed and improved education. They ask whether the richest of our public schools might not well be made to supply knowledge, as well as gentlemanly habits, a strong class feeling, and eminent proficiency in cricket. They seem to think that the noble foundations of our old universities are hardly fulfilling their functions in their present posture of half-clerical seminaries, half race-courses, where men are trained to win a senior wranglership, or a double-first, as horses are trained to win a cup, with as little reference to the needs of after-life in the case of the man as in that of the racer. And while as zealous for education as the rest, they affirm that if the education of the richer classes were such as to fit them to be the leaders and the governors of the

poorer ; and if the education of the poorer classes were such as to enable them to appreciate really wise guidance and good governance, the politicians need not fear mob-law, nor the clergy lament their want of flocks, nor the capitalists prognosticate the annihilation of the prosperity of the country.

Such is the diversity of opinion upon the why and the wherefore of education. And my hearers will be prepared to expect that the practical recommendations which are put forward are not less discordant. There is a loud cry for compulsory education. We English, in spite of constant experience to the contrary, preserve a touching faith in the efficacy of acts of parliament ; and I believe we should have compulsory education in the course of next session if there were the least probability that half a dozen leading statesmen of different parties would agree what that education should be.

Some hold that education without theology is worse than none. Others maintain, quite as strongly, that education with theology is in the same predicament. But this is certain, that those who hold the first opinion can by no means agree what theology should be taught ; and that those who maintain the second are in a small minority.

At any rate "make people learn to read, write and cipher," say a great many ; and the advice is undoubtedly sensible as far as it goes. But, as has happened to me in former days, those who, in despair of getting anything better, advocate this measure are met with the objection that it is very like making a child practise the use of a knife, fork, and spoon, without giving it a particle of meat. I really don't know what reply is to be made to such an objection.

But it would be unprofitable to spend more time in disentangling, or rather in showing up the knots in, the ravelled skeins of our neighbours. Much more to the purpose is it to ask if we possess any clue of our own which may guide us among these entanglements. And by the way of a beginning, let us ask ourselves—What is education ? Above all things what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education ?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves, of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children ? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces ;

to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us and, more or less, of those who are connected with us do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess, with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as best he might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would

receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain ; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions ; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honours in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the " Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked ; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience,—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first ; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods ; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience ; and to understand the preliminary symptom of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education.

And a liberal education is an artificial education—which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conspicuous self, her minister and interpreter.

Where is such an education as this to be had? Where is there any approximation to it? Has any one tried to found such an education? Looking over the length and breadth of these islands, I am afraid that all these questions must receive a negative answer. Consider our primary schools and what is taught in them. A child learns:—

1. To read, write, and cipher, more or less well; but in a very large proportion of cases not so well as to take pleasure in reading, or to be able to write the commonest letter properly.
2. A quantity of dogmatic theology, of which the child, nine times out of ten, understands next to nothing.
3. Mixed up with this, so as to seem to stand or fall with it, a few of the broadest and simplest principles of morality. This is, to my mind, much as if a man of science should make the story of the fall of the apple in Newton's garden an integral part of the doctrine of gravitation, and teach it as of equal authority with the law of the inverse squares.
4. A good deal of Jewish history and Syrian geography, and perhaps a little something about English history and the geography of the child's own country. But I doubt if there is a primary school in England in which hangs a map of the hundred in which the village lies, so that the children may be practically taught by it what a map means.

5. A certain amount of regularity, attentive obedience, respect for others: obtained by fear, if the master be incompetent or foolish; by love and reverence, if he be wise.

So far as this school course embraces a training in the theory and practice of obedience to the moral laws of nature, I gladly admit, not only that it contains a valuable educational element, but that, so far, it details with the most valuable and important part of all education. Yet, contrast what is done in this direction with what might be done; with the time given to matters of comparatively no importance; with the absence of any attention to things of the highest moment; and one is tempted to think of Falstaff's bill and "the halfpenny worth of bread to all that quantity of sack."

Let us consider what a child thus "educated" knows, and what it does not know. Begin with the most important topic of all—morality, as the guide of conduct. The child knows well enough that some acts meet with approbation and some with disapprobation. But it has never heard that there lies in the nature of things a reason for every moral law, as cogent and as well defined as that which underlies every physical law; that stealing and lying are just as certain to be followed by evil consequences as putting your hand in the fire, or jumping out of a garret window. Again, though the scholar may have been made acquainted, in dogmatic fashion, with the broad laws of morality, he has had no training in the application of those laws to the difficult problems which result from the complex conditions of modern civilization. Would it not be very hard to expect any one to solve a problem in conic sections who had merely been taught the axioms and definitions of mathematical science?

A workman has to bear hard labour, and perhaps privation while he sees others rolling in wealth, and feeding their dogs with what would keep his children from starvation. Would it not be well to have helped that man to calm the natural promptings of discontent by showing him, in his youth, the necessary connection of the moral law which prohibits stealing with the stability of society—by proving to him, once for all, that it is better for his own people, better for himself, better for future generations, that he should starve than steal? If you have no foundation of knowledge or habit of thought to work upon, what chance have you of persuading a hungry man that a capitalist is not a thief "with a circumbendibus?" And if he honestly believes that, of what avail is it to quote the commandment against stealing when he proposes to make the capitalist disgorge?

Again the child learns absolutely nothing of the history or the political organization of his own country. His general impression

is, that everything of much importance happened a very long while ago ; and that the Queen and the gentlefolk govern the country much after the fashion of King David and the elders and nobles of Israel—his sole models. Will you give a man with this much information a vote ? In easy times he sells it for a pot of beer. Why should he not ? It is about as much use to him as a chignon, and he knows as much what to do with it, for any other purpose. In bad times, on the contrary, he applies his simple theory of government, and believes that his rulers are the cause of his sufferings—a belief which sometimes bears remarkable practical fruits.

Least of all, does the child gather from this primary " education " of ours a conception of the laws of the physical world, or of the relations of cause and effect therein. And this is the more to be lamented, as the poor are especially exposed to physical evils, and are more interested in removing them than any other class of the community. If any one is concerned in knowing the ordinary laws of mechanics one would think it is the hand labourer, whose daily toil lies among levers and pulleys, or among the other implements of artisan work. And if anyone is interested in the laws of health, it is the poor man, whose strength is wasted by ill-prepared food, whose health is sapped by bad ventilation and bad drainage and half of whose children are massacred by disorders which might be prevented. Not only does our present primary education carefully abstain from hinting to the poor man that some of his greatest evils are traceable to mere physical agencies, which could be removed by energy, patience, and frugality ; but it does worse—it renders him, so far as it can, deaf to those who could help him, and tries to substitute an Oriental submission to what is falsely declared to be the will of God, for his natural tendency to strive after a better condition.

What wonder then if very recently an appeal has been made to statistics for the profoundly foolish purpose of showing that education is of no good—that it diminishes neither misery nor crime among the masses of mankind ? I reply, why should the thing which has been called education do either the one or the other ? If I am a knave or a fool, teaching me to read and write won't make me less of either one or the other—unless somebody shows me how to put my reading and writing to wise and good purposes.

Suppose any one were to argue that medicine is of no use, because it could be proved statistically that the percentage of deaths was just the same among people who had been taught how to open a medicine chest and among those who did not so much as know the key by sight. The argument is absurd ; but it is not more preposterous than that against which I am contending. The only medicine for suffering, crime, and all

the other woes of mankind, is wisdom. Teach a man to read and write, and you have put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom box. But it is quite another matter whether he ever opens the box or not. And he is as likely to poison as to cure himself, if, without guidance, he swallows the first drug that comes to hand. In these times a man may as well be purblind, as unable to read—lame, as unable to write. But I protest that, if I thought the alternative were a necessary one, I would rather that the children of the poor should grow up ignorant of both these mighty arts, than that they should remain ignorant of that knowledge to which these arts are means.

It may be said that all these animadversions may apply to primary schools, but that the higher schools, at any rate, must be allowed to give a liberal education. In fact they professedly sacrifice everything else to this object.

Let us inquire into this matter. What do the higher schools, those to which the great middle class of the country sends its children, teach, over and above the instruction given in the primary schools? There is a little more reading and writing of English. But, for all that, every one knows that it is a rare thing to find a boy of the middle or upper classes who can read aloud decently, or who can put his thoughts on paper in a clear and grammatical (to say nothing of good or elegant) language. The "ciphering" of the lower schools expands into elementary mathematics in the higher, into arithmetic, with a little algebra, a little Euclid. But I doubt if one boy in five hundred has ever heard the explanation of a rule of arithmetic, or knows his Euclid otherwise than by rote.

Of theology, the middle-class schoolboy gets rather less than poorer children, less absolutely and less relatively, because there are so many other claims upon his attention. I venture to say that, in the great majority of cases, his ideas on this subject when he leaves school are of the most shadowy and vague description, and associated with painful impressions of the weary hours spent in learning collects and catechism by heart.

Modern geography, modern history, modern literature, the English language as a language, the whole circle of the sciences, physical, moral, and social, are even more completely ignored in the higher than in the lower schools. Up till within a few years back, a boy might have passed through any one of the public schools with the greatest distinction and credit, and might never so much as have heard of one of the subjects I have just mentioned. He might never have heard that the earth goes round the sun; that England underwent a great revolution in 1688, and France another in 1789; that there once lived certain notable men called

Chaucer, Shakespearè, Milton, Voltaire, Goethe, Schiller. The first might be a German and the last an Englishman for anything he could tell you to the contrary. And as for Science, the only idea the word would suggest to his mind would be dexterity in boxing.

I have said that this was the state of things a few years back, for the sake of the few righteous who are to be found among the educational cities of the plain. But I would not have you too sanguine about the result, if you sound the minds of the existing generation of public school-boys on such topics as those I have mentioned.

Now let us pause to consider this wonderful state of affairs ; for the time will come when Englishmen will quote it as the stock example of the stolid stupidity of their ancestors in the nineteenth century. The most thoroughly commercial people, the greatest voluntary wanderers and colonists the world has ever seen, are precisely the middle classes of this country. If there be a people which has been busy making history on the great scale for the last three hundred years—and the most profoundly interesting history—history which, if it happened to be that of Greece or Rome, we should study with avidity—it is the English. If there be a people which, during the same period, has developed a remarkable literature, it is our own. If there be a nation whose prosperity depends absolutely and wholly upon their mastery over the forces of nature, upon their intelligent apprehension of, and obedience to the laws of the creation and distribution of wealth, and of the stable equilibrium of the forces of society, it is precisely this nation. And yet this is what these wonderful people tell their sons :—“ At the cost of from one to two thousand pounds of our hard-earned money we devote twelve of the most precious years of your lives to school. There you shall toil, or be supposed to toil ; but there you shall not learn one single thing of all those you will most want to know directly you leave school and enter upon the practical business of life. You will in all probability go into business, but you shall not know where or how any article of commerce is produced, or the difference between an export or an import, or the meaning of the word ‘ capital.’ You will very likely settle in a colony, but you shall not know whether Tasmania is part of New South Wales, or *vice versa*.

“ Very probably you may become a manufacturer, but you shall not be provided with the means of understanding the working of one of your own steam-engines, or the nature of the raw products you employ ; and when you are to buy a patent you shall not have the slightest means of judging whether the inventor is an impostor who is contravening the elementary principles of science, or a man who will make you as rich as Croesus.

“ You will very likely get into the House of Commons. You will have to take your share in making laws which may prove a blessing or a curse to millions of men. But you shall not hear one word respecting the political organisation of your country ; the meaning of the controversy between free traders and protectionists shall never have been mentioned to you ; you shall not so much as know that there are such things as economical laws.

“ The mental power which will be of most importance in your daily life will be the power of seeing things as they are without regard to authority ; and of drawing accurate general conclusions from particular facts. But at school and at college you shall know of no source of truth but authority, nor exercise your reasoning faculty upon anything but deduction from that which is laid down by authority.

“ You will have to weary your soul with work, and many a time eat your bread in sorrow and in bitterness, and you shall not have learned to take refuge in the great source of pleasure without alloy, the serene resting-place for worn human nature—the world of art.”

Said I not rightly that we are a wonderful people ? I am quite prepared to allow that education entirely devoted to these omitted subjects might not be a completely liberal education. But is an education which ignores them all a liberal education ? Nay, is it too much to say that the education which should embrace these subjects and no others would be a real education, though an incomplete one ; while an education which omits them is really not an education at all, but a more or less useful course of intellectual gymnastics ?

For what does the middle-class school put in the place of all these things which are left out ? It substitutes what is usually comprised under the compendious title of the “ classics ”—that is to say, the languages, the literature, and the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and the geography of so much of the world as was known to these two great nations of antiquity. Now, do not expect me to depreciate the earnest and enlightened pursuit of classical learning. I have not the least desire to speak ill of such occupations, nor any sympathy with those who run them down. On the contrary, if my opportunities had lain in that direction, there is no investigation into which I could have thrown myself with greater delight than that of antiquity.

What science can present greater attractions than philology ? How can a lover of literary excellence fail to rejoice in the ancient masterpieces ? And with what consistency could I, whose business lies so much in the attempt to decipher the past, and to build up intelligible forms out of the scattered fragments of long extinct beings, fail to take a sympathetic,

though an unlearned, interest in the labours of a Niebuhr, a Gibbon, or a Grote? Classical history is a great section of the palæontology of man; and I have the same double respect for it as for other kinds of palæontology, that is to say, a respect for the facts which it establishes as for all facts, and a still greater respect for it as a preparation for the discovery of a law of progress.

But if the classics were taught as they might be taught—if boys and girls were instructed in Greek and Latin, not merely as languages, but as illustrations of philological science; if a vivid picture of life on the shores of the Mediterranean two thousand years ago were imprinted on the minds of scholars; if ancient history were taught, not as a weary series of feuds and fights, but traced to its causes in such men placed under such conditions; if, lastly, the study of the classical books were followed in such a manner as to impress boys with their beauties, and with the grand simplicity of their statement of the everlasting problems of human life, instead of with their verbal and grammatical peculiarities; I still think it as little proper that they should form the basis of a liberal education for our contemporaries, as I should think it fitting to make that sort of palæontology with which I am familiar the back-bone of modern education.

It is wonderful how close a parallel to classical training could be made out of that palæontology to which I refer. In the first place I could get up an osteological primer so arid, so pedantic in its terminology, so altogether distasteful to the youthful mind, as to beat the recent famous production of the head-masters out of the field in all these excellences. Next, I could exercise my boys upon easy fossils, and bring out all their powers of memory and all their ingenuity in the application of my osteogrammatical rules to the interpretation, or construing, of those fragments. To those who had reached the higher classes, I might supply odd bones to be built up into animals, giving great honour and reward to him who succeeded in fabricating monsters most entirely in accordance with the rules. That would answer to verse-making and essay-writing in the dead languages.

To be sure, if a great comparative anatomist were to look at these fabrications, he might shake his head, or laugh. But what then? Would such a catastrophe destroy the parallel? What, think you, would Cicero, or Horace, say to the production of the best sixth form going? And would not Terence stop his ears and run out if he could be present at an English performance of his own plays? Would Hamlet, in the mouths of a set of French actors, who should insist on pronouncing English after the fashion of their own tongue, be more hideously ridiculous?

But it will be said that I am forgetting the beauty, and the human interest, which appertain to classical studies. To this I reply that it is only a very strong man who can appreciate the charms of a landscape as he is toiling up a steep hill, along a bad road. What with short-windedness, stones, ruts, and a pervading sense of the wisdom of rest and be thankful, most of us have little enough sense of the beautiful under these circumstances. The ordinary school-boy is precisely in this case. He finds Parnassus uncommonly steep, and there is no chance of his having much time or inclination to look about him till he gets to the top. And nine times out of ten he does not get to the top.

But if this be a fair picture of the results of classical teaching at its best—and I gather from those who have authority to speak on such matters that it is so—what is to be said of classical teaching at its worst, or in other words, of the classics of our ordinary middle-class schools? I will tell you. It means getting up endless forms and rules by heart. It means turning Latin and Greek into English, for the mere sake of being able to do it, and without the smallest regard to the worth, or worthlessness, of the author read. It means the learning of innumerable, not always decent, fables in such a shape that the meaning they once had is dried up into utter trash; and the only impression left upon a boy's mind is, the people who believed such things must have been the greatest idiots the world ever saw. And it means, finally, that after a dozen years spent at this kind of work, the sufferer shall be incompetent to interpret a passage in an author he has not already got up; that he shall loathe the sight of a Greek or Latin book; and then he shall never open, or think of, a classical writer again, until, wonderful to relate, he insists upon submitting his sons to the same process.

These be your gods, O Israel! For the sake of this net result (and respectability) the British father denies his children all the knowledge they might turn to account in life, not merely for the achievement of vulgar success, but for guidance in the great crises of human existence. This is the stone he offers to those whom he is bound by the strongest and tenderest ties to feed with bread.

If primary and secondary education are in this unsatisfactory state, what is to be said of the universities? This is an awful subject, and one I almost fear to touch with my unhallowed hands; but I can tell you what those say who have authority to speak.

The Rector of Lincoln College, in his lately published valuable "Suggestions for Academical Organisation with special reference to Oxford," tells us:—

"The colleges were, in their origin, endowments, not for the elements of a general liberal education, but for the prolonged study of special

and professional faculties by men of riper age. The universities embraced both these objects. The colleges, while they incidentally aided in elementary education, were specially devoted to the highest learning. . . .

“ This was the theory of the middle-age university and the design of collegiate foundations in their origin. Time and circumstances have brought about a total change. The colleges no longer promote the researches of science, or direct professional study. Here and there college walls may shelter an occasional student, but not in larger proportions than may be found in private life. Elementary teaching of youths under twenty is now the only function performed by the university, and almost the only object of college endowments. Colleges were homes for the life-study of the highest and most abstruse parts of knowledge. They have become boarding schools in which the elements of the learned languages are taught to youths.” (P. 127.)

If Mr. Pattison’s high position, and his obvious love and respect for his university, be insufficient to convince the outside world that language so severe is yet no more than just, the authority of the Commissioners who reported on the University of Oxford in 1850 is open to no challenge. Yet they write :—

“ It is generally³ acknowledged that both Oxford and the country at large suffer greatly from the absence of a body of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science, and to the direction of academical education.

“ The fact that so few books of profound research emanate from the University of Oxford, materially impairs its character as a seat of learning and consequently its hold on the respect of the nation.”

Cambridge can claim no exemption from the reproaches addressed to Oxford. And thus there seems no escape from the admission that what we fondly call our great seats of learning are simply “ boarding schools ” for bigger boys ; that learned men are not more numerous in them than out of them ; that the advancement of knowledge is not the object of fellows of colleges ; that, in the philosophic calm and meditative stillness of their greenswarded courts philosophy does not thrive, and meditation bears few fruits.

It is my good fortune to reckon amongst my friends resident members of both universities, who are men of learning and research, zealous cultivators of science, keeping before their minds a noble ideal of a university, and doing their best to make that ideal a reality ; and, to me, they would necessarily typify the universities, did not the authoritative statements I have quoted compel me to believe that they are exceptional, and not representative

men. Indeed, upon calm consideration, several circumstances lead me to think; that the Rector of Lincoln College and the Commissioners cannot be far wrong.

I believe there can be no doubt that the foreigner who should wish to become acquainted with the scientific, or the literary, activity of modern England, would simply lose his time and his pains if he visited our universities with that object.

And, as for works of profound research on any subject, and above all, in that classical lore for which the universities profess to sacrifice almost everything else, why, a third-rate, poverty-stricken German university turns out more produce of that kind in one year, than our vast and wealthy foundations elaborate in ten.

Ask any man who is investigating any question, profoundly and thoroughly—be it historical, philosophical, physical, literary, or theological; who is trying to make himself master of any abstract subject (except, perhaps, political economy and geology, both of which are intensely Anglican sciences), whether he is not compelled to read half a dozen times as many German as English books? And whether, of these English books, more than one in ten is the work of a fellow of a college, or a professor of an English university?

Is this from any lack of power in the English as compared with the German mind? The countrymen of Grote and of Mill, of Faraday, of Robert Brown, of Lyell, and of Darwin, to go no further back than the contemporaries of men of middle age, can afford to smile at such a suggestion. England can show now, as she has been able to show in every generation since civilization spread over the West, individual men who hold their own against the world, and keep alive the old tradition of her intellectual eminence.

But, in the majority of cases, these men are what they are in virtue of their native intellectual force, and of a strength of character which will not recognise impediments. They are not trained in the courts of the Temple of Science, but storm the walls of that edifice in all sorts of irregular ways, and with much loss of time and power, in order to obtain their legitimate positions.

Our universities not only do not encourage such men; do not offer them positions in which it should be their highest duty to do thoroughly that which they are most capable of doing; but, as far as possible, university training shuts out of the minds of those among them, who are subjected to it, the prospect that there is anything in the world for which they are specially fitted. Imagine the success of the attempt to still the intellectual hunger of any of the men I have mentioned, by putting before him, as the object of existence, the successful mimicry of the

measure of a Greek song, or the roll of Ciceronian prose. Imagine how much success would be likely to attend the attempt to persuade such men that the education which leads to perfection in such elegances is alone to be called culture, while the facts of history, the process of thought, the conditions of moral and social existence, and the laws of physical nature are left to be dealt with as they may by outside barbarians!

It is not thus that the German universities, from being beneath notice a century ago, have become what they are now—the most intensely cultivated and the most productive intellectual corporations the world has ever seen.

The student who repairs to them sees in the list of classes and of professors a fair picture of the world of knowledge. Whatever he needs to know there is some one ready to teach him, some one competent to discipline him in the way of learning; whatever his special bent, let him but be able and diligent, and in due time he shall find distinction and a career. Among his professors he sees men whose names are known and revered throughout the civilized world; and their living example infects him with a noble ambition, and a love for the spirit of work.

The Germans dominate the intellectual world by virtue of the same simple secret as that which made Napoleon the master of old Europe. They have declared *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and every Bursch marches with a professor's gown in his knapsack. Let him become a great scholar, or man of science, and ministers will compete for his services. In Germany they do not leave the chance of his holding the office he would render illustrious to the tender mercies of a hot canvass, and the final wisdom of a mob of country parsons.

In short, their universities are exactly what the Rector of Lincoln and the Commissioners tell us the English universities are not; that is to say, corporations "of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science, and the direction of academical education." They are not "boarding schools for youths," nor clerical seminaries; but institutions for the higher culture of men, in which the theological faculty is of no more importance or prominence than the rest; and which are truly "universities," since they strive to represent and embody the totality of human knowledge, and to find room for all forms of intellectual activity.

May zealous and clear-headed reformers like Mr. Pattison succeed in their noble endeavours to shape our universities towards some such ideal as this, without losing what is valuable and distinctive in their social tone! But until they have succeeded, a liberal education will be no more obtainable in our Oxford and Cambridge Universities than in our

public schools. If I am justified in my conception of the ideal of a liberal education, and if what I have said about the existing educational institutions of the country is also true, it is clear that the two have no sort of relation to one another ; that the best of our schools and the most complete of our university trainings give but a narrow, one-sided, and essentially illiberal education—while the worst give what is really next to no education at all. The South London Working-Men's College could not copy any of these institutions if it would ; I am bold enough to express the conviction that it ought not if it could.

For what is wanted is the reality and not the mere name of a liberal education ; and this college must steadily set before itself the ambition to be able to give that education sooner or later. At present we are but beginning, sharpening our educational tools, as it were, and, except a modicum of physical science, we are not able to offer much more than is to be found in an ordinary school.

Moral and social science—one of the greatest and most fruitful of our future classes, I hope—at present lacks only one thing in our programme, and that is a teacher. A considerable want, no doubt ; but it must be recollected that it is much better to want a teacher than to want the desire to learn.

Further, we need what, for want of a better name, I must call Physical Geography. It is a description of the earth, of its place and relation to other bodies ; of its general structure, and of its great features—winds, tides, mountains, plains ; of the chief forms of the vegetable and animal worlds, of the varieties of man. It is the peg upon which the greatest quantity of useful and entertaining scientific information can be suspended.

Literature is the greatest of all sources of refined pleasure, and one of the great uses of a liberal education is to enable us to enjoy that pleasure. There is scope enough for the purposes of liberal education in the study of the rich treasures of our own language alone. All that is needed is direction, and the cultivation of a refined taste by attention to sound criticism. But there is no reason why French and German should not be mastered sufficiently to read what is worth reading in those languages with pleasure and with profit.

And finally, by and by, we must have history ; treated not as a succession of battles and dynasties ; not as a series of biographies ; not as evidence that Providence has always been on the side of either Whigs or Tories ; but as the development of man in times past, and in other conditions than our own.

LORD KELVIN

(SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, LORD KELVIN)

(1824-1907).

WILLIAM THOMSON, Lord Kelvin, ranks with the great thinkers of Great Britain and the world in all centuries. He was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1824. His father was professor of mathematics at Glasgow University. The inspiration he received from his father and from John Pringle Nichol at Glasgow made him second wrangler and first Smith's prizeman at Cambridge. The power of his brilliant mind was first shown in mathematical research, from which he developed into physics, practical engineering and invention. His remarkable discoveries in electricity belonged to a new era, in which also he was connected closely with the success of the Atlantic cable. It may be said that his work helped to bring all men nearer together. He was knighted in 1866 and raised to the Peerage as Lord Kelvin in 1892. Even during his life he was recognized by disinterested observers as one of the greatest men of his age. An American writer of the Nineteenth Century called him "a remarkable instance of the combination of the very highest powers of reasoning with the practical skill of the mathematician and engineer." When he died, at Glasgow, December 17th, 1907, he took his place with the few whose names are thought of with those of Bacon, Newton and Franklin, as illustrations of inspiration, working through the highest education, to reach the highest success in life.

INSPIRATION AND THE HIGHEST EDUCATION

(An Address delivered by Lord Kelvin at the University of Glasgow, October 17th, 1903, in Commemoration of Professor John Pringle Nichol).

PRINCIPAL STORY, you recall to my mind the happy days of the long past year 1836, when John Pringle Nichol came to be professor of astronomy in the University of Glasgow. From the time he first came among us—I say "among us," because I, as a child, was not then a member but an inhabitant of the university,—when Dr.

Nichol, as we then called him, came among us, he became a friend of my father, and that friendship lasted up to the end of my father's life. I may also claim that I became a student of Dr. Nichol's from the time he first came to Glasgow. Year after year passed, and I still remember his inspiring influence. The work on which I am engaged at this day is work into which I was initiated in the years 1837, 1838 and 1839, when I was a child. The summer of 1840 is for me a memorable summer, a year of brightness in my memory. I had been for one session a student in the natural philosophy class of the university conducted by Dr. Nichol. From beginning to end, with the exception of a few days, when my predecessor, Dr. Meikleham, began the course, which he could not continue on account of his health, the class in natural philosophy, in the session 1839-40, was taught by Dr. Nichol. He came on short notice to occupy the post, and he did it in a most admirable manner. I lately had the opportunity allowed me by my friend and colleague, Prof. Jack, to see a manuscript book of John Pringle Nichol's, a book of exercises and preparations for the natural philosophy class. I was greatly struck with it, and much interested to see in black and white the preparations he made for the splendid course of natural philosophy that he put us through during the session of 1839-40. In his lectures, the creative imagination of the poet impressed youthful minds in a way that no amount of learning, no amount of mathematical skill alone, no amount of knowledge in science, could possibly have produced. For, many years afterward, one of the most important affairs I have ever had to do with, began with what I learned in the natural philosophy class in that session. I remember the enthusiastic and glowing terms in which our professor and teacher spoke of Fourier, the great French creative mathematician, who founded the mathematical theory of the conduction of heat. I was perfectly astonished. I remember how my youthful imagination was fired with what I heard from our teacher. I asked him, "Do you think I could read it?" He said, "The mathematics is very difficult." At the end of the session I got hold of the book ("*Théorie Analytique de la Chaleur*") out of the university library, and in the first half of the month of May, 1840, I had,—I will not say read through the book,—I had turned over all the pages of it. Then we started out from Glasgow for Germany, the joint families of my father, my brothers and sisters, and our friend, Dr. Nichol, and Mrs. Nichol, and John Nichol and Agnes Jane Nichol. The two families made together a tour in Germany, and during two months or six weeks in Frankfort, Mrs. Nichol and her two children were with my father and his family every day while their father went on a tour to the Tyrol. Excuse me for speaking of old times. I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience. These

recollections may be nothing to you, although they are dear to me. They are, indeed, closely connected with the subject of the present meeting.

While we were encamped for a time in Bonn, Dr. Nichol took me and my elder brother on a walking tour in the volcanic region of the Eifel. We had four days of intense enjoyment, and the benefit of what we learned from him and saw around us in that interesting region remained with my brother all his life, and remains with me. I have to thank what I heard in the natural philosophy class for all I did in connection with submarine cables. The knowledge of Fourier was my start in the theory of signalling through submarine cables, which occupied a large part of my after life. The inspiring character of Dr. Nichol's personality and his bright enthusiasm lives still in my mental picture of those old days. The old astronomical observatory—the Macfarlane Observatory—was situated in the upper part of the old college green, or garden, as we used to call it, behind the college off the High Street. I do not suppose any person here ever saw the old college green, but you have all read of it in "Rob Roy," and the duel between Osbaldistone and Rashleigh. I do not remember the details of the duel, but I remember it was appointed to be fought in the upper (at least I have always assumed in my mind, it was the upper part) of the college garden of the University of Glasgow. The garden was in two parts, the lower on the near side of the Molendinar, the upper on the higher ground beyond the stream, which we crossed by a bridge. Has any person here ever seen the Molendinar? There used to be mills on it, I assume, from the name. It is now a drain! Before we left the old college it was covered in. We had still the upper and lower green, but the Molendinar flowed unseen for many years after the university left the old site. I remember in the Macfarlane Observatory beautiful experiments on light shown us in the most delightful way by Dr. Nichol, Grimaldi's fringes by sunlight, and prisms showing us splendid solar spectra, and brilliant colours on a white screen produced by the passage of polarized light through crystals. He gave us firmly the wave theory of light, and introduced us to Fresnel's work. As he appreciated Fourier, so he appreciated Fresnel, two of the greatest geniuses in science, and fired the young imagination with the beautiful discoveries of those men. In that old observatory in the high green, and in the natural philosophy class-room of the old Glasgow college, was given to me the beginning of fundamental knowledge that I am most thoroughly occupied with this very day, and I am forcibly obliged to remember where and when my mind was first drawn to that work which is a pleasure to me, and a business to me just now, and will, I hope, be so for as long as I have time to work.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819-1891).

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born at Cambridge, February 22nd, 1819, and died there August 12th, 1891. He graduated at Harvard in 1838, and ten years later published the 'Biglow Papers,' which gave him, perhaps, his widest celebrity, though he may have preferred that his permanent reputation should rest on later and less humorous works. From 1857 to 1862 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. In 1877 he was sent as Minister to Spain, and after serving until 1880 he was in that year appointed Minister to England. He had an active intellect, a wide range of reading, and a delightful faculty of humour. As a critic he is always entertaining, and never offensive, even when he challenges dissent—as he did with much boldness in attempting to dethrone Pope from his place among great English masters.

THE POETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL IN AMERICA

(Delivered at Cambridge, February 16th, 1855).

WHETHER, as some philosophers assume, we possess only the fragments of a great cycle of knowledge in whose centre stood the primeval man in friendly relation with the powers of the universe, and build our hovels out of the ruins of our ancestral palace ; or whether, according to the developing (evolutionary) theory of others, we are rising gradually and have come up from an atom, instead of descending from an Adam, so that the proudest pedigree might run up to a barnacle or a zoophyte at last,—these are questions that will keep for a good many centuries yet ! Confining myself to what little we can learn from history, we find tribes rising slowly out of barbarism to a higher or lower point of culture and civility, and everywhere the poet is found under one name or another, changing in certain outward respects, but essentially the same.

But however far we go back, we shall find this also—that the poet and the priest were united originally in the same person ; which means that

the poet was he who was conscious of the world of spirit as well as that of sense, and was the ambassador of the gods to men. This was his highest function, and hence his name of seer.

I suppose the word "epic" originally meant nothing more than this, that the poet was the person who was the greatest master of speech. His were the *epea pteroenta*, the true "winged words" that could fly down the unexplored future and carry the names of ancestral heroes, of the brave, and wise, and good. It was thus that the poet could reward virtue, and by and by, as society grew more complex, could burn in the brand of shame. This is Homer's character of Demodochus in the eighth book of the 'Odyssey':—

"Whom the Muse loved and gave the good and ill,"

the gift of conferring good or evil immortality. The first histories were in verse; and sung, as they were at feasts and gatherings of the people, they awoke in men the desire of fame, which is the first promoter of courage and self-trust, because it teaches men by degrees to appeal from the present to the future. We may fancy what the influence of the early epics was when they were recited to men who claimed the heroes celebrated in them for their ancestors, by what Bouchardon, the sculptor, said only two centuries ago: "When I read Homer, I feel as if I were twenty feet high." Nor have poets lost their power over the future in modern times. Dante lifts up by the hair the face of some petty traitor, the Smith and Brown of some provincial Italian town, lets the fire of his 'Inferno' glare upon it for a moment, and it is printed forever on the memory of mankind! The historians may iron out the shoulders of Richard III. as smooth as they can, they will never get over the wrench that Shakespeare gave them.

The peculiarity of almost all early literature is that it seems to have a double meaning; that underneath its natural, we find ourselves continually seeing and suspecting a supernatural meaning. Even in the older epics, the characters seem to be only half historical and half typical. They appear as the Pilgrim Fathers do in twenty-second of December speeches at Plymouth. The names may be historical, but the attributes are ideal. The orator draws a portrait rather of what he thinks founders ought to have been, than a likeness which contemporaries would have recognised. Thus did the early poets endeavour to make reality out of appearances. For except a few typical men, in whom certain ideas get embodied, the generations of mankind are mere apparitions who come out of the dark for a purposeless moment, and enter the dark again after they have performed the nothing they came for.

The poet's gift, then, is that of a seer. He it is who discovers the truth as it exists in types and images ; that is, the spiritual meaning, which abides forever under the sensual, and his instinct is to express himself also in types and images. But it was not only necessary that he himself should be delighted with the vision, but that he should interest his hearers with the faculty divine. Pure truth is not acceptable to the mental palate. It must be diluted with character and incident ; it must be humanized in order to be attractive. If the bones of a mastodon be exhumed, a crowd will gather out of curiosity ; but let the skeleton of a man be turned up, and what a difference in the expression of the features ! Every bystander then creates his little drama, in which those whitened bones take flesh upon them and stalk as chief actor.

The poet is he who can best see or best say what is ideal, what belongs to the world of soul and of beauty. Whether he celebrates the brave and good man, or the gods, or the beautiful as it appears in man or nature, something of a religious character still clings to him. He may be unconscious of his mission ; he may be false to it ; but, in proportion as he is a great poet, he rises to the level of it more often. He does not always directly rebuke what is bad or base, but indirectly, by making us feel what delight there is in the good and the fair. If he besiege evil, it is with such beautiful engines of war (as Plutarch tells us of Demetrius) that the besieged themselves are charmed with them. Whoever reads the great poets cannot but be made better by it, for they always introduce him to a higher society, to a greater style of manners and of thinking. Whoever learns to love what is beautiful is made incapable of the mean, and low, and bad. It is something to be thought of, that all the great poets have been good men. He who translates the divine into the vulgar, the spiritual into the sensual, is the reverse of a poet.

It seems to be thought that we have come upon the earth too late, that there has been a feast of imagination formerly, and all that is left for us is to steal the scraps. We hear that there is no poetry in railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs, and especially in Brother Jonathan. If this be true, so much the worse for him. But because he is a materialist shall there be no more poets ? When we have said that we live in a materialistic age, we have said something which meant more than we intended. If we say it in the way of blame, we have said a foolish thing, for probably one age is as good as another ; and, at any rate, the worst is good enough company for us. The age of Shakespeare seems richer than our own, only because it was lucky enough to have such a pair of eyes as his to see it, and such a gift of speech as his to report it. Shakes-

peare did not sit down and cry for the water of Helicon to turn the wheels of his little private mill there at Bankside. He appears to have gone more quietly about his business than any playwright in London; to have drawn off what water power he wanted from the great prosy current of affairs that flows alike for all, and, in spite of all, to have ground for the public what grist they wanted, coarse or fine. And it seems a mere piece of luck that the smooth stream of his activity reflected with such ravishing clearness every changing mood of heaven and earth, every stick and stone, every dog and clown and courtier that stood upon its brink. It is a curious illustration of the friendly manner in which Shakespeare received everything that came along, of what a "present man" he was, that in the very same year the mulberry tree was brought into England he got one and planted it in his garden at Stratford.

It is perfectly true that this is a materialistic age, and for that reason we want our poets all the more. We find that every generation contrives to catch its singing larks without the sky's falling. When the poet comes he always turns out to be the man who discovers that the passing moment is the inspired one, and that the secret of poetry is not to have lived in Homer's day, or Dante's, but to be alive now. To be alive now—that is the great art and mystery. They are dead men who live in the past, and men yet unborn who live in the future. We are like Hans in luck, forever exchanging the burdensome good we have for something else, till at last we come home empty-headed. The people who find their own age prosaic are those who see only its costume. And that is what makes it prosaic that we have not faith enough in ourselves to think our own clothes good enough to be presented to posterity in. The artists seem to think that the court dress of posterity is that of Van Dyck's time, or Cæsar's. I have seen the model of a statue of Sir Robert Peel—a statesman whose merit consisted in yielding gracefully to the present—in which the sculptor had done his best to travesty the real man into a make-believe Roman. At the period when England produced its greatest poets, we find exactly the reverse of this, and we are thankful to the man who made the monument of Francis Bacon that he had genius enough to copy every button of his dress, everything down to the rosettes on his shoes. Those men had faith even in their own shoe strings. Till Dante's time the Italian poets thought no language good enough to put their nothings into but Latin, and, indeed, a dead tongue was the best for dead thoughts; but Dante found the common speech of Florence, in which men bargained, and scolded, and made love, good enough for him, and out of the world around him made a poem such as no Roman ever sang.

We cannot get rid of our wonder, we who have brought down the wild lightning from writing fiery doom upon the walls of heaven, to be

our errand boy and penny postman. In this day of newspapers and electric telegraphs, in which common sense and ridicule can magnetize a whole continent between dinner and tea, we say that such a phenomenon as Mahomet were impossible, and behold Joe Smith and the State of Deseret ! Turning over the yellow leaves of the same copy of ' Webster on Witchcraft,' which Cotton Mather studied, I thought : " Well, that goblin is laid at last ! " And while I mused, the tables were dancing and the chairs beating the devil's tattoo all over Christendom. I have a neighbour who dug down through tough strata of a clay slate to a spring pointed out by a witch-hazel rod in the hands of a seventh son's seventh son, and the water is the sweeter to him for the wonder that is mixed with it. After all, it seems that our scientific gas, be it never so brilliant, is not equal to the dingy old Aladdin's lamp.

It is impossible for men to live in the world without some poetry of some sort or other. If they cannot get the best, they will get at some subterfuge for it. But there is as much poetry as ever in the world, if we only knew how to find it out, and as much imagination, perhaps, only that it takes a more prosaic direction. Every man who meets with misfortune, who is stripped of his material prosperity, finds that he has a little outlying mountain-farm of imagination, which did not appear in the schedule of his effects, on which his spirit is able to keep itself alive, though he never thought of it while he was fortunate. Job turns out to be a great poet as soon as his flocks and herds are taken away from him.

Perhaps our continent will begin to sing by and by as others have done. We have had the practical forced upon us by our condition. We have had a whole hemisphere to clear up and put to rights. And we are descended from men who were hardened and stiffened by a downright wrestle with necessity. There was no chance for poetry among the Puritans. And yet if any people have a right to imagination, it should be the descendants of those very Puritans. They had enough of it, or they could not have conceived the great epic they did, whose books are states, and which is written on this continent from Maine to California.

John Quincy Adams, making a speech at New Bedford, many years ago, reckoned the number of whaleships (if I remember rightly) that sailed out of that port, and, comparing it with some former period, took it as a type of American success. But, alas ! it is with quite other oil that those far shining lamps of a nation's true glory which burn forever must be filled. It is not by any amount of material splendour or prosperity, but only by moral greatness, by ideas, by works of imagination, that a race can conquer the future. No voice comes to us from the once mighty

Assyria but the hoot of the owl that nests amid her crumbling palaces. Of Carthage, whose merchant fleets once furled their sails in every port of the known world, nothing is left but the deeds of Hannibal. She lies dead on the shore of her once subject sea, and the wind of the desert only flings its handfuls of burial sand upon her corpse. A fog can blot Holland or Switzerland out of existence. But how large is the space occupied in the maps of the souls by little Athens or powerless Italy. They were great by the soul, and their vital force is as indestructible as the soul!

Till America has learned to love art, not as an amusement, not as the mere ornament of her cities, not as a superstition of what is *comme il faut* for a great nation, but for its harmonizing and ennobling energy, for its power of making men better by arousing in them a perception of their own instincts for what is beautiful and sacred and religious, and an eternal rebuke of the base and worldly, she will not have succeeded in that high sense which alone makes a nation out of a people, and raises it from a dead name to a living power. Were our little mother island sunk beneath the sea, or worse, were she conquered by Scythian barbarians, yet Shakespeare would be an immortal England, and would conquer countries, where the bones of her last sailor had kept their ghastly watch for ages in unhallowed ooze!

- This lesson I learn from the past ; that grace and goodness, the fair, the noble, and the true, will never cease out of the world till the God from whom they emanate ceases out of it ; that the sacred duty and noble office of the poet is to reveal and justify them to men ; that as long as the soul endures, endures also the theme of new and unexampled song ; that while there is grace in grace, love in love, and beauty in beauty, God will still send poets to find them, and bear witness of them, and to hang their ideal portraitures in the gallery of memory. God with us is forever the mystical name of the hour that is passing. The lives of the great poets teach us that they were the men of their generation who felt most deeply the meaning of the present.

POPE AND HIS TIMES

(Delivered February 6th, 1855).

THERE is nothing more curious, whether in the history of individual men or of nations, than the reactions which occur at more or less frequent intervals. The human mind, both in persons and societies, is like a pendulum, which, the moment it has reached the limit of its swing in one direction, goes inevitably back as far on the other side, and so on forever.

These reactions occur in everything, from the highest to the lowest, from religion to fashions of dress. The close crop and sober doublet of the Puritans were followed by the laces and periwigs of Charles II. The scarlet coats of our grandfathers have been displaced by as general a blackness as if the world had all gone into mourning. Tight sleeves alternate with loose, and the full-sailed expanses of Navarino have shrunk to those close-reefed phenomena, which, like Milton's Demogorgon, have the name of bonnet without its appearance.

English literature, for half a century from the Restoration, showed the marks both of reaction and of a kind of artistic vassalage to France. From the compulsory saintship and short hair of the Roundheads, the world rushed eagerly towards a little wickedness and a wilderness of wig. Charles II. brought back with him French manners, French morals, and French taste. The fondness of the English for foreign fashions had long been noted. It was a favourite butt of the satirists of Elizabeth's day. Everybody remembers what Portia says of the English lord: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."

The condition of the English mind at the beginning of the last century was one particularly fitted to be magnetized from across the channel. The loyalty of everybody, both in politics and religion, had been dislocated. A generation of materialists was to balance the over spiritualism of the Puritans. The other world had had its turn long enough, and now this world was to have its chance. There seems to have been a universal scepticism, and in its most dangerous form, that is, united with the universal pretence of conformity. There was an unbelief that did not believe even in itself. Dean Swift, who looked forward to a Bishopric, could write a book whose moral, if it had any, was that one religion was about as good as another, and accepted a cure of souls when

it was doubtful if he thought men had any souls to be saved, or at any rate, that they were worth saving if they had. The answer which Pulci's Margutte makes to Morgante when he asks him if he believed in Christ or Mahomet, would have expressed well enough the creed of the majority of that generation :—

“ Margutte answered then, to tell thee truly,
 My faith in black's no greater than in azure ;
 But I believe in capons, roast meat, bouilli,
 And above all in wine, and carnal pleasure.”

It was impossible that anything truly great, great I mean on the moral and emotional, as well as the intellectual sides, could be produced in such a generation. But something intellectually great could be and was. The French mind, always stronger in the perceptive and analytic than in the imaginative faculty, loving precision, grace, and *finesse*, had brought wit and fancy and the elegant arts of society to the perfection almost of science. Its ideal in literature was to combine the appearance of carelessness and gaiety of thought with intellectual exactness of statement. Its influence, then, in English literature will appear chiefly in neatness and facility of expression, in point of epigrammatic compactness of phrase, and these in conveying conventional rather than universal experience, in speaking for good society rather than for man.

Thus far in English poetry we have found life represented by Chaucer, the real life of men and women ; the ideal or interior life as it relates to this world, by Spencer ; what may be called imaginative life in Shakespeare ; the religious sentiment or interior life as it relates to the other world, by Milton. But everything aspires toward a rhythmical utterance of itself, and, accordingly, the intellect and life, as it relates to what we call the world, were waiting for their poet. They found or made a most apt one in Alexander Pope.

He stands for perfectness of intellectual expression, and it is a striking instance how much success and permanence of reputation depend upon conscientious and laborious finish, as well as upon natural endowments.

I confess that I come to the treatment of Pope with diffidence. I was brought up in the old superstition that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, and when I came to find that I had instincts of my own, and my mind was brought in contact with apostles of a more esoteric doctrine of poetry, I felt that ardent desire for smashing the idols I had been brought up to worship, without any regard to their artistic beauty, which characterizes youthful zeal. What was it to me that Pope was

a master of style? I felt, as Addison says in his *Freeholder*, in answering an argument in favour of the Pretender, because he could speak English, and George I. could not,—“that I do not wish to be tyrannized over in the best English that ever was spoken.” There was a time when I could not read Pope, but disliked him by an instinct, as old Roger Ascham seems to have felt about Italy when he says: “I was once in Italy myself, but I thank God my abode there was only nine days.”

But Pope fills a very important part in the history of English poetry, and must be studied by every one who would come to a clear knowledge of it. I have since read over every line that Pope ever wrote, and every letter written by or to him, and that more than once. If I have not come to the conclusion that he is the greatest of poets, I believe that I am at least in a condition to allow him every merit that is fairly his. I have said that Pope, as a literary man, represents precision and grace of expression; but as a fact he represents something more, nothing less, namely, than one of those eternal controversies of taste which will last as long as the imagination and understanding divide men between them. It is not a matter to be settled by any amount of argument or demonstration. Men are born Popists or Wordsworthians, Lockists or Kantists, and there is nothing more to be said of the matter. We do not hear that the green spectacles persuaded the horse into thinking that shavings were grass.

That reader is happiest whose mind is broad enough to enjoy the natural school for its nature, and the artificial for its artificiality, provided they be only good of their kind. At any rate, we must allow that the man who can produce one perfect work is either a great genius or a lucky one; as far as we who read are concerned, it is of secondary importance which.

Personally, we know more about Pope than any of our poets. He kept no secret about himself. If he did not let the cat out of the bag, he always contrived to give her tail a pinch so that we might know she was there. In spite of the savageness of his satires, his disposition seems to have been a truly amiable one, and his character as an author was as purely fictitious as his style. I think that there was very little real malice in him.

A great deal must be allowed to Pope,—for the age in which he lived, and not a little, I think, for the influence of Swift. In his own province he still stands unapproachably alone. If to be the greatest satirist of individual men, rather than of human nature, if to be the highest expression which the life of court and the ballroom has ever found in verse, if to have added more phrases to our language than any other but Shakespeare, if to have charmed four generations, make a man a great

poet, then he is one. He was the chief founder of an artificial style of writing, which in his hand was living and powerful, because he used it to express artificial modes of thinking, and an artificial style of society. Measured by any high standard of imagination, he will be found wanting ; tried by any test of wit, he is unrivalled.

LORD LYTTON

(EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, BARON
LYTTON)

(1803-1873).

CELEBRATED as he is for his fiction, Lord Lytton in prose composition is perhaps at his best in such addresses as that delivered at the University of Edinburgh in 1854. Its style is admirable throughout, and its peroration is worthy of the best tradition of English oratory. He was born in London, May 25th, 1803. Graduating at Cambridge in 1826, he entered Parliament in 1831 and served ten years, returning again in 1852 and serving until 1866,—the year he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. In 1858-1859 he was Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's administration. In Parliament he supported Conservative policies, opposing the repeal of the Corn Laws and striving "to elevate the masses in character and in feeling to the standard which Conservatism works in aristocracy." He died at Torquay, January 18th, 1873.

DEMOSTHENES AND THE NOBILITY OF THE CLASSICS

(Address delivered to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh,
January 18th, 1854).

ALL men in modern times, famous for their eloquence, have recognized Demosthenes as their model. Many speakers in our own country have literally translated passages from his orations and produced electrical effects upon sober English senators by thoughts first uttered to passionate Athenian crowds. Why is this? Not from the style—the style vanishes in translation. It is because thoughts the noblest appeal to emotions the most masculine and popular. You see in Demosthenes the man accustomed to deal with the practical business of men—to generalize details, to render complicated affairs clear to the ordinary

understanding—and, at the same time, to connect the material interests of life with the sentiments that warm the breast and exalt the soul. It is the brain of an accomplished statesman in unison with a generous heart, thoroughly in earnest, beating loud and high—with the passionate desire to convince breathless thousands how to baffle a danger and to save their country.

A little time longer and Athens is free no more. The iron force of Macedon has banished liberty from the silenced Agora. But liberty has already secured to herself a gentle refuge in the groves of the Academy—there, still to the last, the Grecian intellect maintains the same social, humanizing, practical aspect. The immense mind of Aristotle gathers together, as in a treasure-house, for future ages, all that was valuable in the knowledge that informs us of the earth on which we dwell—the political constitutions of States and their results on the character of nations, the science of ethics, the analysis of ideas, natural history, physical science, critical investigation, *omne immensum peragravit*; and all that he collects from wisdom he applies to the earthly uses of man. Yet it is not by the tutor of Alexander, but by the pupil of Socrates, that our vast debt to the Grecian mind is completed. When we remount from Aristotle to his great master Plato, it is as if we looked from nature up to nature's God. There, amidst the decline of freedom, the corruption of manners—just before the date when with the fall of Athens, the beautiful ideal of sensuous life faded mournfully away—there, on that verge of time, stands the consoling Plato, preparing philosophy to receive the Christian dispensation, by opening the gates of the Infinite, and proclaiming the immortality of the soul. Thus the Grecian genius, ever kindly and benignant, first appears to awaken man from the sloth of the senses, to enlarge the boundaries of self, to connect the desire of glory with the sanctity of household ties, to raise up, in luminous contrast with the inert despotism of the old Eastern World, the energies of freemen, the duties of citizens; and, finally, accomplishing its mission as the visible Iris to States and heroes, it melts into the rainbow, announcing a more sacred covenant, and spans the streams of the heathen Orcus with an arch lost in the Christian's heaven.

I have so exhausted your patience in what I have thus said of the Grecian literature, that I must limit closely my remarks upon the Roman. And here, indeed, the subject does not require the same space. In Greek literature all is fresh and original; its very art is but the happiest selection from natural objects, knit together with the zone of the careless Graces. But Latin literature is borrowed and adapted, and like all imitations, we perceive at once that it is artificial. But in this imitation it has such exquisite taste, in this artificiality there is so much refinement

of polish, so much stateliness of pomp, that it assumes an originality of its own. It has not found its jewels in native mines, but it takes them with a conqueror's hand and weaves them into regal diadems. Dignity and polish are the special attributes of Latin literature in its happiest age ; it betrays the habitual influence of an aristocracy, wealthy, magnificent, and learned. To borrow a phrase from Persius, its words sweep along as if clothed with the toga. Whether we take the sonorous lines of Virgil or the swelling periods of Cicero, the easier dignity of Sallust, or the patrician simplicity of Cæsar, we are sensible that we are with a race accustomed to a measured decorum, a majestic self-control, unfamiliar to the more lively impulse of small Greek communities. There is a greater demarcation between the intellect of the writer and the homely sense of the multitude. The Latin writers seek to link themselves to posterity rather through a succession of select and well-bred admirers than by cordial identification with the passions and interests of the profane vulgar. Even Horace himself, so brilliant and easy and so conscious of his *monumentum ære perennius*, affects disdain of popular applause and informs us, with a kind of pride, that his satires had no vogue in the haunts of the common people. Every bold schoolboy takes at once to Homer, but it is only the fine taste of the scholar that thoroughly appreciates Virgil, and only the experienced man of the world who discovers all the delicate wit, all the exquisite urbanity of sentiment, that win our affection to Horace in proportion as we advance in life. In short, the Greek writers warm and elevate our emotions as men—the Latin writers temper emotions to the stately reserve of highborn gentlemen. The Greeks fire us more to the inspirations of poetry, or, as in Plato and parts of Demosthenes, to that sublimer prose to which poetry is akin ; but the Latin writers are, perhaps, on the whole, though I say it with hesitation, safer models for that accurate construction and decorous elegance by which classical prose attains critical perfection. Nor is this elegance effeminate, but, on the contrary, nervous and robust, though, like the statue of Apollo, the strength of the muscle is concealed by the undulation of the curves. But there is this, as a general result from the study of ancient letters, whether Greek or Roman,—both are the literature of grand races, of free men and brave hearts ; both abound in generous thoughts and high examples ; both, whatever their occasional licence, inculcate, upon the whole, the habitual practice of manly virtues ; both glow with the love of country ; both are animated by the desire of fame and honour. Therefore, whatever be our future profession and pursuit, however they may take us from the scholastic closet and forbid any frequent return to the classic studies of our youth, still he whose early steps have been led into that land of demigods and heroes will find

that its very air has enriched through life the blood of his thoughts, that he quits the soil with a front which the Greek has directed towards the stars, and a step which imperial Rome has disciplined to the march that carried her eagles round the world.

Not in vain do these lessons appeal to the youth of Scotland. From this capital, still as from the elder Athens, stream the lights of philosophy and learning. But your countrymen are not less renowned for the qualities of action, than for those of thought. And you whom I address will carry with you, in your several paths to fortune, your national attributes of reflective judgment and dauntless courage. I see an eventful and stirring age expand before the rising generation. In that grand contest between new ideas and ancient forms, which may be still more keenly urged before this century expires, whatever your differences of political opinion, I adjure you to hold fast to the vital principle of civilization. What is that principle? It is the union of liberty with order. The art to preserve this union has often baffled the wisest statesmen in stormy times; but the task becomes easy at once, if the people whom they seek to guide will but carry into public affairs the same prudent consideration which commands prosperity in private business. You have already derived from your ancestors an immense capital of political freedom; increase it if you will,—but by solid investments, not by hazardous speculations. You will hear much of the necessity of progress, and truly,—for where progress ends decline invariably begins,—but remember that the healthful progress of society is like the natural life of man: it consists in the gradual and harmonious development of all its constitutional powers, all its component parts, and you introduce weakness and disease into the whole system, whether you attempt to stint or to force the growth. The old homely rule you prescribe to individuals is applicable to a State. “Keep the limbs warm by exercise, and keep the head cool by temperance.” But new ideas do not invade only our political systems; you will find them wherever you turn. Philosophy has altered the directions it favoured in the last century—it enters less into metaphysical inquiry; it questions less the relationships between man and his Maker; it assumes its practical character as the investigator of external nature, and seeks to adapt agencies before partially concealed to the positive uses of man. Here I leave you to your own bold researches; you cannot be much misled if you remember the maxim to observe with vigilance and enquire with conscientious care. Nor is it necessary that I should admonish the sons of religious Scotland that the most daring speculations as to nature may be accompanied with the humblest faith in those sublime doctrines that open heaven alike to the wisest philosopher and the simplest peasant. I do not presume to

arrogate the office of a preacher ; but, believe me, as a man of books and a man of the world, that you inherit a religion which, in its most familiar form, in the lowly prayer that you have learned from your mother's lips, will save you from the temptations to which life is exposed more surely than all which the pride of philosophy can teach. Nor can I believe that the man will ever go very obstinately wrong who, by the mere habit of thanksgiving and prayer, will be forced to examine his conscience even but once a day and remember that the eye of the Almighty is upon him.

One word further. Nothing to my mind preserves a brave people true and firm to its hereditary virtues more than a devout though liberal spirit of nationality. And it is not because Scotland is united with England that the Scotchman should forget the glories of his annals, the tombs of his ancestors, or relax one jot of his love for his native soil. I say not this to flatter you,—I say it not for Scotland alone. I say it for the sake of the empire. For sure I am that, if ever the step of the invader should land upon these kindred shores—there, wherever the national spirit is the most strongly felt—there, where the local affections most animate the breast—there will our defenders be the bravest. It would ill become me to enter into the special grounds of debate now at issue, but permit me to remind you that, while pressing with your accustomed spirit for whatever you may deem to be equal rights, you would be unjust to your own fame if you did not feel that the true majesty of Scotland needs neither the pomp of courts nor the blazonry of heralds. What though Holyrood be desolate—what though no king holds revels in its halls ? The empire of Scotland has but extended its range, and, blended with England, under the daughter of your ancient kings, peoples the Australian wilds that lay beyond the chart of Columbus and rules over the Indian realms that eluded the grasp of Alexander. That empire does not suffice for you. It may decay—it may perish. More grand is the domain you have won over human thought, and identified with the eternal progress of intellect and freedom. From the charter of that domain no ceremonial can displace the impression of your seal. In the van of that progress no blazon can flaunt before that old Lion of Scotland (pointing to the flag suspended opposite). This is the empire that you adorn in peace ; this is the empire that, if need be, you will defend in war. It is not here that I would provoke one difference in political opinion,—but surely you, the sons of Scotland, who hold both fame and power upon the same tenure as that which secures civilization from lawless force,—surely you are not the men who could contemplate with folded arms the return of the Dark Ages and quietly render up the haven that commands Asia on the one side and threatens Europe on the

other, to the barbaric ambition of some Alaric of the North. But, whether in reluctant war or in happier peace, I can but bid you to be mindful of your fathers! Learn from them how duties fulfilled in the world become honours after death; and in your various callings continue to maintain for Scotland her sublime alliance with every power of mind that can defend or instruct, soothe or exalt humanity.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

(BARON MACAULAY)

(For *Biographical Note* see Section iii.).

THE LITERATURE OF BRITAIN

(Delivered at the Opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on November 4th, 1846).

I THANK you, gentlemen, for this cordial reception. I have thought it right to steal a short time from duties not unimportant for the purpose of lending my aid to an undertaking calculated, as I think, to raise the credit and to promote the best interests of the city, which has so many claims on my gratitude.

The Directors of our Institution have requested me to propose to you as a toast 'The Literature of Britain.' They could not have assigned to me a more agreeable duty. The chief object of this Institution is, I conceive, to impart knowledge through the medium of our own language. Edinburgh is already rich in libraries worthy of her fame as a seat of literature and a seat of jurisprudence. A man of letters can here, without difficulty, obtain access to repositories filled with the wisdom of many ages and of many nations. But something was still wanting. We still wanted a library open to that large, that important, that respectable class which, though by no means destitute of liberal curiosity or of sensibility to literary pleasures, is yet forced to be content with what is written in our own tongue. For that class especially, I do not say exclusively, this library is intended. Our directors, I hope, will not be satisfied till we possess a noble and complete collection of English books, —till it is impossible to seek in vain on our shelves for a single English book which is valuable either on account of matter or on account of manner; which throws any light on our civil, ecclesiastical, intellectual, or social history which, in short, can afford either useful instruction or harmless amusement.

