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Selected English Essays

(FROM STEELE TO BENSON)

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INTRODUCTION.

To the student of literature a volume of essays by well-known writers is probably the most satisfying material he can study from which to build up his own style. He is given the opportunity of examining the propriety and precision, the care in grammatical construction, and the employment of synonyms and synonymous phrases which these men of letters affect. He can profit by the niceties of composition which are so often due to the delicate and happy employment of the many and various Figures of Speech, and he can, by assiduous practice and keen reading, imitate the style of any of these masters which may appeal to him. In this connection he is warned to avoid the peculiarities of construction and expression which are drawn from the use of Foreign Idioms and to which some of our best writers are addicted. Essay-writing is an art in which practice makes perfect, and the success obtained depends much upon the amount of reading which the student has accomplished—reading, that is, of the beautiful cameos of literary art which the great essayists have written. But it is one thing to read an essay, and quite another thing to understand and appreciate it. In order that the student may have the greatest ease in comprehending and following with pleasure the collections of essays which the editors have gathered together in this volume, a few hints on style and structure may be of use not only in helping him to assimilate the beauty of the language of the writers, but also in assisting him with his own compositions.

Style is actually the means which a writer adopts to express his thoughts through the medium of language.

An author may use phrases which are perfectly correct and idiomatically beautiful, yet his style may be altogether faulty. It depends a great deal on the ideas which arise in his mind, and the manner in which he contemplates those ideas. It is necessary that he convey such reflections clearly to the minds of others and at the same time put them in such language that they are not only understood but valued. The writer must, therefore, make his meaning obvious, so that it will be clear to the most inattentive reader, otherwise even the finest language will fail to impress. To be compelled to read a sentence over and over again, before its meaning dawns upon one, is aggravating and annoying, and causes all interest to evaporate. It is as well to remember that the success of an essay depends on three words, all of which commence with the letter "p"—Purity, Propriety and Precision.

Purity consists in the use of words and phrases belonging entirely to the language in which we are writing and with an utter disregard for idiomatic phrases which are stolen from other languages. It also prohibits the use of old-fashioned words or neologisms. On the other hand Propriety consists in the use of words and phrases suitable to the ideas we wish to express, and an entire avoidance of vulgarisms or slang expressions, or in fact any words or phrases which have not the hallmark of correct usage about them. If words are used unskilfully, or are not adapted to the subject, or if they fail to express the writer's thoughts, it does not follow that the style is not pure, but the propriety is certainly defective. Some authors have an unfortunate habit of using excessively long and important-looking words in an effort to impress, when simple everyday words would be far more applicable, and infinitely more pleasing to the mind

of the reader. Others make a practice of describing circumstances and objects which were peculiar to bygone times by phrases or words which are essentially modern. Dr. Middleton who wrote the very excellent *Life of Cicero* made several mistakes of this kind, including the remarkable statements that Cicero procured a *regiment* for Curtius, and that Balbus was general of the *artillery* to Cæsar. A slang or low expression is sometimes more descriptive than an elegant one, but this applies to novels and short stories; such phrases should never be used in essays, for they will spoil the dignity of the subject.

Precision of style is very necessary for the essay. It signifies the avoidance of all superfluity of expression, and gives a clear, concise reproduction of the writer's thoughts. Unless he knows exactly what he intends to say, it is obviously impossible for him to be precise. Writers who are not quite sure of themselves use a multitude of words in an endeavour to make their meaning clear but, as a rule, they only succeed in confusing their readers. Of course many authors are quite intelligent without being precise, but this is due to their ability to use the correct words and correct constructions at the correct time. The use of the precise style requires careful handling, for there are occasions when a paucity of words deprives the subject of elegance and causes it to appear dry and stilted. Some types of essay require a certain amount of ornament and copiousness, others must be treated with fidelity and accuracy. To possess the happy knack of being able to unite accuracy with copiousness, and precision with gracefulness and ornamentation is the highest and most difficult attainment in writing. Dr. Armstrong in *Armstrong's Miscellanies* says, "The best language is strong and expressive, without stiffness and affectation; short and concise, without being either obscure or am-

biguous; and easy and flowing and disengaged, without one undetermined or superfluous word."

In the construction of sentences the first necessity is, of course, strict conformity to the rules of grammar. Intimate words or phrases; that is, those which have a close bearing on each other, should be placed as near to each other as possible so long as the harmony of the whole sentence is preserved. The misuse of adverbs very often has an ambiguous effect, and gives a different meaning to the sentence from what is intended. The connective parts of sentences require very careful attention, for the whole train of thought depends upon these, and the beauty and elegance of style is, therefore, only displayed when they are rightly used. A sentence should always express one entire thought and any irrelevant matter should be separated from it. It is incorrect to combine in one phrase things that have no real connection. Some writers extend their sentences beyond what appears to be the natural conclusion. This spoils what otherwise might have been pleasing periods, and reduces the strength and beauty of them. The old writers were very fond of this sort of thing, but it is seldom found in modern composition. Redundant words, though sometimes consistent with unity and clearness, invariably reduce the strength of a sentence, and should be avoided. Dean Swift was a great sinner in this respect. Adjectives and adverbs should always be used sparingly and with judgment, otherwise they are apt to lengthen a sentence and make it unwieldy without in any way improving it. Finally in arranging a sentence the most important words should be placed where they create the strongest impression. There can be no rule regarding this arrangement, the nature of the sentence must decide such an important point. The English language does not permit of much freedom in the choice of collocation, and perspicuity must

be always the chief object in the construction of sentences.

The possession of a lively imagination accompanied by good sense is the foundation of fine writing. The clearer the subject is pictured in the mind of the writer the better will be his style; on the other hand, if the impression is indistinct and faint, the description is bound to be weak. It is important, therefore, to think carefully of the subject until it has become thoroughly clear in the mind, then to let the expression flow of itself. Hastiness should be avoided; at the same time to dwell too long over words is likely to spoil the train of thought. Quintilian observes, "I enjoin that such as are beginning the practice of composition, write slowly and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be to write as well as possible: practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees, matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow.....
..... The sum of the whole is this; that by hasty composition we shall never acquire the art of composing well; by writing well we shall come to write speedily."

The greatest assistance can be derived from the essentially modern style of the writers of the essays contained in this volume. The student will find purity, propriety and precision of expression combined with an ample stock of words adapted to every subject. The scope of the modern essay is infinitely greater than that of the past. There is such a wealth of material that it not only teaches good English and assists the reader in his own difficulties of style, but it also helps to interpret the common mind of civilisation. It is uplifting, for it causes the reader to reflect, and in reflection he is raised above himself. By daily converse with these essayists, we take our lessons in manners, breeding, humour, observation,

pride. It is not only in the knowledge of how to write, read and speak good English, therefore, that we benefit; intercourse with the modern essayists also brings us into touch with the reality and better part of life.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think everything lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or goodwill, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have

long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to

us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in fancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We that are very old are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished

in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices ? But gallant men who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity ; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it ; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin ! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel ! Oh death ! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty ; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless ? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler ! I still behold the smiling earth—A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever

state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met at little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design, to speak of a man born in Her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life, in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion were a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, an hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instru-

ments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life, as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment, his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals, the island abounding only with wild goats, cats and rats. He judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief, by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtles, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflection on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the support of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant, cheerful, serene sky and a temperate air made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He now taking delight in everything, made

the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood, on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasure.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for the human ears; but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them: but at that time his spirits and life were so high, and he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing, that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, he dispatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precautions which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend him against them, he fed and tamed numbers of

young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him, that running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought, if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference, with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen

him; familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example, that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or to use his own expression, "I am now worth £800, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

“On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the top of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘man is but a shadow and life a dream.’ While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear

out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy sililoquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.' 'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that

is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood

by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infect human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain. How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quite so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst

of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on the beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence. Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for

him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday !' says she. 'No, child; if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady,

however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose that there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it,

we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at mid-night has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophecies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For, as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me, I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

(*From the Rambler.*)

No. 102)

Saturday, March 9, 1751.

Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen: neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest; sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.

OVID.

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold in running life the rolling tide !
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour:
But wave by wave pursu'd arrived on shore,
And each impell'd behind impels before:
So time on time revolving we descry;
So miintes follow, and so minutes fly.

ELPHINSTON.

"Life," says Seneca, "is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thought-

lessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and on a sudden found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the straits of Infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked. Before me, and each other side, was an expanse of water violently agitated, and covered with so a thick mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many

who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moment in cautioning others against folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The vessels in which we had embarked being con-

fessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who know their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass.

Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulf was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a

single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautions had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of Infancy perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contented long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fates of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power—"Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked; and seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET

(To the Rambler.)

SIR,—Nothing has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in public life, or accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silkworm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must engage

them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect: or perhaps others foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

That the professors of literature generally reside in the highest stories, has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation: Why elsewhere the Muses stationed on Olympus or Parnassus by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of Temple, or erected their altars among the flexures of Meander? Why was Jove himself nursed upon a mountain? or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of Ida? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of Pythagoras, *aveuvw nveovtwv rnv nxw npookuvel*, 'when the wind blows, worship its echo.' This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of Augustus, for Tribullus evidently congratulates himself upon his garret, not without some allusion to the Pythagorean precept.

*Quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantemaut,
Aut gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos imbre iuvante sequi!*

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs!

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of Lucretius, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him.

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
 Despicere unde queas alios passimque videre
 Errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitae.
 —'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd
 And all the magazines of learning fortify'd
 From thence to look below on human kind,
 Bewildered in the maze of life, and blind.

DRYDEN.

The institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established.

Causa latet, res est nottissima.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without much satisfaction to the judicious inquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his ærial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk in-

cessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some, yet some more visionary, tell us, that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniences may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated invariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of a universal practice, there must still be presumed a universal cause, which however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours,

and that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dullness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellects; according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer than that he who towers to the fifth storey, is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The

nations between the tropics are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our langour by taking a few turns round the centre in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding, till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue block-heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let not any man be considered as unimprovable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of Aretæus was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I think a frequent removal to various distances from the centre, so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose, that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Perhaps some, that fume away in meditations upon time

and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate, in some lines of his *Georgic*: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

Hypertatus.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which to a person of a contemplative turn is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles I accidentally fell into a company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair, the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merits of the English nation in his own person, declared, that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the German were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards, proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the world!

This very learned and judicious remark was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—

all, I mean, but your humble servant, who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by this means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy; that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed,¹ with a contemptuous sneer, that

he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession ! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world ; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners : but the misfortune is that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an

exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopped off, without doing any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopped off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? That I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is; and if it were not—

But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible ? But if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, *viz.*, a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

ASEM THE MAN-HATER; OR, A VINDICATION OF THE WISDOM OF GOD IN THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Where Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

For a fortune thus spent in benevolence he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redress; the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt,

he retired to this region of sterility in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched, with danger and toil, from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independent of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that they lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is Nature ! How lovely even in her wildest scenes ! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds ! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise; but man, vile man, is a solecism in Nature, the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator ? Were men entirely free from vices, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfect moral agent. Why, why then, Oh Allah ! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair ?

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

“Son of Adam,” cried the Genius, “stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead; in me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me and be wise.”

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself, with his celestial guide, in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

“I plainly perceive your amazement,” said the Genius,” but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Allah at the request, and under the inspection of our Great Prophet, who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequences of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed

agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immortality!" cried Asem, in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Allah! who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. Oh, for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render Society miserable!"

"Cease thine exclamations," replied the Genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is,

I find, remarkable," said the Genius, smiling. "But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other, and, indeed, for obvious reasons, for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitudes, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest and, entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent Society. But they had scarcely left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels, that closely pursued him. "Heavens ! cried Asem, "why does he fly ? What can he fear from animals so contemptible ?" He had scarcely spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action."—"Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontier."—"But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect."—"Where is, then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals ?" replied the Genius, smiling; "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice."—"I must acknowledge my mistake," returned

Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, or any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family, they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectators; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men; there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom."—"Wisdom!" replied his instructor; "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them."—"All this may be right," says Asem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without in-

tercourse.”—“That indeed is true,” replied the other; “here is no established society nor should there be any; all societies are made either through fear or friendship, the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.”—“Well, then,” said the sceptic; “as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad at least of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.”—“And to what purpose should either do this?” says the Genius; flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of question.”

“Still, however,” said Asem, “the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion.” He had scarce spoken, when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and in the most deplorable distress seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. “Strange,” cried the son of Adam, “that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!”—“Be not surprised,” said the wretch who was dying; “would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary, and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.”—“They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,” cried Asem—“and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment be-

fore—all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.”—“Peace, Asem,” replied the Guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful; nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interests to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.”—“Strange !” cried the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; “what sort of a world am I now introduced to ? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius ! back to that very world which I have despised; a world which has Allah for its contriver is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mohamet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the Genius assumed an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first

began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water side in tranquillity; and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

THE MANNER IN WHICH SOME PHILOSOPHERS MAKE ARTIFICIAL MISERY.

The mind is ever ingenious in making its own distress. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, or feed, or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labour and a full meal; take him from rags and want, feed, clothe, and employ him, his wishes now rise one step above his station; he could be happy were he possessed of raiment, food, and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified even in these, his prospects widen as he ascends: he finds himself in affluence and tranquillity, indeed, but indolence soon breeds anxiety, and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure: pleasure is granted him, and this but opens his soul to ambition; and ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

But of all the arts of distress found out by man for his own torment, perhaps that of philosophic misery is most truly ridiculous; a passion nowhere carried to so extravagant an excess as in the country where I now reside. It is not enough to engage all the compassion of a philosopher here, that his own globe is harassed with wars, pestilence, or barbarity; he shall grieve for the inhabitants of the moon, if the situation of her imaginary mountains happens to alter; and dread the extinction of the sun, if the spots happen to increase. One should imagine, that philosophy was introduced to make men happy; but here it serves to make hundreds miserable.

My landlady, some days ago, brought me the diary of a philosopher of this desponding sort who had lodged in the apartment before me. It contains the history of a life which seems to be one continued tissue of sorrow, apprehension, and distress. A single week will serve as a specimen of the whole:—

“Monday.—In what a transient decaying situation are we placed; and what various reasons does philosophy furnish to make mankind unhappy! A single grain of mustard shall continue to produce its similitude through numberless successions; yet what has been granted to this little seed, has been denied to our planetary system: the mustard seed is still unaltered, but the system is growing old, and must quickly fall to decay. How terrible will it be, when the motions of the planets have at last become so irregular as to need repairing; when the moon shall fall into frightful paroxysms of alteration; when the earth, deviating from its ancient track, and with every other planet forgetting its circular revolutions shall become so eccentric, that unconfined by the laws of system, it shall fly off into boundless space, to knock against some distant world, or fall in upon the sun, either extinguishing his light, or burned up by his flames in a moment! Perhaps, while I write, this dreadful change has begun. Shield me from universal ruin! Yet idiot man laughs, sings, and rejoices, in the very face of the sun, and seems no way touched with his situation.

“Tuesday.—Went to bed in great distress, awaked and was comforted by considering that this change was to happen at some indefinite time; and therefore, like death, the thoughts of it might easily be borne. But there is a revolution, a fixed determined revolution, which must certainly come to pass; yet which, by good fortune, I shall never feel, except in my posterity. The obliquity

of the equator with the ecliptic is now twenty minutes less than when it was observed two thousand years ago by Piteas. If this be the case, in six thousand the obliquity will be still less by a whole degree. This being supposed, it is evident that our earth, as Louville has clearly proved, has a motion, by which the climates must necessarily change place, and in the space of one million of years England shall actually travel to the Antarctic pole. I shudder at the change ! How shall our unhappy grandchildren endure the hideous climate ! A million of years will soon be accomplished ; they are but a moment when compared to eternity ; then shall our charming country, as I may say, in a moment of time, resemble the hideous wilderness of Nova Zembla.

“ Wednesday.—To-night, by my calculation, the long predicted comet is to make its first appearance. Heavens ! what terrors are impending over our little dim speck of earth ? Dreadful visitation ! Are we to be scorched in its fires, or only smothered in the vapour of its tail ? That is the question ! Thoughtless mortals, go build houses, plant orchards, purchase estates, for to-morrow you die. But what if the comet should not come ? That would be equally fatal. Comets are servants which periodically return to supply the sun with fuel. If our sun, therefore, should be disappointed of the expected supply, and all his fuel be in the meantime burnt out, he must expire like an exhausted taper. What a miserable situation must our earth be in without his enlivening rays ! Have we not seen several neighbouring suns disappear ? Has not a fixed star, near the tail of the Ram, lately been quite extinguished ?

“ Thursday.—The comet has not yet appeared ; I am sorry for it : first, sorry because my calculation is false ; secondly, sorry lest the sun should want fuel ; thirdly, sorry

lest the wits should laugh at our erroneous predictions; and fourthly, sorry because, if it appears to-night, it must necessarily come within the sphere of the earth's attraction; and Heaven help the unhappy country on which it happens to fall !

“ Friday.—Our whole society have been out, all eager in search of the comet. We have seen not less than sixteen comets in different parts of the heavens. However, we are unanimously resolved to fix upon one only to be the comet expected. That near Virgo wants nothing but a tail to fit it out completely for terrestrial admiration.

“ Saturday.—The moon is. I find, at her old pranks. Her appulses, librations, and other irregularities, indeed, amaze me. My daughter, too, is this morning gone off with a grenadier. No way surprising; I was never able to give her a relish for wisdom. She ever promised to be a mere expletive in the creation. But the moon, the moon gives me real uneasiness; I fondly fancied I had fixed her. I had thought her constant, and constant only to me; but every night discovers her infidelity, and proves me a desolate and abandoned lover.”—*Adieu.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THE INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Coming forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, now if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous ? Is it the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever anxious application up to manhood can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out ! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account !—To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal ; the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the

hand again; to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase one another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries; to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace and as if, to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves.

—The hearing a speech in Parliament drawled and stammered out by the Honourable Member of the Noble Lord; the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian Jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What I have been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection in which others cannot find a flaw? The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions, and polish my periods; but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing; yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as I can do to beat my man: though he may be an indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of

wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power of superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there, and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

I have always had this feeling of the inefficacy and slow progress of intellectual compared to mechanical excellence, and it has always made me somewhat dissatisfied. It is a great many years since I saw Richer, the famous rope-dancer perform at Sadler's Wells. He was matchless in his art, and added to his extraordinary skill exquisite ease and unaffected natural grace. I was at that time employed in copying a half-length picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and it put me out of conceit with it. How all this part was made out in the drawing! How heavy, how slovenly this other was painted! I could not help saying to myself, "If the rope-dancer had performed his task in this manner, leaving so many gaps and botches in his work, he would have broken his neck long ago; I should never have seen that vigorous elasticity of nerve and precision of movement!"—Is it, then, so easy an undertaking (comparatively) to dance on a tight-rope? Let any one who thinks so get up and try. There is the thing. It is that which at first we cannot do at all which in the end is done to such perfection. To account for this in some degree, I might observe that mechanical dexterity is confined to doing some one particular thing, which you can repeat as often as you please, in which you know whether you succeed or fail, and where the point of perfection consists in succeeding in a given undertaking. In mechanical efforts you improve by perpetual practice, and you do so infallibly, because the object to be attained is not a matter of taste or fancy or opinion, but of actual experiment, in which you must either do the thing or not

do it. If a man is put to aim at a mark with a bow and arrow, he must hit it or miss it, that's certain. He cannot deceive himself, and go on shooting wide or falling short and still fancy that he is making progress. The distinction between right and wrong, between true and false, is here palpable ; and he must either correct his aim or persevere in his error with his eyes open, for which there is neither excuse nor temptation. If a man is learning to dance on a rope, if he does not mind what he is about he will break his neck. After that it will be in vain for him to argue that he did not make a false step. His situation is not like that of Goldsmith's pedagogue:—

In argument they own'd his wondrous skill,

And e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.