From such a collection, placed within the reach of that large and valuable class which I have mentioned, I am disposed to expect great good. And when I say this, I do not take into the account those rare

cases to which my valued friend, the Lord Provost, so happily alluded. It is, indeed, not impossible that some man of genius who may enrich our literature with imperishable eloquence and song, or who may extend the empire of our race over matter, may feel in our reading room, for the first time, the consciousness of powers yet undeveloped. It is not impossible that our volumes may suggest the first thought of something great to some future Burns, or Watt, or Arkwright. But I do not speak of these extraordinary cases. What I confidently anticipate is that, through the whole of that class whose benefit we have peculiarly in view, there will be a moral and intellectual improvement; that many hours, which might otherwise be wasted in folly or in vice, will be employed in pursuits which, while they afford the highest and most lasting pleasure, are not only harmless, but purifying and elevating. My own experience, my own observation, justifies me in entertaining this hope. I have had opportunities, both in this and in other countries, of forming some estimate of the effect which is likely to be produced by a good collection of books on a society of young men. There is, I will venture to say, no judicious commanding officer of a regiment who will not tell you that the vicinity of a valuable library will improve perceptibly the whole character of a mess. I well knew one eminent military servant of the East India Company, a man of great and various accomplishments, a man honourably distinguished both in war and in diplomacy, a man who enjoyed the confidence of the greatest generals and statesmen of our time. When I asked him how, having left his country while still a boy, and having passed his youth at military stations in India, he had been able to educate himself, his answer was, that he had been stationed in the neighbourhood of an excellent library, that he had been allowed free access to the books, and that they had, at the most critical time of his life, decided his character, and saved him from being a mere smoking, card-playing, punch-drinking lounge.

Some of the objections which have been made to such institutions as ours have been so happily and completely refuted by my friend, the Lord Provost, and by the Most Reverend Prelate who has honoured us with his presence this evening, that it would be idle to say again what has been so well said. There is, however, one objection which, with your permission, I will notice. Some men, of whom I wish to speak with great respect, are haunted, as it seems to me, with an unreasonable fear of what they call superficial knowledge. Knowledge, they say, which really deserves the name, is a great blessing to mankind, the ally of virtue, the harbinger of freedom. But such knowledge must be profound. A crowd of people who have a smattering of mathematics, a smattering of astronomy, a smattering of chemistry, who have read a

little poetry and a little history, is dangerous to the commonwealth. Such half knowledge is worse than ignorance. And then the authority of Pope is vouched. Drink deep or taste not ; shallow draughts intoxicate ; drink largely and that will sober you. I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious, and my reason is this : that I never could prevail on any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse and profound knowledge a blessing to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds on the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line. When we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they have got to the bottom or near the bottom of science ? Do we mean that they know all that is capable of being known ? Do we mean even that they know, in their own special department, all that the smatterers of the next generation will know ? Why, if we compare the little truth that we know with the infinite mass of truth which we do not know, we are all shallow together, and the greatest philosophers that ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness. If we could call up the first of human beings, if we could call up Newton to ask him whether, even in those sciences in which he had no rival, he considered himself as profoundly knowing, he would have told us he was but a smatterer like ourselves and that the difference between his knowledge and ours vanished when compared with the quantity of truth still undiscovered, just as the distance between a person at the foot of Ben Lomond and one at the top of Ben Lomond vanishes when compared with the distance of the fixed stars.

It is evident, then, that those who are afraid of superficial knowledge do not mean by superficial knowledge, knowledge which is superficial when compared with the whole quantity of truth capable of being known. For, in that sense, all human knowledge is, and always has been, and always must be, superficial. What, then, is the standard ? Is it the same two years together in any country ? Is it the same, at the same moment, in any two countries ? Is it not notorious that the profundity of one age is the shallowness of the next ; that the profundity of one nation is the shallowness of a neighbouring nation ? Ramohun Roy passed, among Hindoos, for a man of profound Western learning ; but he would have been but a very superficial member of this institute. Strabo was justly entitled to be called a profound geographer eighteen hundred years ago ; but a teacher of geography who had never heard of America would now be laughed at by the girls of a boarding school. What would now be thought of the greatest chemist of 1746 or of the greatest geologist of 1746 ? The truth is that, in all experimental

science, mankind is, of necessity, constantly advancing. Every generation of course has its front rank and its rear rank ; but the rear rank of a later generation occupies the ground which was occupied by the front rank of a former generation.

You remember Gulliver's adventures. First he is shipwrecked in a country of little men, and he is a Colossus among them. He strides over the walls of their capital ; he stands higher than the cupola of their great temple ; he tugs after him a royal fleet ; he stretches his legs, and a royal army, with drums beating and colours flying, marches through the gigantic arch ; he devours a whole granary for breakfast, eats a herd of cattle for dinner, and washes down his meal with all the hogsheads of a cellar. In his next voyage he is among men sixty feet high. He who in Lilliput used to take people up in his hands in order that he might be able to hear them, is himself taken up in the hands and held to the ears of his masters. It is all that he can do to defend himself with his hanger against the rats and mice. The court ladies amuse themselves with seeing him fight wasps and frogs ; the monkey runs off with him to the chimney top ; the dwarf drops him into the cream jug and leaves him to swim for his life. Now, was Gulliver a tall or short man ? Why, in his own house at Rotherhithe, he was thought a man of the ordinary stature. Take him to Lilliput, and he is Quibus Flestrin, the Man Mountain. Take him to Brobdingnag, and he is Grildig, the Little Manikin. It is the same in science. The pigmies of one society would have passed for giants in another.

It might be amusing to institute a comparison between one of the profoundly learned men of the thirteenth century and one of the superficial students who will frequent our library. Take the great philosopher of the time of Henry III. of England, or Alexander III. of Scotland, the man renowned all over the island, and even as far as Italy and Spain as the first of astronomers and chemists. What is his astronomy ? He is a firm believer in the Ptolemaic system. He never heard of the law of gravitation. Tell him that the succession of day and night is caused by the turning of the earth on its axis. Tell him that in consequence of this motion, the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial diameter. Tell him that the succession of summer and winter is caused by the revolution of the earth round the sun. If he does not set you down for an idiot, he lays an information against you before the Bishop and has you burned for a heretic. To do him justice, however, if he is ill-informed on these points, there are other points on which Newton and Laplace were mere children when compared with him. He can cast your nativity. He knows what will happen when Saturn is in the House of Life, and what will happen when Mars is in conjunction with the Dragon's Tail. He can

read in the stars whether an expedition will be successful ; whether the next harvest will be plentiful ; which of your children will be fortunate in marriage, and which will be lost at sea. Happy the State, happy the family, which is guided by the counsels of so profound a man. And what but mischief, public and private, can we expect from the temerity and conceit of sciolists who know no more about the heavenly bodies than what they have learned from Sir John Herschel's beautiful little volume ? But, to speak seriously, is not a little truth better than a great deal of falsehood ? Is not the man who, in the evenings of a fortnight, has acquired a correct notion of the solar system a more profound astronomer than a man who has passed thirty years in reading lectures about the *primum mobile* and in drawing schemes of horoscopes ?

Or take chemistry. Our philosopher of the thirteenth century shall be, if you please, a universal genius, chemist as well as astronomer. He has, perhaps, got so far as to know that if he mix charcoal and saltpetre in certain proportions and then apply fire, there will be an explosion which will shatter all his retorts and aludels ; and he is proud of knowing what will, in a later age, be familiar to all idle boys in the kingdom. But there are departments of science in which he need not fear the rivalry of Black, or Lavoisier, or Cavendish, or Davy. He is in hot pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, of the stone that is to bestow wealth, and health, and longevity. He has a long array of strangely shaped vessels, filled with red oil and white oil, constantly boiling. The moment of projection is at hand, and soon all his kettles and gridirons will be turned into pure gold. Poor Professor Faraday can do nothing of the sort. I should deceive you if I held out to you the slightest hope that he will ever turn your halfpence into sovereigns. But if you can induce him to give at our Institute a course of lectures such as I once heard him give at the Royal Institution to children in the Christmas holidays I can promise you that you will know more about the effects produced on bodies by heat and moisture than was known to some alchemists who, in the Middle Ages, were thought worthy of the patronage of kings.

As it has been in science, so it has been in literature. Compare the literary acquirements of the great men of the thirteenth century with those which will be within the reach of many who will frequent our reading room. As to Greek learning, the profound man of the thirteenth century was absolutely on a par with the superficial man of the nineteenth. In the modern languages, there was not, six hundred years ago, a single volume which is now read. The library of our profound scholar must have consisted entirely of Latin books. We will allow him thirty, nay forty manuscripts, and among them a Virgil, a Terence, a Lucan, an Ovid, a Statius, a great deal of Livy, a great deal of Cicero.

In allowing him all this, we are dealing most liberally with him, for it is much more likely that his shelves were filled with treatises on school divinity and canon law, composed by writers whose names the world has very wisely forgotten. But even if we suppose him to have possessed all that is most valuable in the literature of Rome, I say with perfect confidence that, both in respect of intellectual improvement and in respect of intellectual pleasures, he was far less favourably situated than a man who now, knowing only the English language, has a bookcase filled with the best English works. Our great man of the Middle Ages could not form any conception of any tragedy approaching 'Macbeth' or 'Lear,' or any comedy equal to 'Henry IV.' or 'Twelfth Night.' The best epic poem that he had read was far inferior to the 'Paradise Lost'; and all the tomes of his philosophers were not worth a page of the 'Novum Organum.'

The 'Novum Organum,' it is true, persons who know only English must read in a translation, and this reminds me of one great advantage which such persons will derive from our institution. They will, in our library, be able to form some acquaintance with the master minds of remote ages and foreign countries. A large part of what is best worth knowing in ancient literature, and in the literature of France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, has been translated into our own tongue. It is scarcely possible that the translation of any book of the highest class can be equal to the original. But, though the finer touches may be lost in the copy, the great outlines will remain. An Englishman who never saw the frescoes in the Vatican may yet, from engravings, form some notion of the exquisite grace of Raphael and of the sublimity and energy of Michael Angelo. And so the genius of Homer is seen in the poorest version of the 'Iliad,' the genius of Cervantes is seen in the poorest version of 'Don Quixote.' Let it not be supposed that I wish to dissuade any person from studying either the ancient languages or the languages of modern Europe. Far from it. I prize most highly those keys of knowledge, and I think that no man who has leisure for study ought to be content until he possesses several of them. I have always much admired a saying of the Emperor Charles V. :—"When I learn a new language, I feel as if I had got a new soul." But I would console those who have not time to make themselves linguists, by assuring them that, by means of their own mother tongue, they may obtain ready access to vast intellectual treasures, to treasures such as might have been envied by the greatest linguists of the age of Charles V., to treasures surpassing those which were possessed by Aldus, by Erasmus, and by Melancthon.

And thus I am brought back to the point from which I started. I have been requested to invite you to fill your glasses to the Literature

of Britain ; to that literature, the brightest, the purest, the most durable of all the glories of our country ; to that literature, so rich in precious truth and precious fiction ; to that literature which boasts of the prince of all poets and of the prince of all philosophers ; to that literature which has exercised an influence wider than that of our commerce, and mightier than that of our arms ; to that literature which has taught France the principles of liberty, and has furnished Germany with models of art ; to that literature which forms a tie closer than the tie of consanguinity between us and the commonwealths of the Valley of the Mississippi ; to that literature before the light of which impious and cruel superstitions are fast taking flight on the banks of the Ganges ; to that literature which will in future ages, instruct and delight the unborn millions who will have turned the Australian and African deserts into cities and gardens. To the literature of Britain, then ! And, wherever British literature spreads, may it be attended by British virtue and by British freedom.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

(1805-1872).

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, clergyman, man of letters, and Christian Socialist, was born near Lowestoft and studied at Cambridge, afterwards going to London and becoming engaged in literary work on the *Westminster Review* and other magazines. Deciding to take Orders in the Church of England, he was ordained in 1834 and became a leader in what was known as the Broad Church Movement.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS

I HAVE proposed to speak to you this evening on the Friendship of Books. I have some fear that an age of reading is not always favourable to the cultivation of this friendship. I do not mean that we are in any special danger of looking upon them as enemies. That is no doubt the temptation of some persons. I have known both boys and men who have looked at books with a kind of rage and hatred, as if they were the natural foes of the human species. I am far from thinking that these were bad boys or bad men; nor were they stupid. Some of them I have found very intelligent, and have learnt much from them. I could trace the dislike in some cases to a cause which I thought honourable. The dogs and horses which they did care about, and were always on good terms with, they regarded as living creatures, who could receive affection, and in some measure could return it. Their horses could carry them over hills and moors; their dogs had been out with them from morning till night, and took interest in the pursuit that was interesting them. Books seemed to them dead things in stiff bindings, that might be patted or caressed ever so much, and would take no notice, that knew nothing of the toil or pleasure of hill or stubble-field, of sunrise or sunseting, of the earnest chase or the feast after it. Was it not better to leave them in the shelves which seemed to be made for them? Was it not treating them most respectfully not to finger or soil them, but to secure the services of a housemaid who should occasionally dust them?

I frankly own that I have great sympathy with these feelings, and with those who entertain them. If books are only dead things, if they do not speak to one, or answer one when one speaks to them, if they have nothing to do with the common things that we are busy with—with the sky over our head, and the ground under our feet—I think that they had better stay on the shelves ; I think any horse or dog, or tree or flower, is a better companion for human beings than they are. And therefore I say again, it is not with those who count them enemies that I find fault. They have much to say for themselves ; if their premises are right they are right in their conclusions. What I regret is, that many of us spend much of our time in reading books, and in talking of books—that we like nothing worse than the reputation of being indifferent to them, and nothing better than the reputation of knowing a great deal about them ; and yet that, after all, we do not know them in the same way as we know our fellow-creatures, not even in the way we know any dumb animal that we walk with or play with. This is a great misfortune, in my opinion, and one which I am afraid is increasing as what we call “ the taste for literature ” increases. I cannot enter into all the different reasons which lead me to think so, nor can I trace the evil to its source. But I will mention one characteristic of the reading in our times, which must have much to do with it.

A large part of our reading is given to reviews, and magazines, and newspapers. Now I am certain that these must have a very important use. We should all of us be trying to find out what the use of them is, because it is clear that we are born into an age in which they exercise great power ; and that fact must bring great responsibility not only upon those who wield the power, but upon us who have to see that it does us good, and not hurt. But whatever good effects works of this kind may have produced, we certainly are not able to make them our friends. Perhaps you will wonder that I should say that a newspaper or a review is a much less awful thing than a quarto or a folio, I mean of course, to those who are not going themselves to be cut up in it, but only to have the pleasure of seeing their friends and neighbours cut up. Moreover, the writer of the newspaper or magazine or review, commonly assumes an off-hand, dashing air. He has a number of colloquial phrases and stock jests which seem intended to put us at our ease. He speaks in a loud, rattling tone, like one who wishes to shake hands the first time you meet him. But then, when you stretch out your hand, what is it you meet ? Not that of a man, but a shadow of something that calls itself “ We.” Be friends with a “ We ! ” How is that possible ? If the mist is scattered, if we discover that there is an actual human being there, then the case is altered altogether. If Lord Jeffrey, or

Mr. Macaulay, or Sir James Stephen publishes articles which he has written in a review, with his name affixed to them, or if a *Times* correspondent whom, in our superstition, we had supposed to be one of the fairies or genii that descend from some other world to our planet, appears with an ordinary name, and dressed like a mortal, why, then we feel we are on fair terms. A person is presenting himself to us, one who may have a right to judge us, but who is willing to be tried himself by his peers. That, you see, is because the *We* has become an *I*. All his apparent dignity is dissolved ; we can recognise him as a fellow-creature.

Now, I do not say this the least in condemnation of reviewers, or of any person who, for any reason whatever, thinks it better to call himself *We* than *I*. I only say that there is no *friendship* under such conditions as this ; that we never can make any book our friend until we look upon it as the work of an *I*. It is the principle which I hope to maintain throughout this lecture, and therefore I begin with stating it at once. I want to speak to you about a few books which exhibit very transparently, I think, what sort of a person he was who wrote them, which show *him* to us. I think we shall find that there is the charm of the book, the worth of the book. He may be writing about a great many things ; but there is a man who writes ; and when you get acquainted with that man, you get acquainted with the book. It is no more a collection of letters and leaves ; it is a *friend*.

I mean to speak entirely, or almost entirely, of English books. And I shall begin with a writer who seems to offer a great exception to the remarks I have just made. If I thought he was really an exception I should be much puzzled, or rather I should give up my position altogether. For, since he is the greatest and the best known of all English authors, for him to be an instance against me would be a clear proof that I was wrong. We continually hear this observation, "William Shakespeare is not to be found in any of his plays." It is his great and wonderful distinction that he is not. Othello speaks his words, Hamlet his, Bottom the Weaver his, Desdemona, Imogen, Portia, each her word. But Shakespeare does not intrude himself into any of their places ; he does not want us to know what he thought about this matter or that. If you look into one corner or another for him, he is not there. It would appear, then, according to my maxim, as if Shakespeare could never be his readers' friend. It would appear as if he were the great precedent for all newspaper writers and reviewers, as if he were overlooking mankind just as they do, and had the best possible right to describe himself as a *We*, and not as an *I*.

Well, that sounds very plausible, and, like everything that sounds plausible, there is a truth at the bottom of it. But that the truth is not

this, I think the feeling and judgment of the people of England (I might say of the continents of Europe and of America) might convince you, without any arguments of mine. For they have been so sure that there was a William Shakespeare, they were so certain that he had a local habitation and a name, that they have rummaged parish registers, hunted Doctor's Common for wills, made pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon, put together traditions about old houses and shops, that they might make, if possible, some clear image of him in their minds. I do not know that they have succeeded very well. The facts of his biography are few. A good deal of imagination has been needed to put them together, and to fill up the blanks in them. I do not suppose registers, or wills, or old houses, will give many more answers concerning him. But that only shows, I think, how very clear a witness his own works give, even when the outward information is ever so scanty, of the man that he was, and of the characteristics which distinguished him from his fellows. If you ask me how I reconcile this assertion with the undoubted fact that he does not put himself forward as other dramatists do, and give his own opinions instead of allowing the persons of his drama to utter theirs, I should answer, Have you found that the man who is in the greatest hurry to tell you all that he thinks about all possible things, is the friend that is best worth knowing? Have you found that the one who talked most about himself and his own doings is the most worth knowing? Do you not generally become rather exhausted with men of his kind? Do not you say sometimes, in Shakespeare's own words, or rather in Falstaff's, "I do see to the bottom of this same Justice Shallow—he has told me all he has to tell. There is no reserve in him, nothing that is worth searching after?" On the other hand, have you not met with some men who very rarely spoke about their own impressions and thoughts, who seldom laid down the law, and yet who you were sure had a fund of wisdom within, and who made you partakers of it by the light which they threw on the earth in which they were dwelling, especially by the kindly, humorous, pathetic way in which they interested you about your fellow-men, and made you acquainted with them? I do not say that this is the only class of friends which one would wish for. One likes to have some who in quiet moments are more directly communicative about their own sufferings and struggles. But certainly you would not say that men of the other class are not very pleasant, and very profitable. Of this class Shakespeare is the most remarkable specimen. Instead of being a reviewer who sits above the universe, and applies his own narrow rules to the members of it, he throws himself with the heartiest and most genial sympathy into the feelings of all, he understands their position and circumstances, he perceives how each must have been affected

by them. Instead of being a big, imaginary *We*, he is so much of a man himself that he can enter into the manhood of people who are the furthest off from him, and with whom he has the least to do. And so, I believe, his books may become most valuable friends to us—to us especially who ought to be acquainted with what is going on with all kinds of people. Every now and then, I think (especially, perhaps, in the characters of Hamlet and of Prospero), one discovers signs how Shakespeare as an individual man had fought and suffered. I quite admit, however, that his main work is not to do this, but to help us in knowing ourselves—the past history of our land, the people we are continually meeting. And any book that does this is surely a friend.

Before I leave Shakespeare, I would speak of the way in which he made friends with books. Perhaps I can do it best by comparing his use of them with the use which was made of them by a very clever and accomplished contemporary of his. Ben Jonson, though he was the son of a bricklayer, made himself a thoroughly good Latin and Greek scholar. He read the best Latin books, and the commentaries which illustrated them; he wrote two plays on subjects taken from Roman history. Very striking subjects they were. The hero of one was Catiline, who tried to overthrow the social order of the republic; the hero of the other was Sejanus, who represents, by his grandeur and his fall, the very character and spirit of the empire in the days of Tiberius. In dealing with these subjects, Ben Jonson had the help of two of the greatest Roman authors, both of them possessing remarkable powers of narration, one of them a man of earnest character, subtle insight, deep reflection. Though few men in his day understood these authors, and the government and circumstances of Rome, better than Jonson, though he was a skilful and experienced playwright, most readers are glad when they have got Catiline and Sejanus fairly done with. They do not find that they have received any distinct impressions from them of Roman life; to learn what it was they must go to the authors whom he has copied. Shakespeare wrote three plays on Roman subjects—"Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra." He had small knowledge of Latin, and the materials he had to work with were a tolerable translation of "Livy's History," and a capital one of "Plutarch's Lives." With no aid but these, and his knowledge of Warwickshire peasants, and London citizens, he has taught us more of Romans—he has made us more at home*in their city, and at their fireside, than the best historians who lived upon the soil are able to do. Jonson studied their books; Shakespeare made *friends* of them. He did just the same with our old chronicles. He read of King John, of Richard II., of John of Gaunt, of Harry of Lancaster, of Hotspur

and Owen Glendower, of the good Humphrey of Gloucester, and the dark Cardinal Beaufort, of Wolsey and Catherine. He read of them, and they stood up before him, real armed men, or graceful sorrowing women. Instead of being dead letters, they all became living persons ; not appearing in solitary grandeur ; but forming groups ; not each with fixed immovable nature, but acted upon and educated by all the circumstances of their times ; not dwelling in an imaginary world, but warmed by the sun of Italy, or pinched by the chilly nights of Denmark—essentially men such as are to be found in all countries and in all ages, and therefore exhibiting all the varieties of temperament and constitution which belong to each age, and to each country.

Shakespeare's mind was formed in an age when men were at work, and when they wanted books to explain and illustrate their work. He lived on into another, when men began to value books for their own sakes. James I., who was called a Solomon (and who would have deserved that name if Solomon had not considered that this wisdom was given him that he might rule his subjects well, and if James had not supposed that his was given for every purpose except that), was the great promoter of this worship of books. But they did not speak to Englishmen and that which was going on around them, as they had done in Elizabeth's time. Learned people drew a line about themselves and signified to common people who had business that they must keep their distance. Still there were many influences which counteracted this tendency. One man, who was not free from it by any means, helped to check it by opening to his fellows a new and real world. Bacon found that they knew the secrets of nature only through books, that they did not come freely and directly into contact with them ; he showed them how they might converse with the things they saw, how they might know them as they were in themselves, instead of only seeing them distorted by bookish spectacles. That was a great work to do ; as I said it was never more wanted than just at this time when men were in danger of falling so much in love with the letters in books as to forget into what a universe of mysteries God had put his creature man that he might search them out. Bacon revered the study of nature more than he did the study of man ; and no wonder ! For he found out what a beautiful order there was in nature ; and though I believe he looked for an order in human affairs too, and sometimes discerned, and always wished for it, yet there is no denying that he had a keen eye for the disorders and wrong-doings of his fellow-men, and that he rather reconciled himself to them than sought to remedy them. I refer to him, because I fancy that many have a notion of his books on the interpretation of nature as very valuable for scientific men, and his books on morals and politics as very wise for statesmen and men of the world,

but not as friends. They form this notion because they suppose that the more we knew of Bacon himself, the less sympathy we should have with him. I should be sorry to hold this opinion, because I owe him immense gratitude ; and I could not cherish it if I thought of him, even as the sagest of book-makers, and not as a human being. I should be sorry to hold it, because if it did not find in him a man who deserved reverence and love, I should not feel either the indignation or the sorrow which I desire to feel for his misdoings. Niebuhr said of Cicero that he knew his faults as well as anybody, but that he felt as much grieved when people spoke of them as if he were his brother. That is the right way to feel about great men who are departed, and I do not think that an Englishman should feel otherwise about Bacon. It is hard to measure the exact criminality of his acts ; one of the truest sentences ever passed on them was his own. His words are faithful transcripts of both his strength and weakness. There are some, especially of his dedications, which one cannot read without a sense of burning shame ; there are passages in the very treatises which those dedications introduce that it does one's heart good to remember, and which we are inwardly sure must have come from the heart of him who put them into language. He does not give us at all the genial impressions of other men which Shakespeare gives, but he detects very shrewd tricks which we practise upon ourselves. His worldly wisdom is what we have most to dread, lest he should make us contented with the wrong in ourselves, and in the society about us, and should teach us to admire low models. But if we apply to our moral pursuits the zeal for truth, and the method of seeking it and of escaping from our own conceits, which he imparts to us in his physical lessons, if we consider his own errors, and his punishment for tolerating and embracing the base maxims of his time, we shall find him all the safer as a guide because we have felt with him as a friend. When we do that, we can always appeal from the man to himself ; we can say : " Thank you heartily for what you have said to me ; but there were clouds about you when you were here ; you did not always walk with straight feet, and with your eyes turned to the light. Now you know better, and I will make use of what you tell me, as well as of all that I can learn about your doings, as warnings to keep me from wandering to the right or to the left."

I might speak of other books in this bookish time of James I., which many of us have found valuable and genial friends ; as for instance the poems of George Herbert, which nobody that ever reads them can think of merely as poems ; they are so completely the utterances of the heart of an affectionate, faithful, earnest man, they speak so directly to whatever is best in ourselves, and give us such friendly and kindly

admonitions about what is worst. But I must go on to the next period, which was a period of action and strife, when men could no more regard writing books, or even reading them, as an amusement ; when the past must be studied for the sake of the present, or not at all. John Milton belongs to that time. He was the most learned of all our poets, the one who from his childhood upwards was a devourer of Greek and Latin books, of the romances of the Middle Ages, of French and Italian poetry, above all, of the Hebrew Scriptures. All these became his friends ; for all of them connected themselves with the thoughts that occupied men in his own time, with the deep religious and political controversies which were about to bring on a civil war. Many persons think that the side which he took in that war must hinder us from making his books our friends ; that we may esteem him as a great poet, but that we cannot meet him cordially as a man. No one is more likely to entertain that opinion than an English clergyman, for Milton dealt his blows unsparingly enough, and we come in for at least our full share of them. I know all that, and yet I must confess that I have found him a friend and a very valuable friend, even when I have differed from him most and he has made me smart most. It does not strike me that on the whole we profit most by the friends who flatter us. We may be stirred up to the recollection of our duty by those who speak stern and terrible words to us and of our class. If we are persuaded that they are utterly wrong in condemning the institutions to which we are attached, we may often admit that they are very right in condemning us for the sins which hinder men from seeing the worth of those institutions. I do not know any one who makes us feel more than Milton does the grandeur of the ends which we ought to keep always before us, and therefore our own pettiness and want of courage and nobleness in pursuing them. I believe he failed to discern many of the intermediate relations which God has established between Himself and us ; but I know no one who teaches us more habitually, that disobedience to the Divine will is the seat of all misery to men. I would rather converse with him as a friend than talk of him as a poet ; because then we put ourselves into a position to receive the best wisdom which he has to give us, and that wisdom helps to purge away whatever dross is mingled with it ; whereas if we merely contemplate him at a distance as a great genius, we shall receive some powerful influence from him, but we shall not be in a condition to compare one thing that he says to us with another. And to say the truth, I do not know what genius is, except it be that which begets some life in those who come in contact with it, which kindles some warmth in them. If there is genius in a poem, it must have been first in the poet ; and if it was in the poet, it must have been because he was not a stock or a stone, but a breathing

and suffering man. And there is no writer whose books more force upon us the thought of him as a person than Milton's. There are few passages in his prose writings, full as they are of gorgeous passages, more beautiful than that in which he defends himself from the charge of entering from choice or vanity into controversies, by alleging the far different object and kind of writing to which from his youth upwards he had desired to devote himself. And in his latest poem of "Samson Agonistes," where what he had learnt from the play-writers of Greece is wonderfully raised, and mellowed, and interpreted by what he had learnt from the Old Testament, he himself speaks to us in every line. He transfers himself to the prison of Samson in Gaza; he is the blind, downcast, broken man whom God appears to have cast off. The thought of God as the Deliverer gives him a consolation which nothing else can give; he looks forward to some triumph which God will give to his race as the only hope for himself.

I have dwelt some time upon these "friends" because Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, are the greatest names in our literature, and therefore it was important for my purposes to show you that *their* books do fulfil the purpose which I have said all books ought to fulfil. I might very fairly have gone back, and spoken to you of older writers than these. I might have spoken of the time of our Edward III., and have given you some proofs that our first poet Chaucer was a cordial, genial, friendly man, who could tell us a great many things which we want to know about his own time, and could also break down the barrier between his time and ours, and make us feel that, though our dress may be very much unlike theirs, and our houses a good deal better, and our language a little less French, yet that on the whole our fathers worked at much the same trades as we do, fell into the same kind of sins, looked up at the same skies, had the same wants in their hearts, and required that they should be satisfied in the same way. I might have spoken to you also of some of the men who flourished at the times of the Reformation—of Latimer for instance, whose broad, simple, humorous sermons address themselves to all the common sympathies of Englishmen, and are as free from starch and buckram as any one could wish. I might have spoken to you also of some of Shakespeare's contemporaries, especially of that delightful and instructive companion, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which makes us feel that without stepping a yard from our native English ground, or deserting any of our common occupations, we may be, aye, and must be, engaged in a great fight with invisible enemies, and that we have invisible champions on our side. But as I have not time to speak of many books to-night, I have passed over these, and have begun at once with those which, for one reason or another, people are most

likely to think of as having claims upon their respect rather than upon their friendship. That must be my reason, too, for not dwelling upon a book belonging to Milton's time, which many people would at once recognise as a delightful friend ; I mean Izaak Walton's Angler. Knowing nothing of his craft, I should only betray my ignorance by entering upon it, and should lessen the pleasure which some of you, I dare say, have received from its quiet descriptions and devout reflections. But I am glad to remember that there is such a book in our libraries, even if I understand very little of it, because it is one of the links between the life of the woods and streams and the life of the study, which it would be a great misfortune for us to lose.

A link between this age and the one that follows it is found in Thomas Fuller, one of the liveliest, and yet, in the inmost heart of him, one of the most serious writers one can meet with. I speak of this writer partly because there is no one who is so resolute that we should treat him as a friend, and not as a solemn dictator. By some unexpected jest, or comical turn of expression, he disappoints your purpose of receiving his words as if they were fixed in print, and asserts his right to talk with you, and convey his subtle wisdom in his own quaint and peculiar dialect.

Fuller uses his wit to make his reader a friend. The writers of Charles II's court used their wit to prove that there could be no such thing as friendship with either books or men, that it was altogether a ridiculous obsolete sentiment. They established their point so far as they themselves were concerned ; one has no right to ask of them what they had not to give. But their punishment is a singular one. They wished to pass for men of the world, and not for vulgar book-wrights and we are obliged to regard them as book-wrights simply, and not as men at all. There is one exception. John Dryden stands apart from the men whose vices infected him, not merely because his style in prose and verse was immeasurably more vigorous than theirs, but because his confused life, and his evil companions, did not utterly destroy his heart. I do not know that one could make the writings of John Dryden friends, so many of the very cleverest of them are bitter satires, containing a great deal of shrewd observation, sometimes just, as well as severe, but certainly not binding us by many strong ties of affection to their author. Yet there is such a tragedy in the history of a mind so full of power as his, and so unable to guide itself amidst the shoals and quicksands of his time, that I believe we need not, and that we cannot speak of him merely with the admiration which is due to his gifts, we must feel for him somewhat of the pity that is akin to love. Macaulay charges Dryden with changing his religion chiefly that he might get a pension from James II. I do not believe that was

his motive, or that the lesson from his life would be worth as much as it is if it had been. If we compare his "Religio Laici" which he wrote in his former, with his "Hind and Panther" which expressed his later opinions, I think we may perceive that his mind was unhinged, that he found nothing fixed or certain in heaven or earth, and that he drifted naturally wherever the tide of events carried him. That is the fate which may befall many who have no right to be described as mercenary time-servers.

However, one is glad to escape from this age, which had become a very detestable one, and to find ourselves in one which, though not exemplary for goodness, produced books of which we can very well make friends. If you take up the *Spectator*, or the *Guardian*, your first feeling is that the writers in it wish to cultivate your friendship. They have thrown off the stiff manners of those who reckon it their chief business to write books; at the same time they do not affect to be men of the world despising books. Their object is to bring books and people of the world into a good understanding with each other; to make fine ladies and gentlemen somewhat wiser and better behaved by feeding them with good and wholesome literature; to show the student what things are going so that he may not be a mere pedant and recluse. I do not mean that this was the deliberate purpose of Addison and Steele. It was the natural effect of their position that they took this course. They had been educated as scholars; they entered into civil life, and became Members of Parliament. The two characters were mixed in them, and when they wrote books they could not help showing that they knew something of men. The two men were well fitted to work together. Addison had the calmer and clearer intellect; he had inherited a respect for English faith and morality. Steele, with a more wavering conduct, had perhaps even more reverence in his inmost heart for goodness. Between them they appeared just formed to give a turn to the mind of their age; not presenting to society a very heroic standard, but raising it far above the level to which it had sunk, and is apt to sink.

The *Spectator* and the *Guardian* have sometimes been called the beginning of our periodical literature. Perhaps they are; but they are very unlike what we describe by that name in our day. There is no *We* in them. Though the papers have letters of the alphabet and not names put to them, and though they profess to be members of a club, each writer calls himself *I*. You can hardly conceive what a difference it would make in the pleasure with which you read any paper, if the singular pronoun were changed for the plural. The good humour of the writing would evaporate immediately. You would no longer find that you were in the presence of a kindly, friendly observer, who was going about with

you, and pointing out to you this folly of the town, and that pleasant characteristic of a country gentleman's life. All would be the dry, hard criticism of some distant being, who did not take you into his counsels at all, but merely told you what you were to think or not to think, and with the good humour what we call the humour when we do not prefix the adjective to it would also disappear. Mr. Thackeray, the most competent person possible for such a task, has introduced Addison and Steele, among the *humorists* of England, and has shown very clearly both how this humour of the one differed from that of the other, and how unlike both were to Dean Swift, who is the best and most perfect specimen of ill humour—that is to say, of a man of the keenest intellect and the most exquisite clearness of expression, who is utterly out of sorts with the world and with himself. Addison is on good terms with both. He amuses himself with people, not because he dislikes them, but because he likes them, and is not discomposed by their absurdities. He does not go very far down into the hearts of them; he never discovers any of the deeper necessities which there are in human beings. But everything that is upon the surface of their lives, and all the little cross-currents which disturb them, no one sees so accurately, or describes so gracefully. In certain moods of our mind, therefore, we have here a most agreeable friend, one who tasks us to no great effort, who does not set us on encountering any terrible evils, or carrying forward any high purpose, but whom one must always admire for his quietness and composure; who can teach us to observe a multitude of things that we should else pass by, and reminds us that in man's life, as in nature, there are days of calm and sunshine as well as of storm.

But though one may have a very pleasant and useful conversation with this kind-hearted *Spectator* now and then, I do not think that such conversation would brace one to the hard work of life, or would enable one to sympathise with those who are engaged in it. We must remember that a very considerable majority of the world do not ride in coaches, as nearly all those we read of in the *Spectator* do; that to earn bread by the sweat of the brow is the common heritage of the sons of Adam, and that it is a great misfortune not to understand *that* necessity, even if circumstances have exempted us from it. For that reason some of us may welcome another friend, far less happy and genial than Addison, often very rough and cross-grained, with rude inward affection. Old Samuel Johnson had none of Addison's soft training. He had nothing to do with the House of Commons, except as a contraband reporter; he had not the remotest chance of being a Secretary of State even if he had not been a fierce Tory, and in the reign of George II. all but a Jacobite. With only booksellers for his patrons, obliged to seek his bread

from hand to mouth by writing for them what they prescribed, with a bad digestion, a temper anything but serene, a faith certainly as earnest as Addison's, but which contemplated its objects on the dark and not on the sunny side, he offers the greatest contrast one can conceive to the happy well-conditioned man of whom I have just been speaking. The opposition between them is all the more remarkable because the *Rambler* was formed on the model of the *Spectator*, and because Johnson as much as Addison belongs to what ought to be called the club period of English literature. I do not suppose anyone will be bold enough to vindicate that name, be it good or evil, for our day, merely because gentlemen are now able to eat solitary dinners, hear news, and sleep over newspapers and magazines, in very magnificent houses in Pall Mall. The genuine club, though its locality might be in some dark alley out of Fleet Street, was surely that in which men of different occupations, after the toil of the day, met to exchange thoughts. In that world Johnson flourished even more than Addison. The latter is accused by Pope of giving his little senate laws; but Johnson's senate contained many great men who yet listened to his oracles with reverence. And those oracles were not delivered in sentences of three clauses ending in a long word in "tion," like those papers in the *Rambler* which are so well parodied in the "Rejected Addresses." I think that young men ought undoubtedly to be early warned of these pompous sentences, not because it is worse to imitate this style than any other—for we have no business to imitate any (our style must be our own, or it is worth nothing)—but because it is particularly easy to catch this habit of writing, and to fancy there is substance when there is only wind. But I cannot admit that Johnson's most inflated sentences contain mere wind. He had something to put into them; they did express what he felt, and what he was, better than simpler, more English, more agreeable ones would have done. He adopted them naturally; they are part of himself; if we want to be acquainted with him, we must not find fault with them. And when he is describing scenes, as in "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," he is often quite free and picturesque; when he is writing about business, as in his "Falkland Island," he does not let his eloquence, which in that book is often very splendid, hinder him from being pointed and direct in his blows. He falls into what some people call King Cambyses' vein chiefly when he is moralising on the condition of the world, and the disappointment of all man's hopes and projects in it. In his club, no one could speak with more straightness, wasting no words, but bringing out the thing he wants to say in the strongest and most distinct dress that could be found. One may not agree in half of the opinions he expresses, and may think that he delivers them very dogmatically. If one looked

either at his writings or at Boswell's life of him merely as books, one would go away very discontented and very angry ; but when one thinks of both as exhibiting to us a man, the case becomes altogether different. We are all greatly indebted, I think, to Carlyle, for having determined that we should contemplate Johnson in this way, and not chiefly as a critic or a lexicographer. We may judge of him in those characters very differently ; but in himself Carlyle has shown most clearly that he deserves our sympathy and our reverence.

There were two members of Johnson's club to each of whom he was sincerely attached, and who were attached to each other, though in their habits, occupations, talents, modes of thinking, they were as unlike him, and unlike each other as any two men could be. They had, indeed, a common origin—Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke were both Irishmen. But Goldsmith carried his country about with him wherever he went ; he was always blundering, and reckless, and good natured. Burke only showed where he had been born by his zeal for the improvement of his country whenever its affairs came under discussion. I believe that these two men, with the vast differences that there are between them may both become our friends, and that we shall not thoroughly enjoy the "Deserted Village," or the "Vicar of Wakefield," or the "Speeches on American Taxation," or the "Reflections on the French Revolution," unless they do. All Goldsmith's friends were always scolding him, laughing at him, and learning from him. They found that he had a fund of knowledge which he had picked up they could not tell how, but apparently by sympathising with all the people that he came into contact with, and so getting to be really acquainted with them. He compiled histories without much learning about the people he was writing of ; yet he did not make them false or foolish, because he had more notion than many diligent historians have of what men must be like in any latitudes. In his poetry he never goes out of his depth ; he speaks of things which he has seen and felt himself, and so it tells us of him if it does not tell us of much else. In spite of all his troubles he is as good-natured as Addison ; only he mixed with a different class of people from Addison, and can tell us of country vicars and their wives and daughters, though he may not know much of a Sir Roger de Coverley. His books, I think, must be always pleasant, as well as profitable friends, provided we do not expect from them, as we ought not to expect from any friend, more than they profess to give.

Burke is a friend of another order. Johnson said of him that if you met him under a gateway in a shower of rain you must perceive that he was a remarkable man. I do not think we

can take up the most insignificant fragment of the most insignificant speech or pamphlet he ever put forth without arriving at the same conviction. But he does what is better than make us acknowledge him as a remarkable man. He makes us acknowledge that we are small men, that we have talked about subjects of which we had little knowledge, and the principles of which we had imperfectly sounded.

He told the electors of Bristol that they might reject him if they pleased, but that he should maintain his position as an English statesman and an honest man. They did reject him, of course, but his speech remains as a model for all true men to follow, as a warning to all who adopt another course, that they make friends for the moment, but that they will not have a friend in their own conscience, and that their books, if they leave any, will be no friends to those who read them in the times to come.

Away from the club in which Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith were wont to meet, in a little village in Buckinghamshire, dwelt another poet, who was not uninterested in their doings, and who had in his youth mixed with London wits. William Cowper inspired much friendship among men, and still more among women, during his life-time; they found him the pleasantest of all companions in his bright hours, and they did not desert him in his dark hours. His books have been friends to a great many since he left the earth, because they exhibit him very faithfully in both; some of his letters and some of his poems being full of mirth and quiet gladness, some of them revealing awful struggles and despair. Whatever estimate may be formed of his poetry in comparison with that of earlier or later writers, everyone must feel that his English is that of a scholar and a gentleman—that he had the purest enjoyment of domestic life, and of what one may call the domestic or still life of nature. One is sure also that he had the most earnest faith, which he cherished for others when he could find no comfort in it for himself. These would be sufficient explanations of the interest which he has awakened in so many simple and honest readers who turn to books for sympathy and fellowship, and do not like a writer at all the worse because he also demands their sympathy with him. Cowper is one of the strongest instances and proofs, how much more qualities of this kind affect Englishmen than any others. The gentleness of his life might lead some to suspect him of effeminacy: but the old Westminster schoolboy and cricketer comes out in the midst of his "Meditation on Sofas:" and the deep tragedy which was at the bottom of his whole life, and which grew more terrible as the shadows of evening closed upon him, shows that there may be unutterable struggles in those

natures which seem least formed for the rough work of the world. In one of his later poems he spoke of himself as one

*“ Who, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
Comes home to port no more.”*

I have thus given you a few hints about the way in which books may be friends. I have taken my examples from the books which are most likely to come in our way ; and I have chosen them from different kinds of authors, that I may not impose my own tastes upon other people. I purposely avoid saying anything about more recent writers, who have lately left the world or are in it still, because private notions and prejudices for or against the men are likely to mingle with our thoughts of their books. I do not mean that this is not the case with the older writers too. I think I have shown you that I have no wish to forget the men in the books—that my great desire is that we should connect them together. But if we have known anything about the writers, or our fathers have known anything about them, if we have heard their acts and words gossiped about, they are not such good tests as the way in which we may discern them in their books, and learn what they are from their books. But as I began this lecture with some animadversions upon the tendency of one part of our popular literature to weaken our feelings that books are our friends, I ought to say that I am very far indeed from thinking that this is the effect which the more eminent writers among us produce. In their different ways I believe most of them have addressed themselves to our human sympathies, and have claimed a place for their books, not upon our shelves, but in our hearts. Of some, both prose writers and poets, this is eminently true. Perhaps, from feeling the depressing influence of the We-teaching upon all our minds, they have taken even overmuch pains to show that each one of them comes before us as an I, and will not meet us upon any other terms. Many, I hope, who have established this intercourse with us will keep it with our children and our children’s children, and will leave books that will be regarded as friends as long as the English language lasts, and in whatever regions of the earth it may be spoken.

It is very pleasant to think in what distant parts of the earth it is spoken, and that in all those parts these books which are friends of ours are acknowledged as friends. And there is a living and productive power in them. They have produced an American literature, which is coming back to instruct us. They will produce by-and-by an Australian literature, which will be worth all the gold that is sent to us from the diggings.

JOHN STUART MILL

(1806-1873).

THE son of James Mill, the political economist and Benthamite, John Stuart had one of the most precocious childhoods possible.

His father believed, with Helvetius, that the differences between men were due to education and he determined therefore to provide his son with the best education possible. John Stuart is said to have begun Greek at three years of age. At eight he had read several Greek prose writers and commenced Latin. Arithmetic, geometry, algebra, the higher mathematics, history and philosophy were all taught him by his father. And at fourteen a stay in France enabled him to learn and read French.

In 1823 he became a clerk in the India House ; rose by successive promotions to be chief of the office, and there remained till the Crown took over the India Company in 1858, when he was superannuated on a pension of £1,500 a year.

He was also a contributor to the London and Westminster Review, a Radical paper, and his writings soon showed that, under the modifying influence of the Idealism of Coleridge, he was drawing away from the Utilitarianism of Bentham and his father. He made the rather arid creed he had inherited include "individual culture as well as intellectual propagandism and revolutionary zeal." In his political economy we find a foreshadowing of Socialistic theory in his belief that while the laws of production are fixed and immutable the laws of distribution may be modified and controlled by government action.

The years 1858-65 were his productive period when his chief works appeared, "Liberty," "Utilitarianism," "Representative Government," and the "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy."

He was elected as Liberal candidate for Westminster in 1865 on a very strange programme. He refused to have any canvassing done, to attend, if elected, to local interests, to express, if asked, his religious opinions, and he declared his belief in women's suffrage. His position in the House was that rather of a high 'moral influence' than of an active legislator. The general election of 1868 unseated him and the rest of his life he spent at his home in Avignon devoting himself to botany and among other literary pursuits to the writing of his Autobiography.

His influence on contemporary thought was incalculably great. His writings held a pre-eminence in the field of political economy during the second half of the nineteenth century. Nor was he of less importance as a philosopher. He systematized and expounded more fully the Utilitarianism of Bentham and James Mill, and may be regarded as the last of the English empirical school of philosophy that began with Locke and had laid its emphasis upon reason and the basing of knowledge on experience.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

(Delivered in London).

BY the word Constitution, I understand the institutions which exist for the purpose, or with the supposed effect, of affording securities for good government. The question, therefore, concerning the goodness of our Constitution is the question whether in so far as it depends upon institutions, good government is practically attained. It will, I think, be allowed that as long as we suffer under any evil of which government is the cause, good government in the practical sense of the word is not attained. The first question, therefore, is, do any evils exist? The second, are any of them to be imputed to our government?

To most persons it would appear very unnecessary to prove that evils of some sort or another do exist, and impossible to suppose the contrary opinion capable of being entertained by any rational being. So much language has however been held, which if it has not this meaning has none at all, that I am compelled to regard even this point as not out of the reach of controversy. If we believe some gentlemen, England is a perfect Utopia. The happiness of the golden age was nothing to that we enjoy. Luxury pervades the upper classes; comfort and knowledge diffuse themselves among the middle; competence and contentment among the lower. We are great in war, honoured and powerful in peace: no man in his senses could hope for anything better, and no honest man would. If this be true, it certainly puts an end to the question. If no evils exist, none, it is evident, can be occasioned by our practical Constitution. If we are already enjoying the whole of the happiness which we are to look for in this world, it is very obvious that we have nothing better to do than just to remain as we are. I must confess, however, that my aspirations do not stop at that degree of felicity to which we have at present attained, and that rather a higher standard of competence and contentment than six shillings a week will

afford seems to me greatly to be desired for our agricultural population. Prosperity is the test of good government, but the prosperity must first be proved.

We have flourished under the Constitution. Who has flourished under the Constitution? These gentlemen are apt to fall into the mistake, a very natural one I admit, of supposing that all the world has flourished because they have. Do they mean to allege that the great body of the people has flourished? But the people is not a word in their vocabulary. Instead of the people they talk of the country, the wealth, power and glory of the country, by which is to be understood the wealth, power, and glory of one man in a hundred, and the misery of the remaining ninety-nine. By this word country, they always mean the aristocracy. Whenever they talk of the prosperity of the country it is the prosperity of the aristocracy that is meant. When they say country, read aristocracy, and you will never be far from the truth. They tell you that the Constitution has worked well: you ask them particulars, and they answer that it has brought us a great deal of money and a great deal of glory. So much the better for those who have got it: I am sure we have got none. They may talk as they please about our being the richest nation in the world. The richest nation in one sense of the word we certainly are, but then it is like Mr. Alexander Baring and me, between us we certainly have a very handsome fortune. But what illustrates more than anything else the peculiar view which they take of national prosperity is their talk about military and naval renown. They have particularly selected as a proof of good government exactly what I should have chosen as a specimen of bad. I have as little respect for a fighting nation as I have for a fighting individual, and I am by no means anxious that my country should be considered the "Tom Cribb" of Europe.

They talk of the last war and seem to think it highly honourable to our Constitution that having first got us into what they call "an arduous struggle," it afterwards at the expense of many myriads of lives got us out again. But let me ask what was gained by the last war, and who gained it? We knocked down one despot and set up a score; this was their concern, not ours. Then as to the substantial part of the gain, the money and glory—the generals, and admirals, and colonels, and lieutenant-colonels, and all the rest of them, got money, and most of them a little glory, some a great deal. The poor privates who took the disagreeable part of the business, and who were sent home when it was over to loiter about Chelsea Hospital with one leg or follow the plough with two, they got no glory; any more than those at home who paid the piper. The contractors who had the fingering of the loans got no

glory, but they got what was much better, many millions of pounds sterling which made them very comfortable at our expense. I grudge nobody his glory if he would pay for it himself. I have a great respect for Sir Arthur Wellesley, and *ceteris paribus*, I would much rather that he should be, as he is, a hero and a duke, than not : but when I consider that every feather in his cap has cost the nation more than he and his whole lineage would fetch if they were sold for lumber, I own that I much regret the solid pudding which we threw away in order that he might obtain empty praise.

Those who have called in question the goodness of our Constitution never thought of denying that it was good for some persons. The British Constitution is the Constitution of the rich. It has made this country the paradise of the wealthy. It has annexed to wealth a greater share of political power, and a greater command over the minds of men, than were ever possessed by it elsewhere. It has given to those who have money already great facilities for making it more. It has produced a fine breed of country gentlemen, and to support the breed it has charged us with an additional threepence on the quartern loaf. All this is very fine, but I cannot help reflecting that the peasant of Languedoc eats his three meals of meat a day, and cultivates his vineyard ; he has cheap justice at his doors ; he may go where he pleases, engage in any trade that he pleases, and tread upon as many partridge eggs as he pleases, and need not fear to find himself next day on the treadmill. We are a free country but it is as Sparta was free ; the Helots are overlooked.

Whenever some men see so much as a scrap of good they give the credit of it to the Constitution. By this rule we ought to impute to it our evils. I might say that our manufacturers are starving by reason of the Constitution. I might say that our peasantry is the poorest in Europe because our Constitution is the worst. I believe a greater number of individuals suffer capital punishment in this country than in all the rest of Europe put together, and I might thence infer that our Constitution is a complication of all the vices of all the governments in Europe. But I do not think myself justified in reasoning unfairly because the others set me the example. I impute to the Constitution no evils which do not naturally follow from the interests to which it has given birth. But when there is an obvious connexion between the evil suffered and the interests of the governors, I think it reasonable to place the evil to the account of the Constitution, because it is the Constitution which suffers the interests of the governors to be paramount to those of the governed.

I thought that the question related to the practice of the Constitution, but the defenders of the Constitution have thought otherwise ; they seem determined to prove *a priori* the goodness of the Constitution, finding themselves unable to prove it *a posteriori*, and they have been good enough to reveal to us their several theories of the Constitution with the view, as I suppose, of convincing us that if we are not very well off, yet upon correct principles we ought to be. Now though I myself care very little by what machinery my pocket is picked, the beauty of the machinery has sometimes the effect of persuading people that their pocket is not picked when in fact it is. It may therefore conduce somewhat to the understanding of the question if their theories be cleared away. The commonplace theories have all had their supporters in the Society. We are told by one that our Constitution is a balance ; by another that it is a representation of classes ; by others that it is an aristocratical republic efficiently checked by public opinion. To this I will add my theory that it is an aristocratical republic insufficiently checked by public opinion. If I seem to dismiss these theories in a summary manner, want of time must be my apology.

The class-representation theory requires several words as it is the most modern and the most plausible. It has been very fully, though not very distinctly, stated this evening, and amounts to this, that if the landed interest, the mercantile interest, the army, the law, the manufacturing interest, and all the other great interests are represented, and the people represented, enough is done for good government, and that under our Constitution this is actually the case.

Now it seems to be forgotten in this view of the subject that everyone of these classes has two interests—its separate interest and its share of the general interest. That which ought to be represented is the latter. What really is represented is the former. Most true it is that the separate interests of a great number of classes are represented in the House of Commons, and so perfectly is the system adapted to ensure the predominance of these interests that there is hardly any class of plunderers (pickpockets and highwaymen excepted), which has not a greater number of representatives in the House of Commons than the whole body of the plundered. The consequence is that there is hardly ever a job proposed for the benefit of any set of persons at the expense of the community which does not find in that assembly somebody or other who is interested in supporting it ; and as there is a natural alliance among jobs of every description, one interest plays into the hands of another—*hodie mihi, cras tibi* is the word—and the upshot of it is that taking the great jobs with the little ones there is not on the face of God's earth such another

jobbing assembly as the House of Commons. This is the very thing we complain of. The amount of misrule is not diminished by the multitude of the sharers. According to our notions the House of Commons should represent only one interest, the general interest. As for these particular interests which are opposed to the general one, as nobody ought to attend to them, I suppose nobody need represent them.

The gentleman who first propounded to us the theory of the balance will forgive me saying that he seems to have studied the Constitution chiefly in the writings of its panegyrists. The balance of King, Lords, and Commons I have met with in books, and it has a very pretty appearance upon paper; but even those who maintain that it existed once acknowledge that it has no existence now: the Commons, it is allowed, have complete possession of the Government, and the only balance now contended for is a balance in the House of Commons itself. That there is such a balance I do not deny, since a balance is still a balance although the weights may be unequal. But if anybody maintains that the weights are equal he should first find means of explaining away the fact that the aristocracy alone commands twice as many members of parliament as the King and the people together. The parliament is just as effectual an instrument of the aristocracy if they have a majority of the votes as it would be if they had the whole. With the fact that the parliament is made by the aristocracy staring us in the face, it would be useless to enter into the speculative question whether the balance is possible, or whether, if possible, it would be good. Possible or not, at any rate it does not exist. If there be any counterpoise to the power of the aristocracy it cannot come from within the House of Commons; it must come from without.

With that class of the defenders of our Constitution who consider public opinion as expressed by petitions, public meetings, and a free press as the one and sufficient check, I am less widely at issue. The question between us is merely a question of degree. We both allow that the House of Commons requires a check; we both agree that public opinion is the proper check. They think that the check is sufficient if the public are allowed to speak freely; I think that it is not sufficient unless they are allowed to act as well as speak. Now I do not see how the question between us can be tried except by looking about us and seeing what this free speaking has done. That it has done much, I allow. It is probably the cause that we are not at this moment the slaves of a military despotism. But has it abolished the Corn Laws? Has it abolished the Game Laws? Did it prevent the Six Acts? Did it prevent the Manchester Massacre, or did it prevent the House of

Commons from approving of it? Has it cut down our civil, and military, and naval establishments? Has it reformed the Magistracy, the Church, and the Law? It has been said by the gentleman who started this theory that the laws of England are deserving of absolute condemnation. If this be true, what a satire is it upon the Constitution which he applauded! For my part I do not think the laws of England deserving of absolute condemnation, but I think that they require many and great ameliorations, ameliorations which I am persuaded that none but a reformed parliament will have the courage, I will not say the inclination, to make.

What is the influence of public opinion? Nothing at bottom but the influence of fear. Of what consequence is it to a minister what the public say, so long as they content themselves with saying? but when it comes to blows it becomes a serious matter. I do not deny the influence of character, of the opinion of others, even independently of fear. The opinion of others is a peaceful check upon every man, but then it must be the opinion of his own class. Experience has shown that there is no action so wicked that even an honest man will not do it if he is borne out by the opinion of those with whom he habitually associates. Was there ever a more unpopular minister than Lord Castlereagh? Was there ever a minister who cared so little about it? The reason was that although he had the people against him, the predominant portion of the aristocracy was for him, and all his concern about public dissatisfaction was to keep it below the point of a general insurrection. Things are a little better now because we accidentally have a ministry who, knowing themselves to be no favourites with the bulk of the aristocracy, and feeling that, to use a homely expression, it is touch and go with their places, count the people as a sort of make-weight, though an inconsiderable one, to that portion of the aristocracy who are on their side. But should they be turned out, and should we for our sins be visited with another Castlereagh, we shall be governed by the new one exactly as we were governed by the old, in spite of the public opinion check, the dread of insurrection which it seems we have, and which the Turks have likewise. The Constitution of Turkey may be defined to be the fear of the bowstring, and the Constitution of Great Britain it seems, according to this view of it, may be defined to be the fear of the guillotine. Let who will be satisfied with this check, I for one have a most decided objection to it.

I fear that my observations on the theories of the Constitution have been dull, but I must crave the indulgence of the Society for a short time longer. There is another subject which must not be altogether

passed over. Gentlemen have not merely enlarged upon the goodness of our Constitution, they have expatiated upon the exceeding badness of every other. More especially a popular government has been the theme of their invectives, nor have they by any means spared the people themselves. This is the way with them. If we believe some people, the many who are interested in good government are the determined enemies of good government, and the only persons who are its friends are the few who are interested against it. They are always fearing evil to the many from the many, never from the few.

HUGH MILLER

(1802-1856).

HUGH MILLER'S lectures and addresses on Geology are inspired by the highest scientific imagination and they abound in passages of such striking eloquence as this: "In looking along the long line of being,—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals whom instinct never deceives,—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations, than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation,—the one painful work in the midst of present trouble for a state into which he is never to enter,—the befooled expectant of a happy future which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with all his humbler creatures,—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare,—will to a certainty not break faith with man." Miller was born at Cromarty, Scotland, October 10th, 1802, in the humblest circumstances. Beginning life as a stone-mason, he educated himself by study and research until he became one of the most celebrated geologists of his time. His works, 'The Old Red Sandstone,' 'The Footprints of the Creator,' 'The Testimony of the Rocks,' etc., will always remain among the classics of science. He died December 2nd, 1856.

SCIENCE AND ETERNAL HOPE

(Address delivered at Edinburgh).

NEVER yet on Egyptian obelisk or Assyrian frieze,—where long lines of figures seem stalking across the granite, each charged with symbol and mystery,—have our Layards or Rawlinsons seen aught so extraordinary as that long procession of beings which, starting out of the blank depths of the bygone eternity, is still defiling across

the stage, and of which we ourselves form some of the passing figures. Who shall declare the profound meanings with which these geologic hieroglyphics are charged, or indicate the ultimate goal at which the long procession is destined to arrive ?

The readings already given, the conclusions already deduced, are as various as the hopes and fears, the habits of thought, and the cast of intellect, of the several interpreters who have set themselves—some, alas ! with but little preparation and very imperfect knowledge—to declare in their order the details of this marvellous, dream-like vision, and, with the dream, “ the interpretation thereof.” One class of interpreters may well remind us of the dim-eyed old man,—the genius of unbelief so poetically described by Coleridge,—who, sitting in his cold and dreary cave, “ talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on, till they were all out of sight, and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind.” With these must I class those assertors of the development hypothesis who can see in the upward progress of being only the operation of an incomprehending and incomprehensible law, through which, in the course of unreckoned ages, the lower tribes and families have risen into the higher, and inferior into superior natures, and in virtue of which, in short, the animal creation has grown, in at least its nobler specimens, altogether unwittingly, without thought or care on its own part, and without intelligence on the part of the operating law, from irrational to rational, and risen in the scale from the mere promptings of instinct to the highest exercise of reason,—from apes and baboons to Bacons and Newtons. The blind lead the blind ;—the unseeing law operates on the unperceiving creatures ; and they go, not together into the ditch, but direct onwards, straight as an arrow, and higher and higher at every step.

Another class look with profound melancholy on that great city of the dead,—the burial-place of all that ever lived in the past,—which occupies with its ever-extending pavements of grave-stones, and its ever-lengthening streets of tombs and sepulchres, every region opened up by the geologist. They see the onward procession of being as if but tipped with life, and naught but inanimate carcasses all behind,—dead individuals, dead species, dead genera, dead creations,—a universe of death ; and ask whether the same annihilation which overtook in turn all the races of all the past shall not one day overtake our own race also, and a time come when men and their works shall have no existence save as stone-pervaded fossils locked up in the rock for

ever? Nowhere do we find the doubts and fears of this class more admirably portrayed than in the works of perhaps the most thoughtful and suggestive of poets :—

“ Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams,
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life ?
 ‘ So careful of the type ! ’ but no,
 From scarpéd cliff and quarried stone,
 She cries, ‘ A thousand types are gone ;
 I care for nothing ; all shall go :
 Thou makest thine appeal to me ;
 I bring to life, I bring to death ;
 The spirit does but mean the breath.
 I know no more.’ And he,—shall he,
 Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies
 And built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
 Who trusted God was love indeed,
 And love creation’s final law,
 Though Nature, red in tooth and claw,
 With ravine, shrieked against his creed,—
 Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 Who battled for the true, the just,—
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills ?
 No more !—a monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tore each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music matched with him.
 O life, as futile then as frail,—
 Oh, for thy voice to soothe and bless !
 What hope of answer or redress,
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.”

The sagacity of the poet here,—that strange sagacity which seems so nearly akin to the prophetic spirit,—suggests in this noble passage the true reading of the enigma. The appearance of man upon the scene of being constitutes a new era in creation ; the operations of a new instinct come into play,—that instinct which anticipates a life after the grave,

and reposes in implicit faith upon a God alike just and good, who is the pledged "rewarder of all who diligently seek Him." And in looking along the long line of being,—ever rising in the scale from higher to yet higher manifestations, or abroad on the lower animals, whom instinct never deceives,—can we hold that man, immeasurably higher in his place, and infinitely higher in his hopes and aspirations, than all that ever went before him, should be, notwithstanding, the one grand error in creation, the one painful worker, in the midst of present trouble, for a state into which he is never to enter,—the befooled expectant of a happy future, which he is never to see? Assuredly no. He who keeps faith with all his humbler creatures,—who gives to even the bee and the dormouse the winter for which they prepare,—will to a certainty not break faith with man,—with man, alike the deputed lord of the present creation and the chosen heir of all the future. We have been looking abroad on the old geologic burying-grounds, and deciphering the strange inscriptions on their tombs; but there are other burying-grounds and other tombs, solitary churchyards among the hills, where the dust of the martyrs lies, and tombs that rise over the ashes of the wise and good; nor are there wanting, on even the monuments of the perished races, frequent hieroglyphics, and symbols of high meaning, which darkly intimate to us that while their burial-yards contain but the débris of the past, we are to regard the others as charged with the sown seed of the future.

JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674).

MILTON'S 'Areopagitica,' or 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England,' was modelled on the 'Oratio Areopagitica' of Isocrates. Neither the speech of Milton nor the oration of Isocrates was actually delivered, or intended for delivery, but both have exercised a far-reaching influence. Milton's "speech" is one of the best examples of his prose, but aside from its literary merits it is memorable because of its influence on Erskine and other great Englishmen and Americans who were inspired by it to make the struggle for the freedom of speech which they regarded as the prerequisite of higher civilization.

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING

(From Milton's 'Areopagitica').

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us.

Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wyclif, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does he, then, but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present us with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks had we but eyes to lift up. The fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.

Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth,—could we but forgo the prelatial tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and pre-

cepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage. If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy. Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marbles, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us, therefore, be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come wherein Moses, the great prophet, may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel, then, though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and sub-divisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour. When they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he sees our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude honest, perhaps, though over-timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be, as it were, besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important

matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good-will, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then? Should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us,—liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven: this is that which hath enfranchised,

enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us ; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us ; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others ? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet I love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

JAMES MONROE

(1758-1831).

JAMES MONROE'S address on 'Federal Experiments in History,' delivered in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1788, was an argument in favour of federal union, but against the Constitution submitted by the Philadelphia Convention. Aside from the opinions it expresses, it has a permanent historical value. Monroe was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28th, 1758. After service in the Continental Army, he was elected to the Virginia Assembly and to Congress, where he served in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. Between 1794 and 1815 he was United States Minister to France, Governor of Virginia, one of the negotiators of the Louisiana Purchase, United States Minister to Great Britain, Secretary of State, and Secretary of War. In 1816 he became fifth President of the United States. His administration of eight years is known as the "Era of Good Feeling," and is memorable because of the adoption of the policy recommended by him and known as the "Monroe Doctrine," under which the intervention of European powers in the affairs of any American Republic is declared "the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." Monroe died at New York, July 4th, 1831.

"FEDERAL EXPERIMENTS IN HISTORY"

(Delivered in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, June 10th, 1788).

I CANNOT avoid expressing the great anxiety which I feel upon the present occasion—an anxiety that proceeds not only from a high sense of the importance of the subject, but from a profound respect for this august and venerable assembly. When we contemplate the fate that has befallen other nations, whether we cast our eyes back into the remotest ages of antiquity, or derive instruction from those examples which modern times have presented to our view, and observe how prone all human institutions have been to decay; how subject the best-formed and most wisely organized governments have been to lose their checks

and totally dissolve ; how difficult it has been for mankind, in all ages and countries, to preserve their dearest rights and best privileges, impelled, as it were, by an irresistible fate of despotism ;—if we look forward to those prospects that sooner or later await our country, unless we shall be exempted from the fate of other nations, even upon a mind the most sanguine and benevolent some gloomy apprehensions must necessarily crowd. This consideration is sufficient to teach us the limited capacity of the human mind—how subject the wisest men have been to error. For my own part, sir, I come forward here, not as the partisan of this or that side of the question, but to commend where the subject appears to me to deserve commendation ; to suggest my doubts where I have any ; to hear with candour the explanation of others ; and, in the ultimate result, to act as shall appear for the best advantage of our common country.

The American States exhibit at present a new and interesting spectacle to the eyes of mankind. Modern Europe, for more than twelve centuries past, has presented to view one of a very different kind. In all the nations of that quarter of the globe, there has been a constant effort, on the part of the people, to extricate themselves from the oppression of their rulers ; but with us the object is of a very different nature : to establish the dominion of law over licentiousness ; to increase the powers of the national government to such extent, and organize it in such manner, as to enable it to discharge its duties and manage the affairs of the States to the best advantage. There are two circumstances remarkable in our colonial settlement : first, the exclusive monopoly of our trade ; second, that it was settled by the Commons of England only. The revolution, in having emancipated us from the shackles of Great Britain, has put the entire government in the hands of one order of people only—freemen ; not of nobles and freemen. This is a peculiar trait in the character of this revolution. That this sacred deposit may be always retained there, is my most earnest wish and fervent prayer. That union is the first object for the security of our political happiness, in the hands of gracious Providence, is well understood and universally admitted through all the United States. From New Hampshire to Georgia (Rhode Island excepted), the people have uniformly manifested a strong attachment to the Union. This attachment has resulted from a persuasion of its utility and necessity. In short, this is a point so well known that it is needless to trespass on your patience any longer about it. A recurrence has been had to history. Ancient and modern leagues have been mentioned, to make impressions. Will they admit of any analogy with our situation ? The same principles will produce the same effects. Permit me to take a review of those leagues which the

honourable gentleman has mentioned ; which are first, the Amphictyonic Council ; second, the Achæan League ; third, the Germanic system ; fourth, the Swiss cantons ; fifth, the United Netherlands ; and, sixth, the New England confederacy. Before I develop the principles of these leagues, permit me to speak of what must influence the happiness and duration of leagues. These principles depend on the following circumstances : first, the happy construction of the government of the members of the union ; second, the security from foreign danger. For instance, monarchies united would separate soon, aristocracies would preserve their union longer ; but democracies, unless separated by some extraordinary circumstance, would last for ever. The causes of half the wars that have thinned the ranks of mankind, and depopulated nations, are caprice, folly, and ambition ; these belong to the higher orders of governments, where the passions of one, or of a few individuals, direct the fate of the rest of the community. But it is otherwise with democracies, where there is an equality among the citizens, and a foreign and powerful enemy, especially a monarch, may crush weaker neighbours. Let us see how far these positions are supported by the history of these leagues, and how far they apply to us. The Amphictyonic Council consisted of three members—Sparta, Thebes, and Athens. What was the construction of these States ? Sparta was a monarchy more analogous to the Constitution of England than any I have heard of in modern times. Thebes was a democracy, but on different principles from modern democracies. Representation was not known then. This is the acquirement of modern times. Athens, like Thebes, was generally democratic, but sometimes changed. In these two States the people transacted their business in person ; consequently, they could not be of any great extent. There was a perpetual variance between the members of this confederacy, and its ultimate dissolution was attributed to this defect. The weakest were obliged to call for foreign aid, and this precipitated the ruin of this confederacy. The Achæan League had more analogy to ours, and gives me great hopes that the apprehensions of gentlemen with respect to our confederacy are groundless. They were all democratic, and firmly united. What was the effect ? The most perfect harmony and friendship subsisted among them, and they were very active in guarding their liberties. The history of that confederacy does not present us with those confusions and internal convulsions which gentlemen ascribe to all governments of a confederate kind. The most respectable historians prove this confederacy to have been exempt from these defects This league was founded on democratical principles, and, from the wisdom of its structure, continued a far greater length of time than any other. Its members, like our States, by their confeder-

ation, retained their individual sovereignty and enjoyed perfect equality. What destroyed it? Not internal dissensions. They were surrounded by great and powerful nations—the Lacedæmonians, Macedonians, and Ætolians. The Ætolians and Lacedæmonians making war on them, they solicited the assistance of Macedon, who no sooner granted it than she became their possessor. To free themselves from the tyranny of the Macedonians, they prayed succour from the Romans, who, after relieving them from their oppressors, soon totally enslaved them.

The Germanic body is a league of independent principalities. It has no analogy to our system. It is very injudiciously organized. Its members are kept together by the fear of danger from one another, and from foreign powers, and by the influence of the Emperor.

The Swiss cantons have been instanced, also, as a proof of the natural imbecility of federal governments. Their league has sustained a variety of changes; and, notwithstanding the many causes that tend to disunite them, they still stand firm. We have not the same causes of disunion or internal variance that they have. The individual cantons composing the league are chiefly aristocratic. What an opportunity does this offer to foreign powers to disturb them by bribing and corrupting their aristocrats! It is well known that their services have been frequently purchased by foreign nations. Their difference of religion has been a source of divisions and animosity among them, and tended to disunite them. This tendency has been considerably increased by the interference of foreign nations, the contiguity of their position to those nations rendering such interference easy. They have been kept together by the fear of those nations, and the nature of their association; the leading features of which are a principle of equality between the cantons, and the retention of individual sovereignty. The same reasoning applies nearly to the United Netherlands. The other confederacy which has been mentioned has no kind of analogy to our situation.

From a review of these leagues, we find the causes of the misfortunes of those which have been dissolved to have been a dissimilarity of structure in the individual members, the facility of foreign interference, and recurrence to foreign aid. After this review of those leagues, if we consider our comparative situation, we shall find that nothing can be adduced from any of them to warrant a departure from a confederacy to a consolidation, on the principle of inefficacy in the former to secure our happiness. The causes which, with other nations, rendered leagues ineffectual and inadequate to the security and happiness of the people, do not exist here. What is the form of our State governments? They are all similar in their structure—perfectly democratic. The freedom of mankind has found an asylum here which it could find nowhere else. Freedom of

conscience is enjoyed here in the fullest degree. Our States are not disturbed by a contrariety of religious opinions and other causes of quarrels which other nations have. They have no causes of internal variance. Causes of war between the States have been represented in all those terrors which splendid genius and brilliant imagination can so well depict. But, sir, I conceive they are imaginary,—mere creatures of fancy.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

(Delivered December, 1823).

IN the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded, or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries, or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of our most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candour and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those European Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing Colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

(1771-1854).

JAMES MONTGOMERY, though more celebrated as a poet than for his eloquence, delivered in 1830 and 1831 a series of addresses on 'General Literature and Poetry,' which, even if their highest excellence is not always sustained, contain many passages which are models of English prose worthy to rank with the literary addresses of Emerson and Macaulay. He was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4th, 1776. He began his literary career in the office of the Sheffield Register in 1792. The first poems which made him any considerable reputation were published in 1806. Other works were published: 'The West Indies,' in 1810; 'The World before the Flood,' in 1812; 'Greenland,' in 1819; 'Pelican Island,' in 1826; and his 'Addresses before the Royal Institution,' in 1833. He died April 30th, 1854.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE

(Address on General Literature and Poetry, delivered at the Royal Institution).

THE discovery of the mariner's compass, the invention of printing, the revival of classic learning, the Reformation, with all the great moral, commercial, political, and intellectual consequences of these new means, materials, and motives for action and thought, produced corresponding effects upon literature and science. With the progress of the former alone, in our own country, have we to do at present.

From the reign of Elizabeth to the protectorate of Cromwell, inclusively, there rose in phalanx, and continued in succession, minds of all orders, and hands for all work, in poetry, philosophy, history, and theology, which have bequeathed to posterity such treasures of what may be called genuine English literature, that whatever may be the transmigrations of taste, the revolutions of style, and the fashions in popular reading, these will ever be the sterling standards. The translation of the Scriptures, settled by authority, and which, for reasons that need not be discussed here, can never be materially changed,—consequently can never become obsolete,—has secured perpetuity to the youth of the English

tongue ; and whatever may befall the works of writers in it from other causes, they are not likely to be antiquated in the degree that has been foretold by one whose own imperishable strains would for centuries have delayed the fulfilment of his disheartening prophecy, even if it were to be fulfilled :—

“ Our sons their fathers’ failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.”

Now it is clear that unless the language be improved or deteriorated far beyond anything that can be anticipated from the slight variations which have taken place within the last two hundred years, compared with the two hundred years preceding, Dryden cannot become what Chaucer is ; especially since there seems to be a necessity laid upon all generations of Englishmen to understand, as the fathers of their mother tongue, the great authors of the age of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. : from Spenser (though much of his poetry is wilfully obscured by affected phraseology) and Shakespeare (the idolatry to whose name will surely never permit its divinity to die) to Milton, whose style cannot fall into decay while there is talent or sensibility among his countrymen to appreciate his writings. It may be confidently inferred that the English language will remain subject to as little mutation as the Italian has been since works of enduring excellence were first produced in it ; the prose of Boccaccio and the verse of Dante, so far as dialect is concerned, are as well understood by the common people of their country at this day as the writings of Chaucer and Gower are by the learned in ours.

Had no works of transcendent originality been produced within the last hundred and fifty years, it may be imagined that such fluctuations might have occurred as would have rendered our language as different from what it was when Milton flourished, as it then was from what it had been in the days of Chaucer ; with this reverse, that, during the latter, it must have degenerated as much as it had been refined during the earlier interval. But the standard of our tongue having been fixed at an era when it was rich in native idioms, full of pristine vigour, and pliable almost as much as sound articulate can be to sense,—and that standard having been fixed in poetry, the most permanent and perfect of all forms of literature,—as well as in the version of the Scriptures which are necessarily the most popular species of reading,—no very considerable changes can be effected, except Britain were again exposed to invasion as it was wont to be of old ; and the modern Saxons or Norwegians were thus to subvert both our government and our language, and either utterly extinguish the latter, or assimilate it with their own.

Contemporary with Milton, though his junior, and belonging to a subsequent era of literature, of which he became the great luminary and master-spirit, was Dryden. His prose (not less admirable than his verse), in its structure and cadence, in compass of expression, and general freedom from cumbersome pomp, pedantic restraint, and vicious quaintness, which more or less characterized his predecessors, became the favourite model in that species of composition which was happily followed and highly improved by Addison, Johnson, and other periodical writers of the last century. These, to whom must be added the triumvirate of British historians, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, who exemplified, in their very dissimilar styles, the triple contrast and harmony of simplicity, elegance, and splendour,—these illustrious names in prose are so many pledges that the language in which they immortalized their thoughts is itself immortalized by being made the vehicle of these, and can never become barbarian like Chaucer's uncouth, rugged, incongruous medley of sounds, which are as remote from the strength, volubility, and precision of those employed by his polished successors as the imperfect lisplings of infancy before it has learned to pronounce half the alphabet, and imitates the letters which it cannot pronounce, with those which it can, are to the clear, and round, and eloquent intonations of youth, when the voice and the air are perfectly formed and attuned to each other. . . .

If the literature of the Middle Ages were principally composed of crude, enormous, indigestible masses, fitted only to monkish appetites, that could gorge iron like ostriches, when iron was cast into the shape of thought, or thought assumed the nature of iron, the literature of the present day is entirely the reverse, and so are all the circumstances connected with it. Then there were few readers, and fewer writers; now there are many of both; and among those that really deserve the name of the former, it would be difficult to ascertain the relative proportion of the latter, for most of them in one way or another might be classed with writers. The vehicles, opportunities and temptations of publishing are so frequent, so easy and inexpensive, that a man can scarcely be connected with intelligent society, without being seduced, in some frail moment, to try how his thoughts will look in print; then, for a second or two at least, he feels as the greatest genius in the world feels on the same occasion, *laudium immensa cupido*, a longing after immortality that mounts into a hope—a hope that becomes a conviction of the power of realizing itself in all the glory of ideal reality, than which no actual reality ever afterward is half so enchantingly enjoyed.

Hence the literature of our time is commensurate with the universality of education; nor is it less various than universal to meet capacities

of all sizes, minds of all acquirements, and tastes of every degree. Books are multiplied on every subject on which anything or nothing can be said, from the most abstruse and recondite to the most simple and puerile : and while the passion of book jobbers is to make the former as familiar as the latter by royal ways to all the sciences, there is an equally perverse rage among genuine authors to make the latter as august and imposing as the former, by disguising commonplace topics with the colouring of imagination, and adorning the most insignificant themes with all the pomp of verse. This degradation of the high, an exaltation of the low, this dislocation, in fact, of everything, is one of the most striking proofs of the extraordinary diffusion of knowledge,—and of its corruption too, if not a symptom of its declension by being so heterogeneously blended, till all shall be neutralized. Indeed, when millions of intellects, of as many different dimensions and as many different degrees of culture, are perpetually at work, and it is almost as easy to speak as to think, and to write as to speak, there must be a proportionate quantity of thought put into circulation.

Meanwhile, public taste, pampered with delicacies even to loathing, and stimulated to stupidity with excessive excitement, is at once ravenous and mawkish—gratified with nothing but novelty, nor with novelty itself for more than an hour. To meet this diseased appetite, in prose not less than in verse, a factitious kind of the marvellous has been invented, consisting, not in the exhibition of supernatural incidents or heroes, but in such distortion, high colouring, and exaggeration of natural incidents and ordinary personages, by the artifices of style and the audacity of sentiment employed upon them, as shall produce that sensation of wonder in which half-instructed minds delight. This preposterous effort at display may be traced through every walk of polite literature, and in every channel of publication ; nay, it would hardly be venturing too far to say that every popular author is occasionally a juggler, rope-dancer, or posture-maker, in this way, to propitiate those of his readers who will be pleased with nothing less than feats of legerdemain in the exercises of the pen.

LORD MORLEY

(JOHN, FIRST VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN)

(1838-1923).

"POLITICS is a field where action is one long second best," said John Morley in one of his notable literary addresses, delivered in 1887. This is not to be interpreted to the prejudice of his own distinguished career in politics or of his eloquence in the House of Lords. It may be understood, however, to imply that the House of Lords or any other parliamentary body might be greatly surprised if the standards of its eloquence were suddenly raised to the literary level of such an address as that of Morley on "The Golden Art of Truth Telling."

Statesman, orator and author, Viscount Morley of Blackburn is still "John Morley" in literature the world over. He was born on December 24th, 1838. Completing his studies at Oxford in 1859, he began the practice of law, but his celebrity is due to his work in literature and in politics rather than to his practice at the bar. From 1867 to 1885 he edited the *Fortnightly Review* and other well-known English periodicals, making a great reputation during the same period by his essays and speeches. He published his "Life of Gladstone" in 1903 and his "Cromwell" in 1900. Among his earlier works are "Edmund Burke," published in 1867; "Critical Miscellanies," in 1871; "Voltaire," in 1871; "Richard Cobden," in 1881; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," in 1884, and "Studies in Literature," in 1891. His political career does not concern us here.

THE GOLDEN ART OF TRUTH-TELLING

(Delivered at the Mansion House, February 26th, 1887).

POLITICS is a field where action is one long second best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders. Nothing can be more unlike in aim, in ideals, in method, and in matter, than are literature and politics. I have, however, determined to do the best that

I can ; and I feel how great an honour it is to be invited to partake in a movement which I do not scruple to call one of the most important of all those now taking place in English society. . . .

What is literature ? It has often been defined. Emerson says it is a record of the best thoughts. "By literature," says another author, I think Mr. Stopford Brooke, "we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." A third account is that "the aim of a student of literature is to know the best that has been thought in the world." Definitions always appear to me in these things to be in the nature of vanity. I feel that the attempt to be compact in the definition of literature ends in something that is rather meagre, partial, starved, and unsatisfactory. I turn to the answer given by a great French writer to a question not quite the same, namely : "What is a classic ?" Literature consists of a whole body of classics in the true sense of the word, and a classic, as a Saint Beuve defines him, is an "author who has enriched the human mind ; who has really added to its treasure ; who has got it to take a step further ; who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or penetrated to some eternal passion in that heart of man where it seemed as though all were known and explored ; who has produced his thought, or his observation, or his invention under some form, no matter what, so it be great, large, acute, and reasonable, sane and beautiful in itself ; who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which finds itself the style of everybody,—in a style that is at once new and antique and is the contemporary of all the ages." At a single hearing you may not take all that in ; but if you should have any opportunity of recurring to it you will find this a satisfactory, full, and instructive account of what is a classic, and will find in it a full and satisfactory account of what those who have thought most on literature hope to get from it, and most would desire to confer upon others by it. Literature consists of all the books—and they are not so many—where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form. My notion of the literary student is one who, through books, explores the strange voyages of man's moral reason, the impulses of the human heart, the chances and changes that have overtaken human ideals of virtue and happiness, of conduct and manners, and the shifting fortunes of great conceptions of truth and virtue. Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim-writers, the great political orators,—they are all literature, in so far as they teach us to know man and to know human nature. This is what makes literature, rightly sifted and selected, and rightly studied, not the mere elegant trifling that it is so often and so

erroneously supposed to be, but a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility.

From this point of view let me remind you that books are not the products of accident and caprice. As Goethe said : " If you would understand an author, you must understand his age." The same thing is just as true of a book. If you would comprehend it, you must know the age. There is an order ; there are causes and relations. There are relations between great compositions and the societies from which they have emerged. I would put it in this way to you, that just as the naturalist strives to understand and to explain the distribution of plants and animals over the surface of the globe, to connect their presence or their absence with the great geological, climatic, and oceanic changes, so the student of literature, if he be wise, undertakes an ordered and connected survey of ideas, of tastes, of sentiments, of imagination, of humour, of invention, as they affect and as they are affected by the ever-changing experiences of human nature, and the manifold variations that time and circumstances are incessantly working in human society.

It is because I am possessed, and desire to see others possessed, by that conception of literary study, that I watch with the greatest sympathy and admiration the efforts of those who are striving so hard, and, I hope, so successfully, to bring the systematic and methodical study of our own literature, in connection with other literatures, among subjects for teaching and examination in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I regard those efforts with the liveliest interest and sympathy. Everybody agrees that an educated man ought to have a general notion of the course of the great outward events of European history. So, too, an educated man ought to have a general notion of the course of all those inward thoughts and moods which find their expression in literature. I think that in cultivating the study of literature, as I have rather laboriously endeavoured to define it, you will be cultivating the most important side of history. Knowledge of it gives stability and substance to character. It gives us a view of the ground we stand on. It gives us a solid backing of precedent and experience. It teaches us where we are. It protects us against imposture and surprise.

Before closing I should like to say one word upon the practice of composition. I have suffered, by the chance of life, very much from the practice of composition. It has been my lot, I suppose, to read more unpublished work than anyone else in this room, and, I hope, in this city. There is an idea, and I venture to think, a very mistaken idea, that you cannot have a taste for literature unless you are yourself an author. I make bold entirely to demur to that proposition. It is

practically most mischievous, and leads scores and even hundreds of people to waste their time in the most unprofitable manner that the wit of man can devise, on work in which they can no more achieve even the most moderate excellence than they can compose a Ninth Symphony or paint a Transfiguration. It is a terrible error to suppose that because you relish Wordsworth's "solemn-thoughted idyll," or Tennyson's "enchanted reverie," therefore you have a call to run off to write bad verse at the Lakes or the Isle of Wight. I beseech you not all to turn to authorship. I will go further. I venture with all respect to those who are teachers of literature, to doubt the excellence and utility of the practice of overmuch essay-writing and composition. I have very little faith in rules of style, though I have an unbounded faith in the virtue of cultivating direct and precise expression. But you must carry on the operation inside the mind, and not merely by practising literary department on paper. It is not everybody who can command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech. But everyone can make reasonably sure that he knows what he means, and whether he has found the right word. These are internal operations, and are not forwarded by writing for writing's sake. I am strong for attention to expression, if that attention be exercised in the right way. It has been said a million times that the foundation of right expression in speech or writing is sincerity. It is as true now as it has ever been. Right expression is a part of character. As somebody has said, by learning to speak with precision you learn to think with correctness; and firm and vigorous speech lies through the cultivation of high and noble sentiments. I think, as far as my observation has gone, that men will do better for reaching precision by studying carefully and with an open mind and a vigilant eye the great models of writing than by excessive practice of writing on their own account.

Much might here be said on what is one of the most important of all the sides of literary study. I mean its effect as helping to preserve the dignity and the purity of the English language. That noble instrument has never been exposed to such dangers as those which beset it to-day. Domestic slang, scientific slang, pseudo-æsthetic affectations, hideous importations from American newspapers, all bear down with horrible force upon the glorious fabric which the genius of our race has reared. I will say nothing of my own on this pressing theme, but will read to you a passage of weight and authority from the greatest master of mighty and beautiful speech :—

"Whoever in a state," said Milton, "knows how wisely to form the manners of men and to rule them at home and in war with excellent

institutes, him in the first place, above others, I should esteem worthy of all honour. But next to him the man who strives to establish in maxims and rules the method and habit of speaking and writing received from a good age of the nation, and, as it were, to fortify the same round with a kind of wall, the daring to overleap which let a law only short of that of Romulus be used to prevent. . . . The one, as I believe, supplies noble courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy invading the territory ; the other takes to himself the task of extirpating and defeating, by means of a learned detective police of ears, and a light band of good authors, that barbarism which makes large inroads upon the minds of men, and is a destructive intestine enemy of genius. Nor is it to be considered of small consequence what language, pure or corrupt, a people has, or what is their customary degree of propriety in speaking it. . . . For let the words of a country be in part unhandsome and offensive in themselves, in part debased by wear and wrongly uttered, and what do they declare but, by no light indication, that the inhabitants of that country are an indolent, idly-yawning race, with minds already long prepared for any amount of servility ? On the other hand, we have never heard that any empire, any state, did not at least flourish in a middling degree as long as its own liking and care for its language lasted."

The probabilities are that we are now coming to an epoch, as it seems to me, of a quieter style. There have been—one of them, I am happy to think, still survives—in our generation three great giants of prose-writing. There was, first of all, Carlyle, there was Macaulay, and there is Mr. Ruskin. These are all giants, and they have the rights of giants. But I do not believe that a greater misfortune can befall the students who attend classes here than that they should strive to write like any one of these three illustrious men. I think it is the worst thing that can happen to them. They can never attain to it. It is not everybody who can bend the bow of Ulysses, and most men only do themselves a mischief by trying to bend it. We are now on our way to a quieter style. I am not sorry for it. Truth is quiet. Milton's phrase ever lingers in our minds as one of imperishable beauty,—where he regrets that he is drawn by I know not what, from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. Moderation and judgment are more than the flash and the glitter even of the greatest genius. I hope that your professors of rhetoric will teach you to cultivate that golden art—the steadfast use of a language in which truth can be told ; a speech that is strong by natural force, and not merely effective by declamation ; an utterance without trick, without affecta-

tion, without mannerisms, and without any of that excessive ambition which overleaps itself as much in prose-writing as it does in other things.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will detain you no longer. I hope that I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopædia, to make a citizen and not a book of elegant extracts. Literature does not end with knowledge forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the *staccato* of the nineteenth century, or all the rest of the technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I contemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. "The intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others." Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read, not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and to consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that promise or threaten deep political, economical, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humour. I am not going to preach to you any artificial stoicism. I am not going to preach to you any indifference to money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and goodwill of our neighbours, or to any other of the consolations and the necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings. Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings, and so I have taken this opportunity of earnestly commending it to your interest and care.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849).

POE'S theory of effective expression as he states it in his lecture, 'The Poetic Principle,' is remarkable for its harmony with the methods of the great Attic orators. "In enforcing a truth," he says, "we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical." In writing prose or in speaking, Poe's ear for music leads him to violate persistently the canons of his own art of simplicity. In such sentences as this, he is delighting himself with the music of language fully as much as with the beauty of the idea he attempts to express: "An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms and sounds and odours and sentiments amid which he exists; and just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colours and odours and sentiments a duplicate source of delight." When Burke or Curran is deeply moved we have in their language the same subtle harmony, the same exquisite melody which governs the flow of these sentences. Poe was seldom able to define himself with scientific accuracy, but even when he is most inaccurate in definition, all that he says on such subjects is valuable because of the instinctive correctness and delicacy of his ear for the harmonies of language. His lecture, 'The Poetic Principle,' is one of the very few public addresses he delivered during his lifetime. He lived at a time when the platform was at the height of its power and usefulness, but he was too sensitive to appear as a public speaker, except under the pressure of his necessities.

THE LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL IN SPEECH

(Lecture on "The Poetic Principle").

WITH as deep a reverence for the true as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would, nevertheless, limit in some measure its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of truth are severe ; she has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that which is so indispensable in song is precisely all that with which she has nothing whatever to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood, which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. He must be blind, indeed, who does not perceive the radical and chasmal differences between the truthful and poetical modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption, who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of poetry and truth.

Dividing the world of mind into its three most immediately obvious distinctions, we have the pure intellect, taste, and the moral sense. I place taste in the middle, because it is just this position which in the mind it occupies. It holds intimate relations with either extreme, but from the moral sense is separated by so faint a difference that Aristotle has not hesitated to place some of its operations among the virtues themselves. Nevertheless, we find the offices of the trio marked with a sufficient distinction. Just as the intellect concerns itself with truth, so taste informs us of the beautiful, while the moral sense is regardful of duty. Of this latter, while conscience teaches the obligation, and reason the expediency, taste contents herself with displaying the charms :—waging war upon vice solely on the ground of her deformity ; her disproportion, her animosity to the fitting, to the appropriate, to the harmonious—in a word, to beauty.

An immortal instinct, deep within the spirit of man, is thus, plainly, a sense of the beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms and sounds and odours and sentiments amid which he exists ; and just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colours and odours and sentiments a duplicate

source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odours and sentiments which greet him in common with all mankind,—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by poetry,—or when by music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods,—we find ourselves melted into tears, not as the Abbate Gravia supposes through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp now, wholly, here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which through the poem, or through the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses.

The struggle to apprehend the supernal loveliness—this struggle on the part of souls fittingly constituted—has given to the world all that which it (the world) has ever been enabled at once to understand and to feel as poetic.

The poetic sentiment, of course, may develop itself in various modes,—in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in the dance—very especially in music,—and very peculiarly; and with a wide field, in the composition of the landscape garden. Our present theme, however, has regard only to its manifestations in words. And here let me speak briefly on the topic of rhythm. Contenting myself with the certainty that music, in its various modes of metres, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in poetry as never to be wisely rejected,—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is simply silly who declines its assistance,—I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality. It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that here this sublime end is, now and then, attained in fact. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot be unfamiliar to the angels. And thus there can be but doubt that in the union of poetry with music in its popular sense we shall find the widest

field for the poetic development. The old bards and minnesingers had advantages which we do not possess, and Thomas Moore singing his own songs was, in the most legitimate manner, perfecting them as poems.

To recapitulate, then, I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as the rhythmical creation of beauty. Its sole arbiter is taste. With the intellect or with the conscience, it has only collateral relations ; unless, incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with duty or with truth.

A few words, however, in explanation. That pleasure which is at once the most pure, the most elevating, and the most intense, is derived, I maintain, from the contemplation of the beautiful. In the contemplation of beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement, of the soul, which we recognize as the poetic sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from truth, which is the satisfaction of the reason, or from passion, which is the excitement of the heart. I make beauty, therefore,—using the word as inclusive of the sublime,—I make beauty the province of the poem, simply because it is an obvious rule of art that effects should be made to spring as directly as possible from their causes—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation in question is at least the most readily attainable in the poem. It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of passion, or the precepts of duty, or even the lessons of truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage ; for they may subserve, incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work ; but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that beauty which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

(1723-1792).

THE English Royal Academy was founded in 1768 with Sir Joshua Reynolds as its first President, and his annual addresses delivered before it are to art what the speeches of Chatham are to the politics of England. They show that while eloquence was only an incident with him, he might easily have attained the same eminence in expressing his ideas through words that he did in giving them immortality with his brush. The views on 'Genius and Imitation' he embodies in his address of 1774 could have had their origin only in a mind of the highest order and of the most diversified experience. He was born at Plympton in Devonshire, July 16th, 1723. After studying in London under Thomas Hudson, he established himself in that city as a portrait painter in 1746. Three years later he went to Italy, remaining until 1752, when he returned to London, where he spent the remainder of his life, dying February 23rd, 1792. Among his most celebrated works are portraits of Johnson, Garrick, Sterne, and Mrs. Siddons. He was one of the contributors to the *Idler*, and was instrumental in founding the Literary Club. It happened to him to have his genius more fully recognized by his contemporaries than is the rule with men of his intellectual rank. He was the friend of Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Dr. Johnson, and in 1784 he became Court Painter. His addresses before the Royal Society published as 'Discourses' have become classic.

GENIUS AND IMITATION

(Address at the Royal Academy, December 10th, 1774).

IT is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who never have observed the gradation by which art is acquired, who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite number and infinite variety of arts, are apt to conclude from their entire inability to do the same at once,

that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them.

The travellers into the East tell us that when the ignorant inhabitants of those countries are asked concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining amongst them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long lost science, they always answer that they were built by magicians. The untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powers and those works of complicated art, which it is utterly unable to fathom ; and it supposes that such a void can be passed only by supernatural powers.

To derive all from native power, to owe nothing to another, is the praise which men who do not much think on what they are saying bestow sometimes upon others, and sometimes on themselves ; and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of the low, the barren, the grovelling, the servile imitator. It would be no wonder if a student frightened by these terrific and disgraceful epithets with which the poor imitators are so often loaded should let fall his pencil in mere despair ;—conscious, as he must be, how much he has been indebted to the labours of others, how little, how very little of his art was born with him, and consider it as hopeless to set about acquiring, by the imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is matter of inspiration from heaven.

Some allowance must be made for what is said in the gaiety of rhetoric. We cannot suppose that any one can really mean to exclude all imitation of others. A position so wild would scarce deserve a serious answer ; for it is apparent, if we were forbid to make use of the advantages which our predecessors afford us, the art would be always to begin, and consequently remain always in its infant state ; and it is a common observation that no art was ever invented and carried to perfection at the same time.

But to bring us entirely to reason and sobriety, let it be observed that a painter must not only be of necessity an imitator of the works of nature, which alone is sufficient to dispel this phantom of inspiration, but he must be as necessarily an imitator of the works of other painters ; this appears more humiliating, but is equally true ; and no man can be an artist, whatever he may suppose, upon any other terms. . . .

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies, which are out of the reach of the rules of art ;—a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.

This opinion of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties, which stamp the work with the character of genius, supposes that it is

something more fixed than in reality it is ; and that we always do, and ever did agree in opinion with respect to what should be considered as the characteristic of genius. But the truth is, that the degree of excellence which proclaims genius is different, in different times and different places ; and what shows it to be so is that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

When the arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts, the name of genius then shifted its application, and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented ; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity ; in short, those qualities, or excellencies, the power of producing which could not then be taught by any known and promulgated rules.

What we now call genius begins not where rules abstractedly taken end, but where known vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place. It must of necessity be that even works of genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules ; it cannot be by chance that excellencies are produced with any constancy or any certainty, for this is not the nature of chance ; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts, and such as are called men of genius, work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observations, or of such a nice texture as not easily to admit being expressed in words ; especially as artists are not very frequently skilful in that mode of communicating ideas. Unsubstantial, however, as these rules may seem, and difficult as it may be to convey them in writing, they are still seen and felt in the mind of the artist ; and he works from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied, as I may say, upon paper. It is true these refined principles cannot be always made palpable, like the more gross rules of art ; yet it does not follow but that the mind may be put in such a train that it shall perceive, by a kind of scientific sense, that propriety which words, particularly words of unpractised writers, such as we are, can but very feebly suggest.

Invention is one of the great marks of genius ; but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others, that we learn to invent ; as by reading the thoughts of others, we learn to think.

Whoever has so far formed his taste as to be able to relish and feel the beauties of the great masters has gone a great way in his study ; for, merely from a consciousness of this relish of the right, the mind swells with an

inward pride, and is almost as powerfully affected as if it had itself produced what it admires. Our hearts, frequently warmed in this manner by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble, will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking ; and we shall receive in our own bosoms some radiation, at least, of their fire and splendour. That disposition which is so strong in children still continues with us, of catching involuntarily the general air and manner of those with whom we are most conversant ; with this difference only, that a young mind is naturally pliable and imitative, but in a more advanced state it grows rigid, and must be warmed and softened before it will receive a deep impression.

From these considerations, which a little of your own reflection will carry a great way further, it appears of what great consequence it is that our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence ; and that, far from being contented to make such habits the discipline of our youth only, we should, to the last moment of our lives, continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour.

The mind is but a barren soil ; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

When we have had continually before us the great works of art to impregnate our minds with kindred ideas, we are then, and not till then, fit to produce something of the same species. We behold all about us with the eyes of those penetrating observers whose works we contemplate ; and our minds, accustomed to think the thoughts of the noblest and brightest intellects, are prepared for the discovery and selection of all that is great and noble in nature. The greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock ; he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations ; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before often repeated. When we know the subject designed by such men, it will never be difficult to guess what kind of work is to be produced.

It is vain for painters or poets to endeavour to invent without materials on which the mind may work, and from which invention must originate. Nothing can come of nothing.

Homer is supposed to be possessed of all the learning of his time ; and we are certain that Michael Angelo and Raphael were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors.

A mind enriched by an assemblage of all the treasures of ancient and modern art will be more elevated and fruitful in resources, in proportion to the number of ideas which have been carefully collected and thoroughly digested. There can be no doubt but that he who has the most materials has the greatest means of invention ; and if he has not the power of using them, it must proceed from a feebleness of intellect, or from the confused manner in which those collections have been laid up in his mind.

The addition of other men's judgment is so far from weakening our own, as is the opinion of many, that it will fashion and consolidate those ideas of excellence which lay in embryo, feeble, ill-shaped, and confused, but which are finished and put in order by the authority and practice of those whose works may be said to have been consecrated by having stood the test of ages.

The mind, or genius, has been compared to a spark of fire, which is smothered by a heap of fuel, and prevented from blazing into a flame. This simile, which is made use of by the younger Pliny, may be easily mistaken for argument or proof. But there is no danger of the mind's being overburdened with knowledge, or the genius extinguished by any addition of images ; on the contrary, these acquisitions may as well, perhaps better, be compared, if comparisons signified anything in reasoning, to the supply of living embers, which will contribute to strengthen the spark, that without the association of more fuel would have died away. The truth is, he whose feebleness is such as to make other men's thoughts an encumbrance to him can have no very great strength of mind or genius of his own to be destroyed ; so that not much harm will be done at worst.

We may oppose to Pliny the greater authority of Cicero, who is continually enforcing the necessity of this method of study. In his dialogue on Oratory, he makes Crassus say that one of the first and most important precepts is to choose a proper model for our imitation.

It is a necessary and warrantable pride to disdain to walk servilely behind any individual, however elevated his rank. The true and liberal ground of imitation is an open field, where, though he who precedes has had the advantage of starting before you, you may always propose to overtake him ; it is enough, however, to pursue his course ; you need not tread in his footsteps, and you certainly have a right to outstrip him if you can.

THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF ART

(Delivered at the Royal Academy, December 11th, 1769).

I FLATTER myself, that from the long experience I have had, and the unceasing assiduity with which I have pursued those studies, in which, like you, I have been engaged, I shall be acquitted of vanity in offering some hints to your consideration. They are indeed in a great degree founded upon my own mistakes in the same pursuit. But the history of errors, properly managed, often shortens the road to truth. And although no method of study that I can offer, will of itself conduct to excellence, yet it may preserve industry from being misapplied.

In speaking to you of the Theory of the Art, I shall only consider it as it has a relation to the *method* of your studies.

Dividing the study of painting into three distinct periods, I shall address you as having passed through the first of them, which is confined to the rudiments ; including a facility of drawing any object that presents itself, a tolerable readiness in the management of colours, and an acquaintance with the simple and obvious rules of composition.

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art ; and in this language, the honours you have just received prove you to have made no inconsiderable progress.

When the artist is once enabled to express himself with some degree of correctness, he must then endeavour to collect subjects for expression ; to amass a stock of ideas, to be combined and varied as occasion may require. He is now in the second period of study, in which his business is to learn all that has been known and done before his own time. Having hitherto received instructions from a particular master, he is now to consider the Art itself as his master. He must extend his capacity to more sublime and general instructions. Those perfections which lie scattered among various masters are now united in one general idea, which is henceforth to regulate his taste, and enlarge his imagination. With a variety of models thus before him, he will avoid that narrowness and poverty of conception which attends a bigoted admiration of a single master,

and will cease to follow any favourite where he ceases to excel. This period is, however, still a time of subjection and discipline. Though the student will not resign himself blindly to any single authority, when he may have the advantage of consulting many, he must still be afraid of trusting his own judgment, and of deviating into any track where he cannot find the footsteps of some former master.

The third and last period emancipates the student from subjection to any authority, but what he shall himself judge to be supported by reason. Confiding now in his own judgment, he will consider and separate those different principles to which different modes of beauty owe their original. In the former period he sought only to know and combine excellence, wherever it was to be found, into one idea of perfection : in this, he learns, what requires the most attentive survey and the most subtle disquisition, to discriminate perfections that are incompatible with each other.

He is from this time to regard himself as holding the same rank with those masters whom he before obeyed as teachers ; and as exercising a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Comparing now no longer the performances of Art with each other, but examining the Art itself by the standard of nature, he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is scanty, and adds by his own observation what the industry of his predecessors may have yet left wanting to perfection. Having well established his judgment, and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination. The mind that has been thus disciplined, may be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm, and venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance. The habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him will display itself in all his attempts ; and he will stand among his instructors, not as an imitator, but a rival.

These are the different stages of the Art. But as I now address myself particularly to those students who have been this day rewarded for their happy passage through the first period, I can with no propriety suppose they want any help in the initiatory studies. My present design is to direct your view to distant excellence, and to show you the readiest path that leads to it. Of this I shall speak with such latitude, as may leave the province of the professor uninvaded ; and shall not anticipate those precepts, which it is his business to give, and your duty to understand.

It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory :

nothing can come of nothing : he who has laid up no materials, can produce no combinations.

A student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is always apt to overrate his own abilities ; to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him, for a new-found country. If by chance he passes beyond his usual limits, he congratulates his own arrival at those regions which they who have steered a better course have long left behind them.

The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality : they are anticipated in their happiest efforts ; and if they are found to differ in anything from their predecessors, it is only in irregular sallies, and trifling conceits. The more extensive therefore your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention ; and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions. But the difficulty on this occasion is to determine what ought to be proposed as models of excellence, and who ought to be considered as the properest guides.

To a young man just arrived in Italy, many of the present painters of that country are ready enough to obtrude their precepts, and to offer their own performances as examples of that perfection which they affect to recommend. The modern, however, who recommends *himself* as a standard, may justly be suspected as ignorant of the true end, and unacquainted with the proper object, of the art which he professes. To follow such a guide, will not only retard the student, but mislead him.

On whom then can he rely, or who shall show him the path that leads to excellence ? The answer is obvious : those great masters who have travelled the same road with success are the most likely to conduct others. The works of those who have stood the test of ages, have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and stability of their fame is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of sympathetic approbation.

There is no danger of studying too much the works of those great men ; but how they may be studied to advantage is an inquiry of great importance.

Some who have never raised their minds to the consideration of the real dignity of the Art, and who rate the works of an artist in proportion as they excel or are defective in the mechanical parts, look on theory as something that may enable them to talk but not to paint better ; and confining themselves entirely to mechanical practice, very assiduously toil on in the drudgery of copying ; and think they make a rapid progress.

while they faithfully exhibit the minutest part of a favourite picture. This appears to me a very tedious, and I think a very erroneous method of proceeding. Of every large composition, even of those which are most admired, a great part may be truly said to be *commonplace*. This, though it takes up much time in copying, conduces little to improvement. I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry; the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something: he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object; as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out, and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise.

How incapable those are of producing anything of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies, is well known to all who are conversant with our art.

To suppose that the complication of powers, and variety of ideas necessary to that mind which aspires to the first honours in the art of painting, can be obtained by the frigid contemplation of a few single models, is no less absurd, than it would be in him who wishes to be a poet, to imagine that by translating a tragedy he can acquire to himself sufficient knowledge of the appearances of nature, the operations of the passions, and the incidents of life.

The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, would seem to be in learning to colour; yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you. An eye critically nice can only be formed by observing well-coloured pictures with attention; and by close inspection, and minute examination, you will discover, at last, the manner of handling, the artifices of contrast, glazing, and other expedients, by which good colourists have raised the value of their tints, and by which nature has been so happily imitated.

I must inform you, however, that old pictures deservedly celebrated for their colouring, are often so changed by dirt and varnish, that we ought not to wonder if they do not appear equal to their reputation in the eyes of inexperienced painters, or young students. An artist whose judgment is matured by long observation, considers rather what the picture once was, than what it is at present. He has by habit acquired a power of seeing the brilliancy of tints through the cloud by which it is obscured. An exact imitation, therefore, of those pictures, is likely to fill the student's mind with false opinions; and to send him back a colourist of his own formation, with ideas equally remote from nature and from art, from the genuine practice of the masters, and the real appearances of things.

Following these rules, and using these precautions, when you have clearly and distinctly learned in what good colouring consists, you cannot do better than have recourse to nature herself, who is always at hand, and in comparison of whose true splendour the best coloured pictures are but faint and feeble.

However, as the practice of copying is not entirely to be excluded, since the mechanical practice of painting is learned in some measure by it, let those choice parts only be selected which have recommended the work to notice. If its excellence consists in its general effect, it would be proper to make slight sketches of the machinery and general management of the picture. Those sketches should be kept always by you for the regulation of your style. Instead of copying the touches of those great masters, copy only their conceptions. Instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavour only to keep the same road. Labour to invent on their general principles and way of thinking. Possess yourself with their spirit. Consider with yourself how a Michael Angelo or a Raphael would have treated this subject; and work yourself into a belief that your picture is to be seen and criticised by them when completed. Even an attempt of this kind will rouse your powers.

But as mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way, let me recommend a practice that may be equivalent to and will perhaps more efficaciously contribute to your advancement, than even the verbal corrections of those masters themselves, could they be obtained. What I would propose is, that you should enter into a kind of competition, by painting a similar subject, and making a companion to any picture that you consider as a model. After you have finished your work, place it near the model, and compare them carefully together. You will then not only see, but feel your own deficiencies more sensibly than by precepts, or any other means of instruction. The true principles of painting will mingle with your thoughts. Ideas thus fixed by sensible objects will be certain and definitive; and sinking deep into the mind, will not only be more just, but more lasting than those presented to you by precepts only; which will always be fleeting, variable and undetermined.

This method of comparing your own efforts with those of some great master is indeed a severe and mortifying task, to which none will submit, but such as have great views, with fortitude sufficient to forgo the gratifications of present vanity for future honour. When the student has succeeded in some measure to his own satisfaction, and has felicitated himself on his success, to go voluntarily to a tribunal where he knows his vanity must be humbled, and all self-approbation must vanish, requires not only great resolution, but great humility. To him, however, who has the ambition to be a real master, the solid satisfaction which proceeds from

a consciousness of his advancement (of which seeing his own faults is the first step), will very abundantly compensate for the mortification of present disappointment. There is, besides, this alleviating circumstance. Every discovery he makes, every acquisition of knowledge he attains, seems to proceed from his own sagacity ; and thus he acquires a confidence in himself sufficient to keep up the resolution of perseverance.

We all must have experienced how lazily, and consequently how ineffectually, instruction is received when forced upon the mind by others. Few have been taught to any purpose, who have not been their own teachers. We prefer those instructions which we have given ourselves, from our affection to the instructor ; and they are more effectual, from being received into the mind at the very time when it is most open and eager to receive them.

With respect to the pictures that you are to choose for your models, I could wish that you would take the world's opinion rather than your own. In other words, I would have you choose those of established reputation, rather than follow your own fancy. If you should not admire them at first, you will, by endeavouring to imitate them, find that the world has not been mistaken.

It is not an easy task to point out those various excellences for your imitation, which lie distributed amongst the various schools. An endeavour to do this may perhaps be the subject of some future discourse. I will, therefore, at present only recommend a model for style in painting, which is a branch of the art more immediately necessary to the young student. Style in painting is the same as in writing, a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed. And in this Lodovico Caracci (I mean in his best works) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian : though Tintoret thought that Titian's colouring was the model of perfection, and would correspond even with the sublime of Michael Angelo ; and that if Angelo had coloured like Titian, or Titian designed like Angelo, the world would once have had a perfect painter.

It is our misfortune, however, that those works of Caracci which I would recommend to the student, are not often found out of Bologna. *The St. Francis in the midst of his Friars, The Transfiguration, The Birth of St. John the Baptist, The Calling of St. Matthew, the St. Jerome,*

the *Fresco Paintings* in the Zampieri Palace, are all worthy the attention of the student. And I think those who travel would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city, than it has been hitherto the custom to bestow.

In this art, as in others, there are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence ; and many expedients have been invented by which the toil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advances ; which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. A facility of drawing, like that of playing upon a musical instrument, cannot be acquired but by an infinite number of acts. I need not, therefore, enforce by many words the necessity of continual application ; nor tell you that the port-crayon ought to be for ever in your hands. Various methods will occur to you by which this power may be acquired. I would particularly recommend, that after your return from the Academy (where I suppose your attendance to be constant), you would endeavour to draw the figure by memory. I will even venture to add, that by perseverance in this custom, you will become able to draw the human figure tolerably correct, with as little effort of the mind as is required to trace with a pen the letters of the alphabet.

That this facility is not unattainable, some members in this Academy give a sufficient proof. And be assured, that if this power is not acquired whilst you are young, there will be no time for it afterwards : at least the attempt will be attended with as much difficulty as those experience, who learn to read or write after they have arrived at the age of maturity.

But while I mention the port-crayon as the student's constant companion, he must still remember, that the pencil is the instrument by which he must hope to obtain eminence. What, therefore, I wish to impress upon you is, that whenever an opportunity offers, you paint your studies instead of drawing them. This will give you such a facility in using colours, that in time they will arrange themselves under the pencil, even without the attention of the hand that conducts it. If one act excluded the other, this advice could not with any propriety be given. But if painting comprises both drawing and colouring, and if by a short struggle of resolute industry, the same expedition is attainable in painting as in drawing on paper, I cannot see what objection can justly be made to the practice ; or why that should be done by parts, which may be done all together.

If we turn our eyes to the several Schools of Painting, and consider their respective excellences, we shall find that those who excel most in colouring, pursued this method. The Venetian and Flemish schools, which owe much of their fame to colouring, have enriched the cabinets of the collectors of drawings with very few examples. Those of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the Bassans, are in general slight and undetermined ; their sketches on paper are as rude as their pictures are excellent in regard to harmony of colouring. Correggio and Baroccco have left few, if any, finished drawings behind them. And in the Flemish school, Rubens and Vandyck made their designs for the most part either in colours, or in chiaroscuro. It is as common to find studies of the Venetian and Flemish painters on canvas, as of the schools of Rome and Florence on paper. Not but that many finished drawings are sold under the names of those masters. Those, however, are undoubtedly the productions either of engravers or of their scholars, who copied their works.

These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience ; but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence ; and when better are suggested, shall retract them without regret.

There is once precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them ; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour : nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of *natural powers*.

Though a man cannot at all times, and in all places, paint or draw, yet the mind can prepare itself by laying in proper materials, at all times, and in all places. Both Livy and Plutarch, in describing Philopoemen, one of the ablest generals of antiquity, have given us a striking picture of a mind always intent on its profession, and by assiduity obtaining those excellences which some all their lives vainly expect from nature. I shall quote the passage in Livy at length, as it runs parallel with the practice I would recommend to the painter, sculptor, and architect :

“ Philopoemen was a man eminent for his sagacity and experience in choosing ground, and in leading armies ; to which he formed his mind by perpetual meditation, in times of peace as well as war. When, in any occasional journey, he came to a strait difficult passage, if he was alone he considered with himself, and if he was in company he asked his friends, what it would be best to do if in this place they had found an

enemy, either in the front, or in the rear, on the one side, or on the other. 'It might happen,' says he, 'that the enemy to be opposed might come on drawn up in regular lines, or in a tumultuous body, formed only by the nature of the place.' He then considered a little what ground he should take; what number of soldiers he should use, and what arms he should give them; where he should lodge his carriages, his baggage, and the defenceless followers of his camp; how many guards, and of what kind, he should send to defend them; and whether it would be better to press forward along the pass, or recover by retreat his former station: he would consider likewise where his camp could most commodiously be formed; how much ground he should inclose within his trenches: where he should have the convenience of water, and where he might find plenty of wood and forage; and when he should break up his camp on the following day, through what road he could most safely pass, and in what form he should dispose his troops. With such thoughts and disquisitions he had from his early years so exercised his mind, that on these occasions nothing could happen which he had not been already accustomed to consider."

I cannot help imagining that I see a promising young painter, equally vigilant, whether at home, or abroad, in the streets, or in the fields. Every object that presents itself is to him a lesson. He regards all nature with a view to his profession; and combines her beauties, or corrects her defects. He examines the countenance of men under the influence of passion; and often catches the most pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents; and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched upon a discoloured wall.

The artist who has his mind thus filled with ideas, and his hand made expert by practice, works with ease and readiness; whilst he who would have you believe that he is waiting for the inspirations of genius, is in reality at a loss how to begin; and is at last delivered of his monsters, with difficulty and pain.

The well-grounded painter, on the contrary, has only maturely to consider his subject, and all the mechanical parts of his art follow without his exertion. Conscious of the difficulty of obtaining what he possesses, he makes no pretensions to secrets, except those of closer application. Without conceiving the smallest jealousy against others, he is contented that all shall be as great as himself, who have undergone the same fatigue; and as his pre-eminence depends not upon a trick, he is free from the painful suspicions of a juggler, who lives in perpetual fear lest his trick should be discovered.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

(1816-1853).

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, whose death at the early age of thirty-seven alone prevented him from becoming one of the most celebrated orators of the nineteenth century, was born in London, February 3rd, 1816. The son of a captain in the Royal Artillery, he was educated at Edinburgh University with the expectation that he would become a lawyer, but abandoning the law and leaving the army after a short experience, he studied for the Church at Oxford, and in 1840 began his ministry at Cheltenham. From 1847 until his death, August 15th, 1853, he had charge of Trinity Chapel at Brighton. The boldness of his views and the eloquence of their expression soon gave him international celebrity. Five editions of his sermons, and at least two editions of his lectures, have been published.

THE HIGHEST FORM OF EXPRESSION

(Delivered at Brighton in 1852).

LANGUAGE has been truly called fossil poetry ; and just as we apply to domestic use slabs of marble, unconscious almost that they contain the petrifications of innumerable former lives, so in our everyday language we use the living poetry of the past, unconscious that our simplest expressions are the fossil forms of feeling which once was vague and laboured to express itself in the indirect analogies of materialism. Only think from whence came such words as "attention," "understanding," "imagination."

As language becomes more forcible and adequate, and our feelings are conveyed, or supposed to be conveyed entirely, poetry in words becomes more rare. It is then only the deeper and rarer feelings, as yet unexpressed, which occupy the poet. Science destroys poetry until the heart bursts into mysticism, and out of science brings poetry again, asserting a wonder and a vague mystery of life and feeling, beneath and beyond all science, and proclaiming the wonderfulness and mystery of that which we seem most familiarly to understand.

I proceed to give you illustrations of this position, that, "poetry is the indirect expression of that which cannot be expressed directly." An American writer tells us that in a certain town in America there is a statue of a sleeping boy, which is said to produce a singular feeling of repose in all who gaze on it; and the history of that statue, he says, is this: The sculptor gazed upon the skies on a summer's morning, which had arisen as serene and calm as the blue eternity out of which it came; he went about haunted with the memory of that repose—it was a necessity to him to express it. Had he been a poet he would have thrown it into words; a painter, it would have found expression on the canvas; had he been an architect he would have given us his feelings embodied as the builders of the Middle Ages embodied their aspirations in a Gothic architecture; but being a sculptor, his pen was the chisel, his words stone, and so he threw his thoughts into the marble. Now observe, first, this was intense feeling longing to express itself; next, it was intense feeling expressing itself indirectly, direct utterance being denied it. It was not enough to say, "I feel repose;" infinitely more was to be said; more than any words could exhaust: the only material through which he could shape it and give to airy nothing a body and a form was the imperfectly expressive material of stone.

From this anecdote we may understand in what sense all the high arts, such as sculpture, painting, and poetry, have been called imitative arts. There was no resemblance between the sleeping boy and a calm morning; but there was a resemblance between the feeling produced by the morning and that produced by gazing on the statue. And it is in this resemblance between the feeling conceived by the artist and the feeling produced by his work that the imitation of poetry or art lies. The fruit which we are told was painted by the ancient artist so well that the birds came and pecked at it, and the curtain painted by his rival so like reality that he himself was deceived by it, were imitative so far as clever deception imitates; but it was not high art any more than the statue which many of you saw in the exhibition last year was high art, which at a distance seemed covered with a veil, but on nearer approach turned out to be mere deceptive resemblance of the texture, cleverly executed in stone. This is not the poetry of art; it is only the imitation of one species of material in another species: whereas poetry is the imitating, by suggestion through material and form, of feelings which are immaterial and formless.

Another instance. At Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, there is a Madonna into which the old Catholic painter has tried to cast the religious conceptions of the Middle Ages, virgin purity and infinite repose. The look is upwards, the predominant colour of the picture blue,

which we know has in itself a strange power to lull and soothe. It is impossible to gaze on this picture without being conscious of a calming influence. During that period of the year in which the friends of the young men of Oxford come to visit their brothers and sons, and Blenheim becomes a place of favourite resort, I have stood aside near that picture to watch its effect on the different gazers, and I have seen group after group of young undergraduates and ladies, full of life and noisy spirits, unconsciously stilled before it,—the countenance relaxing into calmness, and the voice sinking to a whisper. The painter had spoken his message, and human beings, ages after, feel what he meant to say.

You may, perhaps, have seen in this town some years ago an engraving in the windows of the printsellers, called the "Camel of the Desert." I cannot say it was well executed. The engraving was coarse and the drawing, in some points, false ; yet it was full of poetry. The story tells itself. A caravan has passed through the desert ; one of the number has been seized with a dangerous illness, and, as time is precious, he has been left to die, but as there is a chance of his recovery, his camel has been left beside him, and in order that it may not escape, the knee of the animal has been forcibly bent, the upper and lower bones tied together, and the camel couched on the ground incapable of rising. The sequel is that the man has died, and the camel is left to its inevitable doom. There is nothing to break the deep deathfulness of the scene. The desert extends to the horizon without interruption, the glowing heat being shown by the reflection of the sun from the sands in a broad band of light, just as it glows on the sea on a burning summer day.