Danger is a good teacher, and makes apt scholars. So are disgrace, defeat, exposure to immediate scorn and laughter. There is no opportunity in such cases for self-delusion, no idling time away, no being off your guard (or you must take the consequences) neither is there any room for humour or caprice or prejudice. If the Indian Juggler were to play tricks in throwing up the three case-knives, which keep their positions like the leaves of a crocus in the air, he would cut his fingers. I can make a very bad antithesis without cutting my fingers. The tact of style is more ambiguous than that of double-edged instruments. If the Juggler were told that by flinging himself under the wheels of the Juggernaut, when the idol issues forth on a gaudy day, he would immediately be transported into paradise, he might believe it, and nobody could disprove it. So the Brahmins may say what they please on that subject, may build up dogmas and mysteries without end, and not be detected ; but their ingenious countrymen cannot persuade the frequenters of the Olympic Theatre that

he performs a number of astonishing feats without actually giving proofs of what he says. There is, then, in this sort of manual dexterity, first a gradual aptitude acquired to a given exertion of muscular power, from constant repetition, and in the next place an exact knowledge how much is still wanting and necessary to be supplied. The obvious test is to increase the effort or nicety of the operation, and still to find it come true. The muscles ply instinctively to the dictates of habit. Certain movements and impressions of the hand and eye, having been repeated together an infinite number of times, are unconsciously but unavoidably cemented into closer and closer union; the limbs require little more than to be put in motion for them to follow a regular track with ease and certainty; so that the mere intention of the will acts mathematically like touching the spring of a machine, and you come with Locksley in "Ivanhoe," in shooting at a mark, to allow for the wind."

Further, what is meant by perfection in mechanical exercises is the performing certain feats to a uniform nicety, that is, in fact, undertaking no more than you can perform. You task yourself, the limit you fix is optional, and no more than human industry and skill can attain to; but you have no abstract, independent standard of difficulty or excellence (other than the extent of your own powers). Thus he who can keep up four brass balls does this to perfection; but he cannot keep up five at the same instant, and would fail every time he attempted it. That is, the mechanical performer undertakes to emulate himself, not to equal another. But the artist undertakes to imitate another or to do what Nature had done, and this, it appears, is more difficult, *viz.*, to copy what she has set before us in the face of nature or "human face divine," entire and without a blemish, than to keep up four brass

balls at the same instant for the one is done by the power of human skill and industry, and the other never was nor will be. Upon the whole, therefore, I have more respect for Reynolds than I have for Richer; for happen how it will, there have been more people in the world who can dance on a rope like the one than who could paint like Sir Joshua. The latter was but a bungler in his profession to the other, it is true; but then he had a harder task-master to obey, whose will was more wayward and obscure, and whose instructions it was more difficult to practise. You can put a child apprentice to a tumbler or rope-dancer with a comfortable prospect of success, if they are but sound of wind and limb; but you cannot do the same thing in painting. The odds are a million to one. You may make indeed as many Haydons and H-s as you put into that sort of machine, but not one Reynolds amongst them all, with his grace, his grandeur, his blandness of gusto, "in tones and gestures hit," unless you could make the man over again. To snatch this grace beyond the reach of art is then the height of art—where fine art begins, and where mechanical skill ends. The soft suffusion of the soul, the speechless breathing eloquence, the looks "commercing with the skies," the ever-shifting forms of an eternal principle, that which is seen but for a moment, but dwells in the heart always, and is only seized as it passes by strong and secret sympathy, must be taught by nature and genius, not by rules of study. It is suggested by feeling, not by laborious microscopic inspection; in seeking for it without we lose the harmonious clue to it within; and in aiming to grasp the substance, we let the very spirit of art evaporate. In a word, the objects of fine art are not the objects of sight, but as these last are the objects of taste and imagination, that is, as they appeal to the sense of beauty, of pleasure.

and of power in the human breast, and are explained by that finer sense, and revealed in their inner structure to the eye in return. Nature is also a language. Objects, like words, have a meaning; and the true artist is the interpreter of this language, which he can only do by knowing its application to a thousand other objects in a thousand other situations. Thus the eye is too blind a guide of itself to distinguish between the warm or cold tone of a deep-blue sky; but another sense acts as a monitor to it and does not err. The colour of the leaves in autumn would be nothing without the feeling that accompanies it; but it is that feeling that stamps them on the canvas, faded, seared, blighted, shrinking from the winter's flaw, and makes the sight as true as touch—

And visions, as poetic eyes avow,

Cling to each leaf and hang on every bough.

The more ethereal, evanescent, more refined and sublime part of art is the seeing Nature through the medium of sentiment and passion, as each object is a symbol of the affections and a link in the chain of our endless being. But the unravelling this mysterious web of thought and feeling is alone in the Muse's gift, namely, in the power of that trembling sensibility which is awake to every change and every modification of its ever-varying impressions, that

Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line.

This power is indifferently called genius, imagination, feeling, taste: but the manner in which it acts upon the mind can neither be defined by abstract rules, as is the case in science nor verified by continual, unvarying experiments, as is the case in mechanical performances. The mechanical excellence of the Dutch painters in colouring and handling is that which comes the interest in fine art to the perfection of certain manual exhibitions of

skill. The truth of the effect and the facility with which it is produced are equally admirable. Up to a certain point everything is faultless. The hand and eye have done their part. There is only a want of taste and genius. It is after we enter upon that enchanted ground that the human mind begins to droop and flag as in a strange road, or in a thick mist, benighted and making little way with many attempts and many failures, and that the best of us can only escape with half a triumph. The undefined and the imaginary are the regions that we must pass like Satan, difficult and doubtful, half flying, half on foot. The object in sense is a positive thing, and execution comes with practice.

Cleverness is a certain knack or aptitude at doing certain things, which depend more on a particular adroitness and off-hand readiness than on force or perseverance, such as making puns, making epigrams, making extempore verses, mimicking the company, mimicking a style, etc. Cleverness is either a liveliness and smartness, or something answering to sleight of hand, like letting a glass fall sideways off a table, or else a trick, like knowing the secret spring of a watch. Accomplishments are certain external graces, which are to be learned from others, and which are easily displayed to the admiration of the beholder, *viz.*, dancing, riding, fencing, music, and so on. These ornamental acquirements are only proper to those who are at ease in mind and fortune. I know an individual who, if he had been born to an estate of five thousand a year, would have been the most accomplished gentleman of the age. He would have been the delight and envy of the circle in which he moved—would have graced by his manners the liberality flowing from the openness of his heart, would have laughed with the women, have argued with the men, have said good things and written agree-

able ones, have taken a hand at piquet or the lead at the harpsichord, and have set and sung his own verses, with tenderness and spirit; a Rochester without the vice, a modern Surrey ! As it is, all these capabilities of excellence stand in his way. He is too versatile for a professional man, not dull enough for a political drudge, too gay to be happy, too thoughtless to be rich. He wants the enthusiasm of the poet, the severity of the prose writer, and the application of the man of business. Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry, such as writing a criticism, making a speech, studying the law. Talent differs from genius as voluntary differs from involuntary power. Ingenuity is genius in trifles; greatness is genius in undertakings of much pith and moment. A clever and ingenious man is one who can do anything well, whether it is worth doing or not; a great man is one who can do that which when done is of the highest importance. Themistocles said he could not play on the flute, but that he could make of a small city a great one. This gives one a pretty good idea of the distinction in question.

Greatness is great power, producing great effects. It is not enough that a man has great power in himself; he must show it to all the world in a way that cannot be hid or gainsaid. He must fill up a certain idea in the public mind. I have no other notion of greatness than this twofold definition, great result springing from great inherent energy. The great invisible object has relation to that which extends over space; the great in mental ones has to do with space and time. No man is truly great who is great only in his lifetime. The test of greatness is the page of history. Nothing can be said to be great that has a distinct limit, or that borders on something evidently greater than itself. Besides, what is short-lived and pampered

into mere notoriety is of a gross and vulgar quality in itself. A Lord Mayor is hardly a great man. A city orator or patriot of the day only show, by reaching the height of their wishes, the distance they are at from any true ambition. Popularity is neither fame nor greatness. A king (as such) is not a great man. He has great power, but it is not his own. He merely wields the lever of the state, which a child, an idiot, or a madman can do. It is the office, not the man, we gaze at. Any one else in the same situation would be just as much an object of abject curiosity. We laugh at the country girl who having seen a king expressed her disappointment by saying, "Why, he is only a man!" Yet, knowing this, we run to see a king as if he was something more than a man. To display the greatest powers, unless they are applied to great purposes, makes nothing for the character of greatness. To throw a barleycorn through the eye of a needle, to multiply nine figures by nine in the memory, argues definite dexterity of body and capacity of mind, but nothing comes of either. There is a surprising power at work, but the effects are not proportionate, or such as take hold of the imagination. To impress the idea of power on others, they must be made in some way to feel it. It must be communicated to their understanding in the shape of an increase of knowledge, or it must subdue and overawe them by subjecting their wills. Admiration to be solid and lasting must be founded on proofs from which we have no means of escaping; it is neither a slight nor a voluntary gift. A mathematician who solves a profound problem, a poet who creates an image of beauty in the mind that was not there before, imparts knowledge and power to others, in which his greatness and his fame consists, and on which it reposes. Jedediah Buxton will be forgotten; but Napier's bones will live. Lawgivers, philosophers, founders of religions, con-

querors and heroes, inventors and great geniuses in arts and sciences, are great men; for they are great public benefactors, or formidable scourges to mankind. Among ourselves, Shakespeare, Newton, Bacon, Milton, Cromwell, were great men, for they showed great power by acts and thoughts, which have not yet been consigned to oblivion. They must needs be men of lofty stature, whose shadows lengthen out to remote posterity. A great farce-writer may be a great man; for Moliere was but a great farce-writer. In my mind, the author of "Don Quixote" was a great man. So have there been many others. A great chess-player is not a great man, for he leaves the world as he found it. No act terminating in itself constitutes greatness. This will apply to all displays of power or trials of skill which are confined to the momentary, individual effort, and construct no permanent image or trophy of themselves without them. Is not an actor then a great man, because "he dies and leaves the world no copy?" I must make an exception for Mrs. Siddons, or else give up my definition of greatness for her sake. A man at the top of his profession is not therefore a great man. He is great in his way, but that is all, unless he shows the marks of a great moving intellect, so that we trace the master-mind, and can sympathise with the springs that urge him on. The rest is but a craft or mystery. John Hunter was a great man—that any one might see without the smallest skill in surgery. His style and manner showed the man. He would set about cutting up the carcass of a whale with the same greatness of gusto that Michael Angelo would have hewn a block of marble. Lord Nelson was a great naval commander; but, for myself, I have not much opinion of a seafaring life. Sir Humphry Davy is a great chemist, but I am not sure that he is a great man. I am not a bit the wiser for any of his dis-

coveries, nor I ever met with any one that was. But it is in the nature of greatness to propagate an idea in itself, as wave impels wave, circle without circle. It is a contradiction in terms for a coxcomb to be a great man. A really great man has always an idea of something greater than himself. I have observed that certain sectaries and polemical writers have no higher compliment to pay their most shining lights than to say that "such a one was a considerable man in his day." Some new elucidation of a text sets aside the authority of the old interpretation, and a "great scholar's memory outlives him half a century," at the utmost. A rich man is not a great man, except to his dependants and his steward. A lord is a great man in the idea we have of his ancestry, and probably of himself, if we know nothing of him but his title. I have heard a story of two bishops, one of whom (speaking of St. Peter's at Rome) said that when he first entered it, he was rather awestruck, but then as he walked up it, his mind seemed to swell and dilate with it, and at last to fill the whole building; the other said that as he saw more of it, he appeared to himself to grow less and less every step he took, and in the end to dwindle into nothing. This was in some respects a striking picture of a great and little mind; for greatness sympathises with greatness, and littleness shrinks into itself.

ON NICKNAMES.

This is a more important subject than it seems at first sight. It is as serious in its results as it is contemptible in the means by which these results are brought about. Nicknames, for the most part, govern the world. The history of politics, of religion, of literature, of morals and of private life, is too often little less than the history of nicknames. What are one-half the convulsions of the civilized world—the frequent overthrow of states and kingdoms—the shock and hostile encounters of mighty continents, the battles by sea and land—the intestine commotions—the feuds of the Vitellii and Orsini, of the Guelphs and Ghibellines—the civil wars in England and the League in France—the jealousies and heart-burnings of cabinets and councils—the uncharitable proscriptions of creeds and sects, Turk, Jew, Pagan, Papist and Puritan, Quaker, and Methodist—the persecutions and massacres—the burnings, tortures, imprisonments, and lingering deaths, inflicted for a different profession of faith—but so many illustrations of the power of this principle? Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Neal's History of the Puritans, are comments on the same text. The fires in Smithfield were fanned by nicknames, and a nickname set its seal on the unopened dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. Nicknames are the talismans and spells that collect and set in motion all the combustible part of men's passions and prejudices, which have hitherto played so much more successful a game, and done their work so much more effectually than reason, in all the grand concerns and pretty details of

human life, and do not yet seem tired of the task assigned them. Nicknames are the convenient, portable tools by which they simplify the process of mischief, and get through their job with the least time and trouble. These worthless, unmeaning, irritating, envenomed words of reproach are the established signs by which the different compartments of society are ticketed, labelled, and marked out for each other's hatred and contempt. They are to be had, ready cut and dry, of all sorts and sizes, wholesale and retail, for foreign exportation or for home consumption, and for all occasions in life. "The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, the lawyer beknaves the divine." The Frenchman hates the Englishman because he is an Englishman; an Englishman hates the Frenchman for as good a reason. The Whig hates the Tory, and the Tory the Whig. The Dissenter hates the Church of England man, and the Church of England man hates the Dissenter, as if they were of a different species, because they have a different designation. The Mussalman calls the worshipper of the Cross "Christian dog," spits in his face, and kicks him from the pavement, by virtue of a nickname; and the Christian retorts the indignity upon the Infidel and the Jew by the same infallible rule of right. In France they damn Shakespeare in the lump, by calling him a barbare; and we talk of Racine's verbiage with inexpressible contempt and self-complacency. Among ourselves, an anti-Jacobin critic denounces a Jacobin poet and his friends, at a venture, as "infidels and fugitives, who have left their wives destitute, and their children fatherless"—whether they have wives and children or not. The unenlightened savage makes a meal of his enemy's flesh, after reproaching him with the name of his tribe, because he is differently tattooed; and the literary cannibal cuts up the character of his opponent by the help of a

nickname. The jest of all this is, that a party nickname is always a relative term, and has its countersign, which has just the same force and meaning, so that both must be perfectly ridiculous and insignificant. A Whig implies a Tory; there must be "Malcontents" as well as "Malignants"; Jacobins and anti-Jacobins; English and French. These sorts of *noms-de-guerre* derive all their force from their contraries. Take away the meaning of the one, and you take the sting out of the other. They could not exist but upon the strength of mutual and irreconcilable antipathies; there must be no love lost between them. What is there in the names themselves to give them a preference over each other? "Sound them, they do become the mouth as well; weigh them, they are as heavy; conjure with them, one will raise a spirit as soon as the other." If there were not fools and madmen who hated both, there could not be fools and madmen bigoted to either. I have heard an eminent character boast that he had done more to produce the late war by nicknaming Bounaparte "the Corsican," than all the state papers and documents on the subject put together. And yet Mr. Southey asks triumphantly, "Is it to be supposed that it is England, our England, to whom that war was owing?" As if, in a dispute between two countries, the conclusive argument, which lies in the pronoun *our*, belonged only to one of them. I like Shakespeare's version of the matter better:—

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest, prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

In all national disputes, it is common to appeal to the numbers on your side as decisive on the point. If every-

body in England thought the late war right, everybody in France thought it wrong. There were ten millions on one side of the question (or rather of the water), and thirty on the other side—that's all. I remember someone arguing, in justification of our Ministers interfering without occasion, "That governments would not go to war for nothing"; to which I answered: "Then they could not go to war at all; for, at that rate, neither of them could be in the wrong, and yet both of them must be in the right, which was absurd." The only meaning of these vulgar nicknames and party distinctions, where they are urged most violently and confidently, is that others differ from you in some particular or other (whether it be opinion, dress, climate, or complexion) which you highly disapprove of, forgetting that, by the same rule, they have the very same right to be offended at you because you differ from them. Those who have reason on their side do not make the most obstinate and grievous appeals to prejudice and abusive language. I know but of one exception to this general rule, and that is where the things that excite disgust are of such a kind that they cannot well be gone into without offence to decency and good manners; but it is equally certain in this case, that those who are most shocked at the things are not those who are most forward to apply the names. A person will not be fond of repeating a charge, or adverting to a subject, that inflicts wound on his own feelings, even for the sake of wounding the feelings of another. A man should be very sure that he himself is not what he has always in his mouth. The greatest prudes have been often accounted the greatest hypocrites, and a satirist is at best but a suspicious character. The loudest and most unblushing invectives against vice and debauchery will as often proceed from a desire to inflame and pamper the passions of the writer, by

raking into a nauseous subject, as from a wish to excite virtuous indignation against it in the public mind, or to reform the individual. To familiarize the mind to gross ideas is not the way to increase your own or the general repugnance to them. But to return to the subject of nicknames.