Nothing, I said, breaks the deathfulness of the scene ; there is only one thing that adds to it. A long line of vultures is seen in the distance, and one of these loathsome birds is hovering above the dead and the doomed ; the camel bends back his neck to watch it, with an expression of terror and anguish almost human, and anticipates its doom. You cannot look at the print without a vivid sense and conception of despair. You go through street after street before the impression ceases to haunt you. Had the plate been better executed, it is quite possible it might not have been so poetical. The very rudeness and vagueness of it leave much to the imagination. Had the plumage of the vulture, or the hair of the camel more accurately copied the living texture, or the face of the corpse been more deathlike, so as, instead of kindling the imagination with the leading idea, to have drawn away the attention to the fidelity with which the accessories had been painted, the poetry would have been lessened. It is the effort to express a feeling, and the obstacles in the way of the expression, which together constitute the poetical.

I love those passages in the Bible which speak of this universe as created by the word of God. For the word is the expression of the thought ; and the visible universe is the thought of the Eternal, uttered in a word or form, in order that it might be intelligible to man. And for an open heart and a seeing eye it is impossible to gaze on this creation without feeling that there is a spirit at work, a living word endeavouring to make himself intelligible, labouring to express himself through symbolism and indirect expression, because direct utterance is impossible ; partly on account of the inadequacy of the materials, and partly in consequence of the dullness of the heart, to which the infinite love is speaking. And thus the word " poet " obtains its literal significance of maker, and all visible things become to us the chanted poem of the universe.

These feelings, of course, come upon us most vividly in what we call the sublime scenes of nature. I wish I could give to the working men in this room one conception of what I have seen and witnessed, or bring the emotions of those glorious spots to the hearts of those who cannot afford to see them. I wish I could describe one scene, which is passing before my memory this moment, when I found myself alone in a solitary valley of the Alps, without a guide, and a thunderstorm coming on : I wish I could explain how every circumstance combined to produce the same feeling, and ministered to unity of impression : the slow, wild wreathing of the vapours round the peaks, concealing their summits, and imparting in semblance their own motion, till each dark mountain form seemed to be mysterious and alive ; the eagle-like plunge of the Lämmer-geier, the bearded vulture of the Alps ; the rising of the flock of choughs, which I had surprised at their feast on carrion, with their red beaks and legs, and their wild shrill cries, startling the solitude and silence,—till the blue lightning streamed at last, and the shattering thunder crashed as if the mountains must give way : and then came the feelings, which in their fullness man can feel but once in life ; mingled sensations of awe and triumph, and defiance of danger, pride, rapture, contempt of pain, humbleness, and intense repose, as if all the strife and struggle of the elements were only uttering the unrest of man's bosom ; so that in all such scenes there is a feeling of relief, and he is tempted to cry out exultingly : There ! there ! all this was in my heart and it was never said out till now !

But do not fancy that poetry belongs to the grander scenes of nature only. The poets have taught us that throughout the whole world there is a significance as deep as that which belongs to the more startling forms, through which power speaks.

Burns will show you the poetry of the daisy—

" Wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower,"

—which the plough turns up unmarked ; and Tennyson will tell you the significance, and feeling, and meaning there are in the black ash-bud and the crumpled poppy, and the twinkling laurels, and the lights which glitter on the panes of the gardener's green-house, and the moated grange, and the long, gray flats of "unpoetic" Lincolnshire. Read Wordsworth's 'Nutting,' and his fine analysis of the remorse experienced in early youth at the wanton tearing down of branches, as if the desolation on which the blue sky looks reproachfully through the open space where foliage was before were a crime against life, and you will feel the intuitive truth of his admonition that "there is a Spirit in woods."

Nay, even round this Brighton of ours, treeless and prosaic as people call it, there are materials enough for poetry, for the heart that is not petrified in conventional maxims about beauty. Enough in its free downs which are ever changing their distance and their shape, as the lights and cloud-shadows sail over them, and over the graceful forms of whose endless variety of slopes the eye wanders, unarrested by abruptness, with an entrancing feeling of fullness, and a restful satisfaction to the pure sense of form. And enough upon our own seashore and in our rare sunsets. A man might have watched with delight, beyond all words, last night, the long, deep purple lines of cloud, edged with intolerable radiance, passing into orange, yellow, pale green, and leaden blue, and reflected in warm, purple shadows, and cold, green lights, upon the sea—and then, the dying of it all away. And then he might have remembered those lines of Shakespeare, and often quoted as they are, the poet would have interpreted the sunset, and the sunset what the poet meant by the exclamation which follows the disappearance of a similar aerial vision—

" We are such stuff
As dreams are made on : and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

THE ILLUSIVENESS OF LIFE

(Delivered at Brighton).

LAST Sunday we touched upon a thought which deserves further development. God promised Canaan to Abraham, and yet Abraham never inherited Canaan : to the last he was a wanderer there ; he had no possession of his own in its territory ; if he wanted even a tomb to bury his dead, he could only obtain it by purchase. This difficulty

is expressly admitted in the text, "In the land of promise he sojourned as in a strange country," he dwelt there in tents—in changeful, movable tabernacles—not permanent habitations; he had no home there.

It is stated, in all its startling force, in terms still more explicit, Acts vii. 5.

Now the surprising point is that Abraham, deceived, as you might almost say, did not complain of it as a deception; he was even grateful for the non-fulfilment of the promise: he does not seem to have expected its fulfilment; he did not look for Canaan, but for "a city which had foundations," his faith appears to have consisted in disbelieving the letter, almost as much as in believing the spirit of the promise.

And herein lies a principle, which, rightly expounded, can interpret this life of ours. God's promises never are fulfilled in the sense in which they seem to have been given. Life is a deception; its anticipations, which are God's promises to the imagination, are never realized; they who know life best, and have trusted God most to fill it with blessings, are ever the first to say that life is a series of disappointments.

And in the spirit of this text we have to say that it is a wise and merciful arrangement which ordains it thus.

The wise and holy do not expect to find it otherwise—would not wish it otherwise; their wisdom consists in disbelieving its promises. To develop this idea would be a glorious task; for to justify God's ways to man, to expound the mysteriousness of our present being, to interpret God,—is not this the very essence of the ministerial office? All that I can hope, however, to-day is, not to exhaust the subject, but to furnish hints for thoughts. Over-statements may be made, illustrations may be inadequate, the new ground of an almost untrodden subject may be torn up too rudely; but remember we are here to live and die; in a few years it will be all over; meanwhile, what we have to do is to try to understand, and to help one another to understand what it all means—what this strange and contradictory thing, which we call life, contains within it. Do not stop to ask, therefore, whether the subject was satisfactorily worked out; let each man be satisfied to have received a germ of thought which he may develop better for himself.

- I. The deception of life's promise.
- II. The meaning of that deception.

Let it be clearly understood, in the first place, the promise never was fulfilled. I do not say the fulfilment was delayed. I say it *never* was fulfilled. Abraham has a few feet of earth, obtained by purchase—beyond that, nothing; he died a stranger and a pilgrim in the land.

Isaac had a little. So small was Jacob's hold upon his country that the last years of his life were spent in Egypt, and he died a foreigner in a strange land. His descendants came into the land of Canaan, expecting to find it a land flowing with milk and honey; they found hard work to do—war and unrest, instead of rest.

During one brief period, in the history of Israel, the promise may seem to have been fulfilled. It was during the later years of David and the earlier years of Solomon; but we have the warrant of Scripture itself for affirming, that even then the promise was not fulfilled. In the Book of Psalms, David speaks of a hope of entering into a future rest. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, quoting this passage, infers from it that God's promise had not been exhausted nor fulfilled by the entrance into Canaan; for, he says, "If Joshua had given them rest then would he not have spoken of another day." Again, in this very chapter, after a long list of Hebrew saints—"These *all* died in faith, not having received the promises." To none, therefore, had the promise been fulfilled. Accordingly, writers on prophecy, in order to get over this difficulty, take for granted that there must be a future fulfilment, because the first was inadequate.

They who believe that the Jews will be restored to their native land, expect it on the express ground that Canaan has never been actually and permanently theirs. A certain tract of country—300 miles in length by 200 in breadth—must be given, or else they think the promise has been broken. To quote the expression of one of the most eloquent of their writers, "If there be nothing yet future for Israel, then the magnificence of the promise has been lost in the poverty of its accomplishment."

I do not quote this to prove the correctness of the interpretation of the prophecy, but as an acknowledgment which may be taken so far as a proof that the promise made to Abraham has never been accomplished.

And such is life's disappointment. Its promise is, you shall have a Canaan; it turns out to be a baseless, airy dream— toil and warfare—nothing that we can call our own; not the land of rest, by any means. But we will examine this in particulars.

1. Our senses deceive us; we begin life with delusion. Our senses deceive us with respect to distance, shape, and colour. That which afar off seems oval, turns out to be circular, modified by the perspective of distance; that which appears a speck, upon nearer approach becomes a vast body. To the earlier ages the stars presented the delusion of small lamps hung in space. The beautiful berry proves to be bitter and poisonous; that which apparently moves is really at rest; that which seems to be stationary is in perpetual motion; the earth moves; the sun is still.

All experience is a correction of life's delusions—a modification, a reversal of the judgment of the senses ; and all life is a lesson on the falsehood of appearances.

2. Our natural anticipations deceive us—I say *natural* in contradistinction to extravagant expectations. Every human life is a fresh one, bright with hopes that will never be realized. There may be differences of character in these hopes ; finer spirits may look on life as the arena of successful deeds, the more selfish as a place of personal enjoyment.

With man the turning point of life may be a profession—with woman, marriage ; the one gilding the future with the triumphs of intellect, the other with the dreams of affection ; but, in every case, life is not what any of them expects, but something else. It would almost seem a satire on existence to compare the youth in the outset of his career, flushed and sanguine, with the aspect of the same being when it is nearly done—worn, soberised, covered with the dust of life, and confessing that its days have been few and evil. Where is the land flowing with milk and honey ?

With our affections it is still worse, because they promise more. Man's affections are but the tabernacles of Canaan—the tents of a night ; not permanent habitations, even for this life. Where are the charms of character, the perfection, and the purity and the truthfulness, which seemed so resplendent in our friend ? They were only the shape of our own conceptions—our creative shaping intellect projected its own fantasies on him ; and hence, we outgrow our early friendship ; outgrow the intensity of all : we dwell in tents ; we never find a home, even in the land of promise. Life is an unenjoyable Canaan, with nothing real or substantial in it.

3. Our expectations, resting on revelation, deceive us. The world's history has turned round two points of hope ; one, the *first*—the other, the *second* coming of the Messiah. The magnificent imagery of Hebrew prophecy had described the advent of the Conqueror ; He came—“ a root out of a dry ground, with no form or comeliness ; and when they saw Him there was no beauty in Him that they should desire Him.” The victory, predicted in such glowing terms, turned out to be the victory of Submission—the Law of our Humanity, which wins by gentleness and love. The promise in the letter was unfulfilled. For ages the world's hope has been the second advent. The early church expected it in their own day. “ We, which are alive, and remain until the coming of our Lord.”

The Saviour himself had said, “ This generation shall not pass till all things be fulfilled.” Yet the Son of Man has never come, or rather,

He has been *ever* coming. Unnumbered times the judgment eagles have gathered together over corruption ripe for condemnation. Times innumerable the separation has been made between good and bad. The promise has not been fulfilled, or it has been fulfilled ; but in either case anticipation has been foiled and disappointed.

There are two ways of considering this aspect of life. One is the way of sentiment ; the other is the way of faith. The sentimental way is trite enough. Saint, sage, sophist, moralist, and preacher, have repeated in every possible image, till there is nothing new to say, that life is a bubble, a dream, a delusion, a phantasm. The other is the way of faith : the ancient saints felt as keenly as any moralist could feel the brokenness of its promises ; they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims here ; they said that they had here no continuing city ; but they did not mournfully moralize on this ; they said it cheerfully, and rejoiced that it was so. They felt that all was right ; they knew that the promise itself had a deeper meaning ; they looked undauntedly for " a city which hath foundations."

II. The second inquiry, therefore, is the meaning of this delusiveness.

I. It serves to allure us on. Suppose that a spiritual promise had been made at first to Israel ; imagine that they had been informed at the outset that God's rest is inward ; that the promised land is only found in the Jerusalem which is above—not material, but immaterial. That rude, gross people, yearning after the fleshpots of Egypt—willing to go back into slavery, so as only they might have enough to eat and drink—would they have quitted Egypt on such terms ? Would they have begun one single step of that pilgrimage, which was to find its meaning in the discipline of ages ?

We are led through life as we are allured upon a journey. Could a man see his route before him—a flat, straight road, unbroken by bush, or tree, or eminence, with sun's heat burning down upon it, stretched out in dreary monotony—he could scarcely find energy to begin his task, but the uncertainty of what may be seen beyond the next turn keeps expectation alive. The view that may be seen from yonder summit—the glimpse that may be caught, perhaps, as the road winds round yonder knoll—hopes like these, not far distant, beguile the traveller on from mile to mile, and from league to league.

In fact, life is an education. The object for which you educate your son is to give him strength of purpose, self-command, discipline of mental energies ; but you do not reveal to your son this aim of his education ; you tell him of his place in his class, of the prizes at the end of the year, of the honours to be given at college.

These are not the true incentives to knowledge; such incentives are not the highest—they are even mean, and partially injurious; yet these mean incentives stimulate and lead on, from day to day and from year to year, by a process the principle of which the boy himself is not aware of. So does God lead on, through life's unsatisfying and false reward, ever educating: Canaan first; then the hope of a Redeemer; then the millennial glory. Now what is remarkable in this is, that the delusion continued to the last; they *all* died in faith, not having received the promises; all were hoping up to the very last, and all died in faith—not in realization; for thus God has constituted the human heart. It never will be believed that this world is unreal. God has mercifully so arranged it, that the idea of delusion is incredible. You may tell the boy or girl as you will that life is a disappointment; yet however you may persuade them to adopt your *tone*, and catch the language of your sentiment, they are both looking forward to some bright distant hope—the rapture of the next vacation, or the unknown joys of the next season—and throwing into it an energy of expectation which a whole eternity is only worth. You may tell the man who has received the heart-shock from which, in this world, he will not recover, that life has nothing left; yet the stubborn heart still hopes on ever near the prize—"wealthiest when most undone: "he has reaped the whirlwind, but he will go on still, till life is over, sowing the wind.

Now observe the beautiful result which comes from this indestructible power of believing in spite of failure. In the first centuries, the early Christians believed that the millennial advent was close; they heard the warning of the apostle, brief and sharp, "The time is short." Now suppose that, instead of this, they had seen all the dreary page of Church history unrolled; suppose that they had known that after two thousand years the world would have scarcely spelled out three letters of the meaning of Christianity, where would have been those gigantic efforts, that life spent as on the very brink of eternity, which characterize the days of the early church, and which was after all, only the true life of man in time? It is thus that God has led on His world. He has conducted it as a father leads his child, when the path homeward lies over many a dreary league. He suffers him to beguile the thought of time, by turning aside to pluck now and then a flower, to chase now a butterfly: the butterfly is crushed, the flower fades, but the child is so much nearer home, invigorated and full of health and scarcely wearied yet.

2. This non-fulfilment of promise fulfils it in a *deeper* way. The account we have given already, were it to end there, would be insufficient to excuse the failure of life's promise; by saying that it allures us would

be really to charge God with deception. Now life is not deception, but illusion. We distinguish between illusion and delusion. We may paint wood so as to be taken for stone, iron or marble ; this is delusion : but you may paint a picture, in which rocks, trees, and sky are never mistaken for what they seem, yet produce all the emotion which real rocks, trees, and sky would produce. This is illusion, and this is the painter's art : never for one moment to deceive by attempted imitation, but to produce a mental state in which the feelings are suggested which the natural objects themselves would create. Let us take an instance drawn from life.

To a child the rainbow is a real thing—substantial and palpable ; its limb rests on the side of yonder hill ; he believes that he can appropriate it to himself ; and when, instead of gems and gold, hid in its radiant bow, he finds nothing but damp mist—cold, dreary drops of disappointment—that disappointment tells that his belief has been delusion.

To the educated man that bow is a blessed illusion, yet it never once deceives ; he does not take it for what it is not, he does not expect to make it his own ; he feels its beauty as much as the child could feel it, nay infinitely more—more even from the fact that he knows that it will be transient ; but besides and beyond this, to him it presents a deeper loveliness ; he knows the laws of light, and the laws of the human soul which gave it being. He has linked it with the laws of the universe, and with the invisible mind of God, and it brings to him a thrill of awe, and the sense of a mysterious, nameless beauty, of which the child did not conceive. It is illusion still ; but it has fulfilled the promise. In the realm of spirit, in the temple of the soul, it is the same. All is illusion ; but “ we look for a city which hath foundations ; ” and in this the promise is fulfilled.

And such was Canaan to the Israelites. To some, doubtless, it was delusion. They expected to find their reward in a land of milk and honey. They were bitterly disappointed, and expressed their disappointment loudly enough in their murmurs against Moses, and their rebellion against his successors. But to others, as to Abraham, Canaan was the bright illusion which never deceived, but for ever shone before as the type of something more real. And even taking the promise literally, though they built in tents, and could not call a foot of land their own, was not its beauty theirs ? Were not its trellised vines, and glorious pastures, and rich olive-fields, ministers to the enjoyment of those who had all in God, though its milk, and oil, and honey, could not be enjoyed with exclusiveness of appropriation ? Yet over and above and beyond this, there was a more blessed fulfilment of the promise ; there was a city which had

foundations—built and made by God—toward which the anticipation of this Canaan was leading them. The Kingdom of God was forming in their souls, for ever disappointing them by the unreal, and teaching them that what is spiritual, and belongs to mind and character, alone can be eternal. We will illustrate this principle from the common walks of life. The principle is, that the reward we get is not the reward for which we worked, but a different one; deeper and more permanent. The merchant labours all his life, and the hope which leads him on is perhaps wealth: well, at sixty years of age he attains wealth; is that the reward of sixty years of toil? Ten years of enjoyment, when the senses can enjoy no longer—a country seat, splendid plate, a noble establishment? Oh, no! a reward deeper than he dreamed of. Habits of perseverance; a character trained by industry: that is his reward. He was carried on from year to year by, if he were wise, illusion; if he were unwise, delusion; but he reaped a more enduring substance in himself.

Take another instance: the public man, warrior, or statesman, who has served his country, and complains at last, in bitter disappointment, that his country has not fulfilled his expectations in rewarding him—that is, it has not given him titles, honours, wealth. But titles, honours, wealth—are these rewards of well-doing? can they reward it? would it be well-doing if they could? To *be* such a man, to have the power of *doing* such deeds, what could be added to that reward by having? This same apparent contradiction, which was found in Judaism, subsists, too, in Christianity; we will state it in the words of an apostle: “Godliness is profitable for all things; having the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come.” Now for the fulfilment: “If in this life only we have hope in Christ, then are we of all men most miserable.” Godliness is profitable; but its profit, it appears, consists in finding that all is loss: yet in this way you teach your son. You will tell him that if he will be good all men will love him. You say that “Honesty is the best policy,” yet in your heart of hearts you know that you are leading him on by a delusion. Christ was good. Was He loved by all? In proportion as he—your son—is like Christ, *he will be loved, not by the many, but by the few*. Honesty is *not* the best *policy*; the commonplace honesty of the market place may be—the vulgar honesty which goes no further than paying debts accurately; but that transparent Christian honesty of a life which in every act is bearing witness to the truth; that is not the way to get on in life—the reward of such a life is the Cross. Yet you were right in teaching your son this: you told him what was true; truer than he could comprehend. It *is* better to be honest and good; better than he can know

or dream ; better even in this life ; better by so much as *being* good is better than *having* good. But, in a rude coarse way, you must express the blessedness on a level with his capacity ; you must state the truth in a way which he will inevitably interpret falsely. The true interpretation nothing but experience can teach.

THE IRREPARABLE PAST AND THE AVAILABLE FUTURE

(Delivered at Brighton).

IT is upon two sentences of this passage that our attention is to be fixed to-day—sentences which in themselves are apparently contradictory, but which are pregnant with a lesson of the deepest practical import. Looked at in the mere meaning of the words as they stand, our Lord's first command given to His disciples, " Sleep on now, and take your rest," is inconsistent with the second command which follows almost in the same breath, " Rise, let us be going." A permission to slumber, and a warning to arouse at once, are injunctions which can scarcely stand together in the same sentence consistently.

Our first inquiry therefore is, what did our Redeemer mean ? We shall arrive at the true solution of this difficulty if we review the circumstances under which these words were spoken. The account with which these verses stand connected, belongs to one of the last scenes in the drama of our Master's earthly pilgrimage : it is found in the history of the trial-hour which was passed in the garden of Gethsemane. As an hour it was indeed big with the destinies of the world, for the command had gone forth to seize the Saviour's person : but the Saviour was still at large and free. Upon the success or the frustration of that plan the world's fate was trembling. Three men were selected to be witnesses of the sufferings of that hour : three men, the favoured ones on all occasions of the apostolic band, and the single injunction which had been laid upon them was, " Watch with me one hour." That charge to watch or keep awake seems to have been given with two ends in view. He asked them to keep awake, first, that they might sympathize with Him. He commanded them to keep awake that they might be on their guard against surprise, that they might afford sympathy, because never in all His career did Christ more stand in need of such soothing as it was in the power of man to give. It is true that was not much ; the struggle, and the agony, and the making up of the mind to death had something in them too Divine and too mysterious to be understood by the disciples, and therefore

sympathy could but reach a portion of what our Redeemer felt. Yet still it appears to have been an additional pang in Christ's anguish to find that he was left thoroughly alone—to endure, while even his own friends did not compassionate His endurance. We know what a relief it is to see the honest affectionate face of a menial servant, or some poor dependent, regretting that your suffering may be infinitely above his comprehension. It may be a secret which you cannot impart to him or it may be a mental distress which his mind is too uneducated to appreciate : yet still his sympathy in your dark hour is worth a world. What you suffer he knows not, but he knows you do suffer, and it pains him to think of it : there is balm to you in that. This is the power of sympathy. We can do little for one another in this world. Little, very little, can be done when the worst must come ; but yet to know that the pulses of a human heart are vibrating with yours, there is something in that, let the distance between man and man be ever so immeasurable, exquisitely soothing. It was this, and but this, in the way of feeling, that Christ asked of Peter, James, and John : Watch—be awake : let Me not feel that when I agonize, you can be at ease and comfortable. But it would seem there was another thing which He asked in the way of assistance. The plot to capture Him was laid ; the chance of that plot's success lay in making the surprise so sudden as to cut off all possibility of escape. The hope of defeating that plot depended upon the fidelity of apostolic vigilance. Humanly speaking, had they been vigilant they might have saved Him. Breathless, listening for the sound of footsteps in the distance ; eyes anxiously straining through the trees to distinguish the glitter of the lanterns ; unremitting apprehension catching from the word of Christ an intimation that He was in danger, and so giving notice on the first approach of anything like intrusion,—that would have been watching.

That command to watch was given twice—first, when Christ first retired aside leaving the disciples by themselves ; secondly, in a reproachful way when He returned and found His request disregarded. He waked them up once and said, “ What, could ye not watch with me one hour ? ” He came again, and found their eyes closed once more. On that occasion not a syllable fell from his lips ; He did not waken them a second time. He passed away sad and disappointed, and left them to their slumbers. But when He came the third time, it was no longer possible for their sleep to do Him harm, or their watching to do Him good. The precious opportunity was lost forever. Sympathy, vigilance—the hour for these was past. The priests had succeeded in their surprise, and Judas had well led them through the dark, with unerring accuracy, to the very spot where his Master knelt ; and there were seen

quite close, the dark figures shown in relief against the glare of the red torchlight, and every now and then the gleam glittering from the bared steel and the Roman armour. It was all over ; they might sleep as they liked, their sleeping could do no injury now ; their watching could do no good. And therefore, partly in bitterness, partly in reproach, partly in a kind of earnest irony, partly in sad earnest, our Master said to His disciples : Sleep on now : there is no use in watching now : take your rest—forever if you will. Sleep and rest can do me no more harm now, for all that watching might have done is lost.

But, brethren, we have to observe that in the next sentence our Redeemer addresses Himself to the consideration of what could yet be done ; the best thing as circumstances then stood. So far as any good to be got from watching went they might sleep on : there was no reparation for the fault that had been done : but so far as duty went, there was still much of endurance to which they had to rouse themselves. They could not save their Master, but they might loyally and manfully share His disgrace, and if it must be, His death. They could not put off the penalty, but they might steel themselves cheerfully to share it. Safety was out of the question : but they might meet their fate, instead of being overwhelmed by it : and, so, as respected what was gone by, Christ said, "Sleep," what is done cannot be undone : but as respected the duties that were lying before them still, He said, We must make the best of it that can be made : rouse yourselves to dare the worst : on to enact your parts like men. Rise, let us be going—we have something still left to do. Here, then, we have two subjects of contemplation distinctly marked out for us.

- I. The irreparable Past.
- II. The available Future.

The words of Christ are not like the words of other men : His sentences do not end with the occasion which called them forth : every sentence of Christ's is a deep principle of human life, and it is so with these sentences : "Sleep on now"—that is a principle. "Rise up, and let us be going"—that is another principle. The principle contained in "Sleep on now" is this, that the past is irreparable, and after a certain moment waking will do no good. You may improve the future, the past is gone beyond recovery. As to all that is gone by, so far as the hope of altering it goes, you may sleep on and take your rest ; there is no power in earth or heaven that can undo what has once been done.

Now let us proceed to give illustrations of this principle.

It is true, first of all, with respect to *time* that is gone by. Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-

rent of this world—a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in ; an eternity before, an eternity behind ; and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of time will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it, my Christian brethren ? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it towards that awful other world of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound ? Let us realize that, beloved brethren : until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling strongly that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work ; and every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh. What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again ? And now what have we to say with respect to this strange solemn thing—Time ? That men do with it through life just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane : they go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever ; and the marble stands there—passive, cold—making no effort to arrest the gliding water ?

It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing till it has run itself out ; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away for ever. It is so, brethren, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late. And this passage asks us with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity,—what has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be ? Yesterday, last week, last year—they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born a new fresh day : into darkness and eternity it sank again for ever. It had a voice calling to us, of its own. Its own work—its own duties. What were we doing yesterday ? Idling, whiling away the time in light and luxurious literature—not as life's relaxation, but as life's business ? thrilling our hearts with the excitements of life—contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly ? Was that our day ? Sleep, brethren ! all that is but the sleep of the three apostles. And now let us remember this : there is a day coming when that sleep will be broken rudely,

with a shock : there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted not by years nor by months, nor yet by hours, but by minutes—the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the Messengers of Death have come to take us.

That startling moment will come which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last—that our chance and our trial are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is—going too, like all other moments that have gone before it ; and then with eyes unsealed at last, you look back on the life which is gone by. There is no mistake about it : there it is, a sleep, a most palpable sleep—self-indulged unconsciousness of high destinies, and God and Christ : a sleep when Christ was calling out to you to watch with Him one hour—a sleep when there was something to be done—a sleep broken, it may be, once or twice by restless dreams, and by a voice of truth which would make itself heard at times, but still a sleep which was only rocked into deeper stillness by interruption. And now from the undone eternity the boom of whose waves is distinctly audible upon your soul, there comes the same voice again, a solemn sad voice—but no longer the same word “ Watch ”—other words altogether, “ You may go to sleep.” It is too late to wake : there is no science in earth or heaven to recall time that once has fled.

Again this principle of the irreparable past holds good with respect to preparing for temptation. That hour in the garden was a precious opportunity given for laying in spiritual strength. Christ knew it well. He struggled and fought *then* : therefore there was no struggling afterwards—no trembling in the judgment hall—no shrinking on the cross, but only dignified and calm victory ; for He had fought the Temptation on his knees beforehand, and conquered all in the garden. The battle of the Judgment-hall, the battle of the Cross, were already fought and over, in the Watch and in the agony. The apostles missed the meaning of that hour ; and therefore when it came to the question of trial, the loudest boaster of them all shrank from acknowledging Whose he was, and the rest played the part of the craven and the renegade. And if the reason of this be asked, it is simply this : They went to trial unprepared : they had not prayed : and what is a Christian without prayer but Sampson without his talisman of hair ?

Brethren, in this world, when there is any foreseen or suspected danger before us, it is our duty to forecast our trial. It is our wisdom to put on our armour—to consider what lies before us—to call up resolution in God's strength to go through what we may have to do. And it is marvellous how difficulties smooth away before a Christian when he does this. Trials that cost him a struggle to meet even in imagi-

nation—like the heavy sweat of Gethsemane, when Christ was looking forward and feeling exceeding sorrowful, even unto death—come to their crisis ; and behold, to his astonishment they are nothing—they have been fought and conquered already. But if you go to meet those temptations, not as Christ did, but as the apostles did prayerless, trusting to the chance impulse of the moment, you may make up your mind to fail. That opportunity lost is irreparable : it is your doom to yield then. Those words are true, you may “ sleep on now, and take your rest,” for you have betrayed yourself into the hands of danger.

And now one word about prayer. It is a preparation for danger, it is the armour for battle. Go not, my Christian brother, into the dangerous world without it. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids. A hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done, or done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayer—wakefulness once more omitted. And now we ask, is that reparable ? Brethren, we solemnly believe not. There has been that done which cannot be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from Christ. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffered drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day on which you betray Him by cowardice and soft shrinking from duty. Let it be a principle through life, moments of prayer intruded upon by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience, but we cannot get back the rich freshness and the strength which were wrapped up in these moments.

Once again this principle is true in another respect. Opportunities of doing good do not come back. We are here, brethren, for a most definite and intelligible purpose—to educate our own hearts by deeds of love, and to be the instrument of blessing to our brother men. There are two ways in which this is to be done—by guarding them from danger and by soothing them in their rough path by kindly sympathies—the two things which the apostles were asked to do for Christ. And it is an encouraging thought, that he who cannot do the one has at least the other in his power. If he cannot protect, he can sympathise. Let the weakest—let the humblest in this congregation remember, that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathising attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not, brethren, almost the staple of our daily happiness ? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest,

by small kindnesses. And then consider:—Here is a section of life one-third, one-half, it may be three-fourths gone by, and the question before us is, how much has been done in that way? Who has charged himself with the guardianship of his brother's safety? Who has laid on himself as a sacred duty to sit beside his brother suffering? Oh! my brethren, it is the omission of these things which is irreparable: irreparable when you look to the purest enjoyment which might have been your own: irreparable, when you consider the compunction which belongs to deeds of love not done; irreparable, when you look to this groaning world, and feel that its agony of bloody sweat has been distilling all night, and you were dreaming away in luxury! Shame, shame upon our selfishness! There is an infinite voice in the sin and sufferings of earth's millions, which makes every idle moment, every moment, that is, which is not relaxation, guilt; and seems to cry out, If you will not bestir yourself for love's sake now, it will soon be too late.

Lastly, this principle applies to a mis-spent youth. There is something very remarkable in the picture which is placed before us. There is a picture of *One* struggling, toiling, standing between others and danger, and those others quietly content to reap the benefit of that struggle without anxiety of their own. And there is something in this singularly like the position in which all young persons are placed. The young are by God's Providence exempted in a great measure from anxiety: they are as the apostles were in relation to their Master: their friends stand between them and the struggles of existence. They are not called upon to think for themselves: the burden is borne by others. They get their bread without knowing or caring how it is paid for: they smile and laugh without a suspicion of the anxious thoughts of day and night which a parent bears to enable them to smile. So to speak they are sleeping—and it is not a guilty sleep—while another watches.

My young brethren—youth is one of the precious opportunities of life—rich in blessing if you choose to make it so, but having in it the materials of undying remorse if you suffer it to pass unimproved. Your quiet Gethsemane is now. Gethsemane's struggles you cannot know yet. Take care that you do not learn too well Gethsemane's sleep. Do you know how you can imitate the apostles in their fatal sleep? You can suffer your young days to pass idly and uselessly away: you can live as if you had nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves: you can let others think for you, and not try to become thoughtful yourselves, till the business and the difficulties of life come upon you unprepared, and you find yourselves like men waking from sleep, hurried, confused, scarcely able to stand, with all the faculties bewildered, not knowing right from wrong, led headlong to evil, just because you have not given yourselves in time

to learn what is good. All that is sleep. And now let us mark it. You cannot repair that in after life. Oh ! remember every period of human life has its own lesson, and you cannot learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown up man another. Let us consider one single instance. The boy has to learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission. All those feelings which are to be transferred afterwards in full cultivation to God, like plants nursed in a hot bed and then planted out, are to be cultivated first in youth. Afterwards, those habits which have been merely habits of obedience to an earthly parent, are to become religious submission to a heavenly parent. Our parents stand to us in the place of God. Veneration for our parents is intended to become afterwards adoration for something higher. Take that single instance ; and now suppose that that is not learnt in boyhood. Suppose that the boy sleeps to that duty of veneration, and learns only flippancy, insubordination, and the habit of deceiving his father,—can that, my young brethren, be repaired afterwards ? Humanly speaking not. Life is like the transition from class to class in a school. The school-boy who has not learnt arithmetic in the earlier classes cannot secure it when he comes to mechanics in the higher : each section has its own sufficient work. He may be a good philosopher or a good historian, but a bad arithmetician he remains for life ; for he cannot lay the foundation at the moment when he must be building the superstructure. The regiment which has not perfected itself in its manœuvres on the parade-ground cannot learn them before the guns of the enemy. And just in the same way, the young person who has slept his youth away, and become idle, and selfish, and hard, cannot make up for that afterwards. He may do something, he may be religious—yes ; but he cannot be what he might have been. There is a part of his heart which will remain uncultivated to the end. The apostles could share their Master's sufferings—they could not save Him. Youth has its irreparable past.

And therefore, my young brethren, let it be impressed upon you,—NOW is a time, infinite in its value for eternity, which will never return again. Sleep not : learn that there is a very solemn work of heart which must be done while the stillness of the garden of your Gethsemane gives you time. Now—or Never.

The treasures at your command are infinite. Treasures of time—treasures of youth—treasures of opportunity—that grown-up men would sacrifice everything they have to possess. O for ten years of youth back again with the added experience of age ! But it cannot be : they must be content to sleep on now, and take their rest.

We are to pass on next to a few remarks on the other sentence in this passage, which brings before us for consideration the future which is still available: for we are to observe, that our Master did not limit His apostles to a regretful recollection of their failure. Recollection of it He did demand. There were the materials of a most cutting self-reproach in the few words he said: for they contained all the desolation of that sad word *never*. Who knows not of what that word wraps up—never—it *never* can be undone. Sleep on. But yet there was no sickly lingering over the irreparable. Our Master's words are the words of one who had fully recognized the hopelessness of his position, but yet manfully and calmly had numbered his resources and scanned his duties, and then braced up his mind to meet the exigencies of his situation with no passive endurance; the moment was come for action—"Rise, let us be going."

Now the broad general lesson which we gain from this is not hard to read. It is that a Christian is to be for ever rousing himself to recognize the duties which lie before him *now*. In Christ the motto is ever this, "Let us be going." Let me speak to the conscience of someone. Perhaps yours is a very remorseful past—a foolish, frivolous, disgraceful, frittered past. Well, Christ says—My servant, be sad, but no langour; there is work to be done for Me yet—Rise up, be going! Oh, my brethren, Christ takes your wretched remnants of life—the feeble pulses of a heart which has spent its best hours not for Him, but for self and for enjoyment, and in His strange love He condescends to accept them.

Let me speak to another kind of experience. Perhaps we feel that we have faculties which never have and now never will find their right field; perhaps we are ignorant of many things which cannot be learnt now; perhaps the seed-time of life has gone by, and certain powers of heart and mind will not grow now; perhaps you feel that the best days of life are gone, and it is too late to begin things which were in your power once:—still, my repentant brother, there is encouragement from your Master yet. Wake to the opportunities that yet remain. Ten years of life—five years—one year—say you have only that,—Will you sleep that away because you have already slept too long? Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink,—Rise, be going: count your resources: learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it: learn what you *can* do, and do it with the energy of a man. That is the great lesson of this passage. But now consider it a little more closely.

Christ impressed two things on His apostles' minds. 1. The Duty of Christian earnestness—"Rise." 2. The duty of Christian energy—"Let us be going."

Christ roused them to earnestness when He said, " Rise." A short, sharp, rousing call. They were to start up and wake to the realities of their position. The guards were on them : their Master was about to be led away to doom. That was an awakening which would make men spring to their feet in earnest. Brethren, goodness and earnestness are nearly the same thing. In the language in which this Bible was written there was one word which expressed them both : what we translate a good man, in Greek is literally " earnest." The Greeks felt that to be earnest was nearly identical with being good. But however, there is a day in life when a man must be earnest, but it does not follow that he will be good. " Behold the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him." That is a sound that will thunder through the most fast-locked slumber, and rouse men whom sermons cannot rouse. But that will not make them holy. Earnestness of *life*, brethren, that is goodness. Wake in death you *must*, for it is an earnest thing to die. Shall it be this, I pray you ?—Shall it be the voice of death which first says, " Arise," at the very moment when it says, " Sleep on for ever ?"—Shall it be the bridal train sweeping by, and the shutting of the doors, and the discovery that the lamp is gone out ? Shall *that* be the first time you know that it is an earnest thing to live ? Let us feel that we have been *doing* ; learn what time is—sliding from you, and not stopping when you stop ; learn what sin is : learn what " *never* " is : " Awake, thou that sleepest."

Lastly, Christian energy—" Let us be going." There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to His doom. He might have waited for it : instead of which He went to meet the soldiers. He took up the Cross, the cup of anguish was not forced between His lips, He took it with His own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after-years the disciples understood the lesson, and acted on it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them ; they braved the Sanhedrim ; they fronted the world : they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross. Now in this there lies a principle. Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

" By the poison'd springs of life,

Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife."

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of Remorse and Despondency, but a sky—not perhaps of radiant, but yet—of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a past which is gone for ever. But there is a Future which is still our own.

EARL OF ROSEBERY

(1847-).

BRITISH statesman and the "Orator of Empire," was born in London in the month of May, 1847. He passed through a preparatory school at Brighton before going to Eton. His tutor at Eton described him as a youth of great wisdom but not without a dash of fun and humour. His fault seems to have been lack of stability. "He seeks the palm without the dust."

In 1866 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, but came in conflict with the authorities because of his racing stud which he refused to relinquish. This incident led to his leaving Oxford in 1868, the year he attained to the family title and estates.

The young Lord Rosebery's powers in fluent and original expression were first manifest to the public in a remarkable address on "The Union of England and Scotland," delivered in Edinburgh when he was twenty-four. In another oration, delivered a little later, we get a glimpse of his talent for phrase-making in such dicta as "to raise the condition of the working classes is to find the true leverage of Empire." Lord Rosebery was already an Imperialist as well as a social reformer.

In 1880 he became Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, when he gave a striking address upon "Patriotism." The next year he made a definite entry into the sphere of practical politics when he became Under-secretary at the Home Office, then under the command of Sir William Harcourt. The extreme Radical wing of the Liberal party raised objections against his holding office; therefore he resigned in June 1883 and started on a trip round the world.

In 1884 he resumed office under Gladstone as first Commissioner of Works with a seat in the Cabinet. When, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone adopted "Home Rule," Lord Rosebery became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and, in Bismarck's own phrase, proved himself "very sharp." It was at this time that Rosebery came out with a definite policy of Imperialism. He had acquired personal knowledge of the Colonies and he predicted that a great war would not act as a wedge to shatter the structure of the Empire, but would serve to weld it into a real imperial federation, one and indivisible. To-day, we have ample proof of the foresight and insight displayed in these deductions.

Following on Mr. Gladstone's retirement in March 1894, Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister, but with a small majority troubled with intestine war. In the circumstances, the ministry could accom-

plish little but "plough the sands," and it fell to a snap vote taken on a question of shortage of munitions, June 1895.

Thereafter, with the exception of some brief but brilliant excursions, he held aloof from party politics, "ploughing his lonely furrow."

Like one of his favourite heroes in history—Oliver Cromwell—Lord Rosebery has always been addicted to racing and the race horse; a circumstance which has militated against him with a section of the Liberal party. In the sphere of literature he has written two studies of permanent value: a "Life of Pitt" and "The Last Phase," an essay on Napoleon in the last days.

BURNS

WE are surrounded by the choicest and the most sacred haunts of the poet. You have in this town the house in which he died, the 'Globe,' where we could have wished that some phonograph had then existed which could have communicated to us some of his wise and witty and wayward talk. You have the street commemorated in Mr. Culloch's tragic anecdote when Burns was shunned by his former friends, and you have the paths by the Nith which are associated with some of his greatest work. You have near you the room in which the whistle was contended for, and in which, if mere legend is to be trusted, the immortal Dr. Gregory was summoned to administer his first powders to the survivors of that memorable debauch. You have the stackyard in which, lying on his back and contemplating—

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn;

he wrote the lines 'To Mary in Heaven'—perhaps the most pathetic of his poems. You have near you the walk by the river where, in his transport, he passed his wife and children without seeing them, his brow flushed and his eyes shining with the lustre of 'Tam o' Shanter.' 'I wish you had but seen him,' said his wife, 'he was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks!'

"That is why we are in Dumfries to-day. We come to honour Burns among these immortal haunts of his. But it is not in Dumfries alone that he is commemorated to-day, for all Scotland will pay her tribute. And this, surely, is but right. Mankind owes him a general debt. But the debt of Scotland is special. For Burns exalted our race, he hallowed Scotland and the Scottish tongue. Before his time we had for a long period been scarcely recognized, we had been falling out of the recollection of the world. From the time of the union of the Crowns, and still more from the time of the legislative union, Scotland had lapsed

into obscurity. Except for an occasional riot or a Jacobite rising, her existence was almost forgotten. She had, indeed, her Robertsons and her Humes writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discoverable in their works; indeed every flavour of national idiom was carefully excluded. The Scottish dialect, as Burns called it, was in danger of perishing. Burns seemed at this juncture to start to his feet and re-assert Scotland's claim to national existence; his Scottish notes rang through the world, and he thus preserved the Scottish language for ever; for mankind will never allow to die that idiom in which his songs and poems are enshrined. This is a part of Scotland's debt to Burns.

“ We are assembled in our high enthusiasm under circumstances which are somewhat paradoxical. For with all the appearance of joy, we celebrate not a festival, but a tragedy. It is not the sunrise, but the sunset, that we commemorate. It is not the birth of a new power into the world, the subtle germ of a fame that is to survive and inspire the generations of men; but it is perhaps more fitting that we celebrate the end and not the beginning. For the coming of these figures is silent; it is their disappearance that we know. At this instant that I speak there may be born into the world the equal of a Newton or a Cæsar, but half of us would be dead before he had revealed himself. Their death is different. It may be gloomy and disastrous; it may come at a moment of shame or neglect; but by that time the man has carved his name somewhere on the Temple of Fame. There are exceptions, of course; cases where the end comes before the slightest, or any but the slightest, recognition—Chatterton choking in his garret, hunger of body and soul all unsatisfied; Millet selling his pictures for a song; nay, Shakespeare himself. But, as a rule, death in the case of genius closes the first act of a public drama; criticism and analysis may then begin their unbiassed work free from jealousy or friendship or personal consideration for the living. Then comes the third act, if third act there be.

“ It is a death, not a birth that we celebrate. This day a century ago, in poverty, delirium, and distress, there was passing the soul of Robert Burns. To him death comes in clouds and darkness, the end of a long agony of body and soul; he is harassed with debt, his bodily constitution is ruined, his spirit is broken, his wife is daily expecting her confinement. He has lost all that rendered his life happy—much of friendship, credit and esteem. Some score years before, one of the most charming of English writers, as he lay dying, was asked if his mind was at ease, and with his last breath Oliver Goldsmith owned that it was not. So it was with Robert Burns. His delirium dwelt on the

horrors of a failure ; he uttered curses on the tradesman who was pursuing him for debt.

“ ‘ What business,’ said he to his physician in a moment of consciousness, ‘ what business has a physician to waste his time upon me ? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas ! I have not feathers enough to carry me to my grave.’ For a year or more his health had been failing. He had a poet’s body as well as a poet’s mind—nervous, feverish, impressionable, and his constitution, which, if nursed and regulated, might have carried him to the limit of life, was unequal to the storm of stress of dissipation and a preying mind. In the previous autumn he had been seized with a rheumatic attack ; his digestion had given way ; he was sunk in melancholy and gloom. In his last April he wrote to his friend Thomson. ‘ By Babel’s streams, etc.’ ‘ Almost ever since I wrote you last I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain ; rheumatism, cold and fever, have formed, to me, a terrible Trinity in Unity, which makes me close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope.’ It was sought to revive him by sea bathing, and he went to stay at Brow Wall. There he remained three weeks, but was under no delusion as to his state. ‘ Well, Madam,’ he said to Mrs. Riddell on arriving, ‘ have you any commands for the other world ? ’ He sat that evening with his old friend, and spoke manfully of his approaching death, of the fate of his children, and his fame ; sometimes indulging in bitter-sweet pleasantries, but never losing the consciousness of his condition. In three weeks he wearied of the fruitless hunt for health, and he returned home to die. He was only just in time. When he re-entered his home on the 18th he could no longer stand ; he was soon delirious ; in three days he was dead. ‘ On the fourth day,’ we are told, ‘ when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, rose almost wholly up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed, fell on his face, and expired.’ I suppose there are many who can read the account of these last months with composure. They are more fortunate than I. There is nothing much more melancholy in all biography. The brilliant poet, the delight of all society, from the highest to the lowest, sits brooding in silence over the drama of his spent life : the early innocent home, the plough and the savour of fresh-turned earth ; the silent communion with Nature and his own heart, the brief hour of splendour, the dark hour of neglect, the mad struggle for forgetfulness, the bitterness of vanished homage, the gnawing doubt of fame, the distressful future of his wife and children—an endless witch-dance of thought without clue or remedy, all perplexing, all soon to end while he is yet young, as men reckon youth ;

though none know so well as he that his youth is gone, his race is run, his message is delivered. His death revived the flagging interest and pride that had been felt for him. As usual, men began to realise what they had lost when it was too late. When it was known that he was dying, the townspeople had shown anxiety and distress. They recalled his fame and forgot his fall. One man was heard to ask, with a touch of quaint simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?' The district set itself to prepare a public funeral for the poet who died penniless among them. A vast concourse followed him to his grave. The awkward squad, as he had foreseen and deprecated, fired volleys over his coffin. The streets were lined with soldiers, among them one who, within sixteen years, was to be Prime Minister. And while the procession wended its gloomy way, as if no element of tragedy were to be wanting, his widow's hour of travail arrived, and she gave birth to the hapless child that had caused the father so much misgiving. In this place and on this day it all seems present to us—the house of anguish, the thronged churchyard, the weeping neighbours. We feel ourselves part of the mourning crowd. We hear those dropping volleys, and that muffled drum; we bow our heads as the coffin passes, and acknowledge with tears the inevitable doom. Pass, heavy hearse, with thy weary freight of shattered hopes and exhausted frame; pass, with thy simple pomp of fatherless bairns, and sad, moralising friends; pass, with the sting of death to the victory of the grave; pass, with the perishable, and leave us the eternal. It is rare to be fortunate in life, it is infinitely rarer to be fortunate in death. 'Happy in the occasion of his death,' as Tacitus said of Agricola, is not a common epitaph. It is comparatively easy to know how to live, but it is beyond all option and choice to compass the more difficult art of knowing when and how to die. We can generally by looking back choose a moment in a man's life when he had been fortunate had he dropped down dead. And so the question arises naturally to-day, was Burns fortunate in his death—that death which we commemorate? There can, I fancy, be only one answer, it was well that he died when he did; it might even have been better for himself had he died a little earlier; for Burns was 'done,' to quote an awful expression in Scotland, which one never hears without a pang.

"To-day is not merely the melancholy anniversary of death, but the rich and incomparable fulfilment of prophecy. For this is the moment to which Burns looked when he said to his wife: 'Don't be afraid, I'll be more respected a hundred years after I am dead than I am at present.' To-day the hundred years are completed, and we can judge of the prediction. On that point we must be all unanimous. Burns

had honour in his lifetime, but his fame has rolled like a snowball since his death, and it rolls on. There is, indeed, no parallel to it in the world ; it sets the calculations of compound interest at defiance. He is not merely the watchword of a nation that carries and implants Burns-worshippers all over the globe as birds carry seeds, but he has become the champion and patron saint of Democracy. He bears the banner of the essential equality of man. His birthday is celebrated—a hundred and thirty-seven years after its occurrence—more universally than that of any human being. He reigns over a greater dominion than any empire that the world has even seen.”

Another oration to the honour of Burns was delivered the same evening in St. Andrew’s Hall, Glasgow. Lord Rosebery then said :—

“ What the direct connection of Burns with Glasgow may be, I am not exactly sure ; but, at any rate, I am confident of this, that in the great metropolis of the West there is a clear claim that we should celebrate the genius of Robert Burns. I have celebrated it already elsewhere. I cannot, perhaps, deny that the day has been a day of labour, but it has been a labour of love. It is, and it must be, a source of joy and pride to us to see our champion Scotsman receive the honour and admiration and affection of humanity ; to see, as I have seen this morning, the long processions bringing homage and tribute to the conquering dead. But these have only been signs and symptoms of the world-wide passion of reverence and devotion. That generous and immortal soul pervades the universe to-day. In the humming city and in the crowds of man ; in the backwood and in the swamp ; where the sentinel paces the bleak frontier, and where the sailor smokes his evening pipe ; and above all, where the farmer and his men pursue their summer toil, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack—the thought and sympathy of men are directed to Robert Burns. I have sometimes asked myself, if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time to their names. But of our poet there is no doubt or question. The “ adsum ” of Burns rings out clear and unchallenged. There are few before him on the list, and we cannot now conceive a list without him. He towers high, and yet he lived in an age when the average was sublime.

“ I should like to go a step further and affirm that we have something to be grateful for even in the weaknesses of men like Burns. Mankind is helped in its progress almost as much by the study of imperfection as by the contemplation of perfection. Had we nothing before us in our futile and halting lives but saints and the ideal, we might well fail altogether. We grope blindly along the catacombs of the world,

we climb the dark ladder of life, we feel our way to futurity, but we can scarcely see an inch around or before us. We stumble and falter and fall, our hands and knees are bruised and sore, and we look up for light and guidance. Could we see nothing but distant unapproachable impeccability, we might well sink prostrate in the hopelessness of emulation and the weariness of despair. Is it not then, when all seems blank and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star—is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hours of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from infinite imperfection to infinite perfection. Man, after all, is not ripened by Virtue alone. Were it so, this world were a paradise of angels. No; like the growth of the earth, he is the fruit of all the seasons, the accident of a thousand accidents, a living mystery, moving through the seen to the unseen. He is sown in dishonour; he is matured under all the varieties of heat and cold; in mist and wrack, in snow and vapours, in the melancholy of autumn, in the torpor of winter, as well as in the rapture and fragrance of summer, or the balmy affluence of the spring—its breath, its sunshine, its dew. And at the end he is reaped—the product, not of one climate, but of all; not of good alone but of evil; not of joy alone, but of sorrow—perhaps mellowed and ripened, perhaps stricken and withered and sour. How, then, shall we judge any one? How, at any rate, shall we judge a giant, great in gifts and great in temptation, great in strength and great in weakness? Let us glory in his strength and be comforted in his weakness. And when we thank heaven for the inestimable gift of Burns, we do not need to remember wherein he was imperfect, we cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves.”

GREAT BRITAIN IN PANORAMA

(Lord Rosebery's Address Welcoming the Delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, June 6th, 1909).

NOW it is my duty, I suppose, to make a speech, and not immediately to sit down; but if I carried out my own sense of the occasion, if I carried out what I believe to be what is required on this occasion, I should confine myself to two words and then sit down. They would be only two words—and they are the simplest, and perhaps the

sweetest, that can be heard by mortal ear—and yet they are the only two words in which I would sum up what I have to say to our guests from beyond the seas to-night. Those words are, "Welcome Home." Yes, gentlemen, that is the motto of this occasion, "Welcome to your Home." Some of you, many of you, have never seen your home, and you will see something in the course of the next fortnight which I will not boast of, but which in its way is unmatched in the world. You will see an ancient and a stately civilization. You will see that embodied in our old abbeys and cathedrals, built in the age of faith and surviving to testify that that faith is not dead in Britain. You will see it in the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and St. Andrews and Aberdeen, shrines of learning which are venerable not only from their antiquity. As you pass about the country you will see the little villages clustering about the Heaven-directed spires as they have clustered for centuries. You will see the ancient Mother of all Parliaments—the most venerable progenitor of free institutions—the House of Commons. I cannot promise you an even greater pleasure in seeing the House of Lords, because that will not be sitting during the period of your visit. Throughout the country you will see those old manor houses where the squirearchy of Great Britain have lived for centuries, almost all of them inhabited long before the discovery of Australia, and some even before the discovery of America—a civilization, a country life which I advise you to see on your present visit, because when you next come it may not be here for you to see it. Speeding onwards from these more rural scenes, from all this which is embodied history and which represents the antiquity and tradition of a thousand years, go on to the teeming communities which represent the manufactures, the energy, the alertness of the commercial life of Great Britain, and last of all, surrounding all and guarding all, you will see a prodigious armada, a prodigious but always inadequate armada. All these are yours as much as ours. Your possession, your pride, and your home.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

(Delivered in London, April 12th, 1913).

I HAVE become so rusty in the art of speaking that I feel to-night as though I were delivering my maiden speech. I had indeed hoped to have done with speaking, but remembered that years ago your club honoured me with an invitation at the time when I owned a residence near Naples, and I was guiltily conscious of the fact that I

preferred going to Naples to attending the dinner. I therefore felt that, if you wished to claim it, you had a mortgage upon my services. Nevertheless, I don't feel in high spirits when approaching an audience which I regard as by far the most difficult that I have ever addressed—a collection of the cream (if that were not a confusion of metaphor) of that great confraternity, that great freemasonry, which is called the Press, and which is composed of the most critical, almost cynical (if that adjective were not offensive), and the most *blasé* listeners to speeches of which any audience is composed.

My only comfort is this—that, owing to circumstances, I occupy a humble place on the slope of the mountain of on-lookers of which you occupy the top. You are critical, you are dispassionate; you sound occasionally the bugle notes of war and strife from the top of the mountain, but in the secluded spot which I occupy I have no wish to stir up strife, and I observe the whole drama in an atmosphere to which you cannot aspire. During the Crimean War, while fighting took place on the heights of Alma, it was stated that a hermit lived near the foot and was totally unconscious for a long time that any war had been going on. While those present inspire and conduct the contending forces I am the hermit! It is all very well to be a hermit, but it does not make the position the less formidable when one has to address an audience of journalists.

One terror at any rate has been removed. The great terror of every public speaker in his time has been the reporter. So far as I can make out, the reporter has largely disappeared. He has ceased to report the speeches to which it was understood the whole community were looking forward with breathless interest. He has turned his pencil into a ploughshare; what he has done with it, I do not exactly know. At any rate, he has ceased to be that terror to public speakers that he was in my time; and he no longer reports—except the great lions of the Front Benches, every wag of whose tail it is necessary for every citizen to observe.

But at present, outside the proceedings of those great men, reports have ceased, to the infinite relief, if I may say so, of the speakers. I speak with feeling as a speaker. No conscientious speaker ever rose in the morning and read his morning newspaper without having a feeling of pain, to see in it, reported verbatim, with agonising conscientiousness, things which he would rather not have said, and things which he thought ought not to bear repetition. The agonising conscientiousness of the reporter caused a reaction in the speaker which no words can describe, except the testimony of one who had experienced it. Then let me take the point of view of the reader, which is now my only point of view. Does

any reader of the last twenty years ever read the speeches that are reported? I have no doubt that those whose duty it is to criticise, laud, or rebuke the speakers in the public Press feel it their painful duty to read the speeches. But does anybody else? Does any impartial reader of the newspapers, the man who buys a paper on his way to the City in the morning, and an evening paper in the evening—does he ever read the speeches? I can conscientiously say, having been a speaker myself, that I never could find anybody who read my speeches. It was quite different in the time when I was young, when practically the whole family sat down after breakfast and read the whole debate through. But the present age is in too great a hurry for that. They take the abstract; they may possibly read the abstract of speeches; but I appeal to an intelligent audience when I assert with confidence that not one man in a hundred ever read the speeches which were so largely reported in the Press. Their removal from the Press gave space to other matters of greater interest, and is one of the greatest reliefs the newspaper reader ever experienced.

I always find it a little difficult to know what to say, because the Press, like a great steam engine, is a little sensitive in relation to itself. If the Press were not sensitive it would not have the sympathy of the public—it could not speak the voice of the nation. Those who would speak to journalists have only one safe course; they must adhere to certain principles. They must assert the power of the Press, they must assert the potentiality of the Press, they must assert the responsibility of the Press, and, fourthly, they must assert in the strongest language possible that the British Press is the best and cleanest in the world. To all those four principles I give my conscientious adherence. I believe in the power of the Press. I believe in the potentiality of the Press even more. I believe even more in the responsibility of the Press; and I believe most of all that the British Press is the best and cleanest in the world. But I am not quite sure that that covers the whole ground. There are two other things to be observed. One is (and it is no new one) the enormous monopoly which is now exercised by the Press. The great daily newspapers have such a monopoly owing to the enormous cost of founding new ones, which is obvious to you all. I do not know what the cost is, but I have heard it put at from a half to three-quarters of a million, and even then with indifferent chances of success. Owing to the monopoly which is possessed and exercised by the principal daily newspapers of this country, their responsibility is greater than that of the newspaper of forty or fifty years ago.

Secondly, I would point out the great development of the Press. As far as I have been able to trace the origin of the Press, it dates from

the threat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. It was then a mere fly-sheet, but it showed what was necessary or interesting to the people of this country. Now, every day journalists produce, not a newspaper, but a library, a huge production of information and knowledge upon every kind of subject. It may not be invidious to refer to one particular newspaper though I know it will be a thorny subject. Take *The Times*, when it issued its South American Supplement. It was a weighty business—I have not perused it myself, but it contains, I imagine, every possible fact that could ever be known about South America. It weighed about one hundredweight. That is an extreme case, but it appealed to me on more than one occasion. If you consider that prodigious mass of information, that huge concretion of knowledge, launched upon the British public as a newspaper—and that is what the British public now expects—and just contrast that with anything that was known before these days, and I think it involves a great responsibility, that Niagara of information which is poured upon the British public every day, as well as conferring some benefit. The Press enables us to know, as far as it is possible, everything about everybody and everywhere. Let me take my point about the responsibility of the Press with regard to its omniscience. We hear a great deal about the apathy of the population about great questions. I think it is perfectly true. There is a profound apathy. People have no time to bother about anything except their own concerns and the last football match.

But is not that due to the prodigious amount of news, startling news very often, which the Press affords every inhabitant of these islands who buys a newspaper? Is it not the fact that it must be so—one feels that it must—that if a great number of impressions are hastily and successively made on the receptivity of the brain, those impressions are blunted, until the mental constitution becomes apathetic about other pieces of news? Do you not yourselves feel that, except, possibly, the blowing up of the Tower of London, there is hardly anything in the world to-night that could make you feel that anything great had occurred? How is it possible that a population, nurtured and fed on that perfect journalism, should have the slightest interest in any possible event that might occur on the morrow?

A hundred years ago there were two wars, one a great war and the other not so great, but very galling—the one with the United States of America and the other the great struggle to try to beat down the superman Napoleon. Then the public had no interest in the world, nothing reported, except with regard to those two wars. I think that if we realised the difference between the journalism of those days and the journalism of the present day we should feel that the responsibility for

the apathy of the country as regards public questions is largely due to the perfection to which journalism has been brought. In those far-off days there was the meagre sheet, which was issued two or three times a week, and the demands of war had practically shut three continents out from our purview altogether, whereas now we hear daily and hourly every item of news about every country and every person all over the world. Therefore, I say that the responsibility for the apathy of our people about public events must rest largely with the perfection of the Press. That being the case, at any rate this could be done—the influence of the great newspapers of this country could be made the best and most beneficent for the people who receive them.

Gentlemen, I do not wish to detain you, but it is perhaps the last time I shall address an assembly of journalists—or perhaps any assembly at all. I do not think I should choose an assembly of journalists, with that critical eye, for the one I should habitually address, but I wish to say one word more, in case I should never have again an opportunity to address an assembly of journalists. I speak very warmly and very sincerely when I say that your power and potentialities appeal to me more than anything else with regard to journalism. Your power is obviously enormous and you must wish to exercise it with that conscientiousness and honour, as I believe you do exercise it; but the potentiality is something which I am not sure that even you always realise. I take it in regard to one question, the question of peace and war.

In some respects I do not suppose you have so much influence as Parliament; I do not suppose you have so much influence as Ministers. There was a famous saying attributed to a notable Scotsman two hundred years ago, that he knew a wise man who said that if they would let him have the writing of the ballads of the country he did not very much care who made the laws. Well, ballads do not matter much, but newspapers do, and I should agree with that sentiment if you substituted the word "newspapers" for "ballads." Your power is enormous. As you give to the people you receive back from the people mutual electricity, which gives you your power.

JOHN RUSKIN

(For Biographical Note see Section iii.).

INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION IN ARCHITECTURE

(Delivered to the Members of the Architectural Association).

IF we were to be asked abruptly, and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble artists, we should answer, I suppose, first, their sensibility and tenderness ; secondly, their imagination ; and thirdly their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a *great* man who was so ; and, during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and law that they are all great workers : nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life ; and when I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always—

Does he work ?

But though this quality of industry is essential to an artist, it does not in anywise make an artist ; many people are busy, whose doings are little worth. Neither does sensibility make an artist ; since, as I hope, many can feel both strongly and nobly, who yet care nothing about art. But the gifts which distinctively mark the artist—*without* which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—*with* which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination. I will not occupy your time, nor incur the risk of your dissent, by endeavouring to give any close definition of this last word. We all have a general and sufficient idea of imagination, and of its work with our hands and in our hearts : we understand it, I suppose, as the imaging or picturing of new things in our thoughts ; and we always show an involuntary respect for this power, wherever we can recognize it, acknowledging it to be a greater power than

manipulation, or calculation, or observation, or any other human faculty. If we see an old woman spinning at the fireside, and distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation—if we ask her how much she expects to make in a year, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation—if she is watching at the same time that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation—yet for all this she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination and say, she must be a rather remarkable old woman.

Precisely in like manner, if an architect does his working-drawing well, we praise him for his manipulation—if he keeps closely within his contract, we praise him for his honest arithmetic—if he looks well to the laying of his beams, so that nobody shall drop through the floor, we praise him for his observation. But he must, somehow, tell us a fairy tale out of his head beside all this, else we cannot praise him for his imagination nor speak of him as we did of the old woman, as being in any wise out of the common way, a rather remarkable architect. It seemed to me, therefore, as if it might interest you to-night, if we were to consider together what fairy tales are, in and by architecture, to be told—What there is for you to do in this severe art of yours “out of your heads,” as well as by your hands.

Perhaps the first idea which a young architect is apt to be allured by, as a head-problem in these experimental days, is its being incumbent upon him to invent a “new style” worthy of modern civilization in general, and of England in particular; a style worthy of our engines and telegraphs; as expansive as steam, and as sparkling as electricity.

But, if there are any of my hearers who have been impressed with this sense of inventive duty, may I ask them, first, whether their plan is that every inventive architect among us shall invent a new style for himself and have a county set aside for his conceptions, or a province for his practice? Or, must every architect invent a little piece of the new style, and all put it together at last like a dissected map? And if so, when the new style is invented, what is to be done next? I will grant you this Eldorado of imagination—but can you have more than one Columbus? Or, if you sail in company, and divide the prize of your discovery and the honour thereof, who is to come after your clustered Columbuses? to what fortunate island of style are your architectural descendants to sail, avaricious of new lands? When our desired style is invented, will not the best we can all do be simply—to build in it?—and cannot you now do that in styles that are known? Observe, I grant, for the sake of your argument, what perhaps many of you know that I would not grant

otherwise—that a new style *can* be invented. I grant you not only this, but that it shall be wholly different from any that was ever practised before. We will suppose that capitals are to be at the bottom of pillars instead of the top ; and that buttresses shall be on the tops of pinnacles instead of at the bottom ; that you roof your apertures with stones which shall neither be arched nor horizontal ; and that you compose your decoration of lines which shall neither be crooked nor straight. The furnace and the forge shall be at your service : you shall draw out your plates of glass and beat out your bars of iron till you have encompassed us all,—if your style is of the practical kind,—with endless perspective of black skeleton and blinding square,—or if your style is to be of the ideal kind,—you shall wreath your streets with ductile leafage, and roof them with variegated crystal—you shall put, if you will, all London under one blazing dome of many colours that shall light the clouds round it with its flashing, as far as to the sea. And still, I ask you, What after this ? Do you suppose those imaginations of yours will ever lie down there asleep beneath the shade of your iron leafage, or within the coloured light of your enchanted dome ? Not so. Those souls, and fancies, and ambitions of yours, are wholly infinite ; and, whatever may be done by others, you will still want to do something for yourselves : if you cannot rest content with Palladio, neither will you with Paxton : all the metal and glass that ever were melted have not so much weight in them as will clog the wings of one human spirit's aspiration.

If you will think over this quietly by yourselves, and can get the noise out of your ears of the perpetual, empty, idle, incomparably idiotic talk about the necessity of some novelty in architecture, you will soon see that the very essence of a Style, properly so called, is that it should be practised *for ages*, and applied to all purposes ; and that so long as any given style is in practice, all that is left for individual imagination to accomplish must be within the scope of that style, not in the invention of a new one. If there are any here, therefore, who hope to obtain celebrity by the invention of some strange way of building which must convince all Europe into its adoption, to them, for the moment, I must not be understood to address myself, but only to those who would be content with that degree of celebrity which an artist may enjoy who works in the manner of his forefathers ;—which the builder of Salisbury Cathedral might enjoy in England, though he did not invent Gothic ; and which Titian might enjoy at Venice, though he did not invent oil painting. Addressing myself then to those humbler, but wiser, or rather, only wise students who are content to avail themselves of some system of building already understood, let us consider together what room for the exercise of the imagination may be left to us under such conditions. And, first, I suppose

it will be said, or thought, that the architect's principal field for the exercise of his invention must be in the disposition of lines, mouldings and masses, in agreeable proportions. Indeed, if you adopt some styles of architecture, you cannot exercise invention in any other way. And I admit that it requires genius and special gift to do this rightly. Not by rule, nor by study, can the gift of graceful proportionate design be obtained; only by the intuition of genius can so much as a single tier of façade be beautifully arranged; and the man has just cause for pride, as far as our gifts can ever be a cause for pride, who finds himself able, in a design of his own, to rival even the simplest arrangement of parts in one by Sanmicheli, Inigo Jones, or Christopher Wren.

Invention, then, and genius being granted, as necessary to accomplish this, let me ask you, What, after all, with this special gift and genius *have* you accomplished, when you have arranged the lines of a building beautifully?

In the first place you will not, I think, tell me that the beauty there attained is of a touching or pathetic kind. A well-disposed group of notes in music will make you sometimes weep and sometimes laugh. You can express the depth of all affections by those dispositions of sound; you can give courage to the soldier, language to the lover, consolation to the mourner, more joy to the joyful, more humility to the devout. Can you do as much by your group of lines? Do you suppose the front of Whitehall, a singularly beautiful one, ever inspires the two Horse Guards during the hour they sit opposite to it, with military ardour? Do you think that the lovers in our London walk down to the front of Whitehall for consolation when mistresses are unkind; or that any person wavering in duty, or feeble in faith, was ever confirmed in purpose or in creed by the pathetic appeal of those harmonious architraves? You will not say so. Then, if they cannot touch, or inspire, or comfort any one, can your architectural proportions amuse any one? Christmas is just over; you have doubtless been at many merry parties during the period. Can you remember any in which architectural proportions contributed to the entertainment of the evening? Proportions of notes in music were, I am sure, essential to your amusement; the setting of flowers in hair, and of ribands on dresses, were also subjects of frequent admiration with you, not inessential to your happiness. Among the juvenile members of your society the proportion of currants in cake, and of sugar in comfits, became subjects of acute interest; and, when such proportions were harmonious, motives also of gratitude to cook and to confectioner. But, did you ever see either young or old amused by the architrave of the door? Or otherwise interested in the proportions of the room than as they admitted more or fewer friendly faces? Nay if all the

amusement that there is in the best proportioned architecture of London could be concentrated into one evening, and you were to issue tickets for nothing to this great proportional entertainment ;—how do you think it would stand between you and the Drury pantomime ?

You are, then, remember, granted to be people of genius—great and admirable ; and you devote your lives to your art, but you admit that you cannot comfort anybody, you cannot encourage anybody, you cannot improve anybody, and you cannot amuse anybody. I proceed then farther to ask, Can you inform anybody ? Many sciences cannot be considered as highly touching or emotional ; nay, perhaps not especially amusing ; scientific men may sometimes, in these respects, stand on the same ground with you. As far as we can judge by the results of the late war, science helps our soldiers about as much as the front of Whitehall ; and at the Christmas parties, the children wanted no geologists to tell them about the behaviour of bears and dragons in Queen Elizabeth's time. Still, your man of science teaches you something ; he may be dull at a party, or helpless in a battle, he is not always that ; but he can give you, at all events, knowledge of noble facts, and open to you the secrets of the earth and air. Will your architectural proportions do as much ? Your genius is granted, and your life is given, and what do you teach us ?—Nothing, I believe, from one end of that life to the other, but that two and two make four, and that one is to two as three is to six.

You cannot, then, it is admitted, comfort any one, serve or amuse any one, nor teach any one. Finally, I ask, Can you be of *Use* to any one ? “ Yes,” you reply ; “ certainly we are of some use—we architects—in a climate like this, where it always rains.” You are of use, certainly ; but, pardon me, only as builders—not as proportionalists. We are not talking of building as a protection, but only of that special work which your genius is to do ; not of building substantial and comfortable houses like Mr. Cubitt, but of putting beautiful façades on them like Inigo Jones. And, again, I ask—Are you of use to any one ? Will your proportions of façade heal the sick, or clothe the naked ? Supposing you devoted your lives to be merchants, you might reflect at the close of them, how many, fainting for want, you had brought corn to sustain ; how many, infected with disease, you had brought balms to heal ; how widely, among multitudes of far-away nations, you had scattered the first seeds of national power, and guided the first rays of sacred light. Had you been, in fine, *anything* else in the world *but* architectural designers, you might have been of some use or good to people. Content to be petty tradesmen, you would have saved the time of mankind :—rough-handed daily labourers, you would have added to their stock of food or of clothing. But, being men of genius and devoting your lives to the exquisite exposition of this genius, on

what achievements do you think the memories of your old age are to fasten? Whose gratitude will surround you with its glow, or on what accomplished good, of that greatest kind for which men show *no* gratitude, will your life rest the contentment of its close? Truly, I fear that the ghosts of proportionate lines will be thin phantoms at your bed-sides—very speechless to you; and that on all the emanations of your high genius you will look back with less delight than you might have done on a cup of cold water given to him who was thirsty, or to a single moment when you had “prevented with your bread him that fled.”

Do not answer, nor think to answer, that with your great works and great payments of workmen in them, you would do this; I know you would, and will, as Builders; but, I repeat, it is not your *building* that I am talking about, but your *brains*; it is your invention and imagination of whose profit I am speaking. The good done through the building, observe, is done by your employers, not by you—you share in the benefit of it. The good that *you* personally must do is by your designing; and I compare you with musicians who do good by their pathetic composing, not as they do good by employing fiddlers in the orchestra; for it is the public who in reality do that, not the musicians. So clearly keeping to this one question, what good we architects are to do by our genius; and having found that on our proportionate system we can do no good to others, will you tell me, lastly, what good we can do to *ourselves*?

Observe, nearly every other liberal art or profession has some intense pleasure connected with it, irrespective of any good to others. As lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen, you would have the pleasure of investigation, and of historical reading, as part of your work; as men of science you would be rejoicing in curiosity perpetually gratified respecting the laws and facts of nature: as artists you would have delight in watching the external forms of nature: as day labourers or petty tradesmen, supposing you to undertake such work with as much intellect as you are going to devote to your designing, you would find continued subjects of interest in the manufacture or the agriculture which you helped to improve; or in the problems of commerce which bore on your business. But your architectural designing leads you into no pleasant journeys,—into no seeing of lovely things,—no discerning of just laws,—no warmths of compassion, no humilities of veneration, no progressive state of sight or soul. Our conclusion is—must be—that you will not amuse, nor inform, nor help anybody; you will not amuse, nor better, nor inform yourselves; you will sink into a state in which you can neither show, nor feel, nor see, anything, but that one is to two as three is to six. And in that state what should we call ourselves? Men? I think not. The right name for us would be—numerators and denominators. Vulgar Fractions.

Shall we, then, abandon this theory of the soul of architecture being in proportional lines, and look whether we can find anything better to exert our fancies upon ?

May we not, to begin with, accept this great principle—that, as our bodies, to be in health, must be *generally* exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be *generally* cultivated ? You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet ; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands ; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity ; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing ; which if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy ; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration ; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit ; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth ; which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you ; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out, is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them ; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.

All this sounds much like truism, at least I hope it does, for then you will surely not refuse to act upon it ; and to consider farther, how, as architects, you are to keep yourselves in contemplation of living creatures and lovely things.

You all probably know the beautiful photographs which have been published within the last year or two of the porches of the Cathedral of Amiens. I hold one of these up to you (merely that you may know what I am talking about, as of course you cannot see the detail at this distance, but you will recognise the subject). Have you ever considered how much sympathy, and how much humour, are developed in filling this single doorway with these sculptures of the history of St. Honoré (and, by the way, considering how often we English are now driving up and down the Rue St. Honoré, we may as well know as much of the saint as the old architect cared to tell us). You know, in all legends

of saints who ever were bishops, the first thing you are told of them is that they didn't want to be bishops. So here is St. Honoré, who doesn't want to be a bishop, sitting sulkily in the corner ; he hugs his book with both hands, and won't get up to take his crosier ; and here are all the city aldermen of Amiens come to *poke* him up ; and all the monks in the town in a great puzzle what they shall do for a bishop if St. Honoré won't be ; and here's one of the monks in the opposite corner who is quite cool about it, and thinks they'll get on well enough without St. Honoré,—you see that in his face perfectly. At last St. Honoré consents to be bishop, and here he sits in a throne, and has his book now grandly on a desk instead of his knees, and he directs one of his village curates how to find relics in a wood ; here is the wood, and here is the village curate, and here are the tombs, with the bones, of St. Victorien and Gentien in them.

After this, St. Honoré performs grand mass, and the miracle occurs of the appearance of a hand blessing the wafer, which occurrence afterwards was painted for the arms of the abbey. Then St. Honoré dies ; and here is his tomb with his statue on the top ; and miracles are being performed at it—a deaf man having his ear touched, and a blind man groping his way up to the tomb with his dog. Then here is a great procession in honour of the relics of St. Honoré ; and under his coffin are some cripples being healed ; and the coffin itself is put above the bar which separates the cross from the lower subjects, because the tradition is that the figure on the crucifix of the Church of St. Firmin bowed its head in token of acceptance, as the relics of St. Honoré passed beneath.

Now just consider the amount of sympathy with human nature, and observance of it, shown in this one bas-relief ; the sympathy with disputing monks, with puzzled aldermen, with melancholy recluse, with triumphant prelate, with palsy-stricken poverty, with ecclesiastical magnificence, or miracle-working faith. Consider how much intellect was needed in the architect, and how much observance of nature, before he could give the expression to these various figures—cast these multitudinous draperies—design these rich and quaint fragments of tombs and altars—weave with perfect animation the entangled branches of the forest.

But you will answer me, all this is not architecture at all—it is sculpture. Will you then tell me precisely where the separation exists between one and the other ? We will begin at the very beginning. I will show you a piece of what you will certainly admit to be a piece of pure architecture ; it is drawn on the back of another photograph, another of these marvellous tympana from Notre Dame, which you call, I suppose, impure. Well, look on this picture, and on this. Don't laugh ; you must

not laugh, that's very improper of you, this is classical architecture. I have taken it out of the essay on that subject in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Yet I suppose none of you would think yourselves particularly ingenious architects if you had designed nothing more than this; nay, I will even let you improve it into any grand proportion you choose, and add to it as many windows as you choose; the only thing I insist upon in our specimen of pure architecture is, that there shall be no mouldings nor ornaments upon it. And I suspect you don't quite like your architecture so "pure" as this. We want a few mouldings. You will say—just a few. Those who want mouldings, hold up their hands. We are unanimous, I think. Will you, then, design the profiles of these mouldings yourselves, or will you copy them? If you wish to copy them, and to copy them always, of course I leave you at once to your authorities, and your imaginations to their repose. But if you wish to design them yourselves, how do you do it? You draw the profile according to your taste, and you order your mason to cut it. Now, will you tell me the logical difference between drawing the profile of a moulding and giving *that* to be cut, and drawing the folds of the drapery of a statue and giving *those* to be cut. The last is much more difficult to do than the first; but degrees of difficulty constitute no specific difference, and you will not accept it, surely, as a definition of the difference between architecture and sculpture, that "architecture is doing anything that is easy, and sculpture anything that is difficult."

It is true, also, that the carved moulding represents nothing, and the carved drapery represents something; but you will not, I should think, accept, as an explanation of the difference between architecture and sculpture, this any more than the other, that "sculpture is art which has meaning, and architecture art which has none."

Where, then, is your difference? In this, perhaps, you will say that whatever ornaments we can direct ourselves, and get accurately cut to order, we consider architectural. The ornaments that we are obliged to leave to the pleasure of the workman, or the superintendence of some other designer, we consider sculptural, especially if they are more or less extraneous and incrustated—and not an essential part of the building.

Accepting this definition, I am compelled to reply, that it is in effect nothing more than an amplification of my first one—that whatever is easy you call architecture, whatever is difficult you call sculpture. For you cannot suppose the arrangement of the place in which the sculpture is to be put is so difficult or so great a part of the design as the sculpture itself. For instance: you all know the pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, in the baptistery at Pisa. It is composed of seven rich *relievi*, surrounded

by panel mouldings, and sustained on marble shafts. Do you suppose Niccolo Pisano's reputation—such part of it at least as rests on this pulpit (and much does)—depends on the panel mouldings, or on the reliefs? The panel mouldings are by his hand; he would have disdained to leave even them to a common workman; but do you think he found any difficulty in them, or thought there was any credit in them? Having once done the sculpture, those enclosing lines were mere child's play to him; the determination of the diameter of shafts and height of capitals was an affair of minutes; his *work* was in carving the Crucifixion and the Baptism.

Or, again, do you recollect Orcagna's tabernacle in the Church of San Michele, at Florence? That, also, consists of rich and multitudinous bas-reliefs, enclosed in panel mouldings, with shafts of mosaic, and foliated arches sustaining the canopy. Do you think Orcagna, any more than Pisano, if his spirit could rise in the midst of us at this moment, would tell us that he had trusted his fame to the foliation, or had put his soul's pride into the panelling? Not so; he would tell you that his spirit was in the stooping figures that stand round the couch of the dying Virgin.

Or, lastly, do you think the man that designed the procession on the portal of Amiens was the subordinate workman? that there was an architect over *him*, restraining him within certain limits, and ordering of him his bishops at so much a mitre, and his cripples at so much a crutch? Not so. *Here*, on this sculptural shield, rests the Master's hand; *this* is the centre of the Master's thought: from this, and in subordination to this, waved the arch and sprang the pinnacle. Having done this, and being able to give human expression and action to the stone, all the rest—the rib, the niche, the foil, the shaft—were mere toys to his hand and accessories to his conception; and if once you also gain the gift of doing this, if once you can carve one fronton such as you have here, I tell you, you would be able—so far as it depended on your invention—to scatter cathedrals over England as fast as clouds rise from its streams after summer rain.

Nay, but perhaps you answer again, our sculptors at present do not design cathedrals, and could not. No, they could not; but that is merely because we have made architecture so dull that they cannot take any interest in it, and, therefore, do not care to add to their higher knowledge the poor and common knowledge of principles of building. You have thus separated building from sculpture, and you have taken away the power of both; for the sculptor loses nearly as much by never having room for the development of a continuous work, as you do from having reduced your work to a continuity of mechanism. You are essentially, and should always, be, the same body of men, admitting only such

difference in operation as there is between the work of a painter at different times, who sometimes labours on a small picture, and sometimes on the frescoes of a palace gallery.

This conclusion, then, we arrive at, *must* arrive at ; the fact being irrevocably so :—that in order to give your imagination and the other powers of your souls full play, you must do as all the great architects of old time did—you must yourselves be your sculptors. Phidias, Michael Angelo, Orcagna, Pisano, Giotto,—which of these men, do you think, could not use his chisel ? You say, “ It is difficult ; quite out of your way.” I know it is ; nothing that is great is easy ; and nothing that is great, so long as you study building without sculpture, can be *in* your way. I want to put it in your way, and you to find your way to it. But, on the other hand, do not shrink from the task as if the refined art of perfect sculpture were always required from you. For, though architecture and sculpture are not separate arts, there is an architectural *manner* of sculpture ; and it is, in the majority of its applications, a comparatively easy one. Our great mistake at present, in dealing with stone at all, is requiring to have all our work too refined ; it is just the same mistake as if we were to require all our book illustrations to be as fine work as Raphael’s. John Leech does not sketch so well as Leonardo da Vinci ; but do you think that the public could easily spare him ; or that he is wrong in bringing out his talent in the way in which it is most effective ? Would you advise him, if he asked your advice, to give up his wood-blocks and take to canvas ? I know you would not ; neither would you tell him, I believe, on the other hand, that, because he could not draw as well as Leonardo, therefore he ought to draw nothing but straight lines with a ruler, and circles with compasses, and no figure-subjects at all. That would be some loss to you ; would it not ? You would all be vexed if next week’s *Punch* had nothing in it but proportionate lines. And yet, do not you see that you are doing precisely the same thing with *your* powers of sculptural design that he would be doing with his powers of pictorial design, if he gave you nothing but such lines. You feel that you cannot carve like Phidias ; therefore you will not carve at all, but only draw mouldings ; and thus all that intermediate power which is of especial value in modern days,—that popular power of expression which is within the attainment of thousands, and would address itself to tens of thousands—is utterly lost to us in stone, though in ink and paper it has become one of the most important engines, and one of the most desired luxuries, of modern civilization.

Here, then, is one part of the subject to which I would especially invite your attention, namely, the distinctive character which may be wisely permitted to belong to architectural sculpture, as distinguished

from perfect sculpture on one side, and from mere geometrical decoration on the other.

And first, observe what an indulgence we have in the distance at which most work is to be seen. Supposing we were able to carve eyes and lips with the most exquisite precision, it would be all of no use as soon as the work was put far above the eye ; but, on the other hand, as beauties disappear by being far withdrawn, so will faults ; and the mystery and confusion which are the natural consequence of distance, while they would often render your best skill but vain, will as often render your worst errors of little consequence ; nay, more than this, often a deep cut, or a rude angle, will produce in certain positions an effect of expression both startling and true, which you never hoped for. Not that mere distance will give animation to the work, if it has none in itself ; but if it has life at all, the distance will make that life more perceptible and powerful by softening the defects of execution. So that you are placed as workmen, in this position of singular advantage, that you may give your fancies free play, and strike hard for the expression that you want, knowing that, if you miss it, no one will detect you ; if you at all touch it, nature herself will help you, and with every changing shadow and basking sunbeam bring forth new phases of your fancy.

But it is not merely this privilege of being imperfect which belongs to architectural sculpture. It has a true privilege of imagination, far excelling all that can be granted to the more finished work, which, for the sake of distinction, I will call—and I don't think we can have a much better term—"furniture sculpture ;" sculpture, that is, which can be moved from place to place to furnish rooms.

For observe, to that sculpture the spectator is usually brought in a tranquil or prosaic state of mind ; he sees it associated rather with what is sumptuous than sublime, and under circumstances which address themselves more to his comfort than his curiosity. The statue which is to be pathetic, seen between the flashes of footmen's livery round the dining-table, must have strong elements of pathos in itself ; and the statue which is to be awful, in the midst of the gossip of the drawing-room, must have the elements of awe wholly in itself. But the spectator is brought to *your* work already in an excited and imaginative mood. He has been impressed by the cathedral wall as it loomed over the low streets, before he looks up to the carving of its porch—and his love of mystery has been touched by the silence and the shadows of the cloister, before he can set himself to decipher the bosses on its vaulting. So that when once he begins to observe your doings, he will ask nothing better from you, nothing kinder from you, than that you would meet this imaginative temper of his half way ;—that you would farther touch the

sense of terror or satisfy the expectation of things strange, which have been prompted by the mystery or the majesty of the surrounding scene. And thus, your leaving forms more or less undefined, or carrying out your fancies, however extravagant, in grotesqueness of shadow or shape, will be for the most part in accordance with the temper of the observer ; and he is likely, therefore, much more willingly to use his fancy to help your meanings, than his judgment to detect your faults.

Again. Remember that when the imagination and feelings are strongly excited, they will not only bear with strange things, but they will *look* into *minute* things with a delight quite unknown in hours of tranquillity. You surely must remember moments of your lives in which, under some strong excitement of feeling, all the details of visible objects presented themselves with a strange intensity and insistence, whether you would or not ; urging themselves upon the mind, and thrust upon the eye, with a force of fascination which you could not refuse. Now, to a certain extent, the senses get into this state whenever the imagination is strongly excited. Things trivial at other times assume a dignity or significance, which we cannot explain ; but which is only the more attractive because inexplicable ; and the powers of attention, quickened by the feverish excitement, fasten and feed upon the minutest circumstances of detail, and remotest traces of intention. So that what would at other times be felt as more or less mean or extraneous in a work of sculpture would at other times assuredly be offensive to the perfect taste in its moments of languor, or of critical judgment, will be grateful, and even sublime, when it meets this frightened inquisitiveness, this fascinated watchfulness, of the roused imagination. And this is all for your advantage ; for, in the beginnings of your sculpture, you will assuredly find it easier to imitate minute circumstances of costume or character, than to perfect the anatomy of simple forms or the flow of noble masses ; and it will be encouraging to remember that the grace you cannot perfect, and the simplicity you cannot achieve, would be in great part vain, even if you could achieve them, in their appeal to the hasty curiosity of passionate fancy ; but that the sympathy which would be refused to your science will be granted to your innocence ; and that the mind of the general observer, though wholly unaffected by correctness of anatomy or propriety of gesture, will follow you with fond and pleased concurrence, as you carve the knots of the hair, and the patterns of the vesture.

Farther yet. We are to remember that not only do the associated features of the larger architecture tend to excite the strength of fancy, but the architectural laws to which you are obliged to submit your decoration stimulate its *ingenuity*. Every crocket which you are to crest with

sculpture,—every foliation which you have to fill, presents itself to the spectator's fancy, not only as a pretty thing, but as a *problematic* thing. It contained, he perceives immediately, not only a beauty which you wished to display, but a necessity which you were forced to meet ; and the problem, how to occupy such and such a space with organic form in any probable way, or how to turn such a boss or ridge into a conceivable image of life, becomes at once, to him as to you, a matter of amusement as much as of admiration. The ordinary conditions of perfection in form, gesture, or feature, are willingly dispensed with, when the ugly dwarf and ungainly goblin have only to gather themselves into angles, or crouch to carry corbels ; and the want of the skill which, in other kinds of work, would have been required for the finishing of the parts, will at once be forgiven here, if you have only disposed ingeniously what you have executed roughly, and atoned for the rudeness of your hands by the quickness of your wits.

Hitherto, however, we have been considering only the circumstances in architecture favourable to the development of the *powers* of imagination. A yet more important point for us seems, to me, the place which it gives to all the *objects* of imagination.

For, I suppose, you will not wish me to spend any time in proving that imagination must be vigorous in proportion to the quantity of material which it has to handle ; and that, just as we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine. Granting this, consider what a field is opened to your fancy merely in the subject matter which architecture admits. Nearly every other art is severely limited in its subjects—the landscape painter, for instance, gets little help from the aspects of beautiful humanity ; the historical painter, less, perhaps, than he ought, from the accidents of wild nature ; and the pure sculptor, still less, from the minor details of common life. But is there anything within range of sight, or conception, which may not be of use to *you*, or in which your interest may not be excited with advantage to your art ? From visions of angels, down to the least important gesture of a child at play, whatever may be conceived of Divine, or beheld of Human, may be dared or adopted by you ; throughout the kingdom of animal life, no creature is so vast, or so minute, that you cannot deal with it, or bring it into service ; the lion and the crocodile will couch about your shafts ; the moth and the bee will sun themselves upon your flowers ; for you, the fawn will leap ; for you, the snail be slow ; for you, the dove smooth her bosom ; and the hawk spread her wings toward the south. All the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you ; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow ; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are

to you the kindest servants ; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no help for you ; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality. Is there anything in common life too mean,—in common things too trivial,—to be ennobled by your touch ? As there is nothing in life, so there is nothing in lifelessness which has not its lesson for you, or its gift ; and when you are tired of watching the strength of the plume, and the tenderness of the leaf, you may walk down to your rough river-shore, or into the thickest markets of your thoroughfares ; and there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into a perfect moulding ; there is not a fragment of cast-away matting, or shattered basket-work, that will not work into a chequer or a capital. Yes : and if you gather up the very sand, and break the stone on which you tread, among its fragments of all but invisible shells you will find forms that will take their place, and that proudly, among the starred traceries of your vaulting ; and you, who can crown the mountain with its fortress, and the city with its towers, are thus able also to give beauty to ashes, and worthiness to dust.

Now, in that your art presents all this material to you, you have already much to rejoice in. But you have more to rejoice in, because all this is submitted to you, not to be dissected or analyzed, but to be sympathized with, and to bring out, therefore, what may be accurately called the moral part of imagination. We saw that, if we kept ourselves among lines only, we should have cause to envy the naturalist, because he was conversant with facts ; but you will have little to envy now, if you make yourselves conversant with the feelings that arise out of his facts. For instance, the naturalist, coming upon a block of marble, has to begin considering immediately how far its purple is owing to iron, or its whiteness to magnesia ; he breaks his piece of marble, and at the close of his day, has nothing but a little sand in his crucible, and some data added to the theory of the elements. But *you* approach your marble to sympathize with it, and rejoice over its beauty. You cut it a little indeed ; but only to bring out its veins more perfectly ; and at the end of your day's work you leave your marble shaft with joy and complacency in its perfectness, as marble. When you have to watch an animal instead of a stone, you differ from the naturalist in the same way. He may, perhaps, if he be an amiable naturalist, take delight in having living creatures round him ;—still, the major part of his work is, or has been, in counting feathers, separating fibres, and analyzing structures. But *your* work is always with the living creature ; the thing you have to get at in him is his life, and ways of going about things. It does not matter to you how many cells there are in his bones, or how many filaments in his feathers ; what you want is his moral character and way

of behaving himself ; it is just that which your imagination, if healthy, will first seize—just that which your chisel, if vigorous, will first cut. You must get the storm spirit into your eagles, and the lordliness into your lions, and the tripping fear into your fawns ; and in order to do this, you must be in continual sympathy with every fawn of them ; and be hand-in-glove with all the lions and hand-in-claw with all the hawks. And don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures ; you cannot sympathize rightly with the higher, unless you do with those : but you have to sympathize with the higher, too—with queens, and kings, and martyrs, and angels. Yes, and above all, and more than all, with simple humanity in all its needs and ways, for there is not one hurried face that passes you in the street that will not be impressive, if you can only fathom it. All history is open to you, all high thoughts and dreams that the past fortunes of men can suggest ; all fairy-land is open to you—no vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed over hill-side, but calls you to understand how it came into men's hearts, and may still touch them ; and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work of Paradise ; for in bringing all this in perpetual and attractive truth, before the eyes of your fellow-men you have to join in the employment of the angels, as well as to imagine their companies.

And observe, in this last respect, what a peculiar importance, and responsibility, are attached to your work, when you consider its permanence, and the multitudes to whom it is addressed. We frequently are led, by wise people, to consider what responsibility may sometimes attach to words, which yet, the chance is, will be heard by few, and forgotten as soon as heard. But none of *your* words will be heard by few, and none will be forgotten, for five or six hundred years, if you build well. You will talk to all who pass by ; and all those little sympathies, those freaks of fancy, those jests in stone, those workings-out of problems in caprice, will occupy mind after mind of utterly countless multitudes, long after you are gone. You have not, like authors, to plead for a hearing or to fear oblivion. Do but build large enough, and carve boldly enough, and all the world will hear you ; they cannot choose but look.

I do not mean to awe you by this thought ; I do not mean that because you will have so many witnesses and watchers, you are never to jest, or do anything gaily or lightly ; on the contrary, I have pleaded, from the beginning, for this art of yours, especially because it has room for the whole of your character—if jest is in you, let the jest be jested ; if mathematical ingenuity is yours, let your problem be put, and your solution worked out, as quaintly as you choose ; above all, see that your work is easily and happily done, else it will never make anybody else happy : but while you thus give the rein to all your impulses, see that

those impulses be headed and centred by one noble impulse ; and let that be Love—triple love—for the art which you practise, the creation in which you move, and the creatures to whom you minister.

I say, first, Love for the art which you practise. Be assured that if ever any other motive becomes a leading one in your mind, as the principal one for exertion, except your love of art, that moment it is all over with your art. I do not say you are not to desire money, nor to desire fame, nor to desire position ; you cannot but desire all three ; nay, you may—if you are willing that I should use the word Love in a desecrated sense—love all three ; that is, passionately covet them, yet you must not covet or love them in the first place. Men of strong passions and imaginations must always care a great deal for anything they care for at all ; but the whole question is one of first or second. Does your art lead you, or your gain lead you ? You may like making money exceedingly ; but if it come to a fair question, whether you are to make five hundred pounds less by this business, or to spoil your building, and you choose to spoil your building, there's an end of you. So you may be as thirsty for fame as a cricket is for cream ; but, if it come to a fair question, whether you are to please the mob, or do the thing as you know it ought to be done ; and you can't do both, and choose to please the mob—it's all over with you ;—there's no hope for you ; nothing that you can do will ever be worth a man's glance as he passes by. The test is absolute, inevitable—Is your art first with you ? Then you are artists ; you may be, after you have made your money, misers and usurers ; you may be, after you have got your fame, jealous, and proud, and wretched, and base :—but yet, *as long as you won't spoil your work*, you are artists. On the other hand—Is your money first with you, and your fame second with you ? Then, you may be very charitable with your money, and very magnificent with your money, and very graceful in the way you wear your reputation, and very courteous to those beneath you, and very acceptable to those above you ; but you are *not artists*. You are mechanics, and drudges.

You must love the creation you work in the midst of. For, wholly in proportion to the intensity of feeling which you bring to the subject you have chosen, will be the depth and justice of our perception of its character. And this depth of feeling is not to be gained on the instant, when you want to bring it to bear on this or that. It is the result of the general habit of striving to feel rightly ; and, among thousands of various means of doing this, perhaps the one I ought specially to name to you, is the keeping yourselves clear of petty and mean cares. Whatever you do, don't be anxious, nor fill your heads with little chagrins and little desires. I have just said, that you may be great artists, and yet

be miserly and jealous, and troubled about many things. So you may be ; but I said also that the miserliness or trouble must not be in your hearts all day. It is possible that you may get a habit of saving money ; or it is possible, at a time of great trial, you may yield to the temptation of speaking unjustly of a rival,—and you will shorten your powers and dim your sight even by this ;—but the thing that you have to dread far more than any such unconscious habit, or any such momentary fall—is the *constancy of small emotions* ;—the anxiety whether Mr. So-and-so will like your work ; whether such and such a workman will do all that you want of him, and so on ;—not wrong feelings or anxieties in themselves, but impertinent, and wholly incompatible with the full exercise of your imagination.

Keep yourselves, therefore, quiet, peaceful, with your eyes open. It doesn't matter at all what Mr. So-and-so thinks of your work ; but it matters a great deal what that bird is doing up there in its nest, or how that vagabond child at the street corner is managing his game of knuckle-down. And remember, you cannot turn aside from your own interests, to the birds and the children's interests, unless you have long before got into the habit of loving and watching birds and children ; so that it all comes at last to the forgetting yourselves, and the living out of yourselves, in the calm of the great world, or if you will, in its agitation ; but always in a calm of your own bringing. Do not think it wasted time to submit yourselves to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling. Rise early, always watch the sunrise, and the way the clouds break from the dawn ; you will cast your statue-draperies in quite another than your common way, when the remembrance of that cloud motion is with you, and of the scarlet vesture of the morning. Live always in the spring-time in the country ; you do not know what leaf-form means, unless you have seen the buds burst, and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine, and wondering at the first shower of rain. But above all, accustom yourselves to look for, and to love, all nobleness of gesture and features in the human form ; and remember that the highest nobleness is usually among the aged, the poor, and the infirm : you will find, in the end, that it is not the strong arm of the soldier, nor the laugh of the young beauty, that are the best studies for you. Look at them, and look at them reverently ; but be assured that endurance is nobler than strength and patience than beauty ; and that it is not in the high church pews, where the gay dresses are, but in the church free seats, where the widows' weeds are, that you may see the faces that will fit best between the angels' wings, in the church porch.

And therefore, lastly, and chiefly, you must love the creatures to whom you minister, your fellow-men ; for, if you do not love them,

not only will you be little interested in the passing events of life, but in all your gazing at humanity, you will be apt to be struck only by outside form, and not by expression. It is only kindness and tenderness which will ever enable you to see what beauty there is in the dark eyes that are sunk with weeping, and in the paleness of those fixed faces which the earth's adversity has compassed about, till they shine in their patience like dying watchfires through twilight. But it is not this only which makes it needful for you, if you would be great, to be also kind ; there is a most important and all-essential reason in the very nature of your own art. So soon as you desire to build largely, and with addition of noble sculpture, you will find that your work must be associative. You cannot carve a whole cathedral yourself—you can carve but few and simple parts of it. Either your own work must be disgraced in the mass of the collateral inferiority, or you must raise your fellow-designers to correspondence of power. If you have genius, you will yourselves take the lead in the building you design ; you will carve its porch and direct its disposition. But for all subsequent advancement of its detail, you must trust to the agency and the invention of others ; and it rests with you either to repress what faculties your workmen have, into cunning subordination to your own ; or to rejoice in discovering even the powers that may rival you, and leading forth mind after mind into fellowship with your fancy, and association with your fame.

I need not tell you that if you do the first—if you endeavour to depress or disguise the talents of your subordinates—you are lost ; for nothing could imply more darkly and decisively than this, that your art and your work were not beloved by you ; that it was your own prosperity that you were seeking, and your own skill only that you cared to contemplate. I do not say that you must not be jealous at all ; it is rarely in human nature to be wholly without jealousy ; and you may be forgiven for going some day sadly home, when you find some youth, unpractised and unapproved, giving the life-stroke to his work which you, after years of training, perhaps, cannot reach ; but your jealousy must not conquer—your love of your building must conquer, helped by your kindness of heart. See—I set no high or difficult standard before you. I do not say that you are to surrender your pre-eminence in *mere* unselfish generosity. But I do say that you must surrender your pre-eminence in your love of your building helped by your kindness ; and that whomsoever you find better able to do what will adorn it than you,—that person you are to give place to : and to console yourselves for the humiliation, first, by your joy in seeing the edifice grow more beautiful under his chisel, and secondly, by your sense of having done kindly and justly. But if you are morally strong enough to make the kindness and justice the first motive, it will

be better ;—best of all—if you do not consider it as kindness at all, but bare and stern justice ; for, truly, such help as we can give each other in this world is a *debt* to each other ; and the man who perceives a superiority or capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses, nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury. But be the motive what you will, only see that you do the thing ; and take the joy of the consciousness that, as your art embraces a wider field than all others—and addresses a vaster multitude than all others—and is surer of audience than all others—so it is profounder and holier in Fellowship than all others. The artist, when his pupil is perfect, must see him leave his side that he may declare his distinct, perhaps opponent, skill. Man of science wrestles with man of science for priority of discovery, and pursues in pangs of jealous haste his solitary inquiry. You alone are called by kindness,—by necessity,—by equity, to fraternity of toil ; and thus, in those misty and massive piles which rise above the domestic roofs of our ancient cities, there was—there may be again—a meaning more profound and true than any that fancy so commonly has attached to them. Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen, and rough sea-shore. But this they have, of distinct and indisputable glory,—that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness ;—that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation upon the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed or lifted pinnacle owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of human souls.

PERCY B. SHELLEY

(1792-1822).

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was one of the galaxy of poets whose work gave an added impetus to the Romantic revival in English Literature. This revival was but one aspect of a general movement which followed in the wake of the Renaissance and Reformation and tended towards the emancipation of the individual. It came at a time when the new idealistic philosophy was dawning in Germany under Kant and Hegel; when the world was astir with political upheaval in America and the great French Revolution was in embryo. The rigid realism of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne gave way before the wider imaginative horizon and shaping of emotional sensibility, and the naturalism and romanticism of the later years of the eighteenth century was the result.

P. B. Shelley, the son of a Tory Squire, was born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, in the year 1792. After some unhappy years at Eton he entered University College, Oxford, but was expelled for writing and circulating a paper on "The Necessity of Atheism." In August the same year, 1811, he married Harriet Westbrook, a pretty girl, of sixteen years only, and of low station. Quickly tiring of his wife, Shelley wandered through England and Ireland, finally to meet Mary Godwin, a philosopher's daughter, whom he married after the suicide of his wife in the December of 1816.

During his early wanderings Shelley was engaged in the composition of "Queen Mab," his first serious work. After a short absence on the Continent he returned to England and wrote "Alastor," "Rosalind and Helen" and "Laon and Cythna," the title of the latter being afterwards changed to "The Revolt of Islam."

In 1818, Shelley left England never to return. While at Rome he produced his two greatest works—"The Cenci" and "Prometheus Unbound," and two years later removing to Venice in company with Byron he wrote "Julian and Maddalo." Leaving Venice Shelley visited Pisa and eventually passed southward to Spezia. Here he passed much of his time boating, meeting his tragic fate on July 8th, 1822, when the "Ariel" was overturned by a squall and the poet and

his companion, Mr. Williams, were drowned. The bodies were washed ashore near Via Reggio during the month and in accordance with the quarantine laws of the country burnt. The poet's ashes were subsequently collected and buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

CHRISTIANITY

THE Being who has influenced in the most memorable manner the opinions and the fortunes of the human species, is Jesus Christ.

At this day, his name is connected with the devotional feelings of two hundred millions of the race of man. The institutions of the most civilized portion of the globe derive their authority from the sanction of his doctrines; he is the hero, the God, of our popular religion. His extraordinary genius, the wide and rapid effect of his unexampled doctrines, his invincible gentleness and benignity, the devoted love borne to him by his adherents, suggested a persuasion to them that he was something divine. The supernatural events which the historians of this wonderful man subsequently asserted to have been connected with every gradation of his career, established the opinion.

His death is said to have been accompanied by an accumulation of tremendous prodigies. Utter darkness fell upon the earth, blotting the noonday sun; dead bodies, arising from their graves, walked through the public streets, and an earthquake shook the astonished city, rending the rocks of the surrounding mountains. The philosopher may attribute the application of these events to the death of a reformer, or the events themselves to a visitation of the Universal Pan.

The thoughts which the word "God" suggests to the human mind are susceptible of as many variations as human minds themselves. The Stoic, the Platonist, and the Epicurean, the Polytheist, the Dualist, and the Trinitarian, differ infinitely in their conceptions of its meaning. They agree only in considering it the most awful and most venerable of names, as a common term devised to express all of mystery, or majesty, or power, which the invisible world contains. And not only has every sect distinct conceptions of the application of this name, but scarcely two individuals of the same sect, who exercise in any degree the freedom of their judgment, or yield themselves with any candour of feeling to the influences of the visible world, find perfect coincidence of opinion to exist between them. It is interesting to inquire in what acceptance Jesus Christ employed this term.

We may conceive his mind to have been pre-disposed on this subject to adopt the opinion of his countrymen. Every human being is indebted for a multitude of his sentiments to the religion of his early years. Jesus probably (studied) the historians of his country with the ardour of a spirit seeking after truth. They were undoubtedly the companions of his childish years, the food and nutriment and materials of his youthful meditations. The sublime dramatic poem entitled Job had familiarized his imagination with the boldest imagery afforded by the human mind and the material world. Ecclesiastes had diffused a seriousness and solemnity over the frame of his spirit, glowing with youthful hope, and had made audible to his listening heart

The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, but of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

He had contemplated this name as having been profanely perverted to the sanctioning of the most enormous and abominable crimes. We can distinctly trace, in the tissue of his doctrines, the persuasion that God is some universal Being, differing from man and the mind of man. According to Jesus, God is neither the Jupiter, who sends rain upon the earth; nor the Venus, through whom all living things are produced; nor the Vulcan, who presides over the terrestrial element of fire; nor the Vesta, that preserves the light which is enshrined in the sun and moon and stars. He is neither the Proteus nor the Pan of the material world. But the word God, according to the acceptation of Jesus Christ, unites all the attributes which these denominations contain, and is the (interpoint) and overruling Spirit of all the energy and wisdom included within the circle of existing things. It is important to observe that the author of the Christian system had a conception widely differing from the gross imaginations of the vulgar relatively to the ruling Power of the universe. He everywhere represents this Power as something mysteriously and illimitably pervading the frame of things. Nor do his doctrines practically assume any proposition which they theoretically deny. They do not represent God as a limitless and inconceivable mystery. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Blessed are those who have preserved internal sanctity of soul; who are conscious of no secret deceit; who are the same in act as they are in desire; who conceal no thought, no tendencies of thought, from their own conscience; who are faithful and sincere witnesses, before the tribunal of their own judgments, of all that passes within their mind. Such as these shall see God. What! after death, shall their awakened eyes behold the King of Heaven? Shall they stand in awe before the

golden throne on which He sits, and gaze upon the venerable countenance of the paternal Monarch? Is this the reward of the virtuous and the pure? These are the idle dreams of the visionary, or the pernicious representations of impostors, who have fabricated from the very materials of wisdom a cloak for their own dwarfish or imbecile conceptions.

Jesus Christ has said no more than the most excellent philosophers have felt and expressed—that virtue is its own reward. It is true that such an expression as he has used was prompted by the energy of genius, and was the overflowing enthusiasm of a poet; but it is not the less literally true because clearly repugnant to the mistaken conceptions of the multitude. God, it has been asserted, was contemplated by Jesus Christ as every poet and every philosopher must have contemplated that mysterious principle. He considered that venerable word to express the overruling Spirit of the collective energy of the moral and material world. He affirms, therefore, no more than that a simple, sincere mind is the indispensable requisite of true science and true happiness. He affirms that a being of pure and gentle habits will not fail, in every thought, in every object of every thought, to be aware of benignant visitings from the invisible energies by which he is surrounded.

Whosoever is free from the contamination of luxury and licence, may go forth to the fields and to the woods, inhaling joyous renovation from the breath of Spring, or catching from the odours and sounds of Autumn some diviner mood of sweetest sadness, which improves the softened heart. Whosoever is no deceiver or destroyer of his fellow men—no liar, no flatterer, no murderer—may walk among his species, deriving, from the communion with all which they contain of beautiful or of majestic, some intercourse with the Universal God. Whosoever has maintained with his own heart the strictest correspondence of confidence, who dares to examine and to estimate every imagination which suggests itself to his mind—whosoever is that which he designs to become, and only aspires to that which the divinity of his own nature shall consider and approve—he has already seen God.

We live and move and think; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our own complicated nature; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will.

Our most imperial and stupendous qualities—those on which the majesty and the power of humanity are erected—are, relatively to the inferior portion of its mechanism, active and imperial; but they are the passive slaves of some higher and more omnipotent Power. This Power is God; and those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite (a) consentaneity of power as to give forth divinest melody, when the breath of universal being sweeps over their frame. That those who are pure in heart shall see God, and that virtue is its own reward, may be considered as equivalent assertions. The former of these propositions is a metaphorical repetition of the latter. The advocates of literal interpretations have been the most efficacious enemies of those doctrines whose nature they profess to venerate.

ON A FUTURE STATE

IT has been the persuasion of an immense majority of human beings in all ages and nations that we continue to live after death—that apparent termination of all the functions of sensitive and intellectual existence. Nor has mankind been contented with supposing that species of existence which some philosophers have asserted; namely, the resolution of the component parts of the mechanism of a living being into its elements, and the impossibility of the minutest particle of these sustaining the smallest diminution. They have clung to the idea that sensibility and thought, which they have distinguished from the objects of it, under the several names of spirit and matter, is, in its own nature, less susceptible of division and decay, and that, when the body is resolved into its elements, the principle which animated it will remain perpetual and unchanged. Some philosophers—and those to whom we are indebted for the most stupendous discoveries in physical science, suppose, on the other hand, that intelligence is the mere result of certain combinations among the particles of its objects; and those among them who believe that we live after death, recur to the interposition of a supernatural power, which shall overcome the tendency inherent in all material combinations, to dissipate and be absorbed into other forms.

Let us trace the reasonings which in one and the other have conducted to these two opinions, and endeavour to discover what we ought to think on a question of such momentous interest. Let us analyse the ideas and feelings which constitute the contending beliefs, and watchfully establish a discrimination between words and thoughts. Let us bring the question to the test of experience and fact; and ask

ourselves, considering our nature in its entire extent, what light we derive from a sustained and comprehensive view of its component parts, which may enable us to assert, with certainty, that we do or do not live after death.

The examination of this subject requires that it should be stripped of all those accessory topics which adhere to it in the common opinion of men. The existence of a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, are totally foreign to the subject. If it be proved that the world is ruled by a Divine Power, no inference necessarily can be drawn from that circumstance in favour of a future state. It has been asserted, indeed, that as goodness and justice are to be numbered among the attributes of the Deity, He will undoubtedly compensate the virtuous who suffer during life, and that He will make every sensitive being, who does not deserve punishment, happy for ever. But this view of the subject, which it would be tedious as well as superfluous to develop and expose, satisfies no person, and cuts the knot which we now seek to untie. Moreover, should it be proved, on the other hand, that the mysterious principle which regulates the proceedings of the universe, is neither intelligent nor sensitive, yet it is not an inconsistency to suppose at the same time, that the animating power survives the body which it has animated, by laws as independent of any supernatural agent as those through which it first became united with it. Nor, if a future state be clearly proved, does it follow that it will be a state of punishment or reward.

By the word death, we express that condition in which natures resembling ourselves apparently cease to be that which they were. We no longer hear them speak, nor see them move. If they have sensations and apprehensions, we no longer participate in them. We know no more than that those external organs, and all that fine texture of material frame, without which we have no experience that life or thought can subsist, are dissolved and scattered abroad. The body is placed under the earth, and after a certain period there remains no vestige even of its form. This is that contemplation of inexhaustible melancholy, whose shadow eclipses the brightness of the world. The common observer is struck with dejection at the spectacle. He contends in vain against the persuasion of the grave, that the dead indeed cease to be. The corpse at his feet is prophetic of his own destiny. Those who have preceded him, and whose voice was delightful to his ear; whose touch met his like sweet and subtle fire; whose aspect spread a visionary light upon his path—these he cannot meet again. The organs of sense are destroyed, and the intellectual operations dependent on them have

perished with their sources. How can a corpse see or feel? Its eyes are eaten out, and its heart is black and without motion. What intercourse can two heaps of putrid clay and crumbling bones hold together? When you can discover where the fresh colours of the faded flower abide, or the music of the broken lyre, seek life among the dead. Such are the anxious and fearful contemplations of the common observer, though the popular religion often prevents him from confessing them even to himself.

The natural philosopher, in addition to the sensations common to all men inspired by the event of death, believes that he sees with more certainty that it is attended with the annihilation of sentiment and thought. He observes the mental powers increase and fade with those of the body, and even accommodate themselves to the most transitory changes of our physical nature. Sleep suspends many of the faculties of the vital and intellectual principle; drunkenness and disease will either temporarily or permanently derange them. Madness or idiocy may utterly extinguish the most excellent and delicate of those powers. In old age the mind gradually withers; and as it grew and was strengthened with the body, so does it together with the body sink into decrepitude. Assuredly these are convincing evidences that so soon as the organs of the body are subjected to the laws of inanimate matter, sensation, and perception, and apprehension are at an end. It is probable that what we call thought is not an actual being, but no more than the relation between certain parts of that infinitely varied mass, of which the rest of the universe is composed, and which ceases to exist so soon as those parts change their position with regard to each other. Thus colour, and sound, and taste, and odour exist only relatively. But let thought be considered as some peculiar substance, which permeates, and is the cause of, the animation of living beings. Why should that substance be assumed to be something essentially distinct from all others, and exempt from subjection to those laws from which no other substance is exempt? It differs, indeed, from all other substances, as electricity, and light, and magnetism, and the constituent parts of air and earth severally differ from all others. Each of these is subject to change and to decay, and to conversion into other forms. Yet the difference between light and earth is scarcely greater than that which exists between life, or thought, and fire. The difference between the two former was never alleged as an argument for the eternal permanence of either, in that form under which they first might offer themselves to our notice. Why should the difference between the two latter substances be an argument for the prolongation of the existence of one and not the other, when the existence of both has arrived at their

apparent termination? To say that fire exists without manifesting any of the properties of fire, such as light, heat, etc., or that the principle of life exists without consciousness, or memory, or desire, or motive, is to resign, by an awkward distortion of language, the affirmative of the dispute. To say that the principle of life may exist in distribution among various forms, is to assert what cannot be proved to be either true or false, but which, were it true, annihilates all hope of existence after death, in any sense in which that event can belong to the hopes and fears of men. Suppose, however, that the intellectual and vital principle differs in the most marked and essential manner from all other known substances; that they have all some resemblance between themselves in which it in no degree participates. In what manner can this concession be made an argument for its imperishability? All that we see or know perishes and is changed. Life and thought differ indeed from everything else. But that it survives that period, beyond which we have no experience of its existence, such distinction and dissimilarity affords no shadow of proof, and nothing but our own desires could have led us to conjecture or imagine.

Have we existed before birth? It is difficult to conceive the possibility of this. There is, in the generative principle of each animal and plant, a power which converts the substances by which it is surrounded into a substance homogeneous with itself. That is, the relations between certain elementary particles of matter undergo a change, and submit to new combinations. For when we use the words principle, power, cause, etc., we mean to express no real being, but only to class under those terms a certain series of co-existing phenomena; but let it be supposed that this principle is a certain substance which escapes the observation of the chemist and anatomist. It certainly may be; though it is sufficiently unphilosophical to allege the possibility of an opinion as a proof of its truth. Does it see, hear, feel, before its combination with those organs on which sensation depends? Does it reason, imagine, apprehend, without those ideas which sensation alone can communicate? If we have not existed before birth; if, at the period when the parts of our nature on which thought and life depend, seem to be woven together, they are woven together; if there are no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposition that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased. So far as thought and life is concerned, the same will take place with regard to us, individually considered, after death, as had place before our birth.

It is said that it is possible that we should continue to exist in some mode totally inconceivable to us at present. This is a most unreasonable

presumption. It casts on the adherents of annihilation the burthen of proving the negative of a question, the affirmative of which is not supported by a single argument, and which, by its very nature, lies beyond the experience of the human understanding. It is sufficiently easy, indeed, to form any proposition, concerning which we are ignorant, just not so absurd as not to be contradictory in itself, and defy refutation. The possibility of whatever enters into the wildest imagination to conceive is thus triumphantly vindicated. But it is enough that such assertions should be either contradictory to the known laws of nature, or exceed the limits of our experience, that their fallacy or irrelevancy to our consideration should be demonstrated. They persuade, indeed, only those who desire to be persuaded.

This desire to be for ever as we are ; the reluctance to a violent and unexperienced change, which is common to all the animated and inanimate combinations of the universe, is, indeed, the secret persuasion which has given birth to the opinions of a future state.

GOLDWIN SMITH

(1823-1910).

GOLDWIN SMITH was born at Reading, Berks., August 13th, 1823. After his graduation at Oxford in 1845, he was Regius Professor of Modern History there from 1858 to 1866. In 1868 he visited the United States and was for three years Professor of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University. In 1871 he removed to Toronto and began a connection with the Toronto University, working at the same time in journalism and literature. He founded the Canadian Monthly and later the Toronto Week. He wrote and spoke on a great variety of topics, exciting frequent opposition, but always commanding respect. Among his published works are a 'History of the United States,' 'A Short History of England,' 'Lectures on Modern History,' 'Relations between America and England,' 'Rational Religion,' etc.

THE ORIGIN AND CAUSES OF PROGRESS

(An Address delivered at Oxford).

THERE seems to be nothing in the fact of progress either degrading to human dignity or pampering to human pride. The assertion that history began in fetichism and cannibalism is made without a shadow of proof. Those states are assumed as a venture to have been the first, because they are seen to be the lowest ; the possibility of their being not original states, but diseases, being left out of sight. As to fetichism, the first hunter or shepherd who swore to another and disappointed him not, though it were to his own hindrance, must have felt the supernatural sanction of duty, and the eternity of moral as contrasted with physical evil, and, therefore, he must implicitly have believed in the two great articles of natural religion—God and the immortality of the soul. It is mythology, of which fetichism is the lowest form, that has its root in nature. Religion has its root in man ; and man can never have been without religion, however perverted his idea of God, and however degraded his worship may have been. As to cannibalism, it seems to be sometimes a frenzy of the warlike passions, sometimes a morbid tendency engendered

by the want, in certain islands, of animal food. At all events, it is most unlikely that the original food of man should have been that which is not only the most loathsome, but the most difficult to obtain, since he would have to overcome an animal as strong and as cunning as himself. Besides, how could the human race have multiplied if they had lived upon each other ?

On the other hand, as progress does not imply a state worse than the brutes at the beginning, so it does not imply perfection in the end, though it is not for us to limit the degree of knowledge or excellence which it may have pleased the Creator to render attainable at last by man. This doctrine, in truth, checks our pride by putting each generation, ours among the number, in its true place. It teaches us that we are the heirs of the past, and that to that heritage we shall add a little, and but a little, before we bequeath it to the future ; that we are not the last or the greatest birth of time ; that all the ages have not wandered in search of truth, that we might find it pure and whole ; that we must plant in the hope that others will reap the fruit ; that we must hand on the torch—brighter, if we do our part—but that we must hand it on ; and that no spasmodic effort will bring us in our span of life and labour to the yet far-off goal.

But, welcome or unwelcome, the progress of humanity down to the present time is a fact. Man has advanced in the arts of life, in the wealth which springs from them, in the numbers which they support, and with the increase of which the aggregate powers and sympathies of the race increase. He has advanced in knowledge, and still advances, and that in the accelerating ratio of his augmented knowledge added to his powers. So much is clear ; but then it is said : “ The progress is intellectual only, not moral ; we have discoveries of the intellect increasing in number and value from age to age, whose authors are the proper and sole objects of the world’s gratitude and love. We have no moral improvement ; the moral nature of man remains the same from the beginning, with the same passions and affections, good and evil, which it is confidently added are always in equilibrium. The moral law is the same for all ages and nations ; nothing has been added to the Decalogue.” This theory is carried as far as it well can be when it is laid down, not only that the progress of humanity is a progress of the intellect alone, but that the progressive virtue of the intellect lies in scepticism or doubt, the state of mind which suspends all action ; and when it is further laid down that moral virtue, so far from causing the progress of humanity, sometimes impedes it, the proof of which is the mischief done in the world by good men who are bigots—as though bigots were good men.