The use of this figure of speech is, that it excites a strong idea without requiring any proof. It is a shorthand, compendious mode of getting at a conclusion, and never troubling yourself or anybody else with the formalities of reasoning or the dictates of common sense. It is superior to all evidence, for it does not rest upon any, and operates with the greatest force and certainty in proportion to the utter want of probability. Belief is only a stray impression, and the malignity or extravagance of the accusation passes for a proof of the crime. "Brevity is the soul of wit"; and of all eloquence a nickname is the most concise, of all arguments the most unanswerable. it gives *carte-blanche* to the imagination, throws the reins on the neck of the passions, and suspends the use of the understanding altogether. It does not stand upon ceremony, on the nice distinctions of right and wrong. It does not wait the slow processes of reason, or stop to unravel the wit of sophistry. It takes everything for granted that serves for nourishment for the spleen. It is instantaneous in its operations. There is nothing to interpose between the effect and it. It is passion without proof, and action without thought—"the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations." It does not, as Mr. Burke expresses it, "leave the will puzzled, undecided, and sceptical in the moment of action." It is a word and a blow. The "No Popery" cry raised a little while ago let loose all the lurking spite and prejudice which had lain rankling in the proper receptacles for them

for above century, without any knowledge of the past history of the country which had given rise to them, or any reference to their connexion with present circumstances; for the knowledge of the one would have prevented the possibility of their application to the other. Facts present a tangible and definite idea to the mind, a train of causes and consequences, accounting for each other, and leading to a positive conclusion—but no farther. But a nickname is tied down to no such limited service; it is a disposable force, that is almost always perverted to mischief. It clothes itself with all the terrors of uncertain abstraction, and there is no end of the abuse to which it is liable but the cunning of those who employ, or the credulity of those who are gulled by it. It is a reserve of the ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance of weak and vulgar minds, brought up where reason fails, and always ready, at a moment's warning, to be applied to any, the most absurd purposes. If you bring specific charges against a man, you thereby enable him to meet and repel them, if he thinks it worth his while; but a nickname baffles reply, by the very vagueness of the inferences from it, and gives increased activity to the confused, dim, and imperfect notions of dislike connected with it, from their having no settled ground to rest upon. The mind naturally irritates itself against an unknown object of fear or jealousy, and makes up for the blindness of its zeal by an excess of it. We are eager to indulge our hasty feelings to the utmost, lest, by stopping to examine, we should find that there is no excuse for them. The very consciousness of the injustice we may be doing another makes us only the more loud and bitter in our invectives against him. We keep down the admonitions of returning reason, by calling up a double portion of gratuitous and vulgar spite. The will may be said to act with most force *in vacuo*; the passions

are the most ungovernable when they are blindfolded. That malignity is always the most implacable which is accompanied with a sense of weakness, because it is never satisfied of its own success or safety. A nickname carries the weight of the pride, the indolence, the cowardice, the ignorance, and the ill nature of mankind on its side. It acts by mechanical sympathy on the nerves of society. Any one without character himself may make himself master of the reputation of another by the application of a nickname, as, if you do not mind soiling your fingers, you may always throw dirt on another. No matter how undeserved the imputation, it will stick; for, though it is sport to the bystanders to see you bespattered, they will not stop to see you wipe out the stains. You are not heard in your own defence; it has no effect, it does not tell, excites no sensation, or it is only felt as a disappointment of their triumph over you. Their passions and prejudices are inflamed by the charge. "As rage with rage doth sympathize"; by vindicating yourself, you merely bring them back to common sense, which is a very sober, mawkish state. *Give a dog an ill name and hang him.* is a proverb. "A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can throw at a man." It is a bugbear to the imagination, and, though we do not believe in it, still haunts our apprehensions. Let a nickname be industriously applied to our dearest friend, and let us know that it is ever so false and malicious, yet it will answer its end; it connects the person's name and idea with an ugly association, and you think of them with pain together, or it requires an effort of indignation or magnanimity on your part to disconnect them; it becomes an uneasy subject, a sore point, and you will sooner desert your friend, or join in the conspiracy against him, than be constantly forced to repel charges

without truth or meaning, and have your penetration or character called in question by a rascal. Nay, such is the unaccountable construction of language and of the human mind, that the affixing the most innocent or praiseworthy appellation to any individual, or set of individuals, as a nickname, has all the effect of the most approbrious epithets. Thus the cant name, "the Talents," was successfully applied as a stigma to the Whigs at one time; it held them up to ridicule, and made them abnoxious to public feeling, though it was notorious to everybody that the Whig leaders were "the Talents," and that their adversaries nicknamed them so from real hatred and pretended derision. Call a man short by Christian name, as Tom or Dick such-a-one, or by his profession (however respectable), as Canning pelted a noble lord with his left-off title of Doctor, and you undo him for ever, if he has a reputation to lose. Such is the tenaciousness of spite and ill nature, or the jealousy of public opinion, even this will be peg enough to hang doubtful innuendos, weighty dilemmas upon. "With so small a web as this will I catch so great a fly as Cassio." The public do not like to see their favourites treated with impertinent familiarity; it lowers the tone of admiration very speedily. It implies that some one stands in no great awe of their idol, and he perhaps may know as much about the matter as they do. It seems as if a man whose name, with some contemptuous abbreviation, is always dinned in the public ear, was distinguished for nothing else. By repeating a man's name in this manner you may soon make him sick of it, and of his life too. Children do not like to be *called out of their names*: it is questioning their personal identity. There are political writers who have fairly worried their readers into conviction by abuse and nicknames. People surrender their judgments to escape the prosecution of

their style, and the disgust and indignation which their incessant violence and vulgarity excite, at last make you hate those who are the objects of it. *Causa causae causa causati*. They make people sick of a subject by making them sick of their arguments.

A parrot may be taught to call names; and if the person who keeps the parrot has a spite to his neighbours, he may give them a great deal of annoyance without much wit, either in the employer or the puppet. The insignificance of the instrument has nothing to do with the efficacy of the means. Hotspur would have had "a starling taught to speak nothing but Mortimer," in the ears of his enemy. Nature, it is said, has given arms to all creatures the most proper to defend themselves, and annoy others: to the lowest she has given the use of nicknames.

There are some droll instances of the effect of proper names combined with circumstances. A young student had come up to London from Cambridge, and went in the evening and planted himself in the pit of the playhouse. He had not been seated long, when in one of the front boxes near him he discovered one of his college tutors, with whom he felt an immediate and strong desire to claim acquaintance, and accordingly called out, in a low and respectful voice: "Dr. Topping! The appeal was, however, ineffectual. He then repeated in a louder tone, but still in an under key, so as not to excite the attention of any one but his friend, "Dr. Topping!" The Doctor took no notice. He then grew more impatient, and repeated "Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping!" two or three times pretty loud, to see whether the Doctor did not or would not hear him. Still the Doctor remained immovable. The joke began at length to get round, and one or two persons, as he continued his invocation of the

Doctor's name, joined in with him; these were reinforced by others calling out, "Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping ! on all sides, so that he could no longer perceiving it, and at length the whole pit rose and roared, "Dr. Topping !" with loud and repeated cries, and the Doctor was forced to retire precipitately, frightened at the sound of his own name.

The calling people by their Christian or surname is a proof of affection, as well as of hatred. They are generally the best of good fellows with whom their friends take this sort of liberty. Diminutives are titles of endearment. Dr. Johnson's calling Goldsmith "Goldy" did equal honour to both. It showed the regard he had for him. This familiarity may perhaps imply a certain want of formal respect: but formal respect is not necessary to, if it is consistent with, cordial friendship. Titles of honour are the reverse of nicknames; they convey the idea of respect, as the others do of contempt, but they equally mean little or nothing. Junius's motto, *Stat nominis umbra*, is a very significant; it might be extended farther. A striking instance of the force of names, standing by themselves, is in the respect felt towards Michael Angelo in this country. We know nothing of him but his name. It is an abstraction of fame and greatness. Our admiration of him supports itself, and our idea of his superiority seems self-evident, because it is attached to his name only.

CHARLES LAMB.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-women to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish

on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall see no longer a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politerbred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidor, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidors or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered

and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady has always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be fortune, I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me, but I had been poor Mary such-a-one (naming the milliner),—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had

sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her hand-maid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so

many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley—to reverence her sex.

DREAM CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble, one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining country; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great

house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at mid-night gliding up and down the staircase near where she slept, but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her

grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-

children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out, and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries and how their uncle grew up to a man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long; and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if

their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W-n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strongly impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice,” nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as “with a difference.” We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed! and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it any plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds

odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer yes or no to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the

said question.

Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasion of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit, but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathamp-

stead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the country, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble part at Luton in our way from St. Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, Oh! how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June" and I could say with the poet:—

But thou that didst appear so fair to fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the country. But this adopted Bruton, in my hand, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one

another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins ! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us. I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospital cousin made us proceed to Wheathmpstead, to introduce us (as some new found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing. With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own,—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weaking infancy I was her tender charges—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

LEIGH HUNT.

THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN
NATURE.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

People undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose that our perceptions and sensations are more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What, then, is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure—we may colour their existence in the gross though we must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot control the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

“ But what if we cannot even do this.” The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, cannot is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride and ignorance and despair in it than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past but future: and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness. It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, “ You can build no higher than your heads.”

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle everything by assertion; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shows its feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical: which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because they are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasurable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never, perhaps, feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the conscientiousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of buoyancy and self-possession, which a sick man must not despair of, because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing fair-play to the other side of the question. To return to our main point. After childhood comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Everything tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable?" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has suspended. It must do by our comfort as a friend may do by one's books—enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing for himself or others. The latter suffers and discovers why. He suffers even more because he knows more; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns, too, to apply his knowledge to his own ease; and he sees, that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him, perhaps, and make him sickly; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him what no want of thought would have done: while on the other hand, if he shows a want of thought upon these points, the inference is easy: he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakespeare divided his time between town

and country, and in the latter part of his life built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon; and with Milton's leave, "his wisest heart" was not so much out in this matter as when his royal impatience induced him to say that everything was vanity.

"CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY."

There appears to be something in the composition of of humanity like what we have observed in that of music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air: and he becomes an inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than the wisest heart bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence. Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible. Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path? Superstition answers only to perplex us and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments that may carry forward their own good? "A modest thought," you will say.

Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility than you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them ?

ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antonius) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right:—If it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful: but in one of them the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good, upon the whole, is greater than of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excitement, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right on that account to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing put an infinite suffering should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all

the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can sympathise with our happiness is to suppose that he can sympathise with our misery, but to suppose that he can sympathise with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature, therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering, as nature must guard against permanent; she carves out our work for us in the gross: we must attend to it in the detail. To leave everything to her would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer—first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books; secondly, that of things useful—looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability; and thirdly (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that, not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described;—they think they shall be damned also if they do not gratuitously ascribe

to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better, and hasten to make amends for it by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots—the unhealthy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are not so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in heaven as he does in the Manchester coach. Never mind who suffers outside—woman, or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a Margate boy, which professed to “sail by Divine Providence.” Walking about the deck at night to get rid of the chillness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap. Upon stooping down we found it to be a woman. The Methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

SUPERSTITION, THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle everything. We no more think so than that our eye-

sight can see into all existence. But it does not follow that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle everything, that it runs in despair into the arms of irrationality.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

“God Almighty !

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out !”

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakespeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see fairplay, and things on a level.—“But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid.”—Well, then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain, and, by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy, and yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without dis-

quietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself braced up in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons: invalids have missed the accompaniment of a gunshot wound; and the world is angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shows the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must rise upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen is candid, and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ADVICE.

It has been well observed that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

HAPPINESS: HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason by which we call this earth a vale of tears we might call heaven, when we got there, a hill of sighs; for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there

are no fields or trees there; and that we nevertheless could imagine them, and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing as a stream of air,—as a wind fanning one's face for a summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy ! What a beatitude to anticipate ! Suppose, above all, that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

MY BOOKS.

Sitting, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me; to wit, a table of highpiled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books,—how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spencer*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights*; then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio*; then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing desk; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, in stead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! “We had talk, sir,”—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better

disposition of my movables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spencer*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fireplace in the sitting room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above mentioned. I took a walk everyday, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a piece of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remember at the very worst that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are the book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with

much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannize over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of side-long mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France," and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrain* in

France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dinning one) covered and irradiated with books and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the book-cases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confusion, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C. L., and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-

stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and two-pence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d’Alfarache himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C., who also includes Italian among his humanities.

W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakespeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who, though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H. R.’s books are all too modern and finely bound, which, however, is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great Japan chest three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R., which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man’s things as

his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculations, that I have lent and lost in my time (and I am eight-and-thirty) half-a-dozen decent-sized libraries,—I mean books to fill so many ordinary book-cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WALKING TOURS.

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curacoa in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize him-

self, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker. He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such a one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time." When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more

than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in mind to throw it bodily over the hedge, and like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he will keep thinking of his anxieties, if he will open the merchant Abdullah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why wherever he is, and whether he walks fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master

in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubador, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a fullgrown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it.

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be, dull and foolish as our neighbours. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal.

And then he must have a winding road, the epicure !

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rimes; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought !

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor

does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the house-top, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a life-time is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these

foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket ! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look with special favour. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the *New Heloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows

nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey; so would a volume of Heine's songs; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for

most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresay. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the disproportions of the world, and in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddle-stick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, and your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content; when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more:

whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys ? Human experience is not yet able to reply ; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.

THE CHARACTER OF DOGS.

The civilization, the manners and the morals of dog-kind are to a great extent subordinated to those of his ancestral master man. This animal, in many ways so superior, has accepted a position of inferiority, shares the domestic life, and humours the caprices of the tyrant. But the potentate, like the British in India, pays small regard to the character of his willing client, judges him with listless glances, and condemns him in a by-word. Listless have been the looks of his admirers, who have exhausted idle terms of praise, and buried the poor soul below exaggerations. And yet more idle, and, if possible, more unintelligent has been the attitude of his express detractors; those who are very fond of dogs "but in their proper place"; who say "poo' fellow, poo' fellow," and are themselves far poorer; who whet the knife of the vivisectionist or heat his oven; who are not ashamed to admire "the creature's instinct"; and flying far beyond folly, have dared to resuscitate the theory of animal machine. The "dog's instinct" and the "automaton-dog," in this age of psychology and science, sound like strange anachronisms. An automaton he certainly is, a machine working independently of his control, the heart, like the mill-wheel, keeping all in motion, and the consciousness, like a person shut in the mill garret, enjoying the view out of the window and shaken by the thunder of the stones; an automaton in one corner of which a living spirit is confined: an automaton like man. Instinct again he certainly possesses. Inherited aptitudes are his in-

herited frailties. Some things he at once views and understands, as though he were awakened from a sleep, as though he came "trailing clouds of glory." But with him, as with man, the field of instinct is limited; its utterances are obscure and occasional; and about the far larger part of life both the dog and his master must conduct their steps by deduction and observation.

The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that one can speak and that the other cannot. The absence of power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect. It hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic. At the same blow it saves him from many superstitions, and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies. The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, suspicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth. The day of an intelligent small dog is passed in the manufacture and the laborious communication of falsehood; he lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with his protesting paw; and when he rattles his dish or scratches at the door his purpose is other than appears. But he has some apology to offer for the vice. Many of the signs which form his dialect have come to bear an arbitrary meaning, clearly understood both by his master and himself; yet when a new want arises he must either invent a new vehicle of meaning or wrest an old one to a different purpose; and this necessity frequently recurring must tend to lessen his idea of the sanctity of symbols. Meanwhile the dog is clear in his own conscience, and draws, with a human nicety, the distinction between formal and essential truth. Of his punning per-

versions, his legitimate dexterity with symbols, he is even vain; but when he has told and been detected in a lie, there is not a hair upon his body but confesses guilt. To a dog of gentlemanly feeling theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten; and for those faults into which he has been led by the desire to shine before a lady of his race, he retains, even under physical correction, a share of pride. But to be caught lying, if he understands it, instantly uncurls his fleece.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been credited with modesty. It is amazing how the use of language blunts the faculties of man—that because vain glory finds no vent in words, creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault so gross and obvious. If a small spoiled dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech, he would prate interminably, and still about himself; when we had friends, we should be forced to lock him in a garret; and what with his whining jealousies and his foible for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love. I was about to compare him to Sir Willoughby Patterne, but the Patternes have a manlier sense of their own merits, and the parallel, besides, is ready. Hans Christian Anderson, as we behold him in his startling memoirs, thrilling from top to toe, with an excruciating vanity, and scouting even along the street for shadows offence—here was the talking dog.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. Once he ceas-

ed hunting and became man's plate lick, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth he was a gentleman of leisure; and except the few whom we keep working, the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered and affected. The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration. Take out your puppy for a walk, and you will find the little ball of fur clumsy, stupid, bewildered, but natural. Let but a few months pass, and when you repeat the process you will find nature buried in convention. He will do nothing plainly; but the simplest processes of our material life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. Instinct, says the fool, has awakened. But it is not so. Some dogs,—some at the very least—if they be kept separate from others, remain quite natural; and these when at length they meet with a companion of experience, and have the game explained to them, distinguish themselves by the severity of their devotion to its rules. I wish I were allowed to tell a story which would radiantly illuminate the point; but men, like dogs, have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are the children of convention.

The person, man or dog, who has a conscience is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug; the sense of the law in their members fatally precipitates either towards a frozen and affected bearing. And the converse is true; and in the elaborate and conscious manners of the dog, moral opinions and the love of the ideal stand confessed. To follow for ten minutes in the street some

swaggering, canine cavalier, is to receive a lesson in dramatic art and the cultured conduct of the body; in every act and gesture you see him true to a refined conception; and the dullest cur, beholding him, pricks up his ear and proceeds to imitate and parody that charming ease. For to be a high-mannered and high-minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part. And it is more pathetic and perhaps more instructive to consider the small dog in his conscientious and imperfect effort to outdo Sir Philip Sidney. For the ideal of the dog is feudal and religious; the ever-present polytheism, the whip-bearing Olympus of mankind, rules them on the one hand; on the other, their singular difference of size and strength among themselves effectually prevents the appearance of the democratic notion. Or we might exactly compare their society to the curious spectacle presented by a school—ushers, monitors, and big and little boys—qualified by one circumstance, the introduction of the other sex. In each, we should observe a somewhat similar tension of manner, and somewhat similar points of honour. In each the larger animal keeps a contemptuous good humour; in each the smaller annoys him with wasp-like impudence, certain of practical immunity; in each we shall find a double life producing double characters, and an excursive and noisy heroism combined with a fair amount of practical timidity. I have known dogs, and I have known school heroes that, set aside the fur, could hardly have been told apart; and if we desire to understand the chivalry of old, we must turn to the school playfields or the dunghheap where the dogs are trooping.

Woman, with the dog, has been long enfranchised

Incessant massacre of female innocents has changed the proportions of the sexes and perverted their relations. Thus, when we regard the manners of the dog, we see a romantic and monogamous animal, once perhaps as delicate as the cat, at war with impossible conditions. Man has much to answer for; and the part he plays is yet more damnable and parlous than Corin's in the eyes of Touchstone. But his intervention has at least created an imperial situation for the rare surviving ladies. In that society they reign without a rival: conscious queens; and in the only instance of a canine wife-beater that has ever fallen under my notice, the criminal was somewhat excused by the circumstances of his story. He is a little, very alert, well-bred, intelligent Skye, as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. To the human observer, he is decidedly well-looking; but to the ladies of his race he seems abhorrent. A thorough elaborate gentleman, of the plume and sword-knot order, he was born with a nice sense of gallantry to women. He took at their hands the most outrageous treatment; I have heard him bleating like sheep, I have seen him streaming blood, and his ear tattered like a regimental banner; and yet he would scorn to make reprisals. Nay more, when a human lady upraised the contumelious whip against the very dame who had been so cruelly misusing him, my little great-heart gave but one hoarse cry and fell upon the tyrant tooth and nail. This is the tale of a soul's tragedy. After three years of unavailing chivalry, he suddenly, in one hour, threw off the yoke of obligation; had he been Shakespeare he would then have written *Troilus and Cressida* to brand the offending sex; but being only a little dog, he began to bite them. The surprise of the ladies whom he attacked indicated the monstrosity of his offence; but he had fairly beaten off his better angel,

fairly committed moral suicide; for almost in the same hour, throwing aside the last rags of decency, he proceeded to attack the aged also. The fact is worth remark, showing, as it does, that ethical laws are common both to dogs and men; and that with both a single deliberate violation of the conscience loosens all. "But while the lamp holds on to burn," says the paraphrase, "the greatest sinner may return." I have been cheered to see symptoms of effectual penitence in my sweet ruffian; and by the handling that he accepted uncomplainingly the other day from an indignant fair one, I begin to hope the period of *Sturm and Drang* is closed.