That morality and man's moral nature remain the same throughout history is true; it is true also that morality and the moral nature remain the same throughout man's life, from his birth to his old age. But character does not remain the same; the character of a man is continually advancing through life and, in like manner, the character of the race advances through history. The moral and spiritual experience of the man grows from age to age, as well as his knowledge, and produces a deeper and maturer character as it grows. Part of this experience is recorded in religious books, the writings of philosophers, essays, poetry, works of sentiment, tales—a class of literature which must seem useless and unmeaning to those who hold that our progress is one of science alone. Part of it is silently transmitted, with its increase, through the training which each generation gives to the next. We ask why the ancients thought and wrote so little about the beauties of nature. It certainly was not that they lived in a land less beautiful, or saw its beauties with eyes less keen than ours. But the love of natural beauties is not only in the eye; it requires a certain maturity of sentiment to call out the mute sympathy with which nature is charged for man, to lend their mystery to the forest and the sea, its pensiveness to evening, its moral to the year. When a modern, instead of writing modern poetry, imitates, however skilfully, the poetry of the Greeks, how great is the sacrifice of all that most touches our hearts, and yet how much that is beyond the range of Greek sentiment remains! Philanthropy is a Greek word, but how wide a circle of ideas, sentiments, affections, unknown to the Greeks, does its present meaning embrace! In natural religion itself the progress seems not less clear. Man's idea of God must rise as he sees more of Him by reflecting on his own nature (in which the true proof of natural religion lies), and in those efforts of human virtue in other men which would be unaccountable if there were no God, and this world were all. More and more, too, from age to age, the ideas of the soul and of a future life rise in distinctness; man feels more and more that he is a traveller between the cradle and the grave, and that the great fact of life is death, and the centre of human interest moves gradually toward the other world. Man would have perhaps been paralyzed in his early struggle with nature for subsistence had these deep thoughts then taken too much possession of his mind. His earliest and coarsest wants satisfied, he began to feel other wants, to think of himself and his own destinies, and to enter on a distinct spiritual life. Those at least began to do so who had leisure, power of mind, and cultivation enough to think, and the reach of whose intellects made them feel keenly the narrow limit of this life. Yet the spiritual life was confined to few, and even in those few it was not a very earnest kind. The 'Phædo' is a

graceful work of philosophic art rather than a very passionate effort to overcome the grave. The Greek, for the most part, rose lightly from the banquet of life to pass into that unknown land with whose mystery speculation had but dallied, and of which comedy had made a jest. The Roman lay down almost as lightly to rest after his course of public duty. But now, if Death could really regain his victory in the mind of man, hunger and philosophy together would hardly hold life in its course. The latest and most thorough-going school of materialism has found it necessary to provide something for man's spiritual nature, and has made a shadowy divinity out of the abstract being of humanity, and a shadowy immortality of the soul out of a figment that the dead are greater than the living. Lucretius felt no such need.

If it could be said that there was no progress in human character because the moral law and the moral nature of man remain the same in all ages, it might equally be said that there could be no variety in character because the moral law and our moral nature are the same in all persons. But the variety of characters which our hearts, bound to no one type, acknowledge, as good, noble, beautiful, is infinite, and grows with the growing variety of human life. It ranges from the most rapt speculation to the most vigorous action, from the gentlest sentiment to the most iron public duty, from the lowliest flower in the poetry of Wordsworth to that grand failure, Milton's picture of the fallen Archangel, who lacks the great notes of evil, inasmuch as he is not mean or selfish, but is true to those who have fallen by him; for them braves a worse fate than the worst, and for them, amidst despair, wears hope upon his brow. The observance of the moral law is the basis and condition, as the common moral nature is the rudiment, of all excellence in human character. But it is the basis and condition only; it is negative, whereas character is positive, and wins our reverence and affection because it is so. The Decalogue gives us no account of heroism or the emotions it excites; still less does it give us an account of that infinite variety of excellences and graces which is the beauty of history and life, and which, we cannot doubt, the great and ever-increasing variety of situations in history and life was intended by the Creator to produce.

If the end and the key of history is the formation of character by effort, the end and key of history are the same with the end and key of the life of man. If the progress of the intellect is the essential part of history, then the harmony between man and history is at an end. Man does not rest in intellect as his end, not even in intellect of a far less dry and more comprehensive kind than that which the maintainers of the intellectual theory of history have in view. If all mankind were Hamlets it would scarcely be a happier world. Suppose intellect to be

the end of man, and all moral effort, all moral beauty, even all poetry, all sentiment, must go for nothing ; they are void, meaningless, and vain—an account of the matter which hardly corresponds with the meaning and fitness (not to assume design) which we see in every part of the physical world. Certainly, if we believe in a Creator, it is difficult to imagine Him making such a world as this, with all its abysses of misery and crime, merely that some of His creatures might with infinite labour attain a modicum of knowledge which can be of use only in this world, and must come to nothing again when all is done. But if the formation of character by effort is the end, everything has a meaning, everything has a place. A certain degree of material well-being, for which man naturally exerts himself, is necessary to character, which is coarse and low where the life of a man is beastlike, miserable, and short. Intellect and the activity of intellect enter (we need not here ask how) deeply into character. For the beauty of intellectual excellence the world forgives great weakness though not vice ; and all attempts to cast out intellect and reduce character to emotion, even religious emotion, have produced only a type which is useless to society, and which the healthy moral taste has always rejected. And certainly, if character is the end of history, and moral effort the necessary means to that end (as no other means of forming character is known to us), optimism may, after all, not be so stupid as some philosophers suppose ; and this world, which is plainly enough so arranged as to force man to the utmost possible amount of effort, may well be the best of all possible worlds.

We must pause before the question how deep the unity of humanity and the unity of history goes ; how far those who, through all the ages, have shared in the long effort, with all its failures, errors, sufferings, will share in the ultimate result ; how far those who have sown will have their part in the harvest with those who have gathered in the fruit ; how far the future of our race, as well as the past, is ours. That is a secret that lies behind the veil.

THE SECRET BEYOND SCIENCE

(Address on the Study of History delivered at Oxford).

WHAT is the sum of physical science? Compared with the comprehensible universe and with conceivable time, not to speak of infinity and eternity, it is the observation of a mere point, the experience of an instant. Are we warranted in founding anything upon such data, except that which we are obliged to found on them, the daily rules and processes necessary for the natural life of man? We call the discoveries of science sublime; and truly. But the sublimity belongs not to that which they reveal, but to that which they suggest. And that which they suggest is, that through this material glory and beauty, of which we see a little and imagine more, there speaks to us a being whose nature is akin to ours, and who has made our hearts capable of such converse. Astronomy has its practical uses, without which man's intellect would scarcely rouse itself to those speculations; but its greatest result is a revelation of immensity pervaded by one informing mind; and this revelation is made by astronomy only in the same sense in which the telescope reveals the stars to the eye of the astronomer. Science finds no law for the thoughts which, with her aid, are ministered to man by the starry skies. Science can explain the hues of sunset, but she cannot tell from what urns of pain and pleasure its pensiveness is poured. These things are felt by all men, felt the more in proportion as the mind is higher. They are a part of human nature; and why should they not be as sound a basis for philosophy as any other part? But if they are, the solid wall of material law melts away, and through the whole order of the material world pours the influence, the personal influence, of a spirit corresponding to our own.

Again, is it true that the fixed or the unvarying is the last revelation of science? These risings in the scale of created beings, this gradual evolution of planetary systems from their centre, do they bespeak mere creative force? Do they not rather bespeak something which, for want of an adequate word, we must call creative effort, corresponding to the

Effort by which man raises himself and his estate? And where effort can be discovered, does not spirit reign again?

A creature whose sphere of vision is a speck, whose experience is a second, sees the pencil of Raphael moving over the canvas of the Transfiguration. It sees the pencil moving over its own speck, during its own second of existence, in one particular direction, and it concludes that the formula expressing that direction is the secret of the whole.

There is truth as well as vigour in the lines of Pope on the discoveries of Newton :—

“ Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature’s law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.”

If they could not show a Newton as we show an ape, or a Newton’s discoveries as we show the feats of apish cunning, it was because Newton was not a mere intellectual power, but a moral being, labouring in the service of his kind, and because his discoveries were the reward, not of sagacity only, but of virtue. We can imagine a mere organ of vision so constructed by Omnipotence as to see at a glance infinitely more than could be discovered by all the Newtons, but the animal which possessed that organ would not be higher than the moral being.

Reason, no doubt, is our appointed guide to truth. The limits set to it by each dogmatist, at the point where it comes into conflict with his dogma, are human limits ; its providential limits we can learn only by dutifully exerting it to the utmost. Yet reason must be impartial in the acceptance of data and in the demand of proof. Facts are not the less facts because they are not facts of sense ; materialism is not necessarily enlightenment ; it is possible to be at once chimerical and gross.

We may venture, without any ingratitude to science as the source of material benefits and the training school of inductive reason, to doubt whether the great secret of the moral world is likely to be discovered in her laboratory, or to be revealed to those minds which have been imbued only with her thoughts, and trained in her processes alone. Some, indeed, among the men of science who have given us sweeping theories of the world, seem to be not one-sided in their view of the facts, leaving out of sight the phenomena of our moral nature, but to want one of the two faculties necessary for sound investigation. They are acute observers, but bad reasoners. And science must not expect to

be exempt from the rules of reasoning. We cannot give credit for evidence which does not exist, because if it existed it would be of a scientific kind ; nor can we pass at a bound from slight and precarious premises to a tremendous conclusion, because the conclusion would annihilate the spiritual nature and annul the divine origin of man.

THE LAMPS OF FICTION

(Delivered on the Centenary of the Birth of Sir Walter Scott).

RUSKIN has lighted seven lamps of Architecture to guide the steps of the architect in the worthy practice of his art. It seems time that lamps should be lighted to guide the steps of the writer of Fiction. Think what the influence of novelists now is, and how some of them use it ! Think of the multitudes who read nothing but novels ; and then look into the novels which they read ! I have seen a young man's whole library consisting of thirty or forty of those paper-bound volumes, which are the bad tobacco of the mind. In England, I looked over three railway bookstalls in one day. There was hardly a novel by an author of any repute on one of them. There were heaps of nameless garbage, commended by tasteless, flaunting woodcuts, the promise of which was no doubt well kept within. Fed upon such food daily, what will the mind of a nation be ? I can say that there is no flame at which we can light the Lamp of Fiction purer or brighter than the genius of him in honour to whose memory we are assembled here to-day. Scott does not moralize. Heaven be praised that he does not. He does not set a moral object before him, nor lay down moral rules. But his heart, brave, pure, and true, is a law to itself ; and by studying what he does, we may find the law for all who follow his calling. If seven lamps have been lighted for architecture, Scott will light as many for Fiction.

I. **THE LAMP OF REALITY.**—The novelist must ground his work in faithful study of human nature. There was a popular writer of romances, who, it was said, used to go round to the fashionable watering places to pick up characters. That was better than nothing. There is another popular writer who, it seems, makes voluminous indices of men and things, and draws on them for his material. This also is better than nothing. For some writers, and writers dear to the circulating libraries too, might, for all that appears in their works, lie in bed all day, and write by night under the excitement of green tea. Creative art, I suppose they call this, and it is creative with a vengeance. Not

so, Scott. The human nature which he paints, he had seen in all its phases, gentle and simple, in burgher and shepherd, Highlander, Lowlander, Borderer, and Islesman ; he had come into close contact with it ; he had opened it to himself by the talisman of his joyous and winning presence ; he had studied it thoroughly with a clear eye and an all-embracing heart. When his scenes are laid in the past, he has honestly studied history. The history of his novels is perhaps not critically accurate, not up to the mark of our present knowledge, but in the main it is sound and true—sounder and more true than that of many professed historians, and even than that of his own historical works, in which he sometimes yields to prejudice, while in his novels he is lifted above it by his loyalty to his art.

II. THE LAMP OF IDEALITY.—The materials of the novelist must be real ; they must be gathered from the field of humanity by his actual observation. But they must pass through the crucible of the imagination ; they must be idealized. The artist is not a photographer but a painter. He must depict, not persons, but humanity ; otherwise he forfeits the artist's name, and the power of doing the artist's work in our hearts. When we see a novelist bring out a novel with one or two good characters, and then, at the fatal bidding of the booksellers, go on manufacturing his yearly volume, and giving us the same character or the same few characters over and over again, we may be sure that he is without the power of idealization. He has merely photographed what he has seen, and his stock is exhausted. It is wonderful what a quantity of the mere lees of such writers, more and more watered down, the libraries go on complacently circulating, and the reviews go on complacently reviewing. Of course, this power of idealization is the great gift of genius. It is that which distinguishes Homer, Shakespeare, and Walter Scott from ordinary men. But there is also a moral effort in rising above the easy work of mere description to the height of art. Need it be said that Scott is thoroughly ideal, as well as thoroughly real ? There are vague traditions that this man or the other was the original of some character of Scott. But who can point out the man of whom a character in Scott is a mere portrait ? It would be as hard as to point out a case of servile delineation in Shakespeare. Scott's characters are never monsters or caricatures. They are full of nature ; but it is universal nature. Therefore they have their place in the universal heart, and will keep that place forever. And mark that even in his historical novels he is still ideal. Historical romance is a perilous thing. The fiction is apt to spoil the fact and the fact the fiction ; the history to be perverted and the romance to be shackled ; daylight to kill dreamlight, and dreamlight to kill daylight. But Scott takes few liberties with historical facts and

characters ; he treats them with the costume and the manners of the period at the background of the picture. The personages with whom he deals freely are the Peverils and the Nigels ; and these are his lawful property, the offspring of his own imagination, and belong to the ideal.

III. THE LAMP OF IMPARTIALITY.—The novelist must look on humanity without partiality or prejudice. His sympathy, like that of the historian, must be unbounded, and untainted by sect or party. He must see everywhere the good that is mixed with evil, the evil that is mixed with good. And this he will not do, unless his heart be right. It is in Scott's historical novels that his impartiality is most severely tried and is most apparent, though it is apparent in all his works. Shakespeare was a pure dramatist ; nothing but art found a home in that lofty, smooth idealistic brow. He stands apart, not only from the political and religious passions, but from the interests of his time, seeming hardly to have any historical surroundings, but to shine like a planet suspended by itself in the sky. So it is with that female Shakespeare in miniature, Miss Austen. But Scott took the most intense interest in the political struggles of his time. He was a fiery partisan, a Tory in arms against the French Revolution. In his account of the coronation of George IV., a passionate worship of monarchy breaks forth, which, if we did not know his noble nature, we might call slavish. He sacrificed ease, and at last life, to his seignorial aspirations. On one occasion he was even carried beyond the bounds of propriety by his opposition to the Whig chief. The Cavalier was his political ancestor ; the Covenanter, the ancestor of his political enemy. The idols which the Covenanting iconoclast broke were his. He would have fought against the first revolution under Montrose, and against the second under Dundee. Yet he is perfectly, serenely just to the opposite party. Not only is he just, he is sympathetic. He brings out their worth, their valour, such grandeur of character as they have, with all the power of his art, making no distinction in this respect between friend and foe. If they have a ridiculous side he uses it for the purposes of his art, but genially, playfully, without malice. If there was a laugh left in the Covenanters, they would have laughed at their own portraits as painted by Scott. He shows no hatred of anything but wickedness itself. Such a novelist is a most effective preacher of liberality and charity ; he brings our hearts nearer to the Impartial Father of us all.

IV. THE LAMP OF IMPERSONALITY.—Personality is lower than partiality. Dante himself is open to the suspicion of partiality ; it is said, not without apparent ground, that he puts into hell all the enemies of the political cause, which, in his eyes, was that of Italy and God. A legend tells that Leonardo da Vinci was warned that his divine picture

of the Last Supper would fade, because he had introduced his personal enemy as Judas, and thus desecrated art by making it serve personal hatred. The legend must be false,—Leonardo has too grand a soul. A wretched woman in England, at the beginning of the last century, Mrs. Manley, systematically employed fiction as a cover for personal libel; but such an abuse of art as this could be practised or countenanced only by the vile. Novelists, however, often debase fiction by obtruding their personal vanities, favouritisms, fanaticisms, and antipathies. We had the other day, a novel, the author of which introduced himself almost by name as a heroic character, with a description of his own personal appearance, residence, and habits, as fond fancy painted them to himself. There is a novelist, who is a man of fashion, and who makes the age of the heroes in his successive novels advance with his own, so that at last we shall have irresistible fascination at three score years and ten. But the commonest and the most mischievous way in which personality breaks out is pamphleteering under the guise of fiction. One novel is a pamphlet against lunatic asylums, another against model prisons, a third against the poor law, a fourth against the government offices, a fifth against trade unions. In these pretended works of imagination, facts are coined in support of a crotchet or an antipathy with all the licence of fiction; calumny revels without restraint, and no cause is served but that of falsehood and injustice. A writer takes offence at the excessive popularity of athletic sports; instead of bringing out an accurate and conscientious treatise to advocate moderation, he lets fly a novel painting the typical boating man as a seducer of confiding women, the betrayer of his friend, and the murderer of his wife. Religious zealots are very apt to take this method of enlisting imagination, as they think, on the side of truth. We had once a high Anglican novel in which the Papist was eaten alive by rats, and the Rationalist and Republican was slowly seethed in molten lead, the fate of each being, of course, a just judgment of heaven on those who presumed to differ from the author. Thus the voice of morality is confounded with that of tyrannical petulance and self-love. Not only is Scott not personal, but we cannot conceive his being so. We cannot think possible that he should degrade his art by the indulgence of egotism, or crotchets, or party piques. Least of all can we think it possible that his high and gallant nature should use art as a cover for striking a foul blow.

V. THE LAMP OF PURITY.—I heard Thackeray thank Heaven for the purity of Dickens. I thanked Heaven for the purity of a greater than Dickens—Thackeray himself. We may all thank Heaven for the purity of one still greater than either—Sir Walter Scott. I say still greater morally, as well as in power as an artist, because in Thackeray

there is cynicism, though the more genial and healthy element predominates ; and cynicism, which is not good in the great writer, becomes very bad in the little reader. We know what most of the novels were before Scott. We know the impurity, half-redeemed, of Fielding, the unredeemed impurity of Smollett, the lecherous leer of Sterne, the coarseness even of Defoe. Parts of Richardson himself could not be read by a woman without a blush. As to French novels, Carlyle says of one of the most famous of the last century, that after reading it you ought to wash seven times in Jordan ; but after reading the French novels of the present day, in which lewdness is sprinkled with sentimental rosewater, and deodorized, but by no means disinfected, your washings had better be seventy times seven. There is no justification for this ; it is mere pandering, under whatever pretence, to evil propensities ; it makes the divine art of fiction " procuress to the Lords of Hell." If our established morality is in any way narrow and unjust, appeal to Philosophy, not to Comus ; and remember that the mass of readers are not philosophers. Coleridge pledges himself to find the deepest sermons under the filth of Rabelais ; but Coleridge alone finds the sermons, while everybody finds the filth. Impure novels have brought and are bringing much misery on the world. Scott's purity is not that of cloistered innocence and inexperience, it is the manly purity of one who had seen the world, mingled with men of the world, known evil as well as good ; but who, being a true gentleman, abhorred filth, and teaches us to abhor it too.

VI. THE LAMP OF HUMANITY.—One day we see the walls placarded with the advertising woodcut of a sensational novel, representing a girl tied to a table and a man cutting off her feet into a tub. Another day we are allured by a picture of a woman sitting at a sewing machine and a man seizing her from behind by the hair, and lifting a club to knock her brains out. A French novelist stimulates your jaded palate by introducing a duel fought with butchers' knives by the light of lanterns. One genius subsists by murder, as another does by bigamy and adultery. Scott would have recoiled from the blood as well as from the ordure, he would have allowed neither to have defiled his noble page. He knew that there was no pretence for bringing before a reader what is merely horrible ; that by doing so you only stimulate passions as low as licentiousness itself,—the passions which were stimulated by the gladiatorial shows in degraded Rome, which are stimulated by the bullfights in degraded Spain, which are stimulated among ourselves by exhibitions the attraction of which really consists in their imperilling human life. He knew that a novelist had no right even to introduce the terrible except for the purpose of exhibiting human heroism, developing character,

awakening emotions which, when awakened, dignify and save from harm. It is want of genius and of knowledge of their craft that drives novelists to outrage humanity with horrors. Miss Austen can interest and even excite you as much with the little domestic adventures of Emma as some of her rivals can with a whole Newgate calendar of guilt and gore.

VII. THE LAMP OF CHIVALRY.—Of this briefly. Let the writer of fiction give us humanity in all its phases, the comic as well as the tragic, ridiculous as well as the sublime; but let him not lower the standard of character or the aim of life. Shakespeare does not. We delight in his Falstaffs and his clowns as well as in his Hamlets and Othellos; but he never familiarizes us with what is base and mean. The noble and chivalrous always holds its place as the aim of true humanity in his ideal world. Perhaps Dickens is not entirely free from blame in this respect; perhaps Pickwickianism has in some degree familiarized the generation of Englishmen who have been fed upon it with what is not chivalrous, to say the least, in conduct, as it unquestionably has with slang in conversation. But Scott, like Shakespeare, wherever the thread of his fiction may lead him, always keeps before himself and us the highest ideal which he knew, the ideal of a gentleman. If anyone says these are narrow bounds wherein to confine fiction, I answer there has been enough room with them for the highest tragedy, the deepest pathos, the broadest humour, the widest range of character, the most moving incident that the world has ever enjoyed. There has been room within them for all the kings of pure and healthy fiction—for Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Scott! “Farewell, Sir Walter,” says Carlyle at the end of his essay, “farewell, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen.” Scotland has said farewell to her mortal son. But all humanity welcomes him as Scotland’s noblest gift to her, and crowns him, as on this day, one of the heirs of immortality.

RUDOLF STEINER

(1861-1925).

RUDOLF STEINER was born on the 27th February, 1861, at Kraljevec, on the borders of Styria and Hungary. His parents were of peasant stock. In 1871 he entered the modern secondary school at Weiner Neushadt, and from there he went on to the Technical College in Vienna, where he studied mathematics, physics, chemistry and biology.

In 1886 Steiner published his "Foundations of a Theory of Knowledge according to Goethe's Conception of the World." Between 1890 and '97 he was working in the Goethe archives at Weimar. The work already mentioned led up to "The Philosophy of Freedom," which appeared in 1894 and marks a climax in the first period of his work.

From 1894 till 1900, he edited a literary magazine. A year later he published an account of nineteenth century philosophies and ideas of life. An enlarged and revised edition of this book appeared in 1914 covering the whole of the philosophic thought and its development since ancient Greece. Republished under the title of "The Riddles of Philosophy" this book contains his characteristic work.

Man to-day is not completely free or unfree; the whole of his progress and evolution consists in his becoming more and more free by knowledge. Thus Steiner points the way to a unity of natural knowledge with the ideals and impulses of a man's inner being in social life. Such a unity, which is real, must not be confused with the apparent unity that is sometimes conjured up before men's minds, only to be lost again, by attempting to derive moral or social conceptions by analogy from scientific ones. The real unity and the only thing that has driving power, is the unity of experience, of inner knowledge—not solely of externally intellectualistic speculations.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE OF MANKIND

(Nuremberg, 1908).

THERE is a saying of Hegel's which we may well take as a starting point for the direction of our thoughts to-day. "The deepest thought" says Hegel "is bound up with the figure of Christ, with the external, historic figure of Christ. And the greatness of the Christian religion lies in the fact that it can be understood in its external and in its historic aspects at every stage of consciousness, while at the same time it challenges our inner life, our life of thought, to the deepest study, the deepest penetration. The Christian religion can be understood at every stage of culture and yet it calls us to the deepest wisdom." These words were spoken by Hegel, the philosopher.

That the Christian religion, the Gospel story, is intelligible for every stage of consciousness—this has been taught for nearly 2,000 years. That it calls us to the deepest thoughts, the deepest penetration into the wisdom teachings of humanity as a whole—this it will be one of the tasks of Anthroposophy to show. Anthroposophy or Spiritual Science, once it is grasped in its true sense and in its inmost impulse, once it is made the guiding principle in human life, will realise this task.

It would be a misunderstanding to suppose that Anthroposophy or Spiritual Science is in any sense a new religion, or that it has any intention of setting up a new religious faith in place of the old one. To avoid all misconceptions, we may even say: when once they rightly understand it, people will realise that Anthroposophy as such, while it is the firmest and most sure support for religious life, itself is no religion. It will, therefore, never contradict any religion as religion. But it can nevertheless be an instrument to explain and to unfold the deepest truths and wisdom teachings, the most solemn and living mysteries of the religions.

To describe the relationship of Anthroposophy to the great religious documents (and to-day we are going to deal with the religious documents of Christianity) we may use a comparison which lies, may be, a little far afield. Anthroposophy is to the religious documents as mathematics is to the mathematical documents or text books that have appeared in the course of human history. Take, for instance, an ancient book which no one but an historian versed in mathematics will study deeply. I mean the *Geometry of Euclid*. The mathematics and geometry, which even the school children learn to-day, was for the first time compiled as

a methodical system in that book. But how few of the children are aware that all that they are learning about parallel lines, angles, triangles and so forth, is written in that ancient book, and that it was there for the first time given to mankind. We rightly develop in our children the consciousness that they can see these things for themselves—that the human mind by calling forth its inner powers and applying them to the forms of space, is able to grasp these forms independently and without any reference to that ancient book. And now suppose that someone who had no knowledge of Euclid's book, but who had made the teachings of mathematics and geometry his own, were one day to make acquaintance with it. He would rightly appreciate and understand it. He would know how to value what its author had given to humanity when first he placed this work before the mind of man.

In a similar way, we may describe the relation of Spiritual Science to the documents of the religions. The sources of Spiritual Science are such that, if it be understood in its true impulse, it should be made dependent on no document and no tradition. Just as in external science, we gain knowledge of the surrounding world of sense by freely using our human faculties, so by the deeper spiritual and supersensible forces and faculties which for the moment are slumbering in the human soul, we can gain knowledge of the supersensible and invisible that lies beneath all visible things. Just as man is able, by using those instruments, his senses, to perceive all that is manifest in the outer phenomenal world of sense, and just as he is able to combine and to associate these his perceptions through his intellect, so, when he uses the methods that Spiritual Science gives him, is he able to look behind the scenes of the sense world. He can look into the realms of spiritual causes where those beings work and weave, whom the eyes and ears of the senses cannot see nor hear, but whom the supersensible faculties can see and hear. Thus there lies at the free disposal of man's powers (albeit these supersensible powers are still asleep in the vast majority of mankind to-day) a source, a free and independent source of spiritual knowledge, even as the source of external knowledge lies at the free disposal of those powers of man that are directed to the world of sense.

And now suppose that a man has somehow gained possession of that knowledge which leads him into the supersensible behind the world of sense, into the invisible behind the visible world. Suppose that he has gained knowledge of the supersensible, even as a scientist in the world of sense gains knowledge of external things and events. Then, equipped with his supersensible knowledge he may approach the old traditions, the books and documents through which in the course of history man has received witness of the supersensible. He may approach them just as a

modern geometrician approaches the Geometry of Euclid, and test them even as a modern geometrician tests the Geometry of Euclid. Then he can value and acknowledge them in their true worth. And for one who takes this path, who approaches them truly equipped with knowledge of the supersensible world, the documents of Christianity lose nothing of their worth.

Religion is a thing which can only be penetrated by approaching it with that knowledge that is gained by what we call the path of Anthroposophy; though Anthroposophy can only be the instrument of religious life, it can never itself be a religion. Religion is best described as that content of man's heart and mind, as all that mood and feeling, whereby he dedicates to the supersensible beings and powers what is best in his receptive soul. The character of a man's religion depends on the quality of this mood, on the strength of this feeling, on the fire in his heart and mind; just as the way in which a man approaches a picture, depends on his feeling for beauty, on the warm throbbing in his breast. The substance of religious life is undoubtedly what we call the supersensible, the spiritual world. But just as little as æsthetic or artistic feeling is the same thing as an understanding of the inner spiritual laws of art (though one's sense for art is uplifted by such understanding), just so little is that wisdom or that science which leads into the spiritual worlds, the same thing as religion. That science will, indeed, uplift religion and make religious feeling worthier and greater, more solemn and more vast in content. But itself if rightly understood, it does not try to be religion—though it may well lead a man towards religion.

Let us now endeavour from this spiritual scientific point of view to understand the force and meaning, the spirit and the significance of the Christian Gospel. To do so we must go far afield in the spiritual life of man, we must cast our gaze out into remote primæval ages. In effect we must go back right into the pre-religious age of mankind; we must try to envisage the first origin of religion. Was there ever such a thing as a pre-religious age? There was, indeed; there was once a time on earth when there was no religion. For Spiritual Science must also answer this question in the affirmative, though in a very different sense from the enlightened materialism of to-day.

What is the significance of religion for mankind? Religion was and will long continue to be for mankind what the very word expresses. The word "religion" means "linking" or "binding," the linking up of man with his divine element, with the spiritual world. The religious ages

were essentially those ages in which man longed for union with the divine ; whether this longing came from a certain source of knowledge, or from feeling or because he had a sense that his will could only be strong if it were permeated by divine power. They were those ages when, as it were, man divined inwardly rather than knew externally, when he did not so much see the supersensible world or have it around him as his environment, but felt it dimly. Such were the religious ages of our earth. And before them there were other ages, when man did not need this link of dim feeling and of longing with the spiritual, supersensible world. For he knew of that world, even as the man of to-day knows of the things of sense. Does man need a witness to the existence of stones and trees and animals ? Does he need any document or doctrine to bear witness or to help him to feel that stones and plants and animals exist ? No, for he sees them, he perceives them round about him, he needs no such religion of the world of sense. Imagine a man living in altogether different worlds and equipped with different sense-organs, different organs of cognition, a man for whom stones and plants and animals would be invisible. And imagine him receiving witness of stones and plants and animals through writings or through some other channel. What then would it all be for him—all that is perception, experience, immediate knowledge for you ? It would be religion. If in some book it were written, " There are stones and plants and animals," then for such a man, who had never seen stones and plants and animals, that would be religion.

There was a time when man lived in the midst of those spiritual beings and spiritual realities, of which the religions and the wisdom teachings testify to-day.

" Evolution " has become a magic word in many spheres of thought to-day. But the external Science of our time applies it only to the external facts of the sense-world. For one who regards the world from the point of view of Spiritual Science, everything is in process of evolution—and above all, human consciousness. The State of consciousness in which you are living to-day, and by virtue of which, every morning when you wake, you see and perceive the sense-world through your sense-organs—this state of consciousness evolved out of a different one. In Spiritual Science we call this present state of consciousness " clear day-consciousness." This clear day-consciousness gradually evolved out of a primæval consciousness which was of a different nature, and which we call the " dim picture-consciousness " of mankind.

It is true that we are here going back to an early stage of human evolution, one of which external Anthropology has no knowledge. For external Anthropology only makes use of the instruments of the senses

and of the methods of the intellect. External Anthropology imagines man in a remote primæval age, passing through stages essentially the same as those through which our present animals are passing now. We have indicated in former lectures how Spiritual Science thinks of the relationship of man to the animal creation. Man never was such a being as the animal is to-day. He is not descended from beings that were like the present animals. If we were to describe the forms of evolution from out of which man has evolved, they would indeed appear most unlike the animals of to-day.

The present animals are beings who have, as it were, remained behind at earlier stages of evolution, who have preserved those earlier stages of evolution and hardened them. Man has grown out beyond his earlier stages of development; the animal has grown down beneath them. Thus in the animal world we see, as it were, brothers of humanity, who have remained behind, but who no longer bear the form of those earlier stages of evolution. For those earlier stages took their course in an age when the conditions of the life on earth were different, when the elements were not yet distributed as they are to-day, when man was not yet burdened with a body such as he has to-day—and yet was man. In the course of evolution man was able to wait, if we may use this image. He was able to delay his entry into the flesh until a later time—until this fleshy material could evolve in such a way that man might develop the power of his present mind and spirit. The animals were not able to wait; they became hardened at an earlier stage. They entered into the flesh before the proper time—hence they had to remain behind.

Thus we may imagine man living under different conditions and in different states of consciousness than to-day. If we follow back man's states of consciousness through thousands upon thousands of years, we find them ever different. What we call logical thought to-day, man's intellect and reason did not develop until late in the evolution of mankind. On the other hand, forces in man which are now on the decline were far stronger in earlier ages. Memory, for instance, was far more highly developed than it is to-day. Through the increasing intellectual culture of mankind, memory has very largely sunk into the background.

Anyone who looks out into the world with open eyes may recognise even to-day, that statements like this, which are made from out of Spiritual Science, are not altogether in the air. If what has just been said is true, one would expect men and women of to-day, who have remained behind through some chance or other, to be backward least of

all in memory. Nay more, one would want to show that efforts to develop the intellectuality of such people have had the result of weakening their power of memory. There was a case in point in this very town. Professor Daumer, of whom one cannot speak too highly, made a special study of this case. I am referring to the man who was an enigma for so many people, who was once mysteriously placed within this town, and who met his death in a no less mysterious manner at Ansbach. A certain author, wishing to indicate the element of mystery that surrounded this man's life, said of him, that on the day when he was carried out the sun set on one side of the horizon and the moon rose on the other. You know I am speaking of Caspar Hauser. Apart from all the pros and cons that have been brought forward in this case, and looking only at what is absolutely well established, we know he was a foundling, who was simply there one day in the streets of the town. He was called the child of Europe, because no one knew whence he came ; and at the time when he was found he could neither read nor reckon. At the age of 20 he had none of those accomplishments that are gained through the intellect ; but the remarkable thing is, he had a wonderful memory.

Then, when they began to teach him, when logic entered into his soul, his memory-power vanished. And something else went with this change in consciousness. Originally, he had an inborn and well-nigh supernatural quality of sincerity and truthfulness ; and it was just in this respect that he afterwards became ever more and more distracted. The more he was able to enjoy the fruits of intellectuality, the more did his inborn sincerity vanish away. There are many other things we might study, if we were to enter deeply into the story of this human being, who had been kept back by artificial circumstances. There is a popular tradition about him, which our modern men of learning do not believe, but which is by no means so unfounded for one who stands on the ground of Spiritual Science. It is said that when he was still quite ignorant, when he had no idea that there were other beings of different form beside him, Caspar Hauser exercised a wonderful influence on wild or raving animals that were brought into his presence. They cowered and became tame and patient : something streamed out from him, with the effect that animals which viciously attacked all other people were gentle in his presence. As I said, this is a case which can be understood from out of Spiritual Science. We might enter deeply into the soul of this remarkable and, for many people, enigmatic personality, and from the picture thus gained it would be evident once more how things that are inexplicable from out of ordinary life can, with the help of Spiritual Science, be traced to spiritual facts. It is true that such spiritual facts cannot be arrived at by any speculative thought ; they can only be found by spiritual

observation. Once found, however, they are intelligible to a logical and all-round way of thinking.

But this is only to show how you may find a way of approach to the idea, that our modern state of consciousness has evolved from out of a primæval one, one that was altogether different. In that primæval state of consciousness, man was not in direct contact with the things of the sense-world in the way he is to-day ; instead, he was in direct relation to spiritual facts and spiritual beings. He did not see the physical shapes of other creatures ; indeed, in their present form, these physical shapes did not yet exist. When another creature approached him, something like a dream-picture arose in his soul. According to its form and colouring, this picture showed him whether the creature was well or ill disposed towards him. Such a consciousness perceived the spiritual facts, and hence the spiritual world in general. As man now lives with other beings in the flesh, so at that time, when he could gaze upon himself, when he was soul and spirit to himself, he lived amongst spiritual beings—they were present for him. He was a spirit among spirits. And though he only possessed a kind of dreamy consciousness, nevertheless the pictures that arose within him were in living relationship to his environment. Such was the ancient time, when man still lived within a spiritual world ; from out of which he afterwards descended, in order to create a sensely, fleshly nature, as a basis for the consciousness he has to-day, through which it was right for him to pass.

And the animals were already here as physical beings, when man's perceptive life was still in spiritual realms. Man lived among spiritual beings, and in that primæval age he required no kind of testimony to convince him of the spiritual beings, just as little as you need any testimony to convince you of the existence of stones and plants and animals. Man lived among Spirits and among Gods, and hence he needed no religion. Such was the pre-religious age. Then man descended. The earlier form of consciousness was transformed into the modern one. Now man no longer sees the shapes and colours freely hovering in space ; he sees the colours laid out over the surfaces of the things of sense. And as he learned to direct his external senses to the outer world of sense, so did this outer world of sense spread itself out like a veil, like a great Maya, over the spiritual world. And through this veil man had to receive testimony of the spiritual world. Religion became necessary.

Now there was also a condition, between this pre-religious consciousness, and the religious state of consciousness in the proper sense of the word. There was an intermediate condition, and from it the various

mythologies and legends, the folklores that tell about the spiritual worlds, originated.

It is a piece of armchair philosophy, utterly ignorant of real spiritual processes, which states that the figures of Norse and Germanic mythology, and of the Greek mythology, and all the traditions about the Gods and the deeds of Gods, are an outcome of the poetic imagination of the peoples. They are not. The people do not make poetry in this way. They do not imagine flocks of sheep when they see fleecy clouds passing across the sky. The statement that the peoples make poetry in this way is a product of the poetic imagination of modern academic scholarship, which certainly is full of lively imagination in these matters. The truth about it is altogether different. All that is contained in the ancient sagas and legends about the Gods, represents the last relics, the last faint recollections, of the ancient pre-religious consciousness.

A tradition remained to man of what man himself had seen. Those men who described Woden and Thor and Zeus, described them because the memory was still living that these things had once been experienced. The mythologies are scraps and fragments, often broken fragments, of what man had once upon a time experienced.

In another respect also, there was this intermediate condition. Even in a time when the enlightened people—let us say—had already reached a high level of enlightenment, even then there were some, who in exceptional states (you may call them states of rapture or of madness as you will) could still perceive what the majority of mankind had once upon a time perceived. They told how they themselves still saw something of the spiritual world. And what was so related was mingled with the ancient memory-traditions, and brought about a living faith within the peoples. This was a transition stage to the religious condition in the strict sense of the word.

How, then, was this religious condition of mankind prepared? It was prepared through man finding the ways and means so to develop his inner life, that he might again perceive those worlds from out of which he had grown and which, in dim consciousness, he had once perceived. We are here approaching a subject upon which contemporary thought is highly sceptical—the subject of “Initiation.” What were the “Initiates” within mankind? The Initiates were human beings who by special methods had developed their inner soul and spiritual being, in such a way as to grow into the spiritual worlds again.

There is indeed such a thing as Initiation. In every soul there slumber supersensible faculties and powers; and for every human

being there comes, or at any rate can come, that great and mighty moment when these powers awaken. We may bring this moment of awakening visibly before our minds, if we consider how another part of man's development took place. Speaking in terms of Goethe's thought, we may say: We look back into the ages of a distant past, when man's physical body did not yet contain the physical eyes, nor the physical ears, that it contains to-day. We look back into past ages, when, in the region that is now occupied by these sense-organs, there were indifferent organs, incapable of seeing and of hearing. Then there came a time in the development of the physical man, when these blind points became radiant, when these organs gradually unfolded till light emerged for them. And in like manner there came a time when man's ear had so far evolved that the world, which had been dumb before, revealed itself in sounds and harmonies.

The sun with its forces worked and formed the eyes from out of the organism of man. In like manner, in his spiritual being, man can now live in such a way as to bring about a development of those spiritual organs, those soul-organs, which are as a rule unformed and indifferent in man to-day. The moment is possible—and has indeed already occurred for many—when the human soul and spirit become so transformed as once did man's external, physical organisation. New eyes, new ears are formed, whereby, from out of the environment that has been spiritually dark and dumb, light shines in and tones resound.

Evolution is possible, even in the sense of living and growing into the higher worlds. And that is Initiation. In the ancient Mystery Schools man was instructed in the methods of Initiation, just as in the external world to-day he is instructed, let us say, in the methods of the chemical laboratory or of biological research. There is only this difference between the methods of external Science and of Initiation. External Science has to construct instruments and apparatus to assist it in its search; but for him who wants to become an Initiate, there is only one instrument—and that indeed he must develop in all its forces. It is himself. Even as the magnetic force may slumber in the iron, so in the soul of man there slumbers the force to penetrate into the world of spiritual light and sound.

Thus there came the age when the normal man in his normal condition saw only the physical things of the sense-world, and when the leaders of mankind were Initiates, who were able to look into the spiritual worlds, who could declare and explain the things of the spiritual world—those things among which man had at one time lived.

The first stage of Initiation—whither does it lead? How does it present itself to the soul of man? You must not imagine that this

inner development of Initiation consists merely in philosophic speculation, in spinning out ideas and practising refinements of thought. What man possesses in the way of concepts about the external world, becomes transformed in him when he grows into the spiritual world. Man then no longer grasps things in sharply outlined concepts, but in pictures, in imaginations. In effect, he grows into the spiritual and world-creative process. It is only the objects of the sense-world that are sharply defined and clearly outlined. In the world-creative process you do not have the animal with its clear, sharp outlines. You have something that lies at its foundation, something like a plan or type or picture, from out of which a whole variety of external forms may be evolved. It is a living and inwardly organised reality. We must take our stand firmly and clearly on the basis of Goethe's saying : " All that is transitory, is but a parable." It is in pictures that the Initiate first learns to know and understand, to rise into the spiritual world. And in the process, his consciousness must become more mobile than the consciousness which serves for an understanding of the world of sense that lies around us here. For this reason the stage of development of which we are here speaking is called " Imaginative Consciousness." It leads man back again into the spiritual world, but this time in no dim and cloudy manner. This Initiate consciousness, which is to be attained, is clear and wide awake, like the day-consciousness of man to-day. Man is enriched by adding the consciousness of the spiritual world to this day-consciousness.

Thus as the first stage of Initiation man lives in the Imaginative consciousness. And what those who have thus been initiated have discovered in the spiritual world, is communicated to mankind in the great records and documents, just as Euclid has communicated the things of the lower science of Geometry. We recognise what is written in these documents and records when we go back to their source, to the vision of the Initiates. Jesus is the living force, through Whom, as He appeared in history and revealed Himself to external sight, mankind was first led towards brotherhood. It is lightly said in these days, that Theosophy should seek the one kernel of truth in all religions for all religions after all contain the same. People who speak like that, and merely compare the Religions in order to find the abstract equality in all, do not understand the principle of evolution. It is not for nothing that the world evolves. It is true that the truth is contained in every religion ; but in evolving from form to form, the truth evolves to higher forms. It is true that if you will look deeply enough, you may find all the teachings that Christianity contains, in the other Religions also. Christianity brought no new teachings. But the essential thing in Christianity lies not in its teachings. Take

the pre-Christian founders of religions. In their case, the important thing was what they taught. Imagine that those founders of religions had remained unknown. If what they taught had been preserved, this in itself would have been sufficient for mankind. But in Jesus it is not this that matters. What matters in His case is that He was there, that He lived in a physical body, here upon this earth. Not the belief in His teaching, but the belief in His personality, is the decisive thing. He was seen and recognised as the First-born among mortals, and in His case one can ask : " Wouldst Thou also, in the situation in which I am, feel as I feel ? Wouldst Thou also think as I now think, will as I will ? " That is the important thing : He stands there as the greatest example of a personality. The essential thing is, not that we listen to His teachings, but that we gaze upon Him Himself, and upon what He did.

Christ appeared in the world, in the world of visible phenomena, as a man among men. It is this which constitutes the difference between the Christian Gospel and the Divine Revelation in other Religions. For in the other Religions all spiritual wisdom was directed to something outside the world ; but now something came into the world which had to be grasped and understood as an actual appearance in the world of sense. What did the first disciples feel as the ideal of their wisdom ? It was no longer merely to understand how Spirits live in the Spiritual World, but rather—how the Highest Principle was able to appear on earth in the historic personality. It is far easier to deny the divinity in this personality than to experience it. And herein lies the difference of a certain doctrine in early Christianity from what we call inner Christianity. Herein lies the difference between the Gnosis and the true esoteric Christianity.

And if man gives himself up to this Power then he will grow again into the Spiritual World from out of which he has descended. He will rise again into that region, whereinto the Initiate can already see to-day. Man will strip off what is of the senses, when he penetrates again into the Spiritual World.

As the disciples who were initiated in ancient times could look backward to the past, to the far distant ages of spiritual life, so by partaking in the impulses of Christ Jesus, those who are initiated in the Christian sense receive the faculty of seeing what will become of this our earthly world in the future, if human beings work in the sense of the Christ-impulse. Even as one may look back at the conditions that were before, so, starting from the appearance of Christ Jesus, one can look forward into the most distant future. One can say : Thus and thus will man's consciousness evolve once more ; thus will man stand in the relation of the spiritual to the world of sense.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-1667).

JEREMY TAYLOR, the famed author of "Holy Living and Holy Dying," was born at Cambridge in 1613. Educated for the Church he graduated in 1634, and after a short stay in London was sent by Archbishop Laud—whose interest in the young divine had been attracted by his remarkable eloquence—to take up his residence at Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College.

Later, Jeremy Taylor was appointed chaplain to Charles I. and quickly attained a great reputation as a preacher. On the outbreak of Civil War he became a pronounced Royalist, but these sympathies contained within themselves the germs of his fall from public favour. He was taken prisoner at the battle fought in 1645 in the precincts of Cardigan Castle and was released only to find the Royalist cause practically lost.

He now decided to remain in Wales and was appointed Chaplain to Lord Carbery. The remaining thirteen years of his life although passed in comparative obscurity gave him the opportunity to raise the structure of a splendid and enduring literary fame. His "*Liberty of Prophesying*" was published in 1647, "*The Life of Christ*" in 1649, "*Holy Living*" in 1650, and "*Holy Dying*" in 1651. The prose of these works is justly famed for its wealth of imaginary, subtle thought and magnificent diction.

The Restoration brought recognition of Jeremy Taylor's unswerving devotion to the Royalist Cause and he was made Bishop of Down and Connor. He died on August 13th, 1667.

THE MARRIAGE RING

(A Discourse).

THE first blessing God gave to man was society, and that society was a marriage, and that marriage was confederate by God himself, and hallowed by a blessing ; and, at the same time, and for many descending ages, not only by the instinct of nature, but by a superadded

forwardness (God himself inspiring the desire), the world was most desirous of children, impatient of barrenness, accounting single life a curse, and a childless person hated by God. The world was rich and empty, and able to provide for a more numerous posterity than it had.

. . . . You that are rich, Numenius, you may multiply your family ; poor men are not so fond of children ; but when a family could drive their herds, and set their children on camels, and lead them till they saw a fat soil watered with rivers, and there sit down without paying rent, they thought of nothing but to have great families, that their own relations might swell up to a patriarchate, and their children be enough to possess all the regions that they saw, and their grandchildren become princes, and themselves build cities and call them by the name of a child, and become the fountain of a nation. This was the consequent of the first blessing, "increase and multiply." The next blessing was the promise of the Messias, and that also increased in men and women a wonderful desire of marriage ; for as soon as God had chosen the family of Abraham to be the blessed line, from whence the world's Redeemer should descend according to the flesh, every one of his daughters hoped to have the honour to be his mother, or his grandmother, or something of his kindred ; and to be childless in Israel was a sorrow to the Hebrew women great as the slavery of Egypt, or their dishonours in the land of their captivity.

But when the Messias was come, and the doctrine was published, and His ministers but few, and His disciples were to suffer persecution, and to be of an unsettled dwelling ; and the nation of the Jews, in the bosom and society of which the Church especially did dwell, were to be scattered and broken all in pieces with fierce calamities, and the world was apt to calumniate and to suspect and dishonour Christians on pretences and unreasonable jealousies, and that to all these purposes the state of marriage brought many inconveniences ; it pleased God in this new creation to inspire into the hearts of His servants a disposition and strong desire to live a single life, lest the state of marriage should in that conjunction of things become an accidental impediment to the dissemination of the Gospel, which called men from a confinement in their domestic charge to travel, and flight, and poverty, and difficulty, and martyrdom : on this necessity the apostles and apostolical men published doctrines, declaring the advantages of single life, not by any commandment of the Lord, but by the spirit of prudence, "for the present and then incumbent necessities," and in order to the advantages which did accrue to the public ministries and private piety. "There are some," said our blessed Lord, "who make themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven," that is, for the advantages and the ministry of the Gospel, *non ad vitæ bonæ meritum*, as St.

Austin in the like case ; not that it is a better service of God in itself, but that it is useful to the first circumstances of the Gospel and the infancy of the kingdom, because the unmarried person "is apt to spiritual and ecclesiastical employments : " " holy in his own person, and then sanctified to public ministries ; " and it was also of ease to the Christians themselves, because, as then it was, when they were to flee, and to flee for aught they knew in winter, and they were persecuted to the four winds of heaven ; and the nurses and the women with child were to suffer a heavier load of sorrow because of the imminent persecutions ; and, above all, because of the great fatality of ruin on the whole nation of the Jews, well it might be said by St. Paul, " such shall have trouble in the flesh," that is, they that are married shall, and so at that time they had ; and therefore it was an act of charity to the Christians to give that counsel, " I do this to spare you ; " for when the case was altered, and that storm was over, and the first necessities of the Gospel served, and " the sound was gone out into all nations," in very many persons it was wholly changed, and not the married but the unmarried had " trouble in the flesh," and the state of marriage returned to its first blessing, " and it was not good for man to be alone."

But in this first interval, the public necessity and the private zeal mingling together did sometimes overact their love of single life, even to the disparagement of marriage, and to the scandal of religion, which was increased by the occasion of some pious persons renouncing their contract of marriage, not consummate, with believers. For when Flavia Domitilla, being converted by Nereus and Achilleus, the eunuchs, refused to marry Aurelianus, to whom she was contracted, if there were not some little envy and too sharp hostility in the eunuchs to a married state, yet Aurelianus thought himself an injured person, and caused St. Clemens, who veiled her, and his spouse both, to die in the quarrel. St. Thecla, being converted by St. Paul, grew so in love with virginity, that she leaped back from the marriage of Tamyris, where she was lately engaged. St. Iphigenia denied to marry King Hyrtacus, and it is said to be done by the advice of St. Matthew. And Susanna, the niece of Diocletian, refused the love of Maximianus the emperor ; and these all had been betrothed ; and so did St. Agnes and St. Felicula, and divers others then and afterward ; insomuch that it was reported among the Gentiles that the Christians did not only hate all that were not of their persuasion, but were enemies of the chaste laws of marriage ; and, indeed, some that were called Christians were so, " forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats." On this occasion it grew necessary for the apostle to state the question right, and to do honour to the holy rite of marriage, and to snatch the mystery from the

hands of zeal and folly, and to place it in Christ's right hand, that all its beauties might appear, and a present convenience might not bring in a false doctrine, and a perpetual sin, and an intolerable mischief. The apostle, therefore, who himself had been a married man, but was now a widower, does explicate the mysteriousness of it, and describes its honours, and adorns it with rules and provisions of religion, that, as it begins with honour, so it may proceed with piety, and end with glory.

For although single life hath in it privacy and simplicity of affairs, such solitariness and sorrow, such leisure and inactive circumstances of living, that there are more spaces for religion if men would use them to these purposes ; and because it may have in it much religion and prayers, and must have in it a perfect mortification of our strongest appetites, it is therefore a state of great excellency ; yet concerning the state of marriage we are taught from Scripture and the sayings of wise men, great things and honourable. " Marriage is honourable in all men ; " so is not single life, for in some it is a snare and a trouble in the flesh, a prison of unruly desires, which is attempted daily to be broken. Celibate or single life is never commanded, but, in some cases, marriage is, and he that burns sins often if he marries not ; he that cannot contain must marry, and he that can contain is not tied to a single life, but may marry and not sin. Marriage was ordained by God, instituted in Paradise, was the relief of a natural necessity, and the first blessing from the Lord. He gave to man not a friend, but a wife ; that is, a friend and a wife too ; for a good woman is in her soul the same that a man is, and she is a woman only in her body, that she may have the excellency of the one, and the usefulness of the other, and become amiable in both. It is the seminary of the Church, and daily brings forth sons and daughters unto God ; it was ministered to by angels, and Raphael waited upon a young man that he might have a blessed marriage, and that that marriage might repair two sad families, and bless all their relatives. Our blessed Lord, though He was born of a maiden, yet she was veiled under the cover of marriage, and she was married to a widower ; for Joseph, the supposed father of our Lord, had children by a former wife. The first miracle that ever Jesus did, was to do honour to a wedding. Marriage was in the world before sin, and is in all ages of the world the greatest and most effective antidote against sin, in which all the world had perished, if God had not made a remedy ; and although sin hath soured marriage, and stuck the man's head with cares, and the woman's bed with sorrows in the production of children, yet these are but throes of life and glory, and " she shall be saved in child-bearing, if she be found in faith and righteousness." Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue ; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires which are more troublesome

and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety ; and therefore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities, and more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces. In two virtues celibate or single life may have the advantage of degrees ordinarily and commonly—that is, in chastity and devotion ; but as in some persons this may fail, and it does in very many, and a married man may spend as much time in devotion as any virgins or widows do, yet, as in marriage, even those virtues of chastity and devotion are exercised, so in other instances this state hath proper exercises and trials for those graces for which single life can never be crowned. Here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives ; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven ; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to Him ; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts ; it hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life ; it hath more care, but less danger ; it is more merry, and more sad ; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys ; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity ; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys its king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Single life makes men in one instance to be like angels, but marriage in very many things makes the chaste pair to be like to Christ. “ This is a great mystery,” but it is the symbolical and sacramental representation of the greatest mysteries of our religion. Christ descended from His Father’s bosom, and contracted His divinity with flesh and blood, and married our nature, and we became a Church, the spouse of the Bridegroom, which He cleansed with His blood, and gave her His Holy Spirit for a dowry, and heaven for a jointure, begetting children unto God by the Gospel. This spouse He hath joined to Himself by an excellent charity ; He feeds her at His own table, and lodges her nigh His own heart, provides for all her necessities, relieves her sorrows, determines her doubts, guides her wanderings ; He is become her head, and she as a signet upon

His right hand. He first indeed was betrothed to the Synagogue, and had many children by her, but she forsook her love, and then He married the Church of the Gentiles, and by her, as by a second venter, had a more numerous issue ; “ all the children dwell in the same house,” and are heirs of the same promises, entitled to the same inheritance. Here is the eternal conjunction, the indissoluble knot, the exceeding love of Christ, the obedience of the spouse, the communicating of goods, the uniting of interests, the fruit of marriage, a celestial generation, a new creature. “ This is the sacramental mystery ” represented by the holy rite of marriage, so that marriage is divine in its institution, sacred in its union, holy in the mystery, sacramental in its signification, honourable in its appellative, religious in its employment ; it is advantageous to the societies of men, and it is “ holiness to the Lord.” “ It must be in Christ and the Church.”

If this be not observed, marriage loses its mysteriousness ; but because it is to effect much of that which it signifies, it concerns all that enter into those golden fetters to see that Christ and His Church be in at every one of its periods, and that it be entirely conducted and overruled by religion ; for so the apostle passes from the sacramental rite to the real duty ; “ Nevertheless,” that is, although the former discourse were wholly to explicate the conjunction of Christ and His Church by this similitude, yet it hath in it this real duty, “ that the man love his wife, and the wife reverence her husband,” and this is the use we shall now make of it, the particulars of which precept I shall thus dispose :

1. I shall propound the duty as it generally relates to man and wife in conjunction. 2. The duty and power of the man. 3. The rights and privileges and the duty of the wife.

1. *In Christo et ecclesia* ; that begins all, and there is great need it should be so ; for they that enter into a state of marriage, cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire from an evil husband, she must dwell on her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced ; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again ; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply.

The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man, when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person. The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow in the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, "hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream ;" but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stronger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men ; finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness ; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way ; Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice. But as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable ; so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune like Eriphyle the Argive, (" she preferred gold before a good man "), and show themselves to be less than money by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives ; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature, to their relative. The odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally ; *cui sunt eruditi oculi, et stulta mens*, as one said, " whose eyes are witty, and their souls sensual : " it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts by a little thread of red and white, and they can love no longer but until the next ague comes, and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small pox, or childbearing, or care, or time, anything that can destroy a pretty flower. But it is the basest of all when lust is the paranymp, and solicits the suit, and makes the contract, and joins the hands ; for this is commonly the effect of the former, according to the Greek proverb, " at first for his fair cheeks and comely beard the beast is taken for a lion, but at last he is turned to a dragon, or a leopard, or a swine : " that which is at first beauty on the face, may prove lust in the manners ; so Eubulus wittily reprehended such impure contracts ; they offer in their marital sacrifices nothing but the thigh, and that which the priests cut from the goats when they were laid to bleed upon the altars. " He or she that looks too curiously on the beauty of the body, looks too low, and hath flesh and corruption in his heart, and is judged sensual and earthly in his affections and desires." Begin, therefore, with God ; Christ is the president of marriage, and the Holy Ghost is the fountain of purities and chaste loves, and He joins the hearts ; and therefore let out first

suit be in the court of heaven, and with designs of piety, or safety, or charity ; let no impure spirit defile the virgin purities and " castifications of the soul," as St. Peter's phrase is ; let all such contracts begin with religious affections. " We sometimes beg of God for a wife or a child ; and He alone knows what the wife shall prove, and by what dispositions and manners, and into what fortune that child shall enter ;" but we shall not need to fear concerning the event of it, if religion, and fair intentions, and prudence manage and conduct it all the way. The preservation of a family, the production of children, the avoiding fornication, the refreshment of our sorrows by the comforts of society ; all these are fair ends of marriage and hallow the entrance : but in these there is a special order ; society was the first designed, " It is not good for man to be alone ;" children was the next, " Increase and multiply ;" but the avoiding fornication came in by the superfoetation of the evil accidents of the world. The first makes marriage delectable, the second necessary to the public, the third necessary to the particular. This is for safety, for life, and Heaven itself, the others have in them joy and a portion of immortality. The first makes the man's heart glad ; the second is the friend of kingdoms, and cities, and families ; and the third is the enemy to hell, and an antidote of the chiefest inlet to damnation. But of all these the noblest end is the multiplying of children. " It is religion," said Varro, " to marry for children." And therefore St. Ignatius, when he had spoken of Elias, and Titus, and Clement, with an honourable mention of their virgin state, lest he might seem to have lessened the married apostles, at whose feet in Christ's kingdom he thought himself unworthy to sit, he gives this testimony ; they were secured " by not marrying to satisfy their lower appetites, but out of desire of children." Other considerations, if they be incident and by way of appendage, are also considerable in the accounts of prudence ; but when they become principals, they defile the mystery, and make the blessing doubtful. " Love is a fair inducement," said Afranius, " but desire and appetite are rude, and the characterisms of a sensual person ; to love belongs to a just and a good man, but to lust, or furiously and passionately to desire, is the sign of impotency and an unruly mind."

2. Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation ; every little thing can blast an infant blossom ; and the breath of the south can shake at the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy ; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms.

of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken ; so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage ; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society ; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded ; and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness so long as public honesty requires man to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend. Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on : “ everything dissolves their tender compaginations : ” but “ when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bendings, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire or the violence of iron.” After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and an experience longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. The little boy in Greek epigram that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety by the sight of his mother’s pap when nothing else could entice him to return ; and the bond of common children, and the sight of her that nurses what is most dear to him, and the endearments of each other in the course of a long society, and the same relation, is an excellent security to reintegrate and to call that love back which folly and trifling accidents would disturb. When it is come thus far, it is hard untwisting the knot ; but be careful in its first coalition that there be no rudeness done, for if there be, it will for ever after be apt to start and to be diseased.

3. Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring they be cut down and trod on ; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound ; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted, but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man’s reason cannot always be awake ; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman is in a state of weakness and folly then when they

can be troubled with a trifling accident, and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case, the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame ; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon as the sparks from the collision of a flint ; ever remembering that discontents proceeding from daily little things do breed a secret undiscernible disease which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

4. Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white, and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language and sweet entreaties the minds of each other should be united ; and hard by them *Suadam et Gratias descripserunt*, they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance and mutual observance to abide.

5. Let the husband and wife infinitely avoid a curious distinction of mine and thine, for this hath caused all the laws, and all the suits, and all the wars in the world ; let them who have but one person have also but one interest. The husband and wife are heirs to each other, as Dionysius Halicarnasseus relates from Romulus, if they die without children ; but if there be children, the wife is a partner in the inheritance ; but during their life the use and employment is common to both their necessities, and in this there is no other difference of right but that the man hath the dispensation of all, and may keep it from his wife, just as the governor of a town may keep it from the right owner—he hath the power, but no right to do so. And when either of them begins to impropriate, it is like a tumour in the flesh, it draws more than its share, but what it feeds on turns to a boil. And therefore the Romans forbade any donations to be made between man and wife, because neither of them could transfer a new right of those things which already they had in common ; but this is to be understood only concerning the uses of necessity and personal conveniences, for so all may be the woman's and all may be the man's, in several regards. Corvinus dwells in a farm and receives all its profits, and reaps and sows as he pleases, and drinks of the wine : it is his own, but all that also is his lord's and for it Corvinus

pays acknowledgment, and his patron hath such powers and uses of it as are proper to the lords ; and yet for all this it may be the king's too, to all the purposes that he can need, and is all to be accounted in the *census*, and for certain services and times of danger ; so are the riches of a family, they are a woman's as well as a man's ; they are hers for need, and hers for ornament, and hers for modest delight, and for the uses of religion and prudent charity ; but the disposing them into portions of inheritance, the assignation of charges and governments, stipends and rewards, annuities and greater donatives, are the reserves of the superior right, and not to be invaded by the under-possessors. But in those things where they ought to be common, if the spleen or the belly swells, and draws into its capacity much of that which should be spent on those parts which have an equal right to be maintained, it is a dropsy or a consumption of the whole, something that is evil because it is unnatural and monstrous. Marcarius in his thirty-second homily speaks fully in this particular ; a woman betrothed to a man bears all her portion, and with a mighty love pours it into the hands of her husband, and says, " I have nothing of my own ; " my goods, my portion, my body, and my mind are yours. " All that a woman hath is reckoned to the right of her husband ; not her wealth and her person only, but her reputation and her praise ; " so Lucian. But as the earth, the mother of all creatures here below, sends up all its vapours and proper emissions at the command of the sun, and yet requires them again to refresh her own needs, and they are deposited between them both in the bosom of a cloud as a common receptacle, that they may cool his flames, and yet descend to make her fruitful, so are the proprieties of a wife to be disposed of by her lord, and yet all are for her provisions, it being a part of his need to refresh and supply hers, and it serves the interest of both, while it serves the necessities of either.

These are the duties of them both, which have common regards and equal necessities and obligations. And indeed there is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents ; and what in one is called " love," in the other is called " reverence," and what in the wife is " obedience " the same in the man is " duty ; " he provides, and she dispenses ; he gives commandments, and she rules by them ; he rules her by authority and she rules him by love ; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her. For as the heart is set in the midst of the body, and though it strikes to one side by the prerogative of nature, yet those throbs and constant motions are felt on the other side also, and the influence is equal to both, so it is in conjugal duties : some motions are to the one side more than to the

other, but the interest is on both, and the duty is equal in the several instances. If it be otherwise, the man enjoys a wife as Periander did his dead Melissa, by an unnatural union, neither pleasing nor holy, useless to all the purposes of society, and dead to content.

The next inquiry is more particular, and considers the power and duty of the man ; " let every one of you so love his wife even as himself ; " she is as himself, the man hath power over her as over himself, and must love her equally.

1. A husband's power over his wife is paternal and friendly, not magisterial and despotic. The wife is in *perpetua tutela*, under conduct and counsel ; for the power a man hath is founded in the understanding, not in the will or force ; it is not a power of coercion, but a power of advice, and that government that wise men have over those who are fit to be conducted by them : said Valerius in Livy, " husbands should rather be fathers than lords." Homer adds more soft appellatives to the character of a husband's duty : " Thou art to be a father and a mother to her, and a brother," and great reason, unless the state of marriage should be no better than the condition of an orphan. For she that is bound to leave father, and mother, and brother for thee, either is miserable like a poor fatherless child, or else ought to find all these, and more, in thee. Medea in Euripides had cause to complain when she found it otherwise, which St. Ambrose well translates : " It is sad, when virgins are with their own money sold to slavery ; and that services are in better state than marriages, for they receive wages, but these buy their fetters, and pay dear for their loss of liberty ; " and therefore the Romans expressed the man's power over his wife but by a gentle word. Cicero said, " Let there be no governor of the woman appointed, but a censor of manners, one to teach the men to moderate their wives," that is, fairly to induce them to the measures of their own proportions. It was rarely observed of Philo, " When Adam made that fond excuse for his folly in eating the forbidden fruit, he said ' The woman thou gavest to be *with* me, she gave me.' He says, not ' the woman which Thou gavest *to* me,' no such thing ; she is none of his goods, none of his possessions, not to be reckoned amongst his servants ; God did not give her to him so ; but ' the woman Thou gavest to be *with* me,' that is to be my partner, the companion of my joys and sorrows, thou gavest her for use, not for dominion." The dominion of a man over his wife is no other than as the soul rules the body, for which it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions, and very often is led by its inclinations and desires, and does never contradict its appetites, but when they are evil, and then also

not without some trouble and sorrow ; and its government comes only to this, it furnishes the body with light and understanding, and the body furnishes the soul with hands and feet ; the soul governs, because the body cannot else be happy, but the government is no other than provision ; as a nurse governs a child when she causes him to eat, and to be warm, and dry, and quiet ; and yet even the very government itself is divided ; for man and wife in the family are as the sun and moon in the firmament of heaven ; he rules by day, and she by night, that is, in the lesser and more proper circles of her affairs, in the conduct of domestic provisions and necessary offices, and shines only by his light, and rules by his authority ; and as the moon in opposition to the sun shines brightest, that is, then, when she is in her own circles and separate regions ; so is the authority of the wife then most conspicuous when she is separate and in her proper sphere, *in gynæceo*, in the nursery and offices of domestic employment ; but when she is in conjunction with the sun her brother, that is, in that place and employment in which his care and proper offices are employed, her light is not seen, her authority hath no proper business ; but else there is no difference, for they were barbarous people, among whom wives were instead of servants, said Spartianus in Caracalla ; and it is a sign of impotency and weakness, to force the camels to kneel for their load, because thou hast not spirit and strength enough to climb, to make the affections and evenness of a wife bend by the flexures of a servant, is a sign that the man is not wise enough to govern, when another stands by. So many differences as can be in the appellatives of *dominus* and *domina*, governor and governess, lord and lady, master and mistress, the same difference there is in the authority of man and woman, and no more ; *Si tu Caius, ego Caia*, was publicly proclaimed on the threshold of the young man's house, when the bride entered into his hands and power ; and the title of *domina* in the sense of the civil law was among the Romans given to wives, said Virgil, where, though Servius says it was spoken after the manner of the Greeks, who called the wife " lady " or " mistress," yet it was so amongst both the nations. Therefore, although there is just measure of subjection and obedience due from the wife to the husband (as I shall after explain), yet nothing of this is expressed in the man's character, or in his duty ; he is not commanded to rule, nor instructed how, nor bidden to exact obedience, or to defend his privilege ; all his duty is signified by love, " by nourishing and cherishing," by being joined with her in all the unions of charity, by " not being bitter to her, by dwelling with her according to knowledge, giving honour to her," so that it seems to be with husbands, as it is with bishops and priests, to whom much honour is due ; but yet so that if they stand on it, and challenge it, they become less honour-

able ; and as amongst men and women humility is the way to be preferred ; so it is in husbands, they shall prevail by cession, by sweetness and counsel, and charity and compliance. So that we cannot discourse of the man's right, without describing the measures of his duty ; that therefore follows next.

2. " Let him love his wife even as himself ; " that is the duty, and the measure of it too ; which is so plain, that if he understands how he treats himself, there needs nothing be added concerning his demeanour towards her, save only that we add the particulars, in which Holy Scripture instances this general commandment.

The first, " Be not bitter against her ; " and this is the least index and signification of love. A civil man is never bitter against a friend or a stranger, much less to him that enters under his roof, and is secured by the laws of hospitality. But a wife does all that and more ; she quits all her interest for his love, she gives him all that she can give, she is as much the same person as another can be the same, who is conjoined by love and mystery, and religion, and all that is sacred and profane. They have the same fortune, the same family, the same children, the same religion, the same interest, " the same flesh," *erant duo in carnem unam* ; and therefore this the apostle urges " no man hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it ; " and he certainly is strangely sacrilegious and a violator of the rights of hospitality and sanctuary, who uses her rudely, who is fled for protection, not only to his house, but also to his heart and bosom. A wise man will not wrangle with anyone, much less with his dearest relative ; and if it is accounted indecent to embrace in public, it is extremely shameful to brawl in public, for the other is in itself lawful ; but this never, though it were assisted with the best circumstances of which it is capable. Marcus Aurelius said that " a wise man ought often to admonish his wife, to reprove her seldom, but never to lay his hands on her." And the ancients used to sacrifice to Juno, or " the president of marriage," without gall ; and St. Basil observes and urges it by way of upbraiding quarrelling husbands, " the viper casts all his poison when he marries his female." He is worse than a viper, who, for the reverence of this sacred union, will not abstain from such a poisonous bitterness ; and how shall he embrace that person whom he hath smitten reproachfully ? for those kindnesses are indecent which the fighting man pays unto his wife. St. Chrysostom, preaching earnestly against this barbarous inhumanity of striking the wife, or reviling her with evil language, says, it is as if a king should beat his viceroy and use him like a dog, from whom most of that reverence and majesty must needs depart, which he first put on him, and the subjects shall pay him less duty, how much his prince hath treated him with

less civility ; but the loss redounds to himself, and the government of the whole family shall be disordered, if blows be laid on that shoulder which, together with the other, ought to bear nothing but the cares and the issues of a prudent government. And it is observable, that no man ever did this rudeness with a virtuous end ; it is an incompetent instrument, and may proceed from wrath and folly, but can never end in virtue and the unions of a prudent and fair society. “ If you strike,” saith St. Chrysostom, “ you exasperate the wound,” and (like Cato at Utica in his despair) tear the wounds in pieces, and yet he that did so ill to himself whom he loved well, he loved not women tenderly, and yet would never strike ; and if the man cannot endure her talking, how can she endure his striking ? But this caution contains a duty in it which none prevaricates, but the meanest of the people, fools, and bedlams, whose kindness is a curse, whose government is by chance and violence, and their families are herds of talking cattle.

The marital love is infinitely removed from all possibility of such rudeness ; it is a thing pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world. “ That love,” said one, “ that can cease, was never true : ” that is, it contains in it all “ sweetness,” and all “ society,” and “ felicity,” and all “ prudence,” and all “ wisdom.” For there is nothing can please a man without love ; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise ; “ for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love : ” but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings on the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down on her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his garden of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man’s heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows ; and blessing itself cannot make him happy : so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to “ love his wife,” are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. “ She that is loved is safe ; and he that loves is joyful.” Love is a union of all things excellent ; it contains in it proportion and satisfaction, and rest and confidence ; and I wish that this were so much proceeded in that the heathens themselves could not go

beyond us in this virtue, and its proper and its appendant happiness. Tiberius Gracchus chose to die for the safety of his wife ; and yet, methinks, for a Christian to do so should be no hard thing ; for many servants will die for their masters, and many gentlemen will die for their friends ; but the examples are not so many of those that are ready to do it for their dearest relatives, and yet some there have been. Baptista Fregosa tells of a Neapolitan that gave himself a slave to the Moors, that he might follow his wife ; and Dominicus Catalusius, the prince of Lesbos, kept company with his lady when she was a leper ; and these are greater things than to die.

But the cases in which this can be required are so rare and contingent, that Holy Scripture instances not the duty in this particular ; but it contains in it that the husband should nourish and cherish her, that he should refresh her sorrows and entice her fears into confidence and pretty arts of rest ; for even the fig-trees that grew in paradise had sharp-pointed leaves, harshnesses fit to mortify the too-forward lusting after the sweetness of the fruit. But it will concern the prudence of the husband's love to make the cares and evils as simple and easy as he can, by doubling the joys and acts of a careful friendship, by tolerating her infirmities (because by so doing he either cures her or makes himself better), by fairly expounding all the little traverses of society and communication, "by taking everything by the right handle," as Plutarch's expression is ; for there is nothing but may be misinterpreted, and yet if it be capable of a fair construction, it is the office of love to make it. Love will account that to be well said, which, it may be, was not so intended ; and then it may cause it to be so another time.

3. Hither also is to be referred that he secure the interest of her virtue and felicity by a fair example ; for a wife to a husband is a line or superficies ; it hath dimensions of its own, but no motion or proper affections ; but commonly puts on such images of virtues or vices as are presented to her by her husband's idea ; and if thou beest vicious, complain not that she is infected that lies in thy bosom ; the interest of whose love ties her to transcribe thy copy, and write after the characters of thy manners. Paris was a man of pleasure, and Helena was an adulteress, and she added covetousness on her own account. But Ulysses was a prudent man, and a wary counsellor, sober and severe ; and he efformed his wife into such imagery as he desired ; and she was chaste as the snows on the mountains, diligent as the fatal sisters, always busy, and always faithful : "she had a lazy tongue, and a busy hand."

4. Above all the instances of love, let him preserve towards her an inviolable faith, and an unspotted chastity ; for this is the marriage-ring ; it ties two hearts by an eternal band ; it is like the cherubim's flaming

sword, set for the guard of paradise ; he that passes into that garden, now that it is immured by Christ and the Church, enters into the shades of death. No man must touch the forbidden tree, that is in the midst of the garden, which is the tree of knowledge and life. Chastity is the security of love, and preserves all the mysteriousness like the secrets of a temple. Under this lock is deposited security of families, the union of affections, the repairer of accidental breaches. This is a grace that is shut up and secured by all arts of heaven, and the defence of laws, the locks and bars of modesty, by honour and reputation, by fear and shame, by interest and high regards ; and that contract that is intended to be for ever is yet dissolved, and broken by the violation of this ; nothing but death can do so much evil to the holy rites of marriage as unchastity and breach of faith can. The shepherd Cratis falling in love with a she goat, had his brains beaten out with a buck as he lay asleep ; and by the laws of the Romans, a man might kill his daughter or his wife, if he surprised her in the breach of her holy vows, which are as sacred as the threads of life, secret as the privacies of the sanctuary, and holy as the society of angels ; and God that commanded us to forgive our enemies, left it in our choice, and hath not commanded us to forgive an adulterous husband or wife ; but the offended party's displeasure may pass into an eternal separation of society and friendship. Now in this grace it is fit that the wisdom and severity of the man should hold forth a pure taper, that his wife may, by seeing the beauties and transparencies of that crystal, dress her mind and her body by the light of so pure reflections ; it is certain he will expect it from the modesty and retirement, from the passive nature and colder temper, from the humility and fear, from the honour and love, of his wife, that she be pure as the eye of heaven ; and therefore it is but reason that the wisdom and nobleness, the love and confidence, the strength and severity, of the man, should be as holy and certain in this grace, as he is a severe exactor of it at her hands, who can more easily be tempted by another, and less by herself.

These are the little lines of a man's duty, which, like threads of light from the body of the sun, do clearly describe all the regions of his proper obligations. Now concerning the woman's duty, although it consists in doing whatsoever her husband commands, and so receives measures from the rules of his government, yet there are also some lines of life depicted on her hands, by which she may read and know how to proportion out her duty to her husband.

I. The first is obedience ; which, because it is nowhere enjoined that the man should exact of her, but often commanded to her to pay, gives demonstration that it is a voluntary cession that is required—such a

cession as must be without coercion and violence on his part, but on fair inducements and reasonableness in the thing, and out of love and honour on her part. When God commands us to love Him, He means we should obey Him,—“ This is love, that ye keep my commandments ; ” and “ If ye love me,” said our Lord, “ keep my commandments.” Now as Christ is to the Church, so is man to the wife, and therefore obedience is the best instance of her love, for it proclaims her submission, her humility, her opinion of his wisdom, his pre-eminence in the family, the right of his privilege, and the injunction imposed by God on her sex, that although in sorrow she bring forth children, yet with love and choice she should obey. The man’s authority is love, and the woman’s love is obedience ; and it was not rightly observed of him that said, when the woman fell, “ God made her timorous that she might be ruled,” apt and easy to obey, for this obedience is no way founded in fear, but in love and reverence ; *receptæ reverentiæ est si mulier viro subsit*, said the law. Unless also that we will add that it is an effect of that modesty which like rubies adorns the necks and cheeks of women. Said the maiden in the comedy, “ It is modesty to advance and highly to honour them, who have honoured us by making us to be the companions ” of their dearest excellences. For the woman that went before the man in the way of death is commanded to follow him in the way of love ; and that makes the society to be perfect, and the union profitable, and the harmony complete. For then the soul and body make a perfect man, when the soul commands wisely, or rules lovingly, and cares profitably, and provides plentifully, and conducts charitably that body which is its partner, and yet the inferior. But if the body shall give laws, and by the violence of the appetite first abuse the understanding, and then possess the superior portion of the will and choice, the body and the soul are not apt company, and the man is a fool, and miserable. If the soul rules not, it cannot be a companion ; either it must govern or be a slave. Never was king deposed and suffered to live in the state of peerage and equal honour, but made a prisoner or put to death ; and those women that had rather lead the blind than follow prudent guides, rule fools and easy men than obey the powerful and wise, never made a good society in a house. A wife never can become equal but by obeying, but so her power, while it is in minority, makes up the authority of the man integral, and becomes one government as themselves are one man. “ Male and female created He them, and called their name Adam,” saith the Holy Scripture ; they are but one, and therefore the several parts of this one man must stand in the place where God appointed, that the lower parts may do their offices in their own station, and promote the common interest of the whole. A ruling woman is intolerable. It is a sad calamity for a woman to be joined to a fool or

a weak person ; it is like a guard of geese to keep the Capitol ; or as if a flock of sheep should read grave lectures to their shepherd, and give him orders where he shall conduct them to pasture. . . . " To be ruled by weaker people," " to have a fool to one's master," is the fate of miserable and unblessed people : and the wife can be no ways happy unless she be governed by a prudent lord, whose commands are sober counsels, whose authority is paternal, whose orders are provisions, and whose sentences are charity.

For although in those things which are of the necessary parts of faith and holy life the woman is only subject to Christ, who only is and can be Lord of consciences, and commands alone where the conscience is instructed and convinced, yet, as it is part of the man's office to be a teacher and a prophet, and a guide and a master, so also it will relate very much to the demonstration of their affections to obey his counsels, to imitate his virtues, to be directed by his wisdom, to have her persuasion measured by the lines of his excellent religion. " It were hugely decent," saith Plutarch, " that the wife should acknowledge her husband for her teacher and her guide," for then when she is what he pleases to efform her, he hath no cause to complain if she be no better. " His precepts and wise counsels can draw her off from vanities ;" and as he said of geometry, that if she be skilled in that she will not easily be a gamester or a dancer, may perfectly be said of religion ; if she suffers herself to be guided by his counsel and efformed by his religion, either he is an ill master in his religion, or he may secure in her, and for his advantage, an excellent virtue. And although in matters of religion the husband hath no empire and command, yet if there be a place left to persuade, and entreat, and induce by arguments, there is not in a family a greater endearment of affections than the unity of religion, and anciently it was not permitted to a woman to have a religion by herself, and the rites which a woman performs severally from her husband are not pleasing to God, and therefore Pomponia Græcina, because she entertained a stranger religion, was permitted to the judgment of her husband Plantius. And this whole affair is no stranger to Christianity, for the Christian woman was not suffered to marry an unbelieving man ; and although this is not to be extended to different opinions within the limits of the common faith, yet this much advantage is won or lost by it, that the compliance of the wife, and submission of her understanding to the better rule of her husband in matters of religion, will help very much to warrant her though she would be mispersuaded in a matter less necessary, yet nothing can warrant her in her separate rites and manners of worshippings but an invincible necessity of conscience and a curious infallible truth ; and if she be deceived alone, she hath no excuse, if with him, she hath

much pity, and some degrees of warranty under the protection of humility, and duty, and dear affections. And she will find that it is part of her privilege and right to partake of the mysteries and blessings of her husband's religion. "A woman," said Romulus, "by the holy laws hath right to partake of her husband's goods, and her husband's sacrifices and holy things." Where there is a schism in one bed, there is a nursery of temptations, and love is persecuted and in perpetual danger to be destroyed; there dwell jealousies, and divided interests, and differing opinions and continual disputes, and we cannot love them so well whom we believe to be less beloved of God, and it is ill uniting with a person concerning whom my persuasion tells me that he is like to live in hell to eternal ages.

2. The next line of the woman's duty is compliance, which St. Peter calls, "the hidden man of the heart, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and to it he opposes the outward and pompous ornament of the body, concerning which as there can be no particular measure set down to all persons, but the proportions were to be measured by the customs of wise people, the quality of the woman, and the desires of the man; yet it is to be limited by Christian modesty, and the usages of the more excellent and severe matrons. Menander in the comedy brings in a man turning his wife from his house because she stained her yellow hair, which was then the beauty. A wise woman should not paint. A studious gallantry in clothes cannot make a wise man love his wife the better. Said the comedy: "Such gaieties are fit for tragedies, but not for the uses of life;" *decor occultus et tecta venustas*, that's the Christian woman's fineness; "the hidden man of the heart," sweetness of manners, humble comportment, fair interpretation of all addresses, ready compliance, high opinion of him and mean of herself, "to partake secretly, and in her heart of all his joys and sorrows," to believe him comely and fair though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him; for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eye, but with reason and the hearts, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight; and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when charity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. . . . Indeed, the outward ornament is fit to take fools, but they are not worth the taking; but she that hath a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness and the jewels of faith and charity; she must have no *fucus* but blushings, her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies. If not, her grave shall be full of rottenness and

dishonour, and her memory shall be worse after she is dead. After she is dead ; for that will be the end of all merry meetings ; and I choose this to be the last advice to both :

3. “ Remember the days of darkness, for they are many ; ” the joys of the bridal-chamber are quickly past, and the remaining portion of the state is a dull progress, without variety of joys, but not without the change of sorrows ; but that portion that shall enter into the grave must be eternal. It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and after the Egyptian manner serve up a dead man’s bones at a feast : I will only show it and take it away again ; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall at the day of their death be admitted to glorious espousals, and when they shall live again.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811-1863).

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta in 1811. His father died in 1816 and soon afterwards he was sent home to England. After a few years at the Charterhouse School, Thackeray was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, although by no means distinguishing himself in his academic studies, he made many lifelong friends, including Tennyson and Fitzgerald.

After a year of continental travel and an unsuccessful attempt to enter the legal profession, Thackeray devoted himself to journalism, became the proprietor of two papers, both of which failed, and soon found himself stripped of the by no means inconsiderable fortune which he had inherited. He now found himself thrown upon his own resources, and became a contributor to "*Fraser's Magazine*," in which appeared his "*Yellow-plush Papers*," "*Catherine*," and "*Barry Lyndon*." The turning point of Thackeray's career was the publication in monthly numbers of "*Vanity Fair*" (1847-48). This placed him in the front rank of British novelists and left him no competitor except Dickens.

"*Pendennis*," which followed in 1848-50, further enhanced his reputation and foreshadowed the "*Newcomes*," "*Henry Esmond*" and the "*Virginians*." While these latter works were in progress, Thackeray had distinguished himself for his public lectures, and in this form appeared "*The English Humourists*" (1851), and "*The Four Georges*" (1855).

Thackeray died on December 23rd, 1863.

THE REALITY OF THE NOVELIST'S CREATION

(Delivered at a Dinner in 1849).

I HAVE tried to say the truth, and as far as I know, I have tried to describe what I saw before me, as well as I best might, and to like my neighbour as well as my neighbour would let me like him. All the rest of the speech which I had prepared has fled into thin air; the only part of it which I remember was an apology

for, or rather an encomium of, the profession of us novelists, which, I am bound to say, for the honour of our calling ought to rank with the greatest literary occupations. Why should historians take precedence of us? Our personages are as real as theirs. For instance, I maintain that our friends Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose are characters as authentic as Doctor Sacheverell or Doctor Warburton, or any reverend personage of their times. Gil Blas is quite as real and as good a man as the Duke of Lerma, and, I believe, a great deal more so. I was thinking too, that Don Quixote was to my mind as real a man as Don John or the Duke of Alva; and then I was turning to the history of a gentleman of whom I am particularly fond—a school-fellow of mine before Doctor Russell's time. I was turning to the life and history of one with whom we are all acquainted, and that is one Mr. Joseph Addison, who, I remember, was made Under Secretary of State at one period of his life, under another celebrated man, Sir Charles Hedges, I think it was, but it is now so long ago, I am not sure; but I have no doubt Mr. Addison was much more proud of his connection with Sir Charles Hedges, and his place in Downing Street, and his red box, and his quarter's salary, punctually and regularly paid,—I dare say he was much more proud of these than any literary honour which he received, such as being the author of the 'Tour to Italy' and the 'Campaign.' But after all, though he was indubitably connected with Sir Charles Hedges, there was another knight with whom he was much more connected, and there was a certain Sir Roger de Coverley, whom we have always loved, and believed in a thousand times better than a thousand Sir Charles Hedges. And as I look round at this my table, gentlemen, I cannot but perceive that the materials for my favourite romances are never likely to be wanting to future authors. I don't know that anything I have written has been generally romantic; but if I were disposed to write a romance, I think I should like to try an Indian tale, and I should take for the heroes of it, or for some of the heroes of it—I would take the noble lord whom I see opposite to me (Lord Napier) with the Sutlej flowing before him, and the enemy in his front, and himself riding before the British army, with his little son Arthur and his son Charles by his side. I am sure, in all the regions of romance, I could find nothing more noble and affecting than that story, and I hope some of these days, some more able novelist will undertake it.

AUTHORS AND THEIR PATRONS

(Delivered at a Dinner in 1851).

LITERARY men are not by any means, at this present time, that most unfortunate and most degraded set of people whom they are sometimes represented to be. If foreign gentlemen should by any chance go to see 'The Rivals' represented at one of our theatres, they will see Captain Absolute and Miss Lydia Languish making love to one another, and conversing, if not in the costume of our present day, or such as gentlemen and ladies are accustomed to use, at any rate in something near it; whereas, when the old father Sir Anthony Absolute comes in, nothing will content the stage but that he should appear with red heels, large buckles, and an immense Ramilies wig. This is the stage tradition: they won't believe in an old man unless he appears in this dress, and with this wig; nor in an old lady, unless she comes forward in a quilted petticoat and high-heeled shoes; nor in Hamlet's gravedigger unless he wears some four-and-twenty waistcoats; and so on. In my trade, in my special branch of literature, the same tradition exists; and certain persons are constantly apt to bring forward, or to believe in the existence at this moment of the miserable old literary hack of the time of George II., and bring him before us as the literary man of this day. I say that that disreputable old phantom ought to be hissed out of society. I don't believe in the literary man being obliged to resort to ignoble artifices and mean flatteries to get places at the tables of the great, and to enter into society upon sufferance. I don't believe in the patrons of this present day, except such patrons as I am happy to have in you, and as any honest man might be proud to have, and shake by the hand, and be shaken by the hand by. Therefore I propose from this day forward that the oppressed literary man should disappear from among us. The times are altered; the people don't exist; "the patron and the jail," praise God, are vanished from out our institutions. It may be possible that the eminent Mr. Edmund Curl stood in the pillory in the time of Queen Anne, who, thank God, is dead; it may be, that in the reign of another celebrated monarch of these realms, Queen Elizabeth, authors who abused the persons of their honours would have their arms cut off on the first offence, and be hanged on the second. Gentlemen, what would be the position of my august friend and patron, Mr. Punch, if that were now the case? Where would be his hands, and his neck, and his ears, and his bowels? He would be disembowelled, and his members cast about the land. We don't want

patrons, we want friends ; and I thank God we have them. And as for any idea that our calling is despised by the world, I do, for my part, protest against and deny the whole statement. I have been in all sorts of society in this world, and I never have been despised that I know of.

I don't believe there has been a literary man of the slightest merit, or of the slightest mark, who did not greatly advance himself by his literary labours. I see along this august table gentlemen whom I have had the honour of shaking by the hand and gentlemen whom I never should have called my friends, but for the humble literary labours I have been engaged in. And, therefore, I say, don't let us be pitied any more. As for pity being employed upon authors, especially in my branch of the profession, if you will but look at the novelists of the present day, I think you will see it is altogether out of the question to pity them. We will take in the first place, if you please, a great novelist who is the great head of a great party in a great assembly in this country. When this celebrated man went into his county to be proposed to represent it, and he was asked on what interest he stood, he nobly said, " he stood on his head." And who can question the gallantry and brilliancy of that eminent crest of his, and what man will deny the great merit of Mr. Disraeli ? Take next another novelist, who writes from his ancestral hall, and addresses John Bull in letters on matters of politics, and John Bull buys eight editions of those letters. Is not this a prospect for a novelist ? There is a third, who is employed upon this very evening, heart and hand, heart and voice, I may say, on a work of charity. And what is the consequence ? The Queen of the realm, the greatest nobles of the empire, all the great of the world, will assemble to see him and do him honour. I say, therefore, don't let us have pity. I don't want it till I really do want it. Of course it is impossible for us to settle the mere prices by which the works of those who amuse the public are to be paid. I am perfectly aware that Signor Twankeydillo, of the Italian Opera, and Mademoiselle Petitpas, of the Haymarket, will get a great deal more money in a week, for the skilful exercise of their chest and toes, than I, or you, or any gentleman, shall be able to get by our brains and by weeks of hard labour. We cannot help these differences in payment, we know there must be high and low payments in our trade as in all trades ; that there must be gluts of the market, and over-production ; that there must be successful machinery, and rivals, and brilliant importations from foreign countries ; that there must be hands out of employ and tribulation of workmen. But these ill winds which afflict us blow fortunes to our successors. These are natural evils. It is the progress of the world, rather than any evil which we can remedy, and that is why I say this society acts most wisely and justly in endeavouring

to remedy, not the chronic distress, but the temporary evil ; that it finds a man at the moment of the pinch of necessity, helps him a little, and gives him a " God speed," and sends him on his way. For my own part I have felt that necessity, and bent under that calamity ; and it is because I have found friends who have nobly, with God's blessing, helped me at that moment of distress, that I feel deeply interested in the ends of a society (the Royal Literary Fund), which has for its object to help my brethren in similar need.

THE NOVELIST'S FUTURE LABOURS

(Delivered in 1852 at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner).

WE, from this end of the table, speak humbly and from afar off. We are the usefuls of the company, who over and over again perform our little part, deliver our little messages, and then sit down ; whereas you, yonder, are the great stars of the evening ;—you are collected with much care, and skill, and ingenuity, by the manager of this benefit performance ; you perform Macbeth and Hamlet, we are the Rosencranzes and Guildensterns ; we are the Banquos,—as I know a Banquo who has shaken his gory old wig at Drury Lane, at a dozen Macbeths. We resemble the individual in plush, whom gentlemen may have seen at the opera, who comes forward and demurely waters the stage, to the applause of the audience,—never mind who is the great Taglioni, or the Lind, or the Wagner, who is to receive all the glory. For my part, I am happy to fulfil that humble office, and to make my little spurt, and to retire, and leave the place for a greater and more able performer. How like British charity is to British valour ! It always must be well fed before it comes into action ! We see before us a ceremony of this sort which Britons always undergo with pleasure. There is no tax which the Briton pays so cheerfully as the dinner tax. Every man here, I have no doubt, who is a little acquainted with the world, must have received, in the course of the last month, a basketful of tickets, inviting him to meet in this place for some purpose or other. We have all rapped upon this table, either admiring the speaker for his eloquence, or, at any rate, applauding him when he sits down. We all of us know—we have had it a hundred times—the celebrated flavour of the old Freemasons' mock-turtle, and the celebrated Freemasons' sherry ; and if I seem to laugh at the usage, the honest, good old English usage of eating and drinking, which brings us all together, for all sorts of good purposes,—do not suppose

that I laugh at it any more than I would at good, old, honest John Bull, who has under his good, huge, boisterous exterior, a great deal of kindness and goodness at the heart of him. Our festival may be compared with such a person ; men meet here and shake hands, kind hearts grow kinder over the table, and a silent almoner issues forth from it, the festival over, and gratifies poor people, and relieves the suffering of the poor, which would never be relieved but for your kindness. So that there is a grace that follows after your meat and sanctifies it.

We have heard the historians and their calling worthily exalted just now ; but it seems to me that my calling will be the very longest and the last of those of all the literary gentlemen I see before me. Long after the present generation is dead—of readers and of authors of books—there must be kindness and generosity, and folly and fidelity, and love and heroism, and humbug in the world ; and as long as they last, my successors, or the successors of the novelists who come along after us, will have plenty to do, and plenty of subjects to write upon. There may chance to be a time when wars will be over, and the “decisive battles” of the world will not need a historian. There may arrive a time when the Court of Chancery itself will be extinguished ; and, as perhaps your lordship is aware, there is a certain author of a certain work called ‘Bleak House,’ who, for the past three months, has been assaulting the Court of Chancery in a manner that I cannot conceive that ancient institution will survive. There may be a time when the Court of Chancery will cease to exist, and when the historian of the ‘Lives of the Lord Chancellors’ will have no calling. I have often speculated upon what the successors of the novelists in future ages may have to do ; and I have fancied them occupied with the times and people of our own age. If I could fancy a man so occupied hereafter, and busied, we will say, with a heroic story, I would take the story which I heard hinted at the other night by the honoured, the oldest, the bravest, and greatest man in this country—I would take the great and glorious action of Cape Danger, when, striking to the powers above alone, the Birkenhead went down ! When, with heroic courage and endurance, the men remained on the decks, and the women and children were allowed to go away safe, as the people cheered them, and died doing their duty ! I know of no victory so sublime in any annals of the feats of English valour—I know of no story that could inspire a great author or novelist better than that. Or, suppose we should take the story of an individual of the present day, whose name has been already mentioned ; we might have a literary hero, not less literary than Mr. David Copperfield, or Mr. Arthur Pendennis, who is defunct ; we might have a literary hero who, at twenty years of age, astonished the world with his brilliant story of ‘Vivian Grey’ ; who

in a little time afterwards, and still in the youthful period of his life, amazed and delighted the public with 'The Wondrous Tale of Alroy'; who, presently following up the course of his career, and the development of his philosophical culture, explained to a breathless and listening world the great Caucasian mystery; who, quitting literature, then went into politics; met, faced, and fought, and conquered the great political giant and great orator of those days; who subsequently led thanes and earls to battle, and caused reluctant squires to carry his lance; and who, but the other day, went in a gold coat to kiss the hand of his Sovereign, as Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer. What a hero that will be for some future novelist, and what a magnificent climax for the third volume of his story!

GEORGE THE THIRD

(A Lecture).

WE have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period would occupy our allotted time, and we should have all text and no sermon. England has to undergo the revolt of the American colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendours, has to pass away; generations of statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored. Napoleon is to be but an episode, and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

When I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where

we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man: 'that is Bona-parté! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!' There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man, with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

With the same childish attendant, I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the guards pacing before the gates of the palace. The palace! What palace? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the Royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to Saint James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the 'Athenæum Club;' as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the 'United Services Club,' opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now—the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumour—the English Forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last dispatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few anti-quarjans whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königs-marck's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25, Walter Scott used to live; at the house, now No. 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brooks's; and stately William Pitt stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr. Addison and Dick Steele, both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the streets, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his carriage, with a gimcrack just bought at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.

In the published letters to George Selwyn we get a mass of correspondence by no means so brilliant and witty as Walpole's, or so bitter

and bright as Hervey's, but as interesting, and even more descriptive of the time, because the letters are the work of many hands. You hear more voices speaking, as it were, and more natural than Horace's dandified treble, and Sporus's malignant whisper. As one reads the Selwyn letters—as one looks at Reynolds' noble pictures illustrative of those magnificent times and voluptuous people—one almost hears the voice of the dead past; the laughter and the chorus; the toast called over the brimming cups; the shout at the race-course or the gaming-table; the merry joke frankly spoken to the laughing fine lady. How fine those ladies were, those ladies who heard and spoke such coarse jokes; how grand those gentlemen!

I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey: the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly: children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing: chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding: servants do not say 'your honour' and 'your worship' at every moment: tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes: authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's anterooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his Lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees whilst the Sovereign was reading a dispatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil!

At the accession of George III., the patricians were yet as the height of their good fortune. Society recognised their superiority, which they themselves pretty calmly took for granted. They inherited not only titles and estates, and seats in the House of Peers, but seats in the House of Commons. There was a multitude of Government places, and not merely these, but bribes of actual £500 notes, which members of the House took not much shame in receiving. Fox went into Parliament at twenty: Pitt when just of age: his father when not much older. It was the good time for patricians. Small blame to them if they took and enjoyed, and over-enjoyed, the prizes of politics, the pleasures of social life.

In these letters to Selwyn, we are made acquainted with a whole society of these defunct fine gentlemen: and can watch with a curious

interest a life which the novel writers of that time, I think, have scarce touched upon. To Smollett, to Fielding even, a lord was a lord : a gorgeous being with a blue ribbon, a coroneted chair, and an immense star on his bosom, to whom commoners paid reverence. Richardson, a man of humbler birth than either of the above two, owned that he was ignorant regarding the manners of the aristocracy, and besought Mrs. Donnellan, a lady who had lived in the great world, to examine a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and point out any errors which she might see in this particular. Mrs. Donnellan found so many faults, that Richardson changed colour ; shut up the book ; and muttered that it were best to throw it in the fire. Here, in Selwyn, we have the real original men and women of fashion of the early time of George III. We can follow them to the new club at Almack's : we can travel over Europe with them : we can accompany them not only to the public places, but to their country-houses and private society. Here is a whole company of them ; wits and prodigals ; some persevering in their bad ways ; some repentant, but relapsing ; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains. Those fair creatures whom we love in Reynolds' portraits, and who still look out on us from his canvases with their sweet calm faces and gracious smiles—those fine gentlemen who did us the honour to govern us ; who inherited their boroughs ; took their ease in their patent places ; and slipped Lord North's bribes so elegantly under their ruffles—we make acquaintance with a hundred of these fine folks, hear their talk and laughter, read of their loves, quarrels, intrigues, debts, duels, divorces ; can fancy them alive if we read the book long enough. We can attend at Duke Hamilton's wedding, and behold him marry his bride with the curtain-ring : we can peep into her poor sister's death-bed ; we can see Charles Fox cursing over the cards or March bawling out the odds at Newmarket ; we can imagine Burgoyne tripping off from St. James' Street to conquer the Americans, and slinking back into the club somewhat crestfallen after his beating ; we can see the young King dressing himself for the drawing-room and asking ten thousand questions regarding all the gentlemen : we can have high life or low, the struggle at the Opera to behold the Violetta or the Zamperini—the Macaronis and fine ladies in their chairs trooping to the masquerade or Madame Cornelys's—the crowd at Drury Lane to look at the body of Miss Ray, whom Parson Hackman has just pistoled—or we can peep into Newgate, when poor Mr. Rice the forger is waiting his fate and his supper. ' You need not be particular about the sauce for his fowl,' says one turnkey to another ; ' for you know he is to be hanged in the morning.' ' Yes,' replies the second janitor, ' but the chaplain sups with him, and he is a terrible fellow for melted butter.'

Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Doctor Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth, never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away ; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he revelled, played out ; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls ; all the fine gentlemen whose shoe buckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank Heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn's errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman's proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensberry—old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home 'after a hard day's christening,' as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thought of ox-cheek and burgundy—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master's shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.'s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers' ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly ; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lickspittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, 'he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery.' Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air ? Around a young King, himself of the most exemplary life and undoubted piety, lived a court society as dissolute as our country ever knew. George II.'s bad morals bore their fruit in George III.'s early years ; as I believe that a knowledge of that good man's example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, and God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country and purify the whole nation.

After Warner, the most interesting of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the amiable nobleman at present Viceroy in Ireland. The grandfather, too, was Irish Viceroy, having previously been treasurer of the King's household ; and, in 1778, the principal Commissioner for treating, consulting, and agreeing upon the means of quieting the divisions subsisting in His Majesty's colonies, plantations, and possessions in North America. You may read his Lordship's manifestoes in the *Royal New York Gazette*. He returned to England, having by no means quieted the colonies ; and speedily afterwards the *Royal New York Gazette* somehow ceased to be published.

This good, clever, kind, highly-bred Lord Carlisle was one of the English fine gentlemen who were well-nigh ruined by the awful debauchery and extravagance which prevailed in the great English society of those

days. Its dissoluteness was awful : it had swarmed over Europe after the Peace ; it had danced, and raced, and gambled in all the Courts. It had made its bow at Versailles ; it had run its horses on the plain of Sablons, near Paris, and created the Anglomania there : it had imported vast quantities of pictures and marbles from Rome and Florence : it had ruined itself by building great galleries and palaces for the reception of the statues and pictures : it had brought over singing-women and dancing-women from all the operas of Europe, on whom my Lords lavished their thousands, whilst they left their honest wives and honest children languishing in the lonely deserted splendours of the castle and park at home.

Besides the great London society of those days, there was another unacknowledged world, extravagant beyond measure, tearing about in the pursuit of pleasure ; dancing, gambling, drinking, singing ; meeting the real society in the public places (at Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls, and Ridottos, about which our old novelists talk so constantly), and outvying the real leaders of fashion in luxury, and splendour, and beauty. For instance, when the famous Miss Gunning visited Paris as Lady Coventry, where she expected that her beauty would meet with the applause which had followed her and her sister through England, it appears she was put to flight by an English lady still more lovely in the eyes of the Parisians. A certain Mrs. Pitt took a box at the opera opposite the Countess ; and was so much handsomer than her Ladyship, that the parterre cried out that this was the real English Angel, whereupon Lady Coventry quitted Paris in a huff. The poor thing died presently of consumption, accelerated, it was said, by the red and white paint with which she plastered those luckless charms of hers. (We must represent to ourselves all fashionable female Europe at that time, as plastered with white, and raddled with red.) She left two daughters behind her, whom George Selwyn loved (he was curiously fond of little children), and who are described very drolly and pathetically in these letters, in their little nursery, where passionate little Lady Fanny if she had not good cards, flung hers into Lady Mary's face ; and where they sat conspiring how they should receive a mother-in-law whom their papa presently brought home. They got on very well with their mother-in-law, who was very kind to them ; and they grew up, and they were married, and they were both divorced afterwards — poor little souls ! Poor painted mother, poor society, ghastly in its pleasures, its loves, its revelries !

As for my Lord Commissioner, we can afford to speak about him ; because, though he was a wild and weak Commissioner at one time, though he hurt his estate, though he gambled and lost ten thousand

pounds at a sitting—' five times more,' says the unlucky gentleman, ' than I ever lost before ; ' though he swore he never would touch a card again ; and yet, strange to say, went back to the table and lost still more ; yet he repented of his errors, sobered down, and became a worthy peer and a good country gentleman, and returned to the good wife and the good children whom he had always loved with the best part of his heart. He had married at one-and-twenty. He found himself, in the midst of a dissolute society, at the head of a great fortune. Forced into luxury, and obliged to be a great lord and a great idler, he yielded to some temptations, and paid for them a bitter penalty of manly remorse ; from some others he fled wisely, and ended by conquering them nobly. But he always had the good wife and children in his mind, and they saved him. ' I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London,' he writes to G. Selwyn, as he is embarking for America, ' I can only say, I never knew till that moment of parting, what grief was.' There is no parting now, where they are. The faithful wife, the kind generous gentleman, have left a noble race behind them ; an inheritor of his name and titles, who is beloved as widely as he is known ; a man most kind, accomplished, gentle, friendly, and pure ; and female descendants occupying high stations and embellishing great names ; some renowned for beauty, and all for spotless lives, and pious matronly virtues.

Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century ; and who certainly, as earl or duke, young man or greybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about old Q. are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chronicles, the observer of human nature may follow him, drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career, when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Don Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly, where they used to show a certain low window at which old Q. sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by.

There must have been a great deal of good about this lazy sleepy George Selwyn, which, no doubt, is set to his present credit. ' Your friendship,' writes Carlisle to him, ' is so different from anything I have ever met with or seen in the world, that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness, it seems to me like a dream.' ' I have lost my oldest friend and acquaintance, G. Selwyn,' writes Walpole to Miss Berry : ' I really loved him, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities.' I am glad, for my part, that such a lover of cakes and ale should have had a thousand good qualities—that he should have been friendly, generous, warm-hearted, trustworthy. ' I rise at

six,' writes Carlisle to him, from Spa (a great resort of fashionable people in our ancestors' days), 'play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening, till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton your dog till twelve, in your dressing-gown; then creep down to "White's"; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a sedan-chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling.' Occasionally, instead of sleeping at 'White's,' George went down and snoozed in the House of Commons by the side of Lord North. He represented Gloucester for many years, and had a borough of his own, Ludgershall, for which when he was too lazy to contest Gloucester, he sat himself. 'I have given directions for the election of Ludgershall to be of Lord Melbourne and myself,' he writes to the Premier, whose friend he was, and who was himself as sleepy, as witty, and as good-natured as George.

If, in looking at the lives of the princes, courtiers, men of rank and fashion, we must perforce depict them as idle, profligate, and criminal, we must make allowances for the rich men's failings, and recollect that we, too, were very likely indolent and voluptuous, had we no motive for work, a mortal's natural taste for pleasure, and the daily temptation of a large income. What could a great peer, with a great castle and park, and a great fortune do, but be splendid and idle? In these letters of Lord Carlisle's from which I have been quoting, there is many a just complaint made by the kind-hearted young nobleman of the state which he is obliged to keep, the magnificence in which he must live; the idleness in which his position as a peer of England bound him. Better for him had he been a lawyer at his desk, or a clerk in his office;—a thousand times better chance for happiness, educational employment, security from temptation. A few years since, the profession of arms was the only one which our nobles could follow. The Church, the Bar, medicine, literature, the arts, commerce, were below them. It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England: the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies: these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age. How small the grandees and the men of pleasures look beside them! how contemptible the stories of the George III. Court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor, compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy and Langton, and Goldsmith and poor Bozzy at the table! I declare, I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds

was the finest gentleman. And they were good as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess, or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labour: they rested, and took their kindly pleasure, they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought: they were no pruders, but no blush need follow their conversation: they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the 'Turk's Head,' even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre!—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labour. O you fine gentlemen! you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening 'till he can scarcely crawl,' gaily contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's, 'carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him.' Do you remember the verses—the sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend Levett?

' Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend;
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,
 And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdained by pride,
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
 And sure the Eternal Master found
 His single talent well employed.'

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician ?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us ?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and Church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation : his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the Sovereign, whole generations rallied to the King. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle ; and the oracle declared for Church and King. What a humanity the old man had ! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures : a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. ' What, boys, are you for a frolic ? ' he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight : ' I'm with you.' And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had ' the liberty of the scenes,' he says, ' All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a curtsy as they passed to the stage.' That would make a pretty picture : it is a pretty picture, in my mind, of youth, folly, gaiety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes.

George III. and his Queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house, on the site of the hideous pile under which his granddaughter at present reposes. The King's mother inhabited Carlton House, which contemporary prints represent with a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and vistas of classic statues. She admired these in company with my Lord Bute, who had a fine classic taste, and sometimes counsel took tea in the pleasant green arbours along with that polite nobleman. Bute was hated with a rage of which there have been few examples in English history. He was the butt for everybody's abuse ; for Wilkes's devilish mischief ; for Churchill's slashing satire ; for the hooting of the mob that roasted the boot, his emblem, in a thousand bonfires ; that hated him because he was a favourite and a Scotchman, calling him ' Mortimer,' ' Lothario,' I know not what names, and accusing his Royal mistress of all sorts of crimes—the grave, lean, demure elderly woman, who, I dare say, was quite as good as her neighbours ; Chatham lent the aid of his great malice to influence

the popular sentiment against her. He assailed in the House of Lords 'the secret influence, more mighty than the throne itself, which betrayed and clogged every administration.' The most furious pamphlets echoed the cry. 'Impeach the King's mother,' was scribbled over every wall at the Court end of the town, Walpole tells us. What had she done? What had Frederick, Prince of Wales, George's father, done, that he was so loathed by George II. and never mentioned by George III.? Let us not seek for stones to batter that forgotten grave, but acquiesce in the contemporary epitaph over him :—

' Here lies Fred,
 Who was alive, and is dead.
 Had it been his father,
 I had much rather.
 Had it been his brother,
 Still better than another.
 Had it been his sister,
 No one would have missed her.
 Had it been the whole generation,
 Still better for the nation.
 But since 'tis only Fred,
 Who was alive, and is dead,
 There's no more to be said.'

The widow with eight children round her prudently reconciled herself with the King, and won the old man's confidence and good will. A shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, she educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull boy : she kept him very close : she held the tightest rein over him ; she had curious prejudices and bigotries. His uncle, the burly Cumberland, taking down a sabre once, and drawing it to amuse the child—the boy started back and turned pale. The Prince felt a generous shock : " What must they have told him about me ? " he asked.

His mother's bigotry and hatred he inherited with the courageous obstinacy of his own race ; but he was a firm believer where his fathers had been freethinkers, and a true and fond supporter of the Church, of which he was the titular defender. Like other dull men, the King was all his life suspicious of superior people. He did not like Fox ; he did not like Reynolds ; he did not like Nelson, Chatham, Burke ; he was testy at the idea of all innovations, and suspicious of all innovators. He loved mediocrities ; Benjamin West was his favourite painter ; Beattie was his poet. The King lamented, not without pathos, in his after life, that

his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his taste, and taught his perceptions some generosity.

But he admired as well as he could. There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, —a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the most trivial remarks on the blessings of peace—struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him upon selecting the young princess as the sharer of his throne. I pass over the stories of his juvenile loves—of Hannah Lightfoot, the Quakeress, to whom they say he was actually married (though I don't know who has ever seen the register)—of lovely black-haired Sarah Lennox, about whose beauty Walpole has written in raptures, and who used to lie in wait for the young Prince, and make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House. He sighed and he longed but he rode away from her. Her picture still hangs in Holland House, a magnificent masterpiece of Reynolds, a canvas worthy of Titian. She looks from the castle window, holding a bird in her hand, at black-eyed young Charles Fox, her nephew. The Royal bird flew away from lovely Sarah. She had to figure as bridesmaid at her little Mecklenburg rival's wedding, and died in our own time a quiet old lady, who had become the mother of the heroic Napiers.

They say the little Princess who had written the fine letter about the horrors of war—a beautiful letter without a single blot, for which she was to be rewarded, like the heroine of the old spelling-book story—was at play one day with some of her companions in the gardens of Strelitz, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. 'Who will take such a poor little princess as me?' Charlotte said to her friend, Ida von Bulow, and at that very moment the postman's horn sounded, and Ida said, 'Princess! there is the sweetheart.' As she said, so it actually turned out. The postman brought letters from the splendid young King of all England, who said, 'Princess! because you have written such a beautiful letter, which does credit to your head and heart, come and be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!' So she jumped for joy; and went upstairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, with a harpsichord on board for her to play upon, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers; and the distinguished Madame Auerbach complimented her with an ode, a translation of which may be read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the present day.

They met, and they were married, and for years they led the happiest simplest lives sure ever led by married couple. It is said the king winced when he first saw his homely little bride ; but, however that may be, he was a true and faithful husband to her, as she was a faithful and loving wife. They had the simplest pleasures—the very mildest and simplest—little country dances, to which a dozen couples were invited, and where the honest King would stand up and dance for three hours at a time to one tune ; after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper (the Court people grumbling sadly at that absence of supper), and get up quite early the next morning, and perhaps the next night have another dance ; or the Queen would play on the spinet—she played pretty well, Haydn said—or the King would read to her a paper out of the *Spectator*, or perhaps one of Ogden's sermons. O Arcadia ! what a life it must have been ! There used to be Sunday drawing-rooms at Court ; but the young King stopped these, as he stopped all that godless gambling whereof we have made mention. Not that George was averse to any innocent pleasures, or pleasures which he thought innocent. He was a patron of the arts, after his fashion ; kind and gracious to the artists whom he favoured, and respectful to their calling. He wanted once to establish an Order of Minerva for literary and scientific characters ; the knights were to take rank after the Knights of the Bath, and to sport a straw-coloured ribbon and a star of sixteen points. But there was such a row among the *litterati* as to the persons who should be appointed, that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down amongst us.

He objected to painting St. Paul's, as Popish practice ; accordingly, the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings, too, were spared, for painting and drawing were woefully unsound at the close of the last century ; and it is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the clergyman) than to look at Opie's pitchy canvases, or Fuseli's livid monsters.

And yet there is one day in the year—a day when old George loved with all his heart to attend it—when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world : when five thousand children with cheeks like nose-gays, and sweet fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendours, Crystal Palace openings, Pope's chapels with their processions of long tailed cardinals and quavering choirs of fat soprani—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Charity Children's Day. *Non Angli, sed angeli.* As one looks at that beautiful multitude of innocents : as

the first note strikes ; indeed one may almost fancy that cherubs are singing.

Of Church music the King was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and as a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behaviour at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from 'Samson Agonistes,' and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He is said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much ; farces and pantomimes were his joy ; and especially when clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, 'My gracious monarch, do compose yourself.' But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.

There is something to me exceedingly touching in that simple early life of the King's. As long as his mother lived—a dozen years after his marriage with the little spinet-player—he was a great shy awkward boy under the tutelage of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, domineering, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom, mistrusting almost all people who came about her children. Seeing the young Duke of Gloucester silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause of his silence. 'I am thinking,' said the poor child. 'Thinking, sir ! and of what ?' 'I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me.' The other sons were all wild, except George. Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the King's mother at Carlton House. She had a throat-complaint, of which she died ; but to the last persisted in driving about the streets to show she was alive. The night before her death the resolute woman talked with her son and daughter-in-law as usual, went to bed, and was found dead there in the morning. 'George, be a king !' were the words which she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son ; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be.

He did his best ; he worked according to his lights ; what virtue he knew, he tried to practise ; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He was for ever drawing maps, for example, and learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories and genealogies of his gentry, and pretty histories

he must have known. He knew the whole *Army List*; and all the facings, and the exact number of the buttons and all the tags and laces, and the cut of all the cocked-hats, pigtails, and gaiters in his army. He knew the *personnel* of the Universities; what doctors were inclined to Socinianism, and who were sound Churchmen; he knew the etiquettes of his own and his grandfather's Courts to a nicety, and the smallest particulars regarding the routine of ministers, secretaries, embassies, audiences; the humblest page in the anteroom, or the meanest helper in the stables or kitchen. These parts of the Royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of an office, almost divine, performed by any mortal man—of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the implicit obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war at his offence or quarrel; to command, 'in this way you shall trade, in this way you shall think; these neighbours shall be your allies whom you shall help, these others your enemies whom you shall slay at my orders; in this way you shall worship God;'—who can wonder that, when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

Yet there is something grand about his courage. The battle of the King with his aristocracy remains yet to be told by the historian who shall view the reign of George more justly than the trumpety panegyrists who wrote immediately after his decease. It was he, with the people to back him, who made the war with America; it was he and the people who refused justice to the Roman Catholics; and on both questions he beat the patricians. He bribed: he bullied: he darkly dissembled on occasion: he exercised a slippery perseverance, and a vindictive resolution, which one almost admires as one thinks his character over. His courage was never to be beat. It trampled North under foot: it bent the stiff neck of the younger Pitt: even his illness never conquered that indomitable spirit. As soon as his brain was clear, it resumed the scheme, only laid aside when his reason left him: as soon as his hands were out of the strait-waistcoat, they took up the pen and the plan which had engaged him up to the moment of his malady. I believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world has been perpetrated. Arguing on that convenient premiss, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning; Father Dominic would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the Most Catholic King, and the Archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen. Protestants were roasted, Jesuits hung and quartered at Smithfield, and witches burned at Salem, and all by worthy people, who believed they had the best authority for their actions.

And so, with respect to old George, even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. Appended to Lord Brougham's biographical sketch of Lord North are some autograph notes of the King, which let us most curiously into the state of his mind. 'The times certainly require,' says he, 'the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy, I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominions, therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects.' That is the way he reasoned. 'I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel.' Remember that he believed himself anointed by a Divine commission; remember that he was a man of slow parts and imperfect education; that the same awful will of Heaven which placed a crown upon his head, which made him tender to his family, pure in his life, courageous and honest, made him dull of comprehension, obstinate of will, and at many times deprived him of reason. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children must be flogged into obedience. He was the defender of the Protestant faith; he would rather lay that stout head upon the block than that Catholics should have a share in the government of England. And you do not suppose that there are not honest bigots enough in all countries to back kings in this kind of statesmanship? Without doubt the American war was popular in England. In 1775 the address in favour of coercing the colonies was carried by 304 to 105 in the Commons, by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. Popular?—so was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes popular in France: so was the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew: so was the Inquisition exceedingly popular in Spain.

Wars and revolutions are, however, the politician's province. The great events of this long reign, the statesmen and orators who illustrated it, I do not pretend to make the subject of an hour's light talk. Let us return to our humbler duty of Court gossip. Yonder sits our little Queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and ladylike; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew: that one played the piano: they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suites of rooms—pretty smiling Penelopes—with their busy little needles. As we picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies and full skirts, needling away, whilst one of the number, or per-

haps a favoured gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out 'Jonathan Wild' to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the Princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the Royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, 'Thank you, gentlemen.'

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such Royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; often asked a man a hundred questions: about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the Royal pencil: 'Five guineas to buy a jack.' It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folk—and patted the little

white head. 'Whose little boy are you?' asks the Windsor uniform. 'I am the King's beefeater's little boy,' replied the child. On which the King said, 'Then kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand.' But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. 'No,' said he, 'I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches.' The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorsteps; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. 'What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?' asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, 'Yes, your Majesty.' 'Why, then, my boys,' said he, 'let us have a huzzay!' After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose in every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

Their Majesties were very sociable potentates: and the Court Chronicler tells of numerous visits which they paid to their subjects, gentle and simple, with whom they dined; at whose great country-houses they stopped; or at whose poorer lodgings they affably partook of tea and bread-and-butter. Some of the great folk spent enormous sums in entertaining their sovereigns. As marks of special favour, the King and Queen sometimes stood as sponsors for the children of the nobility. We find Lady Salisbury was so honoured in the year 1786; and in the year 1802, Lady Chesterfield. The *Court News* relates how her Ladyship received their Majesties on a state bed 'dressed with white satin and a profusion

of lace ; the counterpane of white satin embroidered with gold, and the bed of crimson satin lined with white.' The child was first brought by the nurse to the Marchioness of Bath, who presided as chief nurse. Then the Marchioness handed baby to the Queen. Then the Queen handed the little darling to the Bishop of Norwich, the officiating clergyman ; and, the ceremony over, a cup of caudle was presented by the Earl to His Majesty on one knee, on a large gold waiter, placed on a crimson velvet cushion. Misfortunes would occur in these interesting genuflectory ceremonies of Royal worship. Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, a very fat, puffy man, in a most gorgeous Court-suit, had to kneel, Cumberland says, and was so fat and so tight that he could not get up again. ' Kneel, sir, kneel ! ' cried my Lord-in-waiting to a country mayor who had to read an address, but who went on with his compliment standing. ' Kneel, sir, kneel ! ' cries my Lord, in dreadful alarm. ' I can't ' says the Mayor, turning round ; ' don't you see I have got a wooden leg ? ' In the capital ' Burney Diary and Letters,' the home and Court life of good old King George and good old Queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The King rose every morning at six : and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bedroom. Shortly before eight, the Queen and the Royal Family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the King's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages : the chapel was scarcely alight ; princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold : but cold or hot it was their duty to go : and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say amen to the chaplain.

The Queen's character is represented in ' Burney ' at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman ; a very grand lady on State occasions, simple enough in ordinary life ; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books ; stingy, but not unjust ; not generally unkind to her dependants, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favour, in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary Court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down : she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancour such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own : not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long

days about which nobody will ever know anything now ; when he was not quite insane ; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution ; and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable ennui. The Queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening, the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. ' Let her stand,' said the Queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had to hold the child till his beard was grown. ' I am seventy years of age,' the Queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan : ' I have been fifty years Queen of England, and I never was insulted before.' Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little Queen ! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

Of all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his Queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favourite amongst all the children : of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The King's house was not big enough to hold the Prince ; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit : talked to no one else ; had talked of no one else for some time before. The Prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London, the next day, he said. The dullness of the old King's Court stupefied York and the other big sons of George III. They scared equerries and ladies, frightened the modest little circle, with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the King's sons to the King.