All these little gentlemen are subtle casuists. The duty to female dog is plain; but where competing duties rise, down they will sit and study them out, like Jesuit confessors. I knew another little Skye, somewhat plain in manner and appearance, but a creature compact of amiability and solid wisdom. His family going abroad for a winter, he was received for that period by an uncle in the same city. The winter over, his own family home again, and his own house (of which he was very proud) reopened, he found himself in a dilemma between two conflicting duties of loyalty and gratitude. His old friends were not to be neglected, but it seemed hardly decent to desert the new. This was how he solved the problem. Every morning, as soon as the door was opened, off posted Coolin to his uncle's, visited the children in the nursery, saluted the whole family, and was back at home in time for breakfast and his bit of fish. Nor was this done without a sacrifice on his part, sharply felt; for he had to forego the particular honour and jewel of his day—his morning's walk with my father. And, perhaps from this cause, he gradually wearied of and relaxed the practice, and at length returned entirely to his ancient habits.

But the safe decision served him in another and more distressing case of divided duty, which happened not long after. He was not at all a kitchen dog, but the cook had nursed him with unusual kindness during the distemper; and though he did not adore her as he adored my father—although (born snob) he was critically conscious of her position as “only a servant”—he still cherished for her a special gratitude. Well, the cook left, and retired some streets away to lodgings of her own; and there was Coolin in precisely the same situation with any young gentleman who has had the inestimable benefit of a faithful nurse. The canine conscience did not solve the problem with a pound of tea at Christmas. No longer content to pay a flying visit, it was the whole forenoon that he dedicated to his solitary friend. And, so, day by day, he continued to comfort her solitude until (for some reason which I could never understand and cannot approve) he was kept locked up to break him of the graceful habit. Here, it is not the similarity, it is the difference, that is worthy of remark; the clearly marked degrees of gratitude and the proportional duration of his visits. Anything further removed from instinct it were hard to fancy; and one is even stirred to a certain impatience with a character so destitute of spontaneity, so passionless in justice, and so piggishly obedient to the voice of reason.

There are not many dogs like this good Coolin, and not many people. But the type is one well marked, both in the human and the canine family. Gallantry was not his aim, but a solid and somewhat oppressive respectability. He was a sworn foe to the unusual and the conspicuous, a praiser of the golden mean, a kind of city uncle modified by Cheeryble. And as he was precise and conscientious in all the steps of his own blameless course, he looked

for the same precision and an even greater gravity in the bearing of his deity, my father. It was no sinecure to be Coolin's idol: he was exacting like a rigid parent, and at every sign of levity in the man whom he respected, he announced loudly the death of virtue and the proximate fall of the pillars of the earth.

I have called him a snob; but all dogs are so, though in varying degrees. It is hard to follow their snobbery among themselves; for, though I think we can perceive distinctions of rank, we cannot grasp what is the criterion. Thus in Edinburgh, in a good part of the town, there were several distinct societies or clubs that met in the morning to—the phrase is technical—to “rake the buckets” in a troop. A friend of mine, the master of three dogs, was one day surprised to observe that they had left one club and joined another; but whether it was a rise or a fall, and the result of an invitation or an expulsion, was more than he could guess. And this illustrates pointedly our ignorance of the real life of dogs, their social ambitions and their social hierarchies. At least, in their dealings with men they are not only conscious of sex, but of the difference of station. And that in the most snobbish manner: for the poor man's dog is not offended by the notice of the rich, and keeps all his ugly feeling for those poorer or more ragged than his master. And again, for every station they have an ideal of behaviour, to which the master, under pain of derogation, will do wisely to conform. How often has not a cold glance of an eye informed me that my dog was disappointed; and how much more gladly would he not have taken a beating than to be thus wounded in the seat of piety!

I knew one disrespectful dog. He was far like a cat; cared little or nothing for men, with whom he merely co-existed as we do with cattle, and was entirely devoted

to the art of poaching. A house would not hold him, and to live in a town was what he refused. He led, I believe, a life of troubled but genuine pleasure, and perished beyond all question in a trap. But this was an exception, a marked reversion to the ancestral type; like the hairy human infant. The true dog of the nineteenth century, to judge by the remainder of my fairly large acquaintance, is in love with respectability. A street dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambolling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat-hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats; and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognise the upstart, and from that hour, except for human countenance, he was alone. Friendless, shorn of his sports and the habits of a lifetime, he still lived in a glory of happiness, content with his acquired respectability, and with no care but to support it solemnly. Are we to condemn or praise this self-made dog? We praise his human brother. And thus to conquer vicious habits is as rare with dogs as with men. With the more part, for all their scruple-mongering and moral thought, the vices that are born with them remain invincible throughout; and they live all their years, glorying in their virtues, but still the slaves of their defects. Thus the sage Coolin was a thief to the last; among a thousand peccadilloes, a whole goose and a whole cold leg of mutton lay upon his conscience; but Woggs, whose soul's shipwreck in the matter of gallantry I have recounted above, has only twice been known to steal, and has often nobly conquered the temptation. The eighth is his favourite commandment. There is something pain-

fully human in these unequal virtues and mortal frailties of the best. Still more painful is the bearing of those "stammering professors" in the house of sickness and under the terror of death. It is beyond a doubt to me that, somehow or other, the dog connects together, or confounds, the uneasiness of sickness and the consciousness of guilt. To the pains of the body he often adds the tortures of the conscience, and at these times his haggard protestations form, in regard to the human death-bed, a dreadful parody or parallel.

I once supposed that I had found an inverse relation between the double etiquette which dogs obey; and that those who were most addicted to the showy street life among other dogs were less careful in the practice of home virtues for the tyrant man. But the female dog, that mass of carneying affections, shines equally in either sphere; rules her rough posse of attendant swains with unwearying tact and gusto; and with her master and mistress pushes the arts of insinuation to their crowning point. The attention of man and the regard of other dogs flatter (it would thus appear) the same sensibility; but perhaps, if we could read the canine heart, they would be found to flatter it in very different degees. Dogs live with man as courtiers round a monarch, steeped in the flattery of his notice and enriched with sinecures. To push their favour in this world of pickings and caresses is, perhaps, the business of their lives; and their joy may lie outside. I am in despair at our persistent ignorance. I read in the lives of our companions the same processes of reason, the same antique and fatal conflicts of the right against the wrong, and of unbitted nature with too rigid custom; I see them with our weaknesses, vain, false, inconstant against appetite, and with our one stalk of virtue, devoted to the dream of an ideal; and yet, as they hurry by me

on the street with tail in the air, or come singly to solicit my regard, I must own the secret purport of their lives is still inscrutable to man. Is man the friend, or he is the patron only ? Have they indeed forgotten nature's voice ? or are those moments snatched from courtiership when they touch noses with the tinker's mongrel, the brief reward and pleasure of their artificial lives ? Doubtless, when man shares with his dog the toils of a profession and the pleasures of an art, as with the shepherd or the poacher, the affection warms and strengthens till it fills the soul. But doubtless, also, the masters are, in many cases, the object of a merely interested cultus, sitting aloft like Louis Quatorze, giving and receiving flattery and favour ; and the dogs, like the majority of men, have but foregone their true existence and become the dupes of their ambition.

E. V. LUCAS.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

"What right has that man to have a spaniel?" said a witty lady, pointing to a bully; "spaniels should be a reward."

In his prescription for the perfect home Southey included a little girl rising six years and a kitten rising six weeks. That is perhaps the prettiest thing that ever found its way from his pen—that patient, plodding, bread-winning pen, which he drove with such pathetic industry as long as he had any power left with which to urge it forward. A little girl rising six years and a kitten rising six weeks. Charming, isn't it?

But, my dear rascally Lake Poet, what about a puppy rising six months? How did you come to forget that?—such a puppy as is in this room as I write; a small black puppy of the Cocker spaniel blood, so black that had the good God not given him a gleaming white corner to his wicked little eye, one would not know at dinner whether he was sitting by one's side or not—not, that is, until his piercing shrieks, signifying that he had been (very properly) trodden on again, rent the welkin.

This puppy have I called the Lord of Life because I cannot conceive of a more complete embodiment of vitality, curiosity, success, and tyranny. Vitality first and foremost. It is incredible that so much pulsating quicksilver, so much energy and purpose, should be packed into a foot and a half of black hide. He is up earliest in the morning, he retires last in the night. He sleeps in the

day, it is true, but it is sleep that hangs by a thread. Let there be a footfall out of place, let a strange dog in the street venture but to breathe a little louder than usual, let the least rattle of plates strike upon his ear, and his sleep is shaken from him in an instant. From an older dog one expects some of this watchfulness. For an absurd creature of four months with one foot still in the cradle to be so charged with vigilance is too ridiculous.

If nothing occurs to interest him, and his eyes are no longer heavy (heavy ! he never had heavy eyes), he will make drama for himself. He will lay a slipper at your feet and bark for it to be thrown. I admire him most when he is returning with it in his mouth. The burden gives him responsibility ; his four black feet, much too big for his body, all move at once with a new importance and rhythm. When he runs for the slipper he is just so much galvanized puppy rioting with life ; when he returns he is an official, a guardian, a trustee : his eye is grave and responsible ; the conscientious field spaniel wakes in him and asserts itself.

As to his curiosity, it knows no bounds. He must be acquainted with all that happens. What kind of a view of human life a dog, even a big dog, acquires, I have sometimes tried to imagine by kneeling or lying full length on the ground and looking up. The world then becomes strangely incomplete : one sees little but legs. Of course the human eye is set differently in the head, and a dog can visualize humanity without injuring his neck as I must do in that grovelling posture ; but none the less the dog's view of his master standing over him must be very partial, very fragmentary. Yet this little puppy, although his eyes are within eight inches of the ground, gives the impression that he sees all. He goes through the house with a microscope.

But for his dependence, his curiosity, and his proprietary instinct to be studied at their best, you should see him in an empty house. All dogs like to explore empty houses with their masters, but none more than he. His paws never so resound as when they patter over the bare boards of an empty house. He enters each room with the eye of a builder, tenant, auctioneer, furnisher and decorator in one. I never saw such comprehensive glances, such a nose for a colour scheme. But leave him by accident behind a closed door and see what happens. Not the mandrake torn bleeding from its earth ever shrieked more melancholy. But tears are instant with him always, in spite of his native cheerfulness. It was surely a puppy that inspired the proverb about crying before you are hurt.

I spoke of his success. That is perhaps his most signal characteristic, for the world is at his feet. Whether indoors or out he has his own way, instantly follows his own inclination. It is one of his most charming traits that he thinks visibly. I often watch him thinking. "Surely it is time tea was brought," I can positively see him saying to himself: "I hope that cake was not finished yesterday: it was rather more decent than usual. I believe those girls eat it in the kitchen." Or, "He is putting on his heavy boots: that means the hill. Good! I will get near the door so as to be sure of slipping out with him." Or, "It is no good: he's not going for a walk this morning. That stupid old desk again, I supposed." Or, "Who was that? Oh, only the postman. I shan't bark for him." Or, "I am getting awfully hungry. I'll go and worry the cook."

In what way a dog expresses these thoughts I have no guess (it is one of the leading counts in the indictment of science that it knows nothing about dogs and does not

try to learn): but one can see the words passing in procession through his little mind as clearly as if it were made of glass.

But the most visible token of his success is the attention, the homage, he receives from strangers. For he not only dominates the house, but he has a procession of admirers after him in the streets. Little girls and middle-aged ladies equally ask permission to pat him. Old gentlemen (the villains !) ask if he is for sale, and inquire his price. Not that he looks valuable—as a matter of fact, though pure he is not remarkable—but that he suggests so much companionship and fun. One recognizes instantly the Vital Spark.

When it comes to the consideration of his tyranny, there enters a heavy spaniel named Bush and a dainty capricious egoist in blue-grey fur whom we will call Smoke. Smoke once had a short way with dogs; but the Lord of Life has changed all that. Smoke once would draw back a paw of velvet, dart it forward like the tongue of a serpent and return to sleep again, perfectly secure in her mind that that particular dog would harass her no more. But do you think she ever hurt the puppy in that way? Never. He loafs into the room with his hands in his pockets and his head full of mischief, perceives a long bushy blue-grey tail hanging over the edge of the sofa, and forthwith gives it such a pull with his teeth as a Siberian householder who had been out late and had lost his latch-key might at his door-bell when the wolves were after him. An ordinary dog would be blinded for less; but not so our friend. Smoke merely squeaks reproach, and in a minute or two, when the puppy has tired a little of the game, he is found not only lying beside her and stealing her warmth, but lying in the very centre of the nest in the cushion that she had fashioned

for herself. Tyranny, if you like !

And Bush ? Poor Bush. For every spoiled new comer there is I suppose throughout life an old faithful friend who finds himself on the shelf. It is not quite so bad as this with Bush, and when the puppy grows up and is staid too, Bush will return to his own again ; but I must admit that at the beginning he had a very hard time of it. For the puppy, chiefly by hanging on his ear, first infuriated him into sulks, and then, his mastery being recognized, set to work systematically to tease and bully him. The result is that now Bush actually has to ask permission before he dares to take up his old seat by my chair ; he may have it only if the puppy does not want it.

Bush, I ought to say, has lately been tried by a succession of new dogs ; and although the present puppy is his most powerful super-dog, he allowed all to acquire an improper influence and knuckled under with deplorable tameness. The first interloper was an Aberdeen, who taught him to rove. Before that he had never left the garden alone ; now he began to absent himself for hours, sometimes whole nights. It was all Scottie's doing, one could see. That small but insidious creature was of original sin compact—was everything that Bush was not. Scottie was unwilling, disobedient, independent, impenitent. When we went out for a walk he started with me punctually enough ; but he returned alone. At what point he disappeared, I never knew. He dissolved.

At night—for their kennels adjoined—he sapped Bush's character.

"Directly we are let loose, tomorrow," he would say, "let's go up to the Common and hunt."

"No, said Bush ; "they wouldn't like it. *He* would not like it." (I am *He*).

"Oh, never mind him," said Scottie. "After all, what does it mean ? Only a whack or two, and it is all

over."

"But we shall be tied up all day."

"No, you won't. Just keep on barking and whining, and they'll let you loose in self-defence."

(He knew what he was talking about here, for on one cold night he won his way into the house entirely by this device. The little blackguard !)

After a while Bush consented.

I had proof one night of the ascendancy which Scottie (aged ten months) had obtained over Bush (aged five years). I chained them up and went for some water. When I returned, Scottie was in Bush's large kennel, where he had no right; but it was warmer. "Come out," I said. But instead of coming out Scottie whispered threateningly to Bush: "*You go*"; and out crawled the spaniel and abjectly began to squeeze his shoulders into Scottie's minute abode.

I should not be surprised if these conversations are not minutely true to life; but one can, of course, never know: not at any rate until one meets Cerberus on the banks of the Styx—as we all must—and puts a few leading questions to him as to dog nature, while waiting for the ferry.

But Bush is not my theme; Bush was never a Lord of Life: his pulse was always a little slow, his nature a little too much inclined to accept rather than initiate. Nor, I suppose, will our Lord of Life be quite such a Lord much longer, for with age will come an increase of sobriety, a diminution of joy. That he will not untimely fall by the way, but will grow up to serious spanielhood, I feel as sure as if an angel had forewarned me; but were he now to die this should be his epitaph; "Here lies a Lord of Life, aged six months. He would never be broken to the house, but was adorable after sin."

MEDITATIONS AMONG THE CAGES.

Drifting somewhat aimlessly about the Zoo on Sunday afternoon, I came suddenly upon the hippopotamus's vast and homely countenance peering round the corner of its stockade. It is the hugest, most incredible thing—just for an instant a little like the late Herbert Campbell carried out to the highest power—and I felt for the moment as if I were in another world, a kind of impossible pantomime land. There was nothing frightening about it; it was more companionable than many faces that sit opposite one in a 'bus; and yet it was repellent, un-negotiable, absurd. It is not a thing to see suddenly.

This hippopotamus, who is now thirty years or more old, shows signs of age. Her feet are sore, her eyes are scaly, her teeth are few and awry and very brown. In bulk she is immense, of a rotund solidity unequalled in my experience. The Great Tun, filled with its gallons, would, one feels, be light compared with her. I could not help wondering what will happen when she dies, as die she must before very long: how her gigantic carcass will be moved, how dealt with, how eliminated. I am sure her lifeless form will be the heaviest thing in London—heavier than any girder, heavier than any gun. One has this impression, I suppose, because one knows something of the weight of an ordinary body, and one's mind multiplies that, whereas a girder or a gun conveys no instinct impression. Even the baby hippopotami, in the next cage, ridiculous little pigs of hippos, fresh from their packing-case and the voyage from Africa, are probably

each heavier than four aldermen; but the old one is fifty times heavier than the baby, and might easily, such is the consistency of her alarming barrel, be full of lead. When her tottering legs at length give way and she falls to rise no more, may I not be there to see !

Standing before this ridiculous mammoth, so useless, and unwieldy, I failed utterly to understand the feelings of the big-game hunter who could deliberately shoot it. If ever there was an animal that should inculcate or encourage the maxim, "Live and let live," it is the hippopotamus. I cannot understand how a man can dare to be responsible for adding so much mortality to this already encumbered earth. And yet there are members of West End clubs sipping their coffee at this moment who have probably shot many. To kill a lion or tiger, or any of the active, dangerous beasts: I can understand that, although I wish never to do it; but to interrupt the already stagnant life of one of these gentle mountains—that I could never bring myself to do. How can one kill a creature that wallows ?

Falling in later with a zoological Fellow, with a head full of Greek and a pocket full of apples and onions, without which he never visits these friends, I learned many curious facts. Among other things, I learned that the hornbill, who looks a desperately fierce biped, prepared at a second's notice to stab one with his iron beak, even in the back, is really the kindest and most companionable of birds, ready and eager for any amount of petting. He is also, perhaps, the best short-slip in the Gardens, for unwieldy as his beak looks to be, he can catch anything, throw it how you may. Albert Trott has hitherto been my ideal, but he reigns in my mind no more. *Le roi est mort; vive l'hornbill.*

I cannot get over my surprise about the hornbill

whose favourite food, it ought to be known, is grapes. No animal looks much less tractable and nursable; yet as a matter of fact the hornbill is as anxious to be noticed as a spoiled dog, and as full of sentimentality. Best of all—even more than grapes—he likes to be scratched under the chin, and he leans his head farther and farther back in the enjoyment of this ecstasy, until his bill points into the sky like the spire of a village church.

In close proximity to the hornbills live the boatbill, who is as lovely as a Japanese print, and Pel's Owl, who has perhaps the richest eyes in the whole Zoo, and not the least melancholy life; for he, accustomed to fly lightly and noiselessly over the surface of African rivers, catching unwary fish in his claws as he flies, is now confined to a cage within a cage, a few feet square. What must be his thoughts as he watches the sightseers go by! What must be the thoughts of all these caged aliens! The seals and sea-lions, one can believe, are not unhappy; the otter is in his element; the birds in the large aviaries, the monkeys, the snakes—these, one feels, are not so badly off. But the beasts and birds of a higher spirit, a mounting ambition—the eagles and hawks and lions and tigers, and Pel's Owl—what a destiny! What a future! I would not think their thoughts.