But the pretty Amelia was his darling ; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. There is a family picture in ' Burney,' which a man must be very hard-hearted not to like. She describes an after-dinner walk of the Royal family at Windsor.

' It was really a mighty pretty procession,' she says. ' The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed ; for all the terracers stand up against the walls, to make a clear passage for the Royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the King and Queen, no

less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed.'

'Office here takes place of rank,' says Burney,—to explain how it was that Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, as lady of the bedchamber, walked before a duchess.

'General Bude, and the Duke of Montague, and Major Price as equerry, brought up the rear of the procession.'

One sees it : the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy loyal crowd, and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward ; the Royal standard drooping from the great tower yonder ; as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonised father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November 1810 George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady : all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly Courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless : he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had ; in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story ; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it ? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings

and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers,' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this Royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies, to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely, our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

"Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!"

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

(1797-1877).

THIERS has gained a place in history as the skilful leader of France after the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War and as the first President of the Third Republic. This was the climax of a political career that had begun in 1832.

He had commenced as a journalist and historian of Liberal opinions the first two volumes of the ten volumes of his "History of the French Revolution," which appeared in 1823. The book was popular, but it is not accurate history. On the formation of Polignac's conservative ministry in 1829, he helped to start an opposition newspaper, the "National," and was one of the chief supporters of the revolution of the following year that placed Louis Philippe on the throne. He became Minister of the Interior and for a time practically the Prime Minister, and also quarrelled with Guizot his rival both in politics and literature. He resigned in 1836 and went into opposition, only to become president of the council and Minister of the Interior a second time for a few months in 1840. He now commenced his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," the first volume appearing in 1845. With the advent of the second republic he took up the position of a "conservative republican," one who wished to see France governed by a legislative assembly and a constitutional government, without caring much whether the head of the State were crowned or not. He voted nevertheless for Louis Napoleon as president, but during the years 1863-70 he distinguished himself as one of the most formidable opponents of the empire.

His opportunity came when the empire collapsed under the strain of the Prussian war. He was regarded by the nation as the one man capable of bringing France as honourably as possible through the inevitable humiliation of defeat. He arranged an armistice with Bismarck; a National Assembly was summoned and he became "head of the executive"—virtually President. His negotiations for peace were successful and approved by the nation, and he retained his office for two years afterwards. In 1873, owing to the attacks upon him he resigned. He had not been a popular figure in parliament. He was a convinced protectionist and a believer in long military service and both

were becoming unpopular in France ; he was too headstrong and outspoken to maintain the attitude necessary for a President ; and none of the parties seem to have liked him.

He had a disagreeable voice and wisely avoided an ornate rhetorical style ; but he was a very effective speaker " in a kind of conversational manner " and his epigrammatic powers in debate coined many famous sayings.

FRANCE, ITALY AND GERMANY

(Delivered in Paris).

THE subject of my speech to-day is the situation of Europe, and particularly that of France as regards Europe. The situation is serious, and if it were possible to doubt that fact you have only to consider the Bill introduced a few days ago with the object of increasing our armaments to an unprecedented extent.

Not France alone, but all the States, large and small, are acting in this manner. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, all have embarked upon the system which consists in calling to arms the greatest possible proportion of the population ; the larger States even have embarked upon it, although the number of their inhabitants made recourse to this extreme measure unnecessary. Austria has adopted the system, although in urgent need of repose. Italy, who is in need of repose also, and whose duty it is to respect the repose of Europe after having plunged it in such turmoil, Italy has rejected the idea of disarmament, though so desirable in the present state of her finances. Spain, protected by both the Pyrenees and her distant situation, has recently doubled her peace effective. England, whose insular position forms a still better defence, is trying to remedy the inadequacies of the voluntary system. Russia, so powerfully armed since the negotiations relative to Poland, has just ordered a new recruitment. I say nothing of Prussia, the cause of all our disquiet. Everyone knows what Prussia is doing ; the Government certainly knows, for if the Government did not it would be the one person in ignorance.

I repeat, that such a situation is grave, and, consulting my memory, I cannot recall anything like it. We must, however, examine it without excitement or illusions, and to my mind the best way to appreciate it is to trace it back to its causes, for when you have discovered the causes of an evil, whatever the evil be, you are on the path where the remedy may be found, if a remedy exist.

These causes lie, in my opinion, in the erroneous ideas which have been prevalent for a number of years concerning European polity. These erroneous ideas, adopted, exploited by ambitious Governments which make use of them without believing in them, propagated by unwise Governments which have not understood them, and above all, cannot make use of them, but favour them simply as a means of winning popularity, these erroneous ideas, I say, have already resulted in the upheaval of half Europe, and will complete the upheaval of the other half if their circulation is not arrested.

I must now arraign these ideas before you and thoroughly examine them, and in order to dissipate all uncertainty, I will at once specify them.

Formerly, when a State threatened any of the great interests of Europe it was immediately confronted by the great interest of the balance of power. This was the argument wielded against the house of Austria when, uniting Germany and Spain, she menaced the independence of the other States ; it was the argument wielded against Louis XIV. when his arrogance stirred up Europe's resentment and his activities awakened her uneasiness ; it was the argument wielded last century against England, when she refused to recognize the rights of the neutral flag ; it was the argument wielded against Napoleon as he swiftly strode across Europe ; and finally it was the argument which we ourselves a few years ago wielded against Russia when we had to destroy the great fortress of Sebastopol, such a menace to Constantinople.

To-day, in the eyes of the new reformers of the European polity, this argument has become ridiculous. They smile when they hear it. Why? Because, they say, Europe is crumbling on all hands, and it is inappropriate to speak of a balance in the midst of ruins. This remark seems to me to show that they do not properly understand the subject which they are treating so lightly. The balance of power is not a situation, it is a principle. It is the principle of the general interest opposed to the individual interest, the interest of all the nations opposed to the interest of a single nation.

The Europe of old, they say, is crumbling on all sides. It is true that if you look at Europe you find young and ambitious States ; States which have reached maturity and are now stationary ; States which are declining.

But, birth, development, maturity, then decline and death—this is the law of all beings, of the smallest as of the greatest, of those which last a few hours as of those whose existence, prolonged through the vast ages, is counted by thousands of centuries ; it is the common, the universal law. It is the common law, which States do not escape any

more than men. Men grow old, as I myself know ; so do States ! What has become of the Spain of Charles the Fifth, who enfolded Europe in her mighty arms ? What has become of Holland, whose victorious fleets covered the seas ? What has become of that Sweden who, led by Gustavus Adolphus, threatened the gates of Vienna ?

These great Powers have suffered the common fate. But Europe, now seized by wild insanity, has decided to destroy declining States. A community might as well propose to destroy everyone over a certain age. No, such madness has never before been seen. But, it is said, these declining States must be constituted on a new basis. What basis ? That of nationalities, that which consists in conformity of origin and race, as proved by uniformity of language. If the right of existence depended on containing one race only, there is not a State in Europe which to-day could claim this right, for all are composed of different races moulded together by time.

This theory of nationalities having progressed rapidly, as everything progresses in this century, has led to the theory of great agglomerations, which supposes the disappearance of all the small States.

What is the reason given for these agglomerations ? A reason worthy of the theory. Because America is growing, growing rapidly, because she counts 31 to 32 million inhabitants, and in all probability will soon count 40 to 50 million, I say because America, who is 3,000 miles away, who is not thinking of visiting us, and only hopes that we shall not visit her, because America, 3,000 miles away, is growing rapidly, we must countenance the creation on our frontiers, at our very gates, of States of 30, 40, 50 million men ! At every step I take in exposing these theories my astonishment increases, and I feel tempted to repeat a remark I ventured to make with regard to Mexico. Although on that occasion it drew down upon me a sharp rebuke from the Minister I will recall it, and I will say frankly that my reason is confounded—yes, confounded—when I find such theories professed, not only by certain romantic writers, but by Governments themselves, and figuring in public documents of the greatest importance. Indeed, at the present moment these doctrines exercise a strange influence on almost all Governments ; they dictate the acts of some, the language of others. Now, we must discuss them seriously. That is the difficult task to which I now address myself, and I confess at once I cannot fulfil it without your help—I must not say your friendly help, which certainly I should consider an honour but which I have no right to claim. I go no further than asking for your help in the form of the patient and indulgent attention which you have sometimes given me.

And now allow me to recall the duties which are laid upon us all to-day ; upon myself, in the first place, who am here to discuss the important interests of the nations. My duty is to bring to these solemn discussions the earnestness which they deserve, the lucidity which imparts its full force to truth, the moderation which robs it of its dangers, if truth has any dangers. And after having spoken of my duties, let me remind you of yours, not that I would presume to instruct you in them—heaven keep me from such presumption !—but in order that I may find support in them for the difficult task I have to accomplish. Do not let us forget that in times like those we live in, when events press hard upon one another and effects follow so closely upon their causes, everything is of gravity. By speaking, by remaining silent, by listening, by refusing to listen, we take upon ourselves some of that immense responsibility which weighs upon us all. And allow me to say that posterity (I do not hesitate to use this solemn word on the present occasion) posterity, destined to gather the fruits, perhaps the early fruits of our resolves, will turn to us, whoever we are, to demand from our memory a severe account for the duties we have left undone. After these preliminary reflections I take up the subject in hand.

To judge the new policy we must compare it, I will not say with the old policy, but with the inevitable policy of every nation which has guarded its liberty, its dignity, its true interests.

The European State system—and here, to illumine these great questions we must proceed with the torch of history in our hands—the European State system begins at the end of the fifteenth century—that is to say, at the moment when the principal Powers, having recovered from the disintegration to which the feudal system had brought them, tended to form anew ; the moment when the House of Hapsburg, having succeeded in securing the Imperial dignity for its descendants, already had the whole strength of the German Empire at its disposal ; the moment when the English kings, ceasing to dispute with us over maritime provinces, retired to their island territory to form what is known as the United Kingdom ; the moment when in Spain, Ferdinand the Catholic, by his marriage with the great Isabella and by the conquest of Granada, united all parts of the Peninsula under his sceptre ; finally, the moment when France, thanks to the profound skill of Louis XI. and the wisdom of his daughter Anne of Beaujeu, joined to her domains Brittany, Maine, Anjou, Provence and part of the States of the House of Burgundy, thus forming a compact though unfinished whole.

From that moment what is the continued aim of the European Powers ? After the advancement of their own greatness all their

attention is given to watching one another so that none shall be a danger to the common safety ; and if any State, by the claims she makes or the force she manifests, threatens the independence of the others, these unite against her to reduce her or restrain her. Then, this aim realised, if one of those who have helped to attain it in turn becomes a cause of anxiety, the others unite against her, and against her they direct their full strength. As in this continual effort the idea of a certain balance to be established between the nations is present in every mind, the word balance is present also on all lips, and becomes the technical expression for this policy, which is called the policy of the Balance of Power.

Let us discard this technical word, which has lost its freshness and is out of favour with the present generation ; let us translate it by expressions which render its true sense : what is this policy in reality ? The policy of the Independence of States. It is in this policy that the essential difference lies between modern and ancient States : to it modern Europe is indebted if she has escaped that universal monarchy which, under Alexander and his successors, then under the Cæsars, robbed the nations of antiquity of their liberty, their dignity, their civilisation.

Of all forms of despotism the universal monarchy is the worst. Obligated to increase the energy of its rule in proportion to the extent of its empire, it necessarily becomes absolute ; bending all nations beneath the same yoke, it stifles their natural genius ; following the perverse instinct characteristic of despotism it adopts from the subject nations only what is evil in them, and becomes at length a collection of all their vices, represented either by a wanton or a cruel Court ; and when the master has sufficiently depraved his subjects and the subjects in return have sufficiently depraved their master, the universal monarchy comes to an end, like Rome under the blows of the barbarians, like Constantinople under the Turkish sabre. Gentlemen, that is the fate which modern nations have escaped. It is not inappropriate that I should show you how they succeeded in doing so, for by that means I shall bring to light the great destiny of our country ; you will see its policy evolve, founded on its divinely appointed rôle. The structure of modern Europe has been quite different from the structure of the old world. The Roman world was composed of States grouped in circular fashion around a vast basin, the Mediterranean, which had first of all facilitated the conquest (for, as you know, the sea brings men closer together instead of separating them), and which, after having facilitated the conquest, had facilitated tyranny by binding together all the States of the Roman Empire under the same yoke.

Modern Europe has presented an entirely different structure. Composed of vast continental States massed around one another, it has had at its centre, not a vast basin, but a great, a powerful, a heroic nation, France, who has formed a constant obstacle to universal dominion, if she has occasionally thought of winning it for herself. At rare moments only a danger to Europe, habitually Europe's salvation, she has become the chief actor in the great drama of modern history. Indeed, it was against France that was directed that first attempt at universal monarchy made by the House of Austria ; it was to envelop her, as it were, to overwhelm her, that that series of marriages was contracted, placing on the head of the youthful Charles the Fifth the crowns of Austria, Illyria, Hungary, Bohemia, the Low Countries, Spain, Naples, the Indies. If only France were enveloped and overwhelmed Europe would be enslaved.

And then began that long struggle, lasting two centuries, whose object it was to break into two parts the vast Empire of Charles the Fifth, to thrust Spain back to the south, Germany to the north. This struggle, begun with such prudence by Louis XI., continued with such chivalrous valour but with such irresponsibility under Charles VIII., Louis XII. and Francis I., resulted at the end of its first period, with the complication of the wars of religion, in the presence in Paris of a Spanish army, supporting and inspiring the League. But presently France recovered. And then appeared that incomparable prince, Henry IV., so dearly loved, so inadequately admired. This prince, desiring to reconstitute shattered France, adopted the religious creed of the majority, but in so doing he exacted from them respect for the rights of the minority, he signed the Edict of Nantes, and thus became the founder of the great principle of liberty of conscience. Then he expelled the stranger from Paris and French soil ; he granted France a period of repose and used this time to fill the Bastille with his savings and to spread his policy through Europe, and at the moment when he was about to resume the struggle he fell. His work was taken up by Cardinal Richelieu. At that time the Protestants had become rebellious, for rebellion was everywhere. From their stronghold of La Rochelle they were stretching out their hands to the English. Richelieu deprived them of this possession, and obliged them to become once again what they have always remained—faithful, industrious and useful citizens.

Victorious over the Protestants, this great man, this prince of the Church, might have been tempted to make war in defence of an idea—the Catholic idea ; he might have been tempted, instead of struggling painfully against the House of Austria, to hand over to her the small States and say, " Let us share " !

Happily nothing of the sort happened. This great politician, who will always be remembered for two powerful gifts, judgment and energy, this great politician and prince of the Catholic Church, after having vanquished the Protestants in France, upheld them in Europe. From the far north he brought Gustavus Adolphus to the Rhine, and there assisted him with his subsidies and armies. At the same time he planted his foot on the soil of Piedmont, in order to separate Spain from Austria ; he took Roussillon from Spain ; and then he died, exhausted by his efforts. But his pupil, Mazarin, took up his policy, continued it, and by the glorious swords of Condé and Turenne gave Europe those two treaties, the bases of the true European state system—the peace of Westphalia and the peace of the Pyrenees. And thus the great work was almost accomplished ! Spain was thrust back to the other side of the Pyrenees ; Holland was definitely liberated ; the small German States were secure in their independence ; Europe was free, free by the efforts of France, and France was covered with glory !

Do not let us forget, gentlemen, that greatness, riches, and the arts, come together and go together. France until this time had looked to Italy and Spain for models of sumptuousness and the arts, but henceforth the other nations came to France for their models, and paid for them with all their gold. The French muse herself, instead of seeking inspiration from the foreign muse, now found it within herself and in the stirring events of her own land, and sang those immortal poems which make her the rival of the muse of antiquity ! Alas ! it has been written in human destiny that man shall resist the trial of prosperity with less firmness than the trial of adversity. The happy possessor of all this greatness, Louis XIV. was misled in his reign. We threatened Europe, which hitherto we had defended. But invincible in her instincts towards independence, determined to save herself from her saviour, Europe united all her strength against us, and towards the end of the century Louis XIV.'s Minister, Torcy, was obliged to go disguised to the Grand Pensionary of Holland to sue for a peace which he could not obtain.

But suddenly the policy of the balance of power came to our help. England saw that in her desire to humble the House of France she had raised the House of Austria too high : she broke away from the coalition, and the peace of Utrecht was possible. Austria definitely lost Spain by the establishment of Philip V. at Madrid. Once more all the German States were secured in their independence, though the ambitious Kingdom of Prussia was already arising. Meanwhile time passed ; the eighteenth century dawned. It was no longer on the Continent that

the liberty of Europe had to be defended, it was on the seas ; and France, persisting in her wise and generous policy, which consisted in defending the small States, placed herself at the head of the smaller navies and fought against England.

The policy was excellent, but the naval strategy was not. France was vanquished. Nevertheless she persevered, and towards the end of the century, thanks to the perseverance of the unhappy Louis XVI., thanks to the genius of Suffren—Suffren, whose name deserves to be more famous among us—with one hand she threatened the English Empire in India, with the other she sowed on the shores of the Atlantic that seed from which the United States sprang, and the seas were free !

Gentlemen, a new century dawned—ours, the nineteenth ! France appeared, armed with those rights of mankind which, as has been said, after having been lost in the night of time were re-discovered by the genius of Montesquieu. At this sight all the princes of Europe united against her, and in a transport of patriotism, shattering all the coalitions, France expanded from the Rhine to the Alps ! Then, the Republic having transformed itself into a man—though a great man assuredly—France was once more misled, and extending from Cadiz to Moscow she realised for a moment that universal monarchy of which she had given Europe a glimpse under Louis XIV. Europe's instincts for independence were stirred to defiance. We were beaten. But even in the midst of our misfortunes the greatness of France shone forth ; what has rightly been called her indissoluble unity became manifest and, above all, her indispensability to Europe—that indispensability in which lies her true greatness—was demonstrated. In 1815 there was formed at Vienna the union of Prussia and Russia, which had already existed under Frederick the Great, which was to occur again later, and which future generations will witness more than once. These two Powers tried to dictate their will to Europe. England and Austria refused to accept it, but they needed a sword—France's sword. They sued for it. The convention of the third of January, 1815, was signed, and once more, thanks to France, the balance of Europe was preserved.

That, gentlemen, is the history of Europe in its broad outlines. Now let us stand back for a moment, as when we look at a picture in its ensemble. What do you see in this history, which is the history of the independence of the nations ? Certainly for us Frenchmen a legitimate cause for pride, but also a great lesson ! Yes, a legitimate cause for pride ! It is the story of great triumphs and great reverses ! What destiny is without them ? In men's lives, as in the lives of nations, God has mingled joys and sorrows as He has mingled light and shade

in nature. But what nation can boast such reverses and such triumphs ? And if at the end of time there is a last judgment for nations, if France is called before the tribunal which will pronounce this judgment, then, leaning on the one hand on her illustrious captains, on the other on the mighty geniuses which she has produced in the arts and sciences, she may, perhaps, have some rivals, but not many, who can contend with her for the prize of greatness.

That is our cause for pride. Now this is the lesson. France has been in turn vanquished and victorious ; but when was she vanquished and when victorious ? She was vanquished when, under Louis XIV. and Napoleon I., she threatened the interests of the nations. When was she victorious ? When she defended them, as in the Thirty Years' War and the early wars of the French Revolution.

And at this moment, when humanity, alarmed, profoundly alarmed, is asking all rulers what they intend to do with her, I would that my voice, my feeble voice, invested for a moment with the whole authority of France, could reach the farthest boundaries of the civilised world to proclaim and repeat to all that such is the lesson which we derive from our history, and that henceforth we identify our own interests with the common interests.

Now, how has this policy been carried out and how will it be carried out in the future ?

At this point I approach, without quite reaching as yet, contemporary history.

What has been the essential mark of France's policy during the last four centuries ? Two main characteristics distinguish it. The first is that she has always followed what I will call the policy of the State, or, if you prefer, a policy founded on the exclusive interest of the State, never aiming at the propagation of a particular principle. History has seen a revolution quite as great as that of 1789, the revolution which resulted in the Protestant Reformation. By the verdict, if I may use this word, by the decisive verdict pronounced by a civil war, France declared herself Catholic, and indeed the majority were Catholic. If France had fought for a principle she ought after this to have upheld the Catholic party in Europe ; but far from that she upheld the Protestant party, not only under Henry IV., the friend of Elizabeth and suspected of Protestant leanings, but under two cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin. When she abandoned this policy under Louis XIV., who fought for an idea and wanted to support the Stuarts, she met with great disasters, the greatest of all, La Hogue !

In our Eastern policy we followed the same lines. As soon as the Turks appeared—that is to say, under Francis I.—France united with the Turks, and the Christians were no losers thereby, for, thanks to this alliance, France won the permanent right of protecting them.

Thus the first characteristic of France's policy has been to pursue no interest except the interest of the State in foreign affairs. The second and more important characteristic is this. France has always upheld the smaller States, and I am going to show you how wise it was of her.

The smaller States, as has often been said, are buffers placed between the great States to prevent friction. But they render much more important service, because in their very weakness they are certain to support the cause of justice at the Council of the Nations; by their number they introduce multiplicity of interests into this Council, and when interests are multiplied they become general and rise to the height of the common interest.

If France had not followed this policy, what would have happened? Europe would already be reduced to three or four great States, and then, if I may make this comparison, Europe would be in the same situation as Rome when the competitors for supreme power were reduced to three under the triumvirate of Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus. Now when Crassus, fleeing his redoubtable allies, found death among the Parthians, you remember what happened. There remained Pompey and Cæsar, and you know what became of both of them.

Thus, not only do I say that this policy is in the interest of France, it is in the interest of humanity as well.

Now this policy was disturbed at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the moment of the French Revolution there were a great number of small States. There were too many. Republics of San Marino, Kingdoms of Monaco abounded. But whilst the extreme concentration of States is dangerous, their extreme multiplicity is inconvenient. The French Republic helped to suppress a fairly considerable number of them, particularly under the Consulate. It would have been well to stop at the limits reached at that period. Allow me to speak of myself for a moment. You will admit that in my writings I have never sought to detract from the glory of Napoleon I. I have received on this point, in your presence, august testimony of which I was and always shall be intensely proud. History however is not a flatterer, but a judge, and I have spoken of the ambition of Napoleon I. in terms which I will not repeat in this tribune. His ambition, however, is so well proved by our history and by its results that I may be per-

mitted to refer to it here. Napoleon, anxious that the other nations should allow him to extend his rule—although he did not always consult them before doing so—had been obliged to allow the other Powers to extend theirs also. He had embarked on that policy of vast agglomerations which I will define by an expression which fully characterises it—You will help yourself and I will help myself. What happened when he embarked on this policy? In Italy he gave Venice to Austria and took Genoa. In Germany he sanctioned the secularisation of many of the ecclesiastical principalities, the mediatisation of many of the feudal principalities, the annexation of many of the free towns, to the profit of Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, all his allies of the Confederation of the Rhine, and especially Prussia, who, before being the victim of his severity, was crowned with his favours.

In the north he allowed the dismemberment of Sweden and consented to Russia's taking Finland.

What was the result of this policy? As Napoleon, whilst allowing the others to steal, had stolen a great deal more than they, there was an inevitable reaction. What the others took they kept; we alone were reduced to the proportions of France in 1789. The bargain, Help yourself and I will help myself, was not only an immoral bargain for France, but also an unprofitable bargain, and if we ever again entered into it I should expect the result to be the same. It is not, therefore, surprising that at Saint Helena Napoleon spoke of these great agglomerations. In that long agony—on which, for my part, I have collected everything that history can teach us—in that painful agony which almost makes you forget the disasters of France herself, Napoleon uttered from time to time vigorous and even sublime thoughts, mingled with impossible vindications of himself and now and then cries of pain. For my part, full of respect for that glorious memory, which I look upon as a national memory, I readily forget the impossible vindications only to remember the great thoughts which will live through the ages, immortalising that good sense which was so discerning when not led astray by passion.

In the midst of this vast agglomerating of States, so quickly and so severely punished, let us examine what had happened to the balance of power in Europe, when we had been reduced to what we were before 1789, whilst around us all the States had expanded, which was the really regrettable side of the treaties of 1815. And, in passing, I would point out that though it is our duty to hate these treaties, it ought to be with an enlightened hatred, lest we make them a hundred times more harmful to us than the coalition made them.

Was the balance of power completely destroyed by this expansion of all the Powers whilst our situation remained the same? No; the balance was still perfectly adjusted, and we may even say that this balance, which was created partly by us, and certainly for us, though no one suspected it, this balance still existed in all its completeness.

And, indeed, what was there to fear after 1815? Not the ambition of Austria and England, who were too well satisfied to think of anything but keeping what they had acquired, and we had the proof of this recently when England surrendered the Ionian Islands and, above all, when she declared to Canada that she would not retain her and defend her unless Canada expressed the formal desire of being retained and defended by the Mother Country.

What were the two ambitions which discerning politicians already saw arising in the future, and with which already their thoughts were busy? Russia's ambition in the East, Prussia's intentions in Germany.

And when I speak of the ambitions of these two great nations, heaven forbid that I should wish to offend them. Ambition is natural to young nations; it is the sign of their vitality. It would be puerile to blame it, but it would be still more puerile not to guard against it.

Believe me, I am not seeking to offend those two great nations. I simply recall a fact known to everybody, perfectly well known to Russia and Prussia, the two great nations in question.

At a future date and an early date the one would seek to expand towards the East, the other in Germany.

Against these two dangers, which occupied the attention of discerning statesmen of the day, what balance of powers had been arranged? If Russia advanced towards the East, Austria and England, closely united by all their interests, would necessarily be moved to oppose her, and if they were not strong enough France would join them, and the result would then be assured.

If the danger arose in Germany, if Prussia—whose ambition has sometimes slumbered and at other times has suddenly awakened—if Prussia tended to expand in Germany, Austria, entire and allied with the German Confederation, could resist. But if the result were doubtful under such conditions, France, uniting with Austria and the German Confederation, would re-establish the balance infallibly.

We may, therefore, say that the balance between the Powers was perfectly adjusted, and that France controlled the movement of the pendulum.

It would have been well to maintain Europe as it existed at that moment. I beg leave to disagree with those who say that they were filled with joy when the treaties of 1815 were destroyed, and I maintain

that the loss of those treaties—which I have been accused of applauding in your presence and with your approval—the loss of those treaties is to-day regrettable. In the treaties of 1815, which I am accused of having applauded from this tribune though I have never even spoken of them, there are two quite distinct questions involved. The first is that of the frontiers. Yes, that question can only be the subject of a painful memory, an eternally painful memory. But you know who is to blame for the loss of our frontiers. The second question is the balance of power. It is the loss of this balance that we have to regret to-day, for if the forces which you are asked to vote are ever used (and I hope they never will be), do you know to what purpose they will be put?—to re-establishing the balance which has been destroyed. This balance, I admit, was upset for some time; it was upset during the existence of what was called the Holy Alliance. Yes, from that time France, having adopted the constitutional system, first in 1814, then again in 1830, represented liberty. The nations bore her a grudge for it, and for that reason the whole of the Continent was united against her. England sometimes favoured France and sometimes turned away from her. When she was with us the position of France was assuredly easy enough; when France stood alone her position was not at all easy. Well, that liberty which was France's danger was also her strength. She had the continental Governments against her, she had for her the peoples.

From this tribune, which is again restored to honour—I thank the Sovereign and all who had a share in restoring it—from this tribune, of which history will say, in spite of all accusations that have been levelled against it, that if the honour of France has been compromised it was not through its fault, from this tribune for forty years there came a continuous current of generous sentiment and liberal thought, and this current it was which broke up the Governments which formed the Holy Alliance. In 1848 they disappeared like straws before the blast which for forty years had blown from France.

The balance was thus re-established, and we reaped the benefit of it in the Crimean War. At the time of the Holy Alliance we should have found Russia, Prussia and Austria united against us; in the Crimean War, on the contrary, we had Russia alone against us. National prejudices were silent in face of national interests. Austria and Prussia remained neutral, Austria leaning markedly towards us, Prussia towards Russia, and we were thus able to triumph.

JOHN TILLOTSON

(1630-1694).

JOHN TILLOTSON was born at Sowerby, Yorkshire, in October, 1630. He was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. At the Restoration he became chaplain to Charles II., and was presented to a prebend of Canterbury. In 1672 he was advanced to the deanery of Canterbury, and obtained a prebend in St. Paul's. After the Revolution he was appointed clerk of the closet, under William III., and raised to the see of Canterbury in 1691. He died in 1694. The copyright of his "Sermons," which produced £2,500, was all the provision he left for his widow, who was a niece of Oliver Cromwell.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN

(A Discourse).

CONSIDER man in himself, as compounded of soul and body. Consider man in his outward and worst part, and you shall find that to be admirable, even to astonishment ; in respect of which the Psalmist cries out (Psalm cxxxix. 14), " I am fearfully and wonderfully made ; marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." The frame of our bodies is so curiously wrought, and every part of it so full of miracle, that Galen (who was otherwise backward enough to the belief of a God), when he had anatomised man's body, and carefully surveyed the frame of it, viewed the fitness and usefulness of every part of it, and the many several intentions of every little vein, and bone, and muscle, and the beauty of the whole ; he fell into a pang of devotion, and wrote a hymn to his Creator. And those excellent books of his, *De Usu Partium*, " of the usefulness and convenient contrivance of every part of the body," are a most exact demonstration of the Divine wisdom, which appears in the make of our body ; of which books, Gassendus saith the whole work is writ with a kind of enthusiasm. The wisdom of God, in the frame of our bodies, very much appears by a curious consideration of the several parts of it ; but that requiring a very accurate skill in anatomy, I choose rather wholly to forbear it, than by my unskilfulness to be injurious to the Divine wisdom.

But this *domicilium corporis*, "the house of our body," though it be indeed a curious piece, yet it is nothing to the noble inhabitant that dwells in it. The cabinet, though it be exquisitely wrought, and very rich, yet it comes infinitely short in value of the jewel that is hid and laid up in it. How does the glorious faculty of reason and understanding exalt us above the rest of the creatures. Nature hath not made that particular provision for man, which it hath made for other creatures, because it hath provided for him in general, in giving him a mind and reason. Man is not born clothed, nor armed with any considerable weapon for defence; but he hath reason and understanding to provide these things for himself; and this alone excels all the advantages of other creatures; he can keep himself warmer and safer; he can foresee dangers, and provide against them; he can provide weapons that are better than horns, and teeth, and paws, and, by the advantage of his reason, is too hard for all other creatures, and can defend himself against their violence.

If we consider the mind of man yet nearer, how many arguments of divinity are there in it. That there should be at once in our understandings distinct comprehensions of such variety of objects; that it should pass in its thoughts from heaven to earth in a moment, and retain the memory of things past, and take a prospect of the future, and look forward as far as eternity. Because we are familiar to ourselves, we cannot be strange and wonderful to ourselves; but the great miracle of the world is the mind of man, and the contrivance of it an eminent instance of God's wisdom.

Consider man with relation to the universe, and you shall find the wisdom of God doth appear, in that all things are made so useful for man, who was designed to be the chief inhabitant of this visible world, the guest whom God designed principally to entertain in this house which He built. Not that we are to think that God hath so made all things for man, that He hath not made them at all for Himself, and possibly for many other uses than we can imagine; for we much overvalue ourselves if we think them to be only for us: and we diminish the wisdom of God, restraining it to the end; but the chief and principal end of many things is the use and service of man; and in reference to this end, you shall find that God hath made abundant and wise provision.

More particularly we will consider man in his natural capacity as a part of the world. How many things are there in the world for the service and pleasure, for the use and delight of man, which, if man were not in the world, would be of little use? Man is by nature a contemplative creature, and God has furnished him with many objects to exercise his understanding upon, which would be so far useless and lost, if man

were not. Who should observe the motions of the stars, and the courses of those heavenly bodies, and all the wonders of nature ? Who should pry into the secret virtues of plants, and other natural things, if there were not in the world a creature endowed with reason and understanding ? Would the beasts of the field study astronomy, or turn chemists, and try experiments in nature ?

What variety of beautiful plants and flowers is there, which can be imagined to be of little other use but for the pleasure of man. And if man had not been, they would have lost their grace, and been trod down by the beasts of the field, without pity or observation ; they would not have made them into garlands and nosegays. How many sorts of fruits are there which grow upon high trees out of the reach of beasts ; and, indeed, they take no pleasure in them. What would all the vast bodies of trees have served for, if man had not been to build with them, and make dwellings of them ? Of what use would all the mines of metal have been, and of coal, and the quarries of stone ? Would the mole have admired the fine gold ? Would the beasts of the forest have built themselves palaces, or would they have made fires in their dens ?

JOHN WILKES

(1727-1797).

JOHN WILKES, one of the most effective agitators against the Tory policies of the eighteenth century, was born at Clerkenwell, London, October 17th, 1727. His father, a rich distiller, educated him at the University of Leyden, where he became proficient in the classical languages and where, possibly, he lost the restraining influence of the English scholastic tradition. At any rate, when he entered public life as a Member of Parliament in 1757, and journalism a little later as editor of the 'North Briton,' he developed such power as no other Englishman had ever shown to disturb and exasperate the conservative and aristocratic classes. He was imprisoned in the Tower because of a criticism of the King's message published in the 'North Briton,' April 23rd, 1763, and in November of the same year, on the motion of Lord North, the administration majority in the House of Commons ordered that number of the paper to be publicly burned. On January 19th, 1764, he was expelled from the House of Commons, and on February 21st convicted in default in the King's Bench. At this time he was living in Paris, and for some years he remained on the continent, supported by contributions from the English Whigs. In 1768 he returned to England, stood for Parliament, and on his election for Middlesex was expelled by the Tories, February 3rd, 1769. Middlesex re-elected him, and, when the Tories refused to seat him, re-elected him a third and a fourth time. When finally Wilkes's opponent, whom he had defeated by votes of more than four to one, was declared lawfully elected, the indignation of the Whigs was intense. Wilkes was in jail at the time under the old judgment, and his cell became, for the time being, headquarters for the Whig party. Money was liberally subscribed and issues were forced, until he was released from prison and elected alderman, sheriff, and finally Lord Mayor of London. In 1782 the resolutions invalidating his election to Parliament were expunged, and he served until 1790. During the period of Tory activity which forced the war with America, he uttered strenuous warnings against the policy which finally lost the colonies and created

the United States. "The Americans will triumph!" he said in 1775; "the whole continent of North America will be dismembered from England and the wide arch of the raised empire fall." He died September 20th, 1797, after having lived to see his prophecy fulfilled.

A WARNING AND A PROPHECY

(Delivered in the House of Commons, February 6th, 1775).

I AM, indeed, surprised that in a business of so much moment as this before the House, respecting the British colonies in America, a cause which comprehends almost every question relative to the common rights of mankind, almost every question of policy and legislation, it should be resolved to proceed with so little circumspection, or rather with so much precipitation and heedless imprudence. With what temerity are we assured that the same men who have been so often overwhelmed with praises for their attachment to this country, for their forwardness to grant it the necessary succours, for the valour they have signalized in its defence, have all at once so degenerated from their ancient manners as to merit the appellation of seditious, ungrateful, impious rebels! But if such a change has, indeed, been wrought in the minds of this most loyal people, it must at least be admitted that affections so extraordinary could only have been produced by some very powerful cause. But who is ignorant, who needs to be told of the new madness that infatuates our ministers? Who has not seen the tyrannical counsels they have pursued for the last ten years? They would now have us carry to the foot of the throne a resolution stamped with rashness and injustice, fraught with blood, and a horrible futurity. But before this be allowed them, before the signal of civil war be given, before they are permitted to force Englishmen to sheath their swords in the bowels of their fellow-subjects, I hope this House will consider the rights of humanity, the original ground and cause of the present dispute. Have we justice on our side? No; assuredly no. He must be altogether a stranger to the British Constitution who does not know that contributions are voluntary gifts of the people; and singularly blind not to perceive that the words "liberty and property," so grateful to English ears, are nothing better than mockery and insult to the Americans, if their property can be taken without their consent. And what motive can there exist for this new rigour, for these extraordinary measures?

Have not the Americans always demonstrated the utmost zeal and liberality whenever their succours have been required by the mother country ?

In the last two wars they gave you more than you asked for, and more than their facilities warranted ; they were not only liberal towards you, but prodigal of their substance. They fought gallantly and victoriously by your side, with equal valour, against our and their enemy, the common enemy of the liberties of Europe and America—the ambitious and faithless French, whom now we fear and flatter. And even now, at a moment when you are planning their destruction, when you are branding them with the odious appellation of rebels, what is their language, what their protestations ? Read, in the name of heaven, the late petition of the Congress to the King, and you will find “ they are ready and willing, as they ever have been, to demonstrate their loyalty by exerting their most strenuous efforts in granting supplies and raising forces when constitutionally required.” And yet we hear it vociferated by some inconsiderate individuals that the Americans wish to abolish the Navigation Act ; that they intend to throw off the supremacy of Great Britain. But would to God these assertions were not rather a provocation than the truth ! They ask nothing, for such are the words of their petition, but peace, liberty, and safety. They wish not a diminution of the royal prerogative ; they solicit not any new right. They are ready, on the contrary, to defend this prerogative, to maintain the royal authority, and to draw closer the bonds of their connection with Great Britain. But our ministers, perhaps to punish others for their own faults, are sedulously endeavouring, not only to relax these powerful ties, but to dissolve and sever them forever. Their address represents the Province of Massachusetts as in a state of actual rebellion. The other Provinces are held out to our indignation, as aiding and abetting. Many arguments have been employed by some learned gentlemen among us to comprehend them all in the same offence, and to involve them in the same proscription.

Whether their present state is that of rebellion, or of a fit and just resistance to unlawful acts of power, to our attempts to rob them of their property and liberties, as they imagine, I shall not declare. But I well know what will follow, nor, however strange and harsh it may appear to some, shall I hesitate to announce it, that I may not be accused hereafter of having failed in duty to my country, on so grave an occasion, and at the approach of such direful calamities. Know, then, a successful resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion. Rebellion, indeed, appears on the back of a flying enemy, but revolution flames on the breastplate of the victorious warrior. Who can tell, whether, in conse-

quence of this day's violent and mad address to his Majesty, the scabbard may not be thrown away by them, as well as by us ; and whether, in a few years, the independent Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the Revolution of 1775, as we do that of 1688 ? The generous effort of our forefathers for freedom heaven crowned with success, or their noble blood had dyed our scaffolds, like that of Scottish traitors and rebels ; and the period of our history which does us the most honour would have been deemed a rebellion against the lawful authority of the prince, not a resistance authorized by all the laws of God and man, not the expulsion of a detested tyrant.

But suppose the Americans to combat against us with more unhappy auspices than we combated James, would not victory itself prove pernicious and deplorable ? Would it not be fatal to British as well as American liberty ? Those armies which should subjugate the colonists would subjugate also their parent state. Marius, Sylla, Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, did they not oppress Roman liberty with the same troops that were levied to maintain Roman supremacy over subject provinces ? But the impulse once given, its effects extended much further than its authors expected ; for the same soldiery that destroyed the Roman republic subverted and utterly demolished the imperial power itself. In less than fifty years after the death of Augustus, the armies destined to hold the provinces in subjection proclaimed three emperors at once, disposed of the empire according to their caprice, and raised to the throne of the Cæsars the object of their momentary favour.

I can no more comprehend the policy than acknowledge the justice of your deliberations. Where is your force, what are your armies, how are they to be recruited, and how supported ? The single Province of Massachusetts has, at this moment, thirty thousand men, well trained and disciplined, and can bring, in case of emergency, ninety thousand into the field ; and, doubt not, they will do it, when all that is dear is at stake, when forced to defend their liberty and property against their cruel oppressors. The right honourable gentleman with the blue riband assures us that ten thousand of our troops and four Irish regiments will make their brains turn in the head a little, and strike them aghast with terror. But where does the author of this exquisite scheme propose to send his army ? Boston, perhaps, you may lay in ashes, or it may be made a strong garrison ; but the Province will be lost to you. You will hold Boston as you hold Gibraltar, in the midst of a country which will not be yours ; the whole American continent will remain in the power of your enemies. The ancient story of the philosopher Calanus and the Indian hide will be verified ; where you tread, it will be kept down ; but it will rise the more in all other parts. Where your fleets and armies

are stationed, the possession will be secured while they continue ; but all the rest will be lost. In the great scale of empire, you will decline, I fear, from the decision of this day ; and the Americans will rise to independence, to power, to all the greatness of the most renowned states,—for they build on the solid basis of general public liberty.

I dread the effects of the present resolution ; I shudder at our injustice and cruelty ; I tremble for the consequences of our imprudence. You will urge the Americans to desperation. They will certainly defend their property and liberties, with the spirit of freemen, with the spirit our ancestors did, and I hope we should exert on a like occasion. They will sooner declare themselves independent, and risk every consequence of such a contest, than submit to the galling yoke which administration is preparing for them. Recollect Philip II., King of Spain ; remember the Seven Provinces, and the Duke of Alva. It was deliberated in the council of the monarch what measures should be adopted respecting the Low Countries ; some were disposed for clemency, others advised rigour ; the second prevailed. The Duke of Alva was victorious, it is true, wherever he appeared ; but his cruelties sowed the teeth of the serpent. The beggars of the Briel, as they were called by the Spaniards, who despised them as you now despise the Americans, were those, however, who first shook the power of Spain to the centre. And, comparing the probabilities of success in the contest of that day, with the chances in that of the present, are they so favourable to England as they were then to Spain ? This none will pretend. You all know, however, the issue of that sanguinary conflict—how that powerful empire was rent asunder, and severed forever into many parts. Profit, then, by the experience of the past, if you would avoid a similar fate. But you would declare the Americans rebels ; and to your injustice and oppression you add the most opprobrious language and the most insulting scoffs. If you persist in your resolution all hope of a reconciliation is extinct. The Americans will triumph—the whole continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised empire fall. But I hope that just vengeance of the peoples will overtake the authors of these pernicious counsels, and the loss of the first Province of the Empire be speedily followed by the loss of the heads of those ministers who first invented them.

THE COMMONS AND ITS RIGHTS

(Delivered in the House of Commons, 1776).

ALL wise governments and well-regulated States have been particularly careful to mark and correct the various abuses which a considerable length of time almost necessarily creates. Among these, one of the most striking and important in our country is the present unfair and inadequate state of the representation of the people of England in Parliament. It is now become so partial and unequal, from the lapse of time, that I believe almost every gentleman in the House will agree with me in the necessity of its being taken into our most serious consideration, and of our endeavouring to find a remedy for this great and growing evil.

I wish, sir, my slender abilities were equal to a thorough investigation of this momentous business; very diligent and well-meant endeavours have not been wanting to trace it from the first origin. The most natural and perfect idea of a free government is, in my mind, that of the people themselves assembling to determine by what laws they choose to be governed, and to establish the regulations they think necessary for the protection of their property and liberty against all violence and fraud. Every member of such a community would submit with alacrity to the observance of whatever had been enacted by himself and assist with spirit in giving efficacy and vigour to laws and ordinances which derived all their authority from his own approbation and concurrence. In small inconsiderable States, this mode of legislation has been happily followed, both in ancient and modern times. The extent and populousness of a great empire seem scarcely to admit it without confusion or tumult and, therefore, our ancestors, more wise in this than the ancient Romans, adopted the representation of the many by a few, as answering more fully the true ends of government. Rome was enslaved from inattention to this very circumstance, and by one other fatal act, which ought to be a strong warning to the people, even against their own representatives here—the leaving power too long in the hands of the same persons, by which the armies of the republic became the armies of Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar. When all the burghers of Italy obtained the freedom of Rome, and voted in public assemblies, their multitudes rendered the distinction

of the citizen of Rome and the alien impossible. Their assemblies and deliberations became disorderly and tumultuous. Unprincipled and ambitious men found out the secret of turning them to the ruin of the Roman liberty and the commonwealth. Among us this evil is avoided by representation, and yet the justice of this principle is preserved. Every Englishman is supposed to be present in Parliament, either in person or by deputy chosen by himself; and therefore the resolution of Parliament is taken to be the resolution of every individual, and to give to the public the consent and approbation of every free agent of the community.

According to the first formation of this excellent constitution, so long and so justly our greatest boast and best inheritance, we find that the people thus took care no laws should be enacted, no taxes levied, but by their consent, expressed by their representatives in the great council of the nation. The mode of representation in ancient times being tolerably adequate and proportionate, the sense of the people was known by that of Parliament; their share of power in the legislature was preserved, and founded in equal justice; at present it is become insufficient, partial, and unjust. From so pleasing a view as that of the equal power which our ancestors had, with great wisdom and care, modelled for the commons of this realm, the present scene gives us not very venerable ruins of that majestic and beautiful fabric, the English constitution.

As the whole seems in disorder and confusion, all the former union and harmony of the parts are lost and destroyed. It appears, sir, from the writs remaining in the King's remembrancer's office in the exchequer, that no less than twenty-two towns sent members to the Parliaments in the 23rd, 25th, and 26th of King Edward I., which have long ceased to be represented. The names of some of them are scarcely known to us, such as those of Canebrig and Bamburgh in Northumberland, Pershore and Brem in Worcestershire, Jarvall and Tykhull in Yorkshire. What a happy fate, sir, has attended the boroughs of Gatton and Old Sarum, of which, although *ipsæ periere ruinae*, the names are familiar to us; the clerk regularly calls them over, and four respectable gentlemen represent their departed greatness, as knights of coronation represent Aquitaine and Normandy! The little town of Banbury, *petite ville grand renom*, as Rabelais says of Chinon, has, I believe, only seventeen electors, and a chancellor of the exchequer. Its influence and weight, on a division, I have often seen overpower the united force of the members for London, Bristol, and several of the most opulent counties. East Grinstead, too, I think, has only about thirty electors, yet gives a seat among us to that brave, heroic lord, at the head of a great department, now very military.

who has fully determined to conquer America, but not in Germany. It is not, sir, my purpose to weary the patience of the House by the researches of an antiquarian into the ancient state of our representation, and its variations at different periods. I shall only remark shortly on what passed in the reign of Henry VI. and some of his successors. In that reign, Sir John Fortescue, his chancellor, observed that the House of Commons consisted of more than 300 chosen men. Various alterations were made by succeeding kings till James II., since which period no change has happened. Great abuses, it must be owned, contrary to the primary ideas of the English Constitution, were committed by our former princes in giving the right of representation to several paltry boroughs because the places were poor, and dependent on them, or on a favourite overgrown peer. The landmarks of the constitution have often been removed. The marked partiality to Cornwall, which single county still sends within one as many members as the whole kingdom of Scotland, is striking, and arose from its yielding to the Crown in tin and lands a larger hereditary revenue than any other English county, as well as from this duchy being in the Crown, and giving an amazing command and influence. By such acts of our princes the constitution was wounded in its most vital parts. Henry VIII. restored two members, Edward VI. twenty, Queen Mary four, Queen Elizabeth twelve, James I. sixteen, Charles I. eighteen; in all seventy-two. The alterations by creation in the same period were more considerable; for Henry VIII. created thirty-three, Edward VI. twenty-eight, Queen Mary seventeen, Queen Elizabeth forty-eight, James I. eleven; in all 137. Charles I. made no creation of this kind. Charles II. added two for the county, and two for the city of Durham, and two for Newmarket-on-Trent. This House is at this hour composed of the same representation it was at his demise, notwithstanding the many and important changes which have since happened; it becomes us therefore to inquire, whether the sense of Parliament can be now, on solid grounds, from the present representation, said to be the sense of the nation, as in the time of our forefathers. I am satisfied, sir, the sentiments of the people cannot be justly known at this time, from the resolutions of a Parliament composed as the present is, even though no undue influence was practised after the return of the members to the House; even supposing for a moment the influence of all the baneful arts of corruption to be suspended, which I believe they have not been, under the present profligate administration. Let us examine, sir, with exactness and candour, of what the efficient parts of the House are composed, and what proportion they bear on the large scale of the body of the people of England, who are supposed to be represented.

The southern part of this island, to which I now confine my ideas, consists of about five millions of people, according to the most received calculation. I will state by what number the majority of this House is elected, and I suppose the largest number present of any recorded in our journals, which was in the famous year 1741. In that year the three largest divisions appear in our journals. The first is that on the 21st of January, when the numbers were 253 to 250; the second on the 25th day of the same month, 236 to 235; the third on the 9th of March, 242 to 242. In these divisions the members of Scotland are included; but I will state my calculations only for England, because it gives the argument more force. The division, therefore, I adopt is that of January 21st; the number of members present on that day was 503. Let me, however, suppose the number of 254 to be the majority of members who will ever be able to attend in their places. I state it high, from the accidents of sickness, service in foreign parts, travelling, and necessary avocations. From the majority of electors in the boroughs which returned members to this House, it has been demonstrated that this number of 254 members are actually elected by not more than 5,723 persons, generally the inhabitants of Cornish and other boroughs, and perhaps not the most respectable part of the community. Is our sovereign, then, to learn the sense of his whole people from these few persons? Are these the men to give laws to this vast empire, and to tax this wealthy nation? I do not mention all the tedious calculations, because gentlemen may find them at length in the works of the incomparable Dr. Price, in Postlethwaite, and in Burgh's "Political Disquisitions." Figures afford the clearest demonstration incapable of cavil or sophistry. Since Burgh's calculation, only one alteration has happened; I allude to the borough of Shoreham in Sussex; for by the Act of 1771, all the freeholders of forty shillings per annum, in the neighbouring rape or hundred of Bramber, are admitted to vote for that borough, but many of the old electors were disfranchised. It appears, likewise, that fifty-six of our members are elected by only 364 persons. Lord Chancellor Talbot supposed that the majority of this House was elected by 50,000 persons, and he exclaimed against the injustice of that idea. More accurate calculators than his lordship, and the unerring rules of political arithmetic, have shown the injustice to be vastly beyond what his lordship even suspected. When we consider, sir, that the most important powers of this House, the levying taxes on, and enacting laws for five millions of persons, is thus usurped and unconstitutionally exercised by the small number I have mentioned, it becomes our duty to the people to restore to them their clear rights, their original share in the legislature. The ancient representation of this kingdom, we find, was founded by our ancestors in justice, wisdom, and equality.

The present state of it would be continued by us in folly, obstinacy, and injustice. The evil has been complained of by some of the wisest patriots our country has ever produced. I shall beg leave to give that close reasoner, Mr. Locke's ideas, in his own words. He says, in the treatise on civil government: "Things not always changing equally, and private interests often keeping up customs and privileges, when the reasons of them are ceased, it often comes to pass, that in Governments where part of the legislature consists of representatives chosen by the people, that in tract of time this representation becomes very unequal and disproportionate to the reasons it was at first established upon. To what gross absurdities the following of a custom, when reason has left it, may lead, we may be satisfied, when we see the bare name of a town, of which there remains not so much as the ruins, where scarce so much housing as a sheep-cot, or more inhabitants than a shepherd, is to be found, sends as many representatives to the grand assembly of law-makers, as a whole county, numerous in people and powerful in riches. This strangers stand amazed at, and everyone must confess needs a remedy." After so great an authority as that of Mr. Locke, I shall not be treated on this occasion as a mere visionary, and the propriety of the motion I shall have the honour of submitting to the House will scarcely be disputed. Even the members for such places as Old Sarum and Gatton, who I may venture to say at present *stant nominis umbra*, will, I am persuaded, have too much candour to complain of the right of their few constituents, if indeed they have constituents, if they are not self-created, self-elected, self-existent, of this pretended right being transferred to the county, while the rich and populous manufacturing towns of Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and others, may have at least an equitable share in the formation of those laws by which they are governed. My idea, sir, in this case, as to the wretched and depopulated towns and boroughs in general, I own is amputation. I say with Horace, *Inutiles ramos amputans, feliciores inserit*. This is not, sir, the first attempt of the kind to correct, although in an inconsiderable degree, this growing evil. Proceedings of a similar nature were had among us above a century past. The clerk will read from our journals what passed on the 26th of March, 1668, on a bill to enable the county palatine of Durham to send two knights for the county, and two citizens for the city of Durham.

The clerk reads: In a book of authority, "Anchitell Grey's Debates," we have a more particular account of what passed in the House on that occasion. He says that "Sir Thomas Meres moved, that the shires may have an increase of knights, and that some of the small boroughs, where there are but few electors, may be taken away; and a bill was

brought in for that purpose." "On a division the bill was rejected, 65 to 50."

This, however, alludes only to the bill then before the House, respecting the county and city of Durham. I desire to add the few remarkable words of Sir Thomas Strickland in this debate, because I have not seen them quoted on the late important American questions: "The county palatine of Durham was never taxed in Parliament, by ancient privilege, before King James's time, and so needed no representatives; but now being taxed, it is but reasonable they should have them." Such sentiments, sir, were promulgated in this House even so long ago as the reign of Charles II. I am aware, sir, that the power *de jure* of the legislature to disfranchise a number of boroughs, upon the general grounds of improving the constitution, has been doubted; and gentlemen will ask, whether a power is lodged in the representative to destroy his immediate constituent? Such a question is best answered by another. He originated the right, and upon what grounds was it gained? Old Sarum and Gatton, for instance, were populous towns when the right of representation was first given them. They are now desolate, and therefore ought not to retain a privilege which they acquired only by their extent and populousness. We ought in everything, as far as we can, to make the theory and practice of the constitution coincide, and the supreme legislative body of a state must surely have this power inherent in them. It was *de facto* lately exercised to its full extent by this House in the case of Shoreham, with universal approbation: for near a hundred corrupt voters were disfranchised, and about twice that number of freeholders admitted from the county of Sussex. It will be objected, I foresee, that a time of perfect calm and peace throughout this vast empire is the most proper to propose internal regulations of this importance; and that while intestine discord rages in the whole northern continent of America, our attention ought to be fixed upon the most alarming object, and all our efforts employed to extinguish the devouring flame of a civil war. In my opinion, sir, the American war is, in this truly critical area, one of the strongest arguments for the regulations of our representation, which I now submit to the House. During the rest of our lives, likewise, I may venture to prophecy, America will be the leading feature of this age. In our late disputes with the Americans we have always taken it for granted that the people of England justified all the iniquitous, cruel, arbitrary, and mad proceedings of administration, because they had the approbation of the majority of this House. The absurdity of such an argument is apparent; for the majority of this House, we know, speak only the sense of 5,723 persons, even supposing, according to the constitutional custom of our ancestors, the constituent had been consulted

on this great national point as he ought to have been. We have seen in what manner the acquiescence of a majority here is obtained. The people in the southern part of this island amount to upwards of five millions, the sense, therefore, of five millions cannot be ascertained by the opinion of not six thousand, even supposing it had been collected. The Americans with great reason insist that the present war is carried on contrary to the sense of the nation, by a ministerial junto, and arbitrary faction, equally hostile to the rights of Englishmen and the claims of Americans. The various addresses to the throne from the most numerous bodies, praying that the sword may be returned to the scabbard, and all hostilities cease, confirm this assertion. The capital of our country has repeatedly declared, by various public acts, its abhorrence of the present unnatural civil war, begun on principles subversive of our constitution.

Our history furnishes frequent instances of the sense of Parliament running directly counter to the sense of the nation. It was notoriously of late the case in the business of the Middlesex election. I believe the fact to be equally certain in the grand American dispute, at least as to the actual hostilities now carrying on against our brethren and fellow-subjects. The proposal before us will bring the case to an issue, and from a fair and equal representation of the people, America may at length distinguish the real sentiments of freemen and Englishmen. I do not mean, sir, at this time, to go into a tedious detail of all the various proposals which have been made for redressing this irregularity in the representation of the people. I will not intrude on the indulgence of the House, which I have always found so favourable to me. When the bill is brought in, and sent to a committee, it will be the proper time to examine all the minutæ of this great plan, and to determine on the propriety of what ought now to be done, as well as of what formerly was actually accomplished. The journals of Cromwell's Parliaments prove that a more equal representation was settled, and carried by him into execution. That wonderful, comprehensive mind embraced the whole of this powerful empire. Ireland was put on a par with Scotland, and each kingdom sent thirty members to Parliament, which consisted likewise of 400 from England and Wales, and was to be triennial. Our colonies were then a speck on the face of the globe ; now they cover half the New World. I will at this time, sir, only throw out general ideas, that every free agent in this kingdom should, in my wish, be represented in Parliament ; that the metropolis, which contains in itself a ninth part of the people, and the counties of Middlesex, York, and others, which so greatly abound with inhabitants, should receive an increase in their representation ; that the mean and insignificant boroughs, so emphatically

styled the rotten part of our constitution, should be lopped off, and the electors in them thrown into the counties ; and the rich, populous, trading towns—Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and others—be permitted to send deputies to the great council of the nation. The disfranchising of the mean, venal, and dependent boroughs would be laying the axe to the root of corruption and treasury influence, as well as aristocratical tyranny. We ought equally to guard against those who sell themselves, or whose lords sell them. Burgage tenures, and private property in a share of the legislature, are monstrous absurdities in a free state, as well as an insult to common sense. I wish, sir, an English Parliament to speak the free, unbiassed sense of the body of the English people, and of every man among us, of each individual who may be justly supposed to be comprehended in a fair majority.

The meanest mechanic, the poorest peasant and day-labourer, has important rights respecting his personal liberty, that of his wife and children, his property, however inconsiderable, his wages, his earnings, the very price and value of each day's hard labour, which are in many trades and manufactures regulated by the power of Parliament. Every law relative to marriage, to the protection of a wife, sister, or daughter, against violence and brutal lust, to every contract or agreement with a rapacious or unjust master, interest the manufacturer, the cottager, the servant, as well as the rich subjects of the state. Some share, therefore, in the power of making those laws which deeply interest them, and to which they are expected to pay obedience, should be referred even to this inferior, but most useful set of men in the community ; and we ought always to remember this important truth, acknowledged by every free state—that all government is instituted for the good of the mass of the people to be governed ; that they are the original fountain of power, and even of revenue, and in all events, the last resource. The various instances of partial injustice throughout this kingdom will likewise become the proper subjects of inquiry in the course of the bill before the committee, such as the many freeholds in the city of London, which are not represented in this House. These freeholds being within the particular jurisdiction of the city are excluded from giving a vote in the county of Middlesex, and by Act of Parliament only liverymen can vote for Members of Parliament in London. These, and other particulars, I leave. I mention them now to show the necessity of a new regulation of the representation of this kingdom. My inquiries, sir, are confined to the southern part of the island. Scotland I leave to the care of its own careful and prudent sons. I hope they will spare a few moments from the management of the arduous affairs of England and America, which at present so much engross their time, to attend to the state of

representation among their own people, if they have not all emigrated to this warmer and more fruitful climate. I am almost afraid that the forty-five Scottish gentlemen among us represent themselves. Perhaps in my plan for the improvement of the representation of England, almost all the natives of Scotland may be included. I shall only remark, that the proportion of representation between the two countries cannot be changed. In the twenty-second article of the treaty of Union, the number of forty-five is to be the representative body in the Parliament of Great Britain for the northern part of this island. To increase the members for England and Wales beyond the number of which the English Parliament consisted at the period of that treaty, in 1706, would be a breach of public faith, and a violation of a solemn treaty between two independent states. My proposition has for its basis the preservation of that compact, the proportional share of each kingdom in the legislative body remaining exactly according to its establishment. The monstrous injustice and glaring partiality of the present representation of the Commons of England has been fully stated, and is, I believe, almost universally acknowledged, as well as the necessity of our recurring to the great leading principle of our free constitution, which declares this House of Parliament to be only a delegated power from the people at large. Policy, no less than justice, calls our attention to this momentous point ; and reason, not custom, ought to be our guide in a business of this consequence, where the rights of free people are materially interested. Without a true representation of the Commons our constitution is essentially defective, our Parliament is a delusive name, a mere phantom, and all other remedies to recover the pristine purity of the form of government established by our ancestors, would be ineffectual ; even the shortening the period of Parliaments, and a place and pension bill, both which I highly approve, and think absolutely necessary. I therefore flatter myself, sir, that I have the concurrence of the House with the motion which I have now the honour of making, " That leave be given to bring in a bill for a just and equal representation of the people of England in Parliament."

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