I learned also from my instructive Fellow that one of the llamas can expectorate with more precision and less warning than any American described by the old satirists; that the Bird of Paradise, exquisite and beautiful though he is, with every right to be disdainful and eremitic, will yet cling to the sides of the cage to eat a piece of apple from the hand, and, having taken it, swallow it whole; that the most westerly owl in the owl house will say "woof—woof" after any one that it esteems; that eagles like having their heads stroked, and that there is

one of them who, if you give it a lead, will crow like a cock. I doubt if such things should be. I like to think of the eagle as soaring into the face of the sun with an unwinking eye, and allowing no liberties. But in Regent's Park..... I suppose we must make allowances. Does not the rhinoceros eat biscuits ?

I learned also that the thar loves orange-peel above all delicacies, and that the mountain goat who possesses the biggest horns can bring them down on the railings with a thwack that, if your finger chanced to be there, as it easily might, would assuredly cut it in two; but, on the other hand, that the slender, graceful deer in the pen near the elephants, who has lately lost one horn, is as gentle as a spaniel and greatly in need of sympathy.

I learned, also, that the baby elephants eat Quaker oats; and that there are keepers in the Gardens who have never yet seen the beaver, not because they keep looking the opposite way, but because that creature is so unaccountably shy. The only chance one has of catching a glimpse of him is at sunset.

But the introduction to Delia was the crown of the morning—the coping-stone of my good fortune in meeting this zoological friend. We spent an hour in her company, while she toyed with an assorted fruitarian dinner. I should not call her a slave to her palate: I never remember seeing a non-human animal (is she a non-human animal, I wonder ?) so willing to drop a delicacy and turn to other things. She turned with chief interest to my walking-stick; but now and then the trapeze caught her restless eye, and she was on it; and now and then it seemed to be time to embrace or to be embraced. A very simple, loving soul, this Delia (is she a soul, has she a soul, I wonder ?), with the prettiest little thumb imaginable—for an ourang-outang, and, so far as I could observe, no

arrières pensées. Clean, too. In fact, quite one of us.

Delia is the first ape I ever saw that did not make me uneasy. So many monkeys—especially the larger apes—are such travesties of ourselves—and not only such travesties, but now and then such reminders of our worse selves—that one regards them with an increased scepticism as to man's part not only in this life, but in the next. But Delia is winsome; Delia has the virtues. She is kind, and gentle, and quiet. All her movements are deliberate and well thought out. She has none of the dreadful furtive suspiciousness of the smaller monkeys; so far as I could see, no pettiness at all. And the hair that serves her also for clothes, like Lady Godiva, is a very beautiful rich auburn. I cherish her memory.

It was the more pleasant to come under Delia's fascination, because I had just seen that horrible sight, the feeding of the diving birds. Here, at the most, one said in Delia's warm basement-room—here, at the most, is only mischief and want of thought; here are no cruel predatory jaws pursuing their living prey. The diving birds give one, indeed, a new symbol for rapacity and relentlessness, partly because the victims which they catch with such accuracy and ferocity, are so exquisitely made for joy and life. Can there be anything more beautiful than a slender diaphanous fish, gliding through the water with the light of day inhabiting its fragile body? The movements of a fish are in themselves grace incarnate. The keeper flings a dozen of these little miracles into the tank, and straightway they begin their magical progress through the green water. He then opens a cage, and a huge black and white bird, all cruel eye and snapping beak, plunges in, and in two minutes it has seized and swallowed every fish. The spectacle appeared to be very popular; but I came away sick.

I walked from Delia's boudoir to the lions, and from the lions to the sea-lions, by way of the long row of sheds where the nilgais and hartebeests and elands dwell, and found that the real interest of this house lay, not in those aliens, but in a domestic creature, which common though it be in English homes, is yet not too easy to observe—the mouse. If you want to see the mouse at ease, confidently moving hither and thither, and taking its meals with a mind secure from danger, go to the Zoo, nominally to study the eland. It is no injustice to the eland, who cares nothing for notice, therein differing completely from the male giraffe, who looks after his departing friends with a moist and wistful eye and a yearning extension of neck that only the stony-hearted can resist. The eland is less affectionate; he has no timidity, and he has no vanity. He does not mind what you look at, and therefore you may lavish all your attention on the mice that move about among his legs like the shadows of little racing clouds on a windy April day.

And so I came away, having seen everything in the Zoo except the most advertised animal of all—the pick-pocket. To see so many visitors to the cages wearing a patronising air, and to hear their remarks of condescension or dislike, as animal after animal is passed under review, has a certain piquancy in the contiguity of this ever present notice, "Beware of Pickpockets," warning man against—what?—man. Lions, at any rate, one feels (desirable as it may be to capture their skins for hearth-rugs), pick no pockets.

A PHILOSOPHER THAT FAILED.

Of Oliver Edwards nothing, I believe, is known beyond the fact that he had been at Pembroke College with Dr. Johnson ; that he was a solicitor in Bernard's Inn ; that he married twice ; that he lived on a little farm of sixty acres near Stevenage and came to London twice a week ; and that he wore grey clothes and a wig with many curls, and went to church on Good Fridays. We know of Edwards' life only this, and of his speech we have only some dozen sentences ; and yet he will live for ever, by virtue of having crossed the stage of literature on one fine morning one hundred and twenty-nine years ago. He might be likened to the bird with which the Venerable Bede compared the life of man in a famous and beautiful passage : the bird that flies out of the dark void into the lighted banqueting hall and out again into the void once more. So with Edwards ; for sixty years he was not : then he met Dr. Johnson and his Boswell in Butcher Row, stayed with them for an hour ; and was not again. But the hour was sufficient : it gave him time to make his one deathless remark. By virtue of that remark he lives, and will live.

Edwards' day was Good Friday, April 17, 1778—"a delightful day," says Boswell. How little the good Edwards can have thought, as he climbed out of his bed in Barnard's Inn that morning and donned his grey clothes and his curly wig, that he was about to become immortal. He spent, I take it, the early hours in his office, reading conveyances or deeds and writing letters ; then he went to

church, whether Dr. Johnson and Boswell had also gone, to St. Clement's, which through some strange stroke of luck is standing, with the Doctor's pew intact within it, to this dark, irreverent, rebuilding day.

On the way Boswell (who could grow the flower quite easily now, having obtained much seed) remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world, adding, skilfully as he thought, "Fleet Street is, in my mind, more delightful than Tempe!" The Doctor, however, having the same dislike of the imitator that most teachers and all cynics possess, had his dash of cold water ready. "Ay, ay, but let it be compared with Mull." So they passed on to church, where the Doctor was pleased to see so numerous a congregation.

It was after church that they met Edwards, whom Johnson had not seen for forty years. The recognition came from the lawyer, a talkative, friendly, and not easily daunted man, who thereafter quickly got to work and enlarged to Boswell on the pleasure of living in the country. Boswell, again in the true Johnsonian manner, replied, "I have no notion of this, sir. What you have to entertain you is, I think, exhausted in half an hour." But Edwards was deeper and more sincere. "What," he said, "don't you love to have hope realised? I see my grass, and my corn, and my trees growing. No, for instance, I am curious to see if this frost has not nipped my fruit trees." Johnson, who had been in a reverie, possibly missing the familiar scent of incense,—for, in spite of Boswell's innuendoes to the contrary, Edwards does not appear to have been at all impressed by the magnitude and lustre of his old friend,—here remarked, "You find, sir, you have fears as well as hopes!" and I am glad he did so, for it gave Boswell the opportunity to add the reflection, "So well did he see the whole when another saw but the

half of a subject." And yet it is more than likely that Edwards saw the whole too.

Being comfortably seated in the Bolt Court library on this sunny Good Friday, Edwards, who had already commented with delightful bluntness, but perfect innocence, on the Doctor's age, remarked, "Sir, I remember you would not let us say 'prodigious' at College. For even then," he added, turning to Boswell, "he was delicate in language, and we all feared him." Johnson said nothing of this at the time, but to this Boswell said afterwards, in private, "Sir, they respected me for my literature"—meaning by "they" the undergraduates—"and yet it was not great but by comparison. Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world." That was one hundred and twenty-nine years ago, and it is amazing still.

The conversation with Edwards then turned to money, and it came out that the lawyer had given much away. He also admitted to a longing to be a parson and live in comfort and comparative idleness. Johnson had an opening here, and took it. "I would rather have Chancery suits upon my hands," he said, "than the care of souls. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life." Edwards, however, did. There is no evidence that the Doctor convinced him. My impression is that he was never convinced by anyone's arguments. I picture him as the kind of man who goes through life contentedly, secure in his own opinion.

Nothing could daunt Edwards, and so innocent and happy was he that he had no notion he was not observing the strict rules of the game. The rules of the Johnson conversational game made it imperative that you should utter only questions or provocative opinions, and then wait

for the answer and receive it humbly. But Edwards smilingly broke them all. He asked questions, it is true, but long before the Doctor could reply he had volunteered, with appalling hardihood, scraps of autobiography. If there is one thing an autobiographer like Johnson cannot stand—it is the autobiography of others. And yet the Doctor, with his great human imagination, knew that Edwards was a pearl of sincerity and candour, and in his heart, I am sure, valued him accordingly. “I have been twice married, Doctor,” said Edwards, apropos of nothing, cheerily adding the terrifying sentiment, “you, I suppose, have never known what it was to have a wife?” This—to Johnson! We can see Boswell shivering on his chair’s edge. “Sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “I have known what it was to have a wife, and (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) I have known what it was to lose a wife. It had almost broke my heart.” Edwards was unabashed. He said instantly, “How do you live, sir?” adding, “For my part, I must have my regular meals and a glass of good wine.” Dr. Johnson replied suitably—the kind of reply that would usually settle the matter among his guests—“I now drink no wine, sir. Early in life I drank wine; for many years I drank none. I then for some years drank a great deal.” Edwards rose to a fine height of irreverence here, to the immense dismay, I have no doubt, of Boswell, who, with all his advantages, had not been at Pembroke with his hero. He cut in with, “Some hogs-heads, I warrant you.” The Doctor succeeded in taking no notice (quite possibly he was secretly flattered; we all like to be credited with great deeds), and continued his dull alimentary history; but the victory was Edwards’, for the Doctor, when asked if he ate supper, merely and very uncharacteristically said “No,” leaving it for his visitor to remark, with something of the great man’s own manner

made human, "For my part, now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass in order to get to bed.

That is good enough; but it is not the single remark by which Edwards is known—on which his deathless fame rests. That had come earlier. "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," said Edwards. "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in." That was Edwards' great speech. By virtue of that candid confession, he takes his place with the shining company of simple souls, the hierarchy of the ingenuous. It was too much for Boswell, who had no eye for children, young or old. But on repeating it to Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Malone, and, indeed, all the eminent men he knew, they said with one accord that, "that it was an exquisite trait of character." He therefore refrained from belittling it in the book.

To Boswell's intense relief, Edwards at last went. He had begun by calling Dr. Johnson (who was sixty-nine) old; he left with another reference to his age. Looking him full in the face, he said, "You will find in Dr. Young the line,

"O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves."

When he was gone, Boswell came to himself again, and quickly remarked that he thought him a weak man; and the Doctor, smarting under the imputation of senility, was, I regret to say, weak enough to agree. But they were both wrong. Edwards was a strong man—strong in his cheerfulness and his transparency.

A. G. GARDINER.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

If there is one custom that might be assumed to be beyond criticism it is the custom of shaking hands; but it seems that even this innocent and amiable practice is upon its trial. A heavy indictment has been directed against it in the Press on hygienic grounds, and we are urged to adopt some more healthy mode of expressing our mutual emotion when we meet or part. I think it would need a pretty stiff Act of Parliament and a heavy code of penalties to break us of so ingrained a habit. Of course, there are many people in the world who go through life without ever shaking hands. Probably most people in the world manage to do so. The Japanese bows, and the Indian salaams, and the Chinese makes a grave motion of the hand, and the Arab touches the breast of his friend at parting with the tips of his fingers.

By comparison with these modes of salutation it may be that our Western custom of shaking each other by the hand seems coarse and bucolic, just as our custom of promiscuous kissing seems an unintelligible indecency to the Japanese, to whom osculation has an exclusive sexual significance that we do not attach to it. In the matter of kissing, it is true, we have become much more restrained than our ancestors. Everyone has read the famous passage in Erasmus' letters in which he describes how people used to kiss in Tudor England, and how, by the way, that learned and holy man enjoyed it. He could

not write so of us to-day. And there is one connection in which kissing has never been a common form of salutation with us. Masculine kissing is an entirely Continental habit, chiefly cultivated among the Russians. The greatest display of kissing I have ever witnessed was at Prince Kropotkin's house—he was then living at Brighton—on his seventieth birthday. A procession of aged and bearded Russian patriarchs came to bring greetings, and as each one entered the room he rushed at the sage, flung his arms about his neck, and gave him a resounding smack on each whiskered cheek, and Kropotkin gave resounding smacks in return.

This is carrying heartiness too far for our austere tastes. I do not think that Englishmen could be bribed to kiss each other, but I cannot conceive that they will ever be argued out of shaking hands with each other. A greeting which we really feel without a grip of the hand to accompany it would seem like a repulse, or sacrilege. It would be a bond without the seal—as cold as a step-mother's breath, as official as a typewritten letter with a typewritten signature. It would be like denying our hands their natural office. They would revolt. They would not remain in our pockets or behind our backs or toying with a button. We should have to chain them up, so instinctive and impetuous is their impulse to leap at a brother hand.

No doubt the custom has its disadvantages. We all know hands that we should prefer not to shake, warm, clammy hands, listless, flaccid hands, bony, energetic hands. The horror and loathing with which Uriah Heep filled our youthful mind was conveyed more through the touch of his hand than by any other circumstance. It was a cold, dank hand that left us haunted with the sense of obscene and creepy things. I know the touch of that hand as though

it had lain in mine, and whenever I feel such a hand now the vision of a cringing, fawning figure damns the possessor of it in my mind beyond reprieve. It may be unjust, but the hand-clasp is no bad clue to moral as well as physical health. "There is death in that hand" was Coleridge's remark after parting from Keats, and there are times when we can say with no less confidence that there is pollution, or dishonesty, or candour, or courage "in that hand."

Some personalities seem to resolve themselves into a hand-shake. It is so eloquent that it leaves nothing more to be discovered about them. There is Peaker, the publisher, for example, who advances with outstretched hand and places it in yours as though it is something he wants to get rid of. It is a cold pudding of a hand, or a warm pudding of a hand, according to the weather, but, cold or warm, it is equally a pudding. What are you to do with it? It obviously does not belong to Peaker, or he would not be so anxious to get rid of it. You can't shake it, for it is as unresponsive as a jelly-fish, and no one can shake hands heartily with a jelly-fish. Hand-shaking must be mutual, or it is not at all. So you just hold it as long as civility demands, and then gently return it to Peaker, who goes and tries to get someone else to take it off his hands, so to speak. And at the other extreme is that hearty fellow Stubbings, the sort of man who

Hails you "Tom" or "Jack,"

And proves by thumping on your back

How he esteems your merit.

But he does not thump you on the back. He takes your hand—if you are foolish enough to lend it to him—and crushes it into a jumble of aching bones and shakes your arm well-nigh out of its socket. That is the sort of man I am, he seems to say. Nothing half-hearted about

me, sir. Yorkshire to the backbone. Jannock right through, sir. (Oh, torture !) And I am glad to see you, sir. (Another jerk). He restores your hand, a mangled pain, and you are careful not to trust him with it again at parting. And there is the limp and lingering hand that seems so overcharged with affection that it does not know when to go, but lies in your palm until you feel tempted to throw it out of the window. But though there are hands that make you shudder and hands that make you writhe, the ritual is worth the occasional penalty we have to pay for it. It is the happy mean between the Oriental's formal salaam and the Russian's enormous hug, if it has less dignity than the Arab's touch with the finger-tips, which is like a benediction, it has more warmth and more of the spirit of human comradeship. We shall need a lot of medical evidence before we cease to say with the most friendly of all poets:

*Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine.*

ON COURAGE.

I was asked the other day to send to a new magazine a statement as to the event of the war which had made the deepest impression on me. Without hesitation I selected the remarkable Christmas demonstrations in Flanders. Here were men who for weeks and months past had been engaged in the task of stalking each other and killing each other, and suddenly under the influence of a common memory, they repudiate the whole gospel of war and declare the gospel of brotherhood. Next day they began killing each other again as the obedient instruments of governments they do not control and of motives they do not understand. But the fact remains. It is a beam of light in the darkness, rich in meaning and hope.

But if I were asked to name the instance of individual action which had most impressed me I should find the task more difficult. Should I select something that shows how war depraves, or something that shows how it ennobles? If the latter I think I would choose that beautiful incident of the sailor on the *Formidable*.

He had won by ballot a place in one of the boats. The ship was going down, but he was to be saved. One pictures the scene: The boat is waiting to take him to the shore and safety. He looks at the old comrades who have lost in the ballot and who stand there doomed to death. He feels the passion for life surging within him. He sees the cold, dark sea waiting to engulf its victim. And in that great moment—the greatest moment that can come to any man—he makes the triumphant choice. He turns

to one of his comrades. "You have got parents," he says. "I haven't." And with that word—so heroic in its simplicity—he makes the other take his place in the boat and signs his own death warrant.

I see him on the deck among his doomed fellows, watching the disappearing boat until the final plunge comes and all is over. The sea never took a braver man to its bosom. "Greater love hath no man than this....."

Can you read that story without some tumult within you—without feeling that humanity itself is ennobled by this great act and that you are, in some mysterious way, better for the deed? That is the splendid fruit of all such sublime sacrifice. It enriches the whole human family. It makes us lift our heads with pride that we are men—that there is in us at our best this noble gift of valiant unselfishness, this glorious prodigality that spends life itself for something greater than life. If we had met this nameless sailor we should have found him perhaps a very ordinary man, with plenty of failings, doubtless, like the rest of us, and without any idea that he had in him the priceless jewel beside which crowns and coronets are empty baubles. He was something greater than he knew.

How many of us could pass such a test? What should I do? What would you do? We neither of us know, for we are as great a mystery to ourselves as we are to our neighbours. Bob Acres said he found that "a man may have a deal of valour in him without knowing it," and it is equally true that a man may be more chicken-hearted than he himself suspects. Only the occasion discovers of what stuff we are made—whether we are heroes or cowards, saints or sinners. A blustering manner will not reveal the one any more than a long face

will reveal the other.

The merit of this sailor's heroism was that it was done with calculation—in cold blood, as it were, with that “two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage” of which Napoleon spoke as the real thing. Many of us could do brave things in hot blood, with a sudden rush of the spirit, who would fail if we had time, as this man had, to pause and think, to reckon, to doubt, to grow cold and selfish. The merit of his deed is that it was an act of physical courage based on the higher quality of moral courage.

Nor because a man fails in the great moment is he necessarily all a coward. Mark Twain was once talking to a friend of mine on the subject of courage in men, and spoke of a man whose name is associated with a book that has become a classic. “I knew him well,” he said, “and I knew him as a brave man. Yet he once did the most cowardly thing I have ever heard of any man. He was in a shipwreck, and as the ship was going down he snatched a lifebelt from a woman passenger and put it on himself. He was saved, and she was drowned. And in spite of that frightful act I think he was not a coward. I know there was not a day of his life afterwards when he would not willingly and in cold blood have given his life to recall that shameful act.”

In this case the failure was not in moral courage, but in physical courage. He was demoralised by the peril, and the physical coward came uppermost. If he had had time to recover his moral balance he would have died an honourable death. It is no uncommon thing for a man to have in him the elements both of the hero and the coward. You remember that delightful remark of Mrs. Disraeli, one of the most characteristic of the many quaint sayings attributed to that strange woman. “Dizzy,” she said, “has wonderful moral courage, but no physical

courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath." It is a capital illustration of that conflict of the coward and the brave man that takes place in most of us. Dizzy's moral courage carried him to the bath, but there his physical courage failed him. He could not pull the string that administered the cold shock. The bath-room is rich in such secrets, and life teems with them.

The true hero is he who unites the two qualities. The physical element is the more plentiful. For one man who will count the cost of sacrifice and, having counted it, pay the price with unfaltering heart, there are many who will answer the sudden call to meet peril with swift defiance. The courage that snatches a comrade from under the guns of the enemy or a child from the flames is, happily, not uncommon. It is inspired by an impulse that takes men out of themselves and by a certain spirit of challenge to fate that every one with a sporting instinct loves to take. But the act of the sailor of the *Formidable* was a much bigger thing. Here was no thrill of gallantry and no sporting risk. He dealt in cold certainties: the boat and safety; the ship and death; his life or the other's. And he thought of his comrade's old parents at home and chose death.

It was a great end. I wonder whether you or I would be capable of it. I would give much to feel that I could answer in the affirmative—that I could take my stand on the spiritual plane of that unknown sailor.

ON EARLY RISING.

There is no period of the year when my spirit is so much at war with the flesh as this. For the winter is over, and the woods are browning and the choristers of the fields are calling me to matins—and I do not go. Spiritually I am an early riser. I have a passion for the dawn and the dew on the grass, and the “early pipe of half-awakened brides.” On the rare occasions on which I have gone out to meet the sun upon the upland lawn or on the mountain tops I have experienced an emotion that perhaps no other experience can give. I remember a morning in the Tyrol when I had climbed Kitzbulhorn to see the sun rise. I saw the darkness changing to chill grey, but no beam of sunlight came through the massed clouds that barred the east. Feeling that my night climb had been in vain, I turned around to the wet, and there, by a sort of magical reflection, I saw the sunrise. A beam of light, invisible to the east, had pierced the clouds and struck the mountains in the west. It seemed to turn them to molten gold, and as it moved along the black mass it was as though a vast torch was setting the world aflame. And I remembered that fine stanza of Clough’s :

And not through eastern windows only,

When morning comes, comes in the light.

In front the dawn breaks slow, how slowly,

But westward, look, the land is bright.

And there was that other dawn which I saw, from the icy ridge of the Petersgrat, turning the snow-clad

summits of the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and Mont Blanc to a magic realm of rosetinted battlements.

And there are others. But they are few, for though I am spiritually a son of the morning, I am physically a sluggard. There are some people who are born with a gift for early rising. I was born with a genius for lying in bed. I can go to bed as late as anybody, and have no joy in a company that begins to yawn and grow drowsy about ten o'clock. But in the early rising handicap I am not a starter. A merciful providence has given me a task that keeps me working far into the night and makes breakfast and the newspaper in bed a matter of duty. No words can express the sense of secret satisfaction with which I wake and realise that I haven't to get up, that stern duty bids me lie a little longer, listening to the comfortable household noises down below and the cheerful songs outside, studying anew the pattern of the wall-paper and taking the problems of life "lying-down" in no craven sense.

I know there are many people who have to catch early morning buses and trams who would envy me if they knew my luck. For the ignoble family of sluggards is numerous. It includes many distinguished men. It includes saints as well as sages. That moral paragon, Dr. Arnold, was one of them; Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," was another. Bishop Selwyn even put the duty of lying in bed on a moral plane. "I did once rise early," he said, "but I felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that I determined not to do it again." He stayed in bed to mortify his pride, to make himself humble. And is not humility one of the cardinal virtues of a good Christian? I have fancied myself that people who rise early are slightly self-righteous. They can't help feeling a little scornful

of us sluggards. And we know it. Humility is the badge of all our tribe. We are not proud of lying in bed. We are ashamed—and happy. The noblest sluggard of us all has stated our case for us. “No man practises so well as he writes,” said Dr. Johnson. “I have all my life been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good.”

Of course we pay the penalty. We do not catch the early worm. When we turn out all the bargains have gone, and we are left only with the odds and ends. From a practical point of view, we have no defence. We know that an early start is the secret of success. It used to be said of the Duke of Newcastle that he always went about as though he had got up half an hour late, and was trying all day to catch it up. And history has recorded what a grotesque failure he was in politics. When someone asked Nelson for the secret of his success he replied: “Well, you see, I always manage to be a quarter of an hour in front of the other fellow.” And the recipe holds good to-day. When the inner history of the battle of the Falkland is told in detail it will be found that it was the early start insisted on by one man of the military genius and vision we have produced in this war that gave us that priceless victory.

And if you have ever been on a walking tour or a cycling tour you know that early rising is the key of the business. Start early and you are master of your programme and your fate. You can linger by the way, take a dip in the mountain tarn, lie under the shadow of a great rock in the hot afternoon, and arrive at the valley inn in comfortable time for the evening meal. Start late and you are the slave of the hours. You chase them with weary feet, pass the tarn with the haste of a dispatch bearer

though you are dying for a bathe, and arrive when the roast and boiled are cleared away and the merry company are doing a "traverse" around the skirting board of the billiard room. Happy reader, if you know the inn I mean—the jolly inn at Wasdale Head.

No, whether from the point of view of business or pleasure, worldly wisdom or spiritual satisfaction, there is nothing to be said in our defence. All that we can say for lying in bed is what Foote—I think it was Foote—said about the rum: "I went into a public house," he said, "and heard one man call for some rum because he was hot, and another call for some rum because he was cold. Then I called for some rum because I liked it." We sluggards had better make the same clean breast of the business. We lie in bed because we like it. Just that. Nothing more. We like it. We claim no virtue, ask no indulgence, accept with humility the rebukes of the strenuous.

As for me, I have a licence—nay, I have more; I have a duty. It is my duty to lie in bed o' mornings until the day is well aired. For I burn the mid-night oil, and the early blackbird—the first of our choir to awake—has often saluted me on my way home. Therefore I lie in bed in the morning looking at the ceiling and listening to the sounds of the busy world without a twinge of conscience. If you were listening, you would hear me laugh softly to myself as I give the pillow another shake and thank Providence for having given me a job that enables me to enjoy the privileges of the sluggard without incurring the odium that he so richly deserves.

ON TALK AND TALKERS.

The other day I went to dine at a house known for the brilliancy of the conversation. I confess that I found the experience a little trying. In conversation I am naturally rather a pedestrian person. The talk I like is the talk which Washington Irving had in mind when he said that "that is the best company in which the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant." I do not want to be expected to be brilliant or to be dazzled by verbal pyrotechnics. I like to talk in my slippers, as it were, with my legs at full stretch, my mind at ease, and with all the evening before me. Above all, I like the company of people who talk for enjoyment and not for admiration. "I am none of those who sing for meat, but for company," says Isaac Walton, and therein is the secret of good talk as well as of cheerful song.

But at this dinner table the conversation flashed around me like forked lighting. It was so staccato and elusive that it seemed like talking in shorthand. It was a very fencing match of wit and epigram, a sort of game of touch-and-go, or tip-and-run, or catch-as catch-can, or battledore and shuttlecock, or demon patience, or anything you like that is intellectually and physically breathless and baffling. I thought of a bright thing to say now and then, but I was always so slow in getting away from the mark that I never got it out. It had grown stale and out of date before I could invest it with the artistic merit that would enable it to appear in such brilliant company. And so, mentally out of breath, I just sat and felt old-fashion-

ed and slow, and tried to catch the drift of the sparkling dialogue. But I looked as wise as possible, just to give the impression that nothing was escaping me, and that the things I did not say were quite worth saying. That was Henry Irving's way when the conversation got beyond him. He just looked wise and said nothing.

There are few things more enviable than the quality of good talk, but this was not good talk. It was clever talk, which is quite a different thing. There was no "stuff" in it. It was like trying to make a meal off the east wind, which it resembled in its hard brilliancy and lack of geniality. It reminded me of the tiresome witticisms of Mr. Justice Darling, who always gives the impression of having just come into court from the study of some jest book or a volume of appropriate quotations. The foundation of good talk is good sense, good nature, and the gift of fellowship. Given these things you may serve them with the sauce of wit, but wit alone never made good conversation. It is like mint sauce without the lamb. Fluent talkers are not necessarily good conversationlists. Macaulay talked as though he were addressing a public meeting, and Coleridge as though he were engaged in an argument with space and eternity. "If any of you have got anything to say," said Samuel Rogers to his guests at breakfast one morning, "you had better say it now you have got a chance. Macaulay is coming." And you remember that whimsical story of Lamb cutting off the coat button that Coleridge held him by in the garden at Highgate, going for his day's work into the City, returning in the evening, hearing Coleridge's voice, looking over the hedge and seeing the poet with the button between forefinger and thumb still talking into space. His life was an unending monologue. "I think, Charles, that you never heard me preach," said Coleridge

once, speaking of his pulpit days. "My dear boy," answered Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

Johnson's talk had the quality of conversation, because, being a clubbable man, he enjoyed the give-and-take and the cut-and-thrust of the encounter. He liked to "lay his mind on yours," as he said of Thurlow, and though he was more than a little "huffy" on occasion he had that wealth of humanity which is the soul of hearty conversation. He quarrelled heartily and forgave heartily—as in that heated scene at Sir Joshua's when a young stranger had been too talkative and knowing and had come under his sledge hammer. Then, proceeds Boswell, "after a short pause, during which we were somewhat uneasy; Johnson; Give me your hand, Sir. You were too tedious and I was too short.—Mr.—: Sir, I am honoured by your attention in any way.—Johnson: Come, Sir, let's have no more of it. We offend one another by our contention; let us not offend the company by our compliments." He always had the company in mind. He no more thought of talking alone than a boxer would think of boxing alone, or the tennis player would think of rushing up to the net for a rally alone. He wanted something to hit and something to parry, and the harder he hit and the quicker he parried the more he loved the other fellow. That is the way with all the good talkers of our own time. Perhaps, Mr. Belloc is too cyclonic and scornful for perfect conversation, but his energy and wit are irresistible. I find Mr. Bernard Shaw far more tolerant and much less aggressive in conversation than on paper or on the platform. But the princes of the art, in my experience, are Mr. Birrell, Lord Morley, and Mr. Richard Whiteing, the first for the rich wine of his humour, the second for the sensitiveness and delicacy of his thought, the third for the deep love of his kind that warms the generous current of his talk. I would add Mr. John Burns, but he is really

a soloist. He is too interesting to himself to be sufficiently interested in others. When he is well under way you simply sit round and listen. It is capital amusement, but it is not conversation.

It is not the man who talks abundantly who alone keeps the pot of conversation boiling. Some of the best talkers talk little. They save their shots for critical moments and come in with sudden and devastating effect. Lamb had that art, and his stammer was the perfect vehicle of brilliant sallies. Mr. Arnold Bennett in our time uses the same hesitation with delightful effect—sometimes with a shattering truthfulness that seems to gain immensely from the preliminary obstruction that has to be overcome. And I like in my company of talkers the good listener, the man who contributes an eloquent silence which envelops conversation in an atmosphere of vigilant but friendly criticism. Addison had this quality of eloquent silence. Goldsmith, on the other hand, would have liked to shine, but had not the gift of talk. Among the eloquent listeners of our day I place that fine writer and critic, Mr. Robert Lyand, whose quiet has a certain benignant graciousness, a tolerant yet vigilant watchfulness, that adds its favour to the more eager talk of others.

It was a favourite fancy of Samuel Rogers that “perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with—that our thoughts may stream into each other’s minds without any verbal communications.” It is an idea which has its attractions. It would save time and effort, and would preserve us from the misunderstandings which the clumsy instrument of speech involves. I think, as I sit here in the orchard by the beehive and watch the bees carrying out their myriad functions with such disciplined certainty, that there must be the possibility of mutual understanding without speech—an understanding

such as that which Coleridge believed humanity would have discovered and exploited if it had been created mute.

And yet I do not share Rogers' hope. I fancy the next world will be like this, only better. I think it will resound with the familiar speech of our earthly pilgrimage, and that in any shady walk or among any of the fields of asphodel over which we wander we may light upon the great talkers of history, and share in their eternal disputation. There, under some spreading oak or beech, I shall hope to see Carlyle and Tennyson, or Lamb and Hazlitt and Coleridge, or Johnson laying down the law to Langton and Burke and Beauclerk, with Bozzy taking notes, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare continuing those combats of the Mermaid Tavern described by Fuller—the one mighty and lumbering like a Spanish galleon, the other swift and supple of movement like an English frigate—or Chaucer and his Canterbury pilgrims still telling tales on an eternal May morning. It is a comfortable thought, but I cannot conceive it without the old, cheerful din of contending tongues. I fancy edging myself into those enchanted circles, and having a modest share in the glorious pow-wows of the masters. I hope they won't vote me a bore and scatter at my approach.

H. BELLOC.

THE DEATH OF WANDERING PETER.

"I will confess and I will not deny," said Wandering Peter (of whom you have heard little but of whom in God's good time you shall hear more). "I will confess and I will not deny that the chief pleasure I know is the contemplation of my fellow-beings."

He spoke thus in his bed in the inn of a village upon the river Yonne beyond Auxerre, in which bed he lay a-dying; but though he was dying he was full of words.

"What energy ! What cunning ! What desire ! I have often been upon the edge of a steep place, such as a chalk pit or a cliff above a plain, and watched them down below, hurrying around, turning about, laying down, putting up, leading, making, organising, driving, considering, directing, exceeding, and restraining; upon my soul I was proud to be one of them ! I have said to myself," said Wandering Peter, "lift up your heart; you also are one of these ! For though I am," he continued, "a wandering man and lonely, given to the hills and to empty places, yet I glory in the workers on the plain, as might a poor man in his noble lineage. From these I came; to these in my old age I would have returned."

At these words the people about his bed fell to sobbing when they thought how he would never wander more, but Peter Wanderwide continued with a high heart:

"How pleasant it is to see them plough: First they cunningly contrive an arrangement that throws the earth

aside and tosses it to the air, and then, since they are too weak to pull the same, they use great beasts, oxen or horses or even elephants, and impose them with their will, so that they patiently haul this contrivance through the thick clods; they tear up and they put into furrows, and they transform the earth. Nothing can withstand them. Birds you will think could escape them by flying up into the air. It is an error. Upon birds also my people impose their view. They spread nets, food, bait, trap and lime. They hail stones and shot and arrows at them. They cause some by a perpetual discipline to live near them, to lay eggs and to be killed at will; of this sort are hens, geese, turkeys, ducks, and guinea-fowls. Nothing eludes the careful planning of man.

“Moreover, they can build. They do not build this way or that, as a dull necessity forces them, not they. They build as they feel inclined. They hew down, they saw through (and how marvellous is a saw !), they trim timber, they mix lime and sand, they excavate the recesses of the hills. Oh ! the fine fellows ! They can at whim make your chambers or the Tower prison or my aunt’s new villa at Wimbledon (which is a joke of theirs), or St. Pancras Station, or the Crystal Palace, or Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul’s or Bon Secours. They are agreeable to every change in the wind that blows about the world. It blows Gothic, and they say ‘By all means’—and there is your Gothic—a thing dreamt of and done ! It suddenly veers south again and blows from the Mediterranean. The jolly little fellows are equal to the strain, and up goes Amboise, and Anet, and the Louvre, and all the Renaissance. It blows everyhow and at random as though in anger at seeing them so ready. They care not at all ! They build the Eiffel Tower, the Queen Anne house, the Mary Jane house, the Modern Style house,

the Carlton, the Ritz, the Grand Palais, the Tracadero, Olympia, Euston, the Midhurst Sanatorium and Old Beit's Palace in Park Lane. They are not to be defeated, they have immortal certitudes.

"Have you considered their lines and their drawings and their cunning plan?" said Wandering Peter. "They are astonishing there! Put a bit of charcoal into my dog's mouth or my pet monkey's paw—would he copy the world? Not he! But men—my brothers—they take it in hand and make war against the unspeaking forces; the trees and the hills are of their own showing, and the places in which they dwell, by their own power, become full of their own spirit. Nature is made more by being then model, for in all they draw, paint, or chisel they are in touch with heaven and with hell They write (Lord! the intelligence of their men, and Lord! the beauty of their women). They write unimaginable things!

"They write epics, they write lyrics, they write riddles and marching songs and drinking songs and rhetoric, and chronicles, and elegies, and pathetic memories; and in everything that they write they reveal things greater than they know. They are capable," said Peter Wanderwide, in his dying enthusiasm, "of so writing that the thought enlarges upon the writing and becomes far more than what they have written. They write that sort of verse called 'Stop-Short,' which when it is written makes one think more violently than ever, as though it were an introduction to the realms of the soul. And then again they write things which gently mock themselves and are a consolation for themselves against the doom of death."

But when Peter Wanderwide said that word "death," the howling and the boo-hooing of the company assembled about his bed grew so loud that he could hardly hear

himself think. For there was present the Mayor of the village, and the Priest of the village, and the Mayor's wife, and the Adjutant Mayor or Deputy Mayor, and the Village Councillor, and the Road-mender, and the School-master, and the Cobbler, and all the notabilities, as many as could crush into the room, and none but the Doctor was missing.

And outside the house was a great crowd of the village folk, weeping bitterly and begging for news of him, and mourning that so great and so good a man should find his death in so small a place.

Peter Wanderwide was sinking very fast, and his life was going out with his breath, but his heart was still so light that he continued although his voice was failing:

"Look you, good people all, in your little passage through the daylight, get to see as many hills and buildings and rivers, fields, books, men, horses, ships, and precious stones as you can possibly manage to do. Or else stay in one village and marry in it and die there. For one of these two fates is the best fate for every man. Either to be what I have been, a wanderer with all the bitterness of it, or to stay at home and hear in one's garden the voice of God.

"For my part I have followed out my fate. And I propose in spite of my numerous iniquities, by the recollection of my many joys in the glories of this earth, as by corks, to float myself in the sea of nothingness until I reach the regions of the Blessed and the pure in heart.

"For I think when I am dead Almighty God will single me out on account of my accoutrement, my stirrup leathers, and the things that I shall be talking of concerning Ireland and the Perigord, and my boat upon the narrow seas; and I think He will ask St. Michael, who is the Clerk and Registrar of battling men, who it is that

stands thus ready to speak (unless his eyes betray him) of so many things? The St. Michael will forget my name although he will know my face; he will forget my name because I never stayed long enough in one place for him to remember it.

“But St. Peter, because he is my Patron Saint and because I have always had a special devotion to him, will answer for me and will have no argument for he holds the keys. And he will open the door and I will come in. And when I am inside the door of Heaven I shall freely grow those wings, the pushing and nascence of which have bothered my shoulder blades with birth pains all life long, and more especially since my thirtieth year. I say, friends and companions all, that I shall grow a very satisfying and supporting pair of wings, and once I am so furnished I shall be received among the Blessed, and I shall at once begin to tell them, as I told you on earth, all sorts of things, both false and true, with regard to the countries through which I carried forward my homeless feet, and in which I have been given such fulfilment for my eyes.”

When Peter Wanderwide had delivered himself of these remarks, which he did with great dignity and fire for one in such extremity, he gasped a little, coughed, and died.

I need not tell you what solemnities attended his burial, nor with what fervour the people flocked to pray at his tomb; but it is worth knowing that the poet of that place, who was rival to the chief poet in Auxerre itself, gathered up the story of his death into a rhyme, written in the dialect of that valley, of which rhyme this is an English translation:

When Peter Wanderwide was young
He wandered everywhere he would;

And all that he approved was sung,
 And most of what he saw was good
 When Peter Wanderwide was thrown
 By Death himself beyond Auxerre,
 He chanted in heroic tone
 To Priest and people gathered there :

“ If all that I have loved and seen
 Be with me on the Judgment Day,
 I shall be saved the crowd between
 From Satan and his foul array.

“ Almighty God will surely cry
 ‘ St. Michael ! Who is this that stand
 With Ireland in his dubious eye,
 And Perigord between his hands,

“ ‘ And on his arm the stirrup thongs,
 And in his gait the narrow seas,
 And in his mouth Burgundian songs,
 But in his heart the Pyrenees ? ’

“ St. Michael then will answer right
 (But not without angelic shame’) :

‘ I seem to know his face by sight ;
 I cannot recollect his name

“ St. Peter will befriend me then,
 Because my name is Peter too ;

‘ I know him for the best of men
 That ever wallopped barely brew.

“ ‘ And though I did not know him well,
 And though his soul were clogged with sin.
 I hold the keys of Heaven and Hell.
 Be welcome, noble Peterkin.’

“ Then shall I spread my native wings
 And tread secure the heavenly floor,

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And tell the Blessed doubtful things
Of Val d'Aran and Perigord."

This was the last and solemn jest
of Weary Peter Wanderwide,
He spoke it with a failing zest,
And having spoken it, he died.

ON REST.

There was a priest once who preached a sermon to the text of "Abba, Father." On that text one might preach anything, but the matter that he chose was "Rest !" He was not yet in middle age, and those who heard him were not yet even young. They could not understand at all the moment of his ardent speech, and even the older men, seeing him to be but in the central part of life, wondered that he should speak so. His eyes were illuminated by the vision of something distant; his heart was not ill at ease, but as it were, fixedly expectant, and he preached from his little pulpit in that title chapel of the Downs, with rising and deeper powers of the voice, so that he shook the air; yet all this enedgy was but the praise or the demand for the surcease of energy, and all this sound was but the demand for silence.

It is a thing, I say, incomprehensible to the young, but gradually comprehended as the years go droning by, that in all things (and in proportion to the intensity of the life of each) there comes this appetite for dissolution and for repose: I do not mean that repose beyond which further effort is demanded, but something final and supreme.

This priest, a year or so after he had appealed with his sermon before that little country audience in the emptiness of the Downs, died. He had that which he desired, Rest. But what is it? What is the nature of this thing?

Note you how great soldiers, when their long cam-

paigms are done, are indifferent to further wars, and look largely upon the nature of fighting men, their objects, their failures, their victories, their rallying, their momentary cheers. Not that they grow indifferent to that great trade which is the chief business of State, the defence or the extension of the common weal; but that after so much expense of all the senses our God gave them, a sort of charity and justice fills their minds. I have often remarked how men who had most lost and won, even in arms, would turn the leisured part of their lives to the study of the details of struggle, and seemed equally content to be describing the noble fortunes of an army, whether it wedged upon the crest of advancing victory, or in the agony of a surrender. This was because the writers had found Rest. And throughout the history of Letters—of Civilization, and of contemporary friends, one may say that in proportion to the largeness of their action is this largeness and security of vision at the end.

Now, note another thing: that, when we speak of an end, by that very word we mean two things. For first we mean the cessation of Form, and perhaps of Idea; but also we mean a goal, or object, to which the Form and the Idea perpetually tended, without which they would have had neither meaning nor existence, and in which they were at last fulfilled. Aristotle could give no summing up but this to all his philosophy, that there was a nature, not only of all, but of each, and that the end determined what that nature might be; which is also what we Christians mean when we say that God made the world; and great Rabelais, when his great books were ending, could not but conclude that all things tended to their end. Tennyson also, before he died, having written for so many years a poetry which one must be excused in believing considerable, felt, as how many have felt it, the thrumming

of the ebb tide when the sea calls back the feudal allegiance of the rivers. I know it upon Arun bar. The flood, when the sea heaves up and pours itself into the inland channels, bears itself creatively, and is like the manhood of a man—first tentative, then gathering itself for action, then sweeping suddenly at the charge. It carried with it the wind from the open horizon, it determines suddenly, it spurs, and sweeps, and is victorious; the current races; the harbour is immediately full.

But the ebb tide is of another kind. With a long, slow power, whose motive is at once downward steadily towards its authority and its obedience and desire, it pushes as with shoulders, home; and for many hours the stream goes darkly, swiftly, and steadily. It is intent, direct, and level. It is a thing for evenings, and it is under an evening when there is little wind, that you may best observe the symbol thus presented by material things. For everything in nature has in it something sacramental, teaching the soul of man; and nothing more possesses that high quality than the motion of a river when it meets the sea. The water at last hangs dully, the work is done; and those who have permitted the lesson to instruct their minds are aware of consummation.

Men living in cities have often wondered how it was that the men in the open who knew horses and the earth or ships and the salt water risk so much—and for what reward? It is an error in the very question they ask, rather than in the logical puzzle they approach, which falsifies their wonder. There is no reward. To die in battle, to break one's neck at a hedge, to sink or to be swamped are not rewards. But action demands an end; there is a fruit to things; and everything we do (here at least, and within the bonds of time) may not exceed the little limits of a nature which it neither made nor

acquired for itself, but was granted.

Some say that old men fear death. It is the theme of the debased and the vulgar. It is not true. Those who have imperfectly served are ready enough; those who have served more perfectly are glad—as though there stood before them a natural transition and a condition of their being.

So it says in a book “all good endings are but shining transitions.” And, again, there is a sonnet which says:

We will not whisper: we have found the place
 Of silence and the ancient halls of sleep
 And that which breathes alone throughout the deep
 The end and the beginning; and the face
 Between the level brows of whose blind eyes
 Lie plenary contentment, full surcease
 Of violence, and the ultimate great peace
 Wherein we lose our human lullabies.
 Look up and tell the immeasurable height
 Between the vault of the world and your dear head;
 That's Death, my little sister, and the Night
 That was our Mother beckons us to bed:
 Where large oblivion in her house is laid
 For us tired children now our games are played.

Indeed, one might quote the poets (who are the teachers of mankind) indefinitely in this regard. They are all agreed. What did Sleep and Death to the body of Sarpedon? They took it home. And every one who dies in all the Epics is better for the dying. Some complain of it afterwards I will admit; but they are hard to please. Roland took it as the end of battle; and there was a Scandinavian fellow caught on the north-east coast, I think, who in dying thanked God for all the joy he had had in his life—as you may have heard before. And St. Anthony of Assisi (not of Padua) said, “Welcome, little

sister Death !” as was his way. And one who stands right up above most men who write or speak said it was the only port after the tide-streams and bar-handling of this journey.

So it is; let us be off to the hills. The silence and the immensity that inhabit them are the simulacra of such things.

CAEDWALLA.

Caedwalla, a prince out of Wales (though some deny it), wandered in the Andredsweald. He was nineteen years of age and his heart was full of anger for wrong that had been done him by men of his own blood. For he was rightfully heir to the throne of the kingdom of Sussex, but he was kept from it by the injustice of men.

A retinue went with him of that sort which will always follow adventure and exile. These, the rich of the seacoast and of the Gwent called broken men; but they loved their Lord. So he went hunting, feeding upon what he slew, and proceeding from steading to steading in the sparse woods of Andred where is sometimes an open heath, and sometimes a mile of oak, and often a clay swamp, and, seen from little lifted knolls of sand where the broom grows and the gorse, the Downs to the south like a wall.

As he wandered upon one day, he came upon another man of a very different fashion, for Caedwalla would have nothing to do with the Cross of Christ, nor with the customs of the towns, nor with the talk of foreign men. But this man was a bishop wandering, and his name was Wilfrid. He also had his little retinue, and, by an accident of his office or of his exile, he had proceeded to a steading in the heaths and woods of the Weald where also was Caedwalla: so they met. The pride and the bearing of Wilfrid, seeing that he was of a Roman town and an officer of the State, and a bishop to boot, nay, a bishop above bishops, was not the pride Caedwalla loved, and

the young man bore himself with another sort of pride, which was that of the mountains and of pagan men. Nevertheless Wilfrid put before him, with Roman rhetoric and with uplifted hands, the story of our Lord, the story of our Lord, and Caedwalla, keeping his face set during all that recital, could not forbid this story to sink into the depths of his heart, where for many years it remained, and did no more than remain.

The kingdom of Sussex, cultivated by men of various kinds, received Wilfrid the Bishop wherever he went. He did many things that do not here concern me, and his chief work was to make the rich towns of the sea plain and of Chichester and of Lewes and of Arundel, and of the steadings of the Weald, and of the wealden markets also, Christian men; for he showed them that it was a mean thing to go about in a hairy way like pagans, unacquainted with letters, and of imperfect ability in the making of raiment or the getting of victuals. Indeed, as I have written in another place, it was St. Wilfrid who taught the king of Sussex and his men how to catch fish in nets. They revered him everywhere, and when they had given up their shameful barbarism and decently accepted the rules of life and the religion of it, they pressed upon St. Wilfrid that he should found a bishopric, and that it should have a cathedral and a see (all of which things he had explained to them), and he did this on Selsey Bill: but to-day the sea has swallowed all.

Time passed, and the young man Caedwalla, still a very young man in the twenties, came to his own, and he sat on the throne that was rightfully his in Chichester and he ruled all Sussex to its utmost boundaries. And he was king of much more, as history shows, but all the while he proudly refused in his young man's heart the raiment and the manner of the king which he has hated

in his exile, nor would he accept the Latin prayers, nor bow to the name of the Christian God.

Caedwalla, still so young but now a king, thought it shameful that he should rule no more than the empire God had given him, and he was filled with a longing to cross the sea and to conquer new land. Wherefore, whether well or ill advised, he set out to cross the sea and to conquer the Isle of Wight, of which story said that Wight the hero had established his kingdom there in the old time before writing was, and when there were only songs. So Caedwalla and his fighting men, they landed in that island and they fought against the many inhabitants of it, and they subdued it, but in these battles Caedwalla was wounded.

It happened that the King of that island, whose name was Atwald, had two heirs, youths, whom it was pitifully hoped this conqueror would spare, for they fled up the Water to Stoneham; but a monk who served God by the ford of reeds which is near Hampton at the head of the Water, hearing that King Caedwalla (who was recovering of wounds he had had in the war with the men of Wight) had heard of the youths' hiding-place and had determined to kill them, sought the King and begged that at least they might be instructed in the Faith before they died, saying to him: King, though you are not of the Faith, that is no reason that you should deprive others of such a gift. Let me therefore see that these young men are instructed and baptized, after which you may exercise your cruel will." And Caedwalla assented. These lads, therefore, were taken to a holy place up on Itchen, where they were instructed in the truths and the mysteries of religion. And while this so went forward Caedwalla would ask from time to time whether they were yet Christians.

At last they had received all the knowledge the holy men could give them and they were baptized. When they were so received into the fold Caedwalla would wait no longer but had them slain. And it is said that they went to death joyfully, thinking it to be no more than the gate of immortality.

After such deeds Caedwalla still reigned over the kingdom of Sussex and his other kingdoms, nor did he by speech or manner give the rich or poor about him to understand whether anything was passing in his heart. But while they sang Mass in the cathedral of Selsey and while still the new-comers came (now more rarely, for nearly all were enrolled): while the new-comers came, I say, in their last numbers from the remotest parts of the forest ridge, and from the loneliest combes of the Downs to hear of Christ and his cross and his resurrection and the salvation of men, Caedwalla sat in Chichester and consulted his own heart only and was a pagan King. No one else you may say in all the land so kept himself apart.

His youth had been thus spent and he thus ruled, when as his thirtieth year approached he gave forth a decision to his nobles and to his earls and to the Welsh-speaking men and to the seafaring men and to the priests and to all his people. He said: "I will take ship and I will go over the sea to Rome, where I may worship at the tombs of the blessed Apostles, and there I will be baptized. But since I am a king no one but the Pope shall baptize me. I will do penance for my sins. I will lift my eyes to things worthy of a man. I will put behind me what was dear to me, and I will accept that which is to come." And as they could not alter Caedwalla in any of his previous decisions, so they could not alter him in this. But his people gave gladly for the furnishing of his journey, and all the sheep of the Downs and their fleece,

and all the wheat in the clay steadings of the Weald, and the little vineyards in the priests' gardens that looked towards the sea, and the fishermen, and every sort in Sussex that sail or plough or clip or tend sheep or reap or forge iron at the hammer ponds, gave of what they had to King Caedwalla, so that he went forth with a good retinue and many provisions upon his journey to the tombs of the Apostles.

When King Caedwalla came to Rome the Pope received him and said: "I hear that you would be instructed in the Faith." To which King Caedwalla answered that such was his desire, and that he would crave baptism at the hands of the said Pope. And meanwhile Caedwalla took up good lodgings in Rome, gave money to the poor, and showed himself abroad as one who had come from the ends of the earth, that is, from the kingdom of Sussex, which in those days was not yet famous. Caedwalla, now being thirty years old and having learnt what one should learn in order to receive baptism, was baptized, and they put a white robe on him which he was to wear for certain days.

King Caedwalla, when he was thus made one with the unity of Christian men, was very glad. But he also said that before he had lost that white robe so given him, death would come and take him (though he was a young man and a warrior), and that not in battle. He was certain it was so.

And so indeed it came about. For within the limit of days during which ritual demanded that the King should wear his white garment, nay, within that same week, he died.

So those boys who had found death at his hands had died after baptism, up on Itchen in the Gwent, when Caedwalla the King had journeyed out of Sussex to con-

quer and to hold the Wight with his spear and his sword and his shield, and his captains and his armoured men.

Now that you have done reading this story you may think that I have made it up or that it is a legend or that it comes out of some story-teller's book. Learn, therefore, that it is plain history, like the battle of Waterloo or the Licensing Bill (differing from the chronicle only in this, that I have put living words into the mouths of men), and be assured that the history of England is a very wonderful thing.

ON EXPERIENCE.

There are three phases in the life of a man, so far as his thoughts upon his surroundings are concerned.

The first of these is the phase of youth, in which he takes certain matured things for granted, and whether he realizes his illusion or no, believes them to be eternal. This phase ends sharply with every man, by the action of one blow. Some essence is dissolved, some binding cordage snaps, or some one dies.

I say no matter how clearly the reason of a man tells him that all about him is changeable, and that perfect and matured things and characters upon whose perfection and maturity he reposes for his peace must disappear, his attitude in youth towards those things is one of a complete security as towards things eternal. For the young man, convinced as he is that his youth and he himself are there for ever, sees in one lasting framework his father's garden, his mother's face, the landscape from his windows, his friendships, and even his life; the very details of food, of clothing, and of lesser custom, all these are fixed for him. Fixed also are the mature and perfect things. This aged friend, in whose excellent humour and universal science he takes so continual a delight, is there for ever. That considered judgment of mankind upon such a troubling matter, of sex, of property, or of political right, is anchored or rooted in eternity. There comes a day when by some one experience he is startled out of that morning dream. It is not the first death, perhaps, that strikes him, nor the first loss—no, not even, perhaps, the

first discovery that human affection also passes (though that should be for every man the deepest lesson of all). What wakes him to the reality which is for some dreadful, for others august, and for the faithful divine, is always an accident. One death, one change, one loss, among so many, unseals his judgment, and he sees thenceforward, nay, often from one particular moment upon which he can put his finger, the doom which lies upon all things whatsoever they live by a material change.

The second phase which he next enters is for a thoughtful man in a sceptical and corrupted age the crucial phase, whereby will be determined, not indeed the fate of his soul, but the justice, and therefore the advantage to others, of his philosophy.

He has done with all illusions of permanence and repose. Henceforward he sees for himself a definite end, and the road which used to lead over the hills and to be lost beyond in the haze of summer plains now leads directly to a visible place; that place is a cavern in the mountain side, dark and without issue. He must die. Henceforward he expects the passing of all to which he is attached, and he is braced against loss by something lent to him which is to despair as an angel is to a demon; something in the same category of emotion, but just and fortifying, instead of void and vain and tempting and without an end. A man sees in this second phase of his experience that he must lose. Oh, he does not lose in a gamble! It is not a question of winning a stake or forfeiting it, as the vulgar falsehood of commercial analogy would try to make our time believe. He knows henceforward that there is no success, no final attainment of desire, because there is no fixity in any material thing. As he sits at table with the wisest and keenest of his time, especially with the old, hearing true stories of the great

men who came before him, looking at well-painted pictures, admiring the proper printing of collected books, and praising the just balance of some classical verse or music which time has judged and made worthy, he so admires and enjoys with a full consciousness that these things are flowing past him. He cannot rely; he attempts no foothold. The equilibrium of his soul is only to be discovered in marching and continually marching. He now knows that he must go onward, he may not stand, for if he did he would fall. He must go forward and see the river of things run by. He must go forward—but to what goal?

There is a third phase, in which (as the experience of twenty Christian centuries determines) that goal also is discovered, and for some who so discover it the experience of loss begins to possess a meaning.

What this third phase is I confess I do not know, and as I have not felt it I cannot describe it, but when that third phase is used as I have suggested a character of wisdom enters into those so using it; a character of wisdom which is the nearest thing our dull time can show to inspiration and to prophecy.

It is to be noted also that in this third phase of man's experience of doom those who are not wise are most unwise indeed; and that where the age of experience has not produced this sort of clear maturity in the spirit, then it produces either despair or folly, or an exaggerated shirking of reality, which, being a falsehood, is wickeder than despair, and far more inhuman than mere foolishness. Thus those who in the third phase of which I speak have not attained the wisdom which I here recognize will often sink into a passion of avarice, accumulating wealth which they cannot conceivably enjoy; a stupidity so manifest that every age of satire has found it the most facile of commonplaces. Or, again, those who fail to find wisdom

in that last phase will constantly pretend an unreal world, making plans for a future that cannot be there. So did a man eleven years ago in the neighbourhood of Regent Street, for this man, being eighty-seven years of age, wealthy, and wholly devoid of friends, or near kindred, took a flat, but he insisted that the lease should be one of not less than sixty years. In a hundred ways this last phase if it is degraded is most degraded; and, though it is not worst, it is most sterile when it falls to a mere regret for the past.

Now it is here that the opposite, the wisdom, of old age appears; for the old, when they are wise, are able to point out to men and to women of middle age what these least suspect, and can provide them with a good medicine against the insecurity of the soul. The old in their wisdom can tell those just beneath them this: that though all things human pass, all bear their fruit. They can say: "You believe that such and such a woman, with her courtesies, her travel, her sharp edge of judgment, her large humanity, and her love of comedy of the world, being dead can never be replaced. There are, growing up around you, characters quite insufficient, and to you, perhaps, contemptible, who will in their fruiting display all these things." There never was, nor has been, a time (say those who are acquainted with the great story of Europe) when Christendom has failed. Out of dead passages there has sprang up suddenly, and quite miraculously, whatever was thought to be lost. So it has been with our music, so with the splendour of our armies, so with the fabric of our temples, so with our deathless rhymes. The old, when they are wise, can do for men younger than they what history does for the reader; but they can do it far more poignantly, having expression in their eyes and the living tones of a voice. It is their business to console the world.

ROBERT LYND.

THE MOUSE.

It is an engaging problem in ethics whether, if you have been lent a cottage, you have the right to feed the mice. There will for most people be only one answer to the question. Your first duty, they will tell you, is to the man who has been good enough to lend you his house, and you must do nothing that would damage it or even that would annoy him if he knew about it. On the other hand, it is reasonable to argue that the feelings of a mouse that is present are more to be considered than the feelings of a host who is absent. Besides, he need never know anything about it. He may be surprised on his return to find mice running up the clock, mice cantering up and down at the side of the fire-place, mice playing on the floor under the table, mice in his jam cupboard, mice nibbling the corners of the books on the lower shelves, mice, in fact, behaving as if the house were a vast restaurant for themselves and a creche for their children. But, as he is a good man, he will put all this down to accident, and will never suspect that the people to whom he lent the cottage could have done anything so disgraceful as actually to scatter food on the floor and invite the mice of the neighbourhood to make themselves at home.

I can write on the question without bias, because during the week-end I was the guest of the people who were feeding the mice and at the same time I was sleeping under the roof of the man during whose absence the

mice were being fed contrary to his interests and contrary, I am sure, to his wishes. Besides, I liked the people who were feeding the mice, though I could not altogether approve of their conduct. The mousehole was a large orifice in the varnished floor near the hearthstone, and, when the lamp was lit, the smaller of two girls went for a biscuit, broke it into small pieces, and placed these carefully in a ring round the hole. Then she sat down and, in perfect stillness, watched the mice till bed-time. I asked if it would disturb the mice for the rest of us to talk, but she said that the mice did not mind, that they were accustomed to it, and, indeed, were quite tame. A few minutes later I had just got to the point of what I thought was a rather amusing story when she interrupted with a vibrant, excited whisper, "Look at the mouse." Strange, when there is a mouse in the room, it is impossible either to tell or to listen to a story. I do not like being interrupted but I found myself staring with the others at the little cave in the floor from which the head of a mouse had projected, like a jack-in-the-box, and was looking round at the world with its nervous, beady eyes. It apparently came to the conclusion that we did not look very dangerous—that, indeed, we were merely a number of harmless lunatics—and hoisting itself, head and shoulders, out of the hole, it seized a piece of biscuit and ducked back out of sight with it again. There was chorus of "The little darling!" "Isn't it perfectly sweet?" "Oh, the angel!" "Did you ever see such a darling little pet?"—for so it is that angels and darlings in human form express themselves at sight of an animal they really like. Still, thinking of the unfortunate man who owned the cottage, I could not help reminding them that their attitude to the mouse was one of mistaken kindness. I pointed out to them that, when the owner of

the house returned, he would be able to catch the mice all the more easily on account of their tameness, and that to teach them to trust human beings was merely to lure them to their deaths. Nor would death be less bitter to them, I suggested, when they told themselves that it was due to the treachery of women and children. At this, the lady all but broke down, and I thought for the moment I had persuaded her that the most humane thing she could do was to try to frighten out of its wits every mouse that put its head through the door. "Oh yes, indeed!" she cried, wringing her hands, as she pictured the doom of the mice at the return of the proprietor; "it is *quite* true." But the elder of the children demurred. "I think it's silly," she said. "The mice will be caught anyway, whatever we do, poor little things. All the more need for us to give them a good time while they're alive." "That, also, is quite true," said the lady, brightening up. "And now," she went on, turning to me, "let's have the rest of the story." It is by no means easy to take up the thread of an anecdote that has been interrupted just as one has got to the point. "Well," I said, "you remember how Godfrey was left with the insurance policy." "I am afraid I've forgotten," she apologized. "The argument about the mice has driven everything else out of my mind. Do begin all over again from the beginning." I hate having to repeat a story, but I obeyed, and was just reaching the point again, and smiling with satisfaction at the thought of the effect it would produce, when the small girl at the hearth once more called our attention with a hoarse, excited whisper: "Look, it's coming out again!" Once more all heads turned on necks and all eyes were concentrated on the little cave in the floor. This time the mouse did not merely thrust its head and shoulders out of the hole. It shot itself out bodily, and

scampered along the floor behind the coal-scuttle. "That's the father," said the romantic one of the small girls; and again there were enthusiastic cries of "The darling!" "The angel!" and "Dear little thing!" I made no attempt to recover my anecdote but I am afraid its double disappearance prejudiced me against the humane treatment of mice. I looked on them as my rivals—as my horribly successful rivals. Everybody, I told myself, was far more interested in mice than in me.

Yet I have always liked people who were kind to mice. I once knew a man whose bedroom was infested with mice. He bought a trap and set it, and during the night was awakened by the struggles of a mouse that had been caught in it. He immediately got up and released the mouse, and, next day, threw the trap into the dust-bin. Nor would he ever use a mouse trap again. And I loved him for this. I also feel tenderly towards two maiden ladies of my acquaintance who are on such good terms with the mice in their flat that, if ever they go away for a holiday, they leave a little heap of meal on the floor "for the mice." The mouse, it seems to me, is a creature that we should all like, if it were not such a nuisance. Children like sweetmeats made in the shape of mice. They like a toy mouse in a cage. There is in the shape and the bright eyes of the little creature something that appeals to our affection. It is a natural pet, if it would behave like a pet. It is impossible to make war on it without twinges of conscience. There is in Coleridge's correspondence a charming letter to Cottle, in which he declares that he is threatened by famine on account of mice, but that he cannot bring himself to set a mouse trap. He says that to bait a trap is as much as to say to the mouse, "Come and have a piece of cheese," and that, when it accepts the invitation, to do it to death is a

betrayal of the laws of hospitality. Certainly, when you come to think of it, no Borgia ever treated a guest more dishonourably. The only honourable way to make war on mice, it seems to me, is not to deceive them with any pretence of friendship, as who should say. "This is Liberty Hall. Here's cheese for you," but to keep a cat and let the mice come out of their holes at their peril. Most people, however, would like even cats to be more humane. They hate to see a cat actually killing a mouse. It is an unequal battle, and the cat seems to enjoy it. Such things are, no doubt, necessary. But, if they must go on, they should at least go on out of sight. We may not mind conniving at the murder of a mouse but we object to being made spectators of it and, as it were, participators. Man, after all, is a sportsman. Or a hypocrite. Or both.

As for wasps, that is another matter. Who minds killing a wasp? The only people I ever knew who minded killing a wasp were people who were frightened that the wasp would sting them before they had killed it, or that its friends would come and sting them after they had killed it. At least, those were the only people of the kind I had known till I went down into the country for the week-end. There I found a lady and two children behaving almost, though not quite, as tenderly towards wasps as towards mice.—If a wasp all but drowned himself in the marmalade at breakfast, they would exclaim, "The little darling!" and one of them would carefully take him out on the point of a fruit-knife and carry him over to the window-sill to dry his wings in the sun, poor thing! Heaven knows I have no special antipathy to wasps. I am not afraid of them: I move backwards at their approach merely as a precaution against accidents. Even so, I see no sense in encouraging them to such a point that one cannot eat a meal without veritable

Pleiades of wasps dancing round one's head with a noise like the noise of an orchestra of muted violins playing distressingly out of tune. It is not I duck more nervously than other people. In fact, I often hope that other people do not notice that I am ducking at all. But it cannot be good to eat one's meals in an atmosphere in which, all the time, one wishes to duck. It is also rather disturbing to the flow of the gastric juices to be constantly wondering, while chewing one's food, whether one is looking nervous and what the children are thinking. "There's one on your collar," one of the children cries delightedly. "Don't move." Not for a ten-pound note would I so much as breathe, as she gently encourages it to fly with a spoon. "Sweet little thing!" she comments, as it sails off into the air to join its fellow-fiddlers. Drawing a breath of relief at being rid of it, I say: "They seem quite tame." "Wasps," says the little girl, airily, "would never hurt anybody, if people didn't hurt them." I should like to be able to believe it, but I have heard the same thing about dogs and about human beings.

There was, I afterwards found, a wasp's nest in one of the apple-trees in the orchard. It was in a hole in a rotten branch, and, when I went out to see it, I observed the wasps from it burying their bodies down to the waist in the not too numerous apples of the man who had lent the cottage. Here, too, it seemed to me, was a situation in which one's duty to the man who owned the house was at least as important as one's duty to the lower animals. The only valid excuse for leaving the nest was that no one knew how to destroy it. I did—at least, I had heard that it could be one with paraffin oil—but, as I was afraid I might be asked to do it myself and that some of the wasps might come out in a mood of annoyance while I was pouring the oil on their nest, I said

nothing about it. Even if I had, however, I doubt if I should have been allowed to interfere with them. The wasps were "little angels," "little darlings," and so forth, and must not be touched. And I must say, the wasps appeared grateful, and, though they always seemed to be going to sting one, they never actually did so. Indeed, I was becoming quite accustomed to them at meals, when some people came to tea, and a lady, who took the conventional view of wasps, kept striking them away from her face with her hand as she talked. "Do you mind them"? our hostess asked her innocently. "The sting of a wasp," said the lady, as if taken aback by such a question, "is exceedingly painful." And she struck at another of them. The worst of it was, she always waved her hand in such a way as to strike the wasps over towards me. "Here," thought I to myself, feeling miserable, "she is infuriating Olive's tame wasps, and practically pointing me out to them. And, as they buzzed round my head, I could hear that their note had altered and had gone a semitone higher.

Since I returned from the week-end, I have been seriously considering two questions in my mind. One is, whether it is possible to be kind to mice without being cruel to your host. The other is, whether it is possible to be kind to wasps without being cruel to your guests. There is something to be said for the old-fashioned attitude to certain of the wild creatures.

VIRTUE.

There is a grave danger of a revival of virtue in this country. There are, I know, two kinds of virtue, and only one of them is a vice. Unfortunately, it is the latter a revival of which is threatened to-day. This is the virtue of the virtuously indignant. It is virtue that is not content merely to be virtuous to the glory of God. It has no patience with the simple beauty and goodness of the saints. Virtue, in the eyes of the virtuously indignant, is hardly worthy to be called virtue unless it goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom it may devour. Virtue, according to this view, is a detective, inquisitor, and flagellator of the vices—especially of the vices that are so unpopular that the mob may be easily persuaded to attack them. One of the chief differences between the two kinds of virtue, I fancy, is that while true virtue regards the mob-spirit as an enemy, simular virtue (if we may adopt the Shakespearean phrase) looks to the mob as its cousin and its ally. To be virtuous in the latter sense is obviously easy as hunting rats or cats. Virtue of this kind is simply the eternal huntsman in man's breast with eyes aglint for a victim. It is Mr. Murdstone's virtue—the persecutor's virtue. It is the virtue that warms the bosom of every man who is more furious with his neighbour's sins, than with his own. If virtue is merely an inflammation against her neighbour's sins, what man on earth is so mean as to be incapable of it? To be virtuous in this fashion is as easy as lying. Those who abstain from it do so not

out of lack of heart, but from choice. We have read of the popularity of the ducking-stool in former days for women taken in adultery. Savage mobs may have thought that by putting their hearts into this amusement they were making up to virtue for the long years of neglect to which, as individuals, they had subjected her. They might not have been virtue's lovers, but at least they could be virtue's bullies. After all, virtue itself is no bad sport, when chasing, kicking, thumping, and yelling are made the chief part of the game. Sending dogs coursing after a hare is nothing to it. Man's enjoyment of the chase never rises to the finest point of ecstasy save when his victim is a human being. Man's inhumanity to man, says the poet, makes countless thousands mourn. But think also of the countless thousands that it makes rejoice ! We should always remember that the Crucifixion was an exceedingly popular event, and in no quarter more so than among the virtuously indignant. It would probably never have taken place had it not been for the close alliance between the virtuously indignant and the mob.

To be fair to the virtuously indignant and the mob, they do not insist beyond reason that their victim shall be bad man. Good hunting may be had even among the saints, and who does not enjoy the spectacle of a citizen distinguished mainly for his unblemished character being dragged down into the dust ? We have no reason to believe that the people who were burned during the inquisition were worse than their neighbours, yet the mob, we are told, used to gather enthusiastically and dance round the flames. The destructive instincts of the mob are such that in certain moods, it is ready to destroy any kind of man, just as the destructive instincts of a puppy are such that in certain moods it is ready to destroy any sort of book—whether Smiles's *Self-Help* or *Made-*

moiselle de Maupin is a matter of perfect indifference. The virtuously indignant maintain their power by constantly inciting and feeding this appetite for destruction. Hence, when we feel virtuously indignant, we would do well to inquire of ourselves if that is the limit and Z of our virtue. Have we no sins of our own to amend that we have all this time for barking and biting at the vices of our neighbours? And if we must attack the sins of our fellows, would it not be the more heroic course to begin with those we are most tempted, by instead of those to which we have no mind? Do not let the drunkard feel virtuous because he is able with an undivided heart to denounce simony, and do not let the forger, who happens to be a teetotalter because of the weakness of his stomach, be too virtuously indignant at the red-nosed patron of the four-ale bar. Any of us can achieve virtue, if by virtue we merely mean the avoidance of the vices that do not attract us. Most of us can boast that we have never been cruel to a hippopotamus or had dealings with a succubus or taken a bribe of a million pounds to betray a friend. On these points we can look forward with perfect confidence to the scrutiny of the Day of Judgment. I fear, however, the Recording Angel is likely to devote such little space as he can afford to each of us to the vices we have rather than to the vices we have not. Even Charles Peace would have been acquitted if he had been accused of brawling in church instead of murder. Hence it is to be hoped that passengers in railway trains will not remain content with gloating down upon the unappetising sins of which the forty-seven thousand are accused by Mr. Pemberton Billing. Steep and perilous is the ascent of virtue, and the British public may well be grateful to Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley if they help it with voice or outstretched hand to

climb to the snowy summits. So far as can be seen, however, all that Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley do is to interrupt the British public in its upward climb and orate to it on the monstrous vices of the Cities of the Plain. This may be an agreeable diversion for weary men, but it obviously involves the neglect of virtue, not the pursuit of it. Most people imagine that to pursue vice is to pursue virtue. But the wisdom of the ages tells us that the only thing to do to vice is to fly from it. Lot's wife was a lady who looked round once too often to see what was happening to the forty-seven thousand. Let Mr. Billing and Mr. Bottomley beware. Their interest in the Cities of the Plain will turn them into pillars of salts a thousand years before it turns them into pillars of society.

As for virtue, then, how is it to be achieved? Merely by blackening the rest of the world, we cannot hope to make ourselves white. Modern writers tell us that we cannot make ourselves white even by blackening ourselves. They denounce the sense of sin as a sin, and tell us that there is nothing of which we should repent except repentance. We need not stay to discuss this point. We know well enough that, so long as the human intellect (to leave the human conscience out of the question) survives, men will be burdened with the sense of imperfection and think enviously of the nobility of Epaminondas or Julius Cæsar or St. Francis of Assisi. For we have to count even Julius Cæsar among the virtuous, though the scandalmongers would not have it so. His vices may have made him bald and brought about his assassination. But he had the heroic virtues—courage and generosity and freedom from vindictiveness. When we read how he wept at the death of his great enemy, and how “from the man who brought him Pompey's head he turned away with loathing, as from

an assassin," we bow before the nobility of his character and realise that he was something more than a stern man and an adulterer. Pompey, too, had this gift of virtue—this capacity for turning away from foul means of besting his enemies. When he had captured Perpenna in Spain, the latter offered him a magnificent story of a plot, the knowledge of which would have put the lives of many leading Romans in his power. "Perpenna, who had come into possession of the papers of Sertorius, offered," says Plutarch, "to produce letters from the chief men of Rome, who had desired to subvert the existing order and change the form of Government, and had therefore invited Sertorius into Italy. Pompey, therefore, fearing that this might stir up greater wars than those now ended, put Perpenna to death and burned the letters without even reading them." It was hard on Perpenna, but in burning the letters at least Pompey gave us an example of virtue. It is Plutarch's feeling for the beauty of such noble actions that has made his biographies a primer of virtue for all time. None of his heroes are primarily "good" men. There is scarcely one of them who could have been canonised by any church. They have enough of the weakness of flesh and blood to satisfy even the most exacting novelist of these days. On the other hand, they nearly all had that capacity for grandeur of conduct which distinguishes the noble man from the base. Plutarch never pretends that mean and filthy motives and generous motives do not jostle one another strangely in the same breast, but his portraits of great men give us the feeling that we are in presence of men redeemed by their virtues rather than utterly destroyed by their vices. Suetonius, on the other hand, is the historian of the forty-seven thousand. His book may be recommended as scandalmongering—

hardly as an aid to virtue. Here we have the servants' evidence of Roman History, the plots and the secret vices. Suetonius fortunately has the grace not to write as though in narrating his story of vice he were performing a virtuous act. If we are to have stories of fashionable sinners, let us at least have them naked and not dressed up in the language of outraged virtue. Scandal is sufficiently entertaining by itself. There is no need to lace it with self-righteousness.

IN PRAISE OF MISTAKES.

There has been a heavy shower of letters in *The Times* about the mistakes made by famous novelists. Correspondents have written to the Editor pointing out such things as that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith blundered in making one of her characters send his son to school from Kent to Shrewsbury in the early eighteenth century; that Walter Besant erred in making the hero of one of his stories dig for oil with a spade and dig triumphantly; that William Le Queux was guilty of a geographical lie in referring to the 'snow-crowned crest' of a hill two thousand feet high in the tropics; that some other novelist erroneously described the daughter of a rural dean as having 'been brought up in the quiet seclusion of the Deanery'; that a writer of detective stories misrepresented 'the relative positions of a chief constable and an inspector of the C. I. D.,' and so on, and so on. The correspondence was extremely interesting, but, as one read it, one became more and more astonished at the weakness of the case made out against the novelists by the intelligentsia of the nation. Even the most pugnacious lawyer, if so poor a case had been put into his hands, would have advised his client not to bring it into court. At the end of the indictment the novelist might triumphantly have replied to his accusers in the words of Lord Clive: 'By God, Mr. Chairman, at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation.' For if this is the worst that can be said against novelists they must be wizards of accuracy compared with such professed dealers.

in facts as biographers and historians.

I confess I am myself so nervous a lover of accuracy that, when I have written an article, I consult the encyclopædia to make sure that I have not erred on some such matter as the sun's rising in the East or the Pole Star's not being one of planets. Often, awaking out of a dream in the small hours, I have broken into a sweat of fear lest, in an article that had already gone to press, I had put some wretched poet that nobody ever reads into the wrong century. Worst of all, having described some church ceremony, and having necessarily used such words as nave, transept, chancel, choir, chasuble, cope, alb and clerestory, I pass wakeful hours in the apprehension that I may have placed the clerestory round a bishop's shoulders or referred to an alb as a kind of hat. These fears, I admit, are absurd. Nobody but a bigot cares twopence what a clerestory is, but everybody likes to see the word in print, and 'chasuble' is as impressive a word in a sentence whether the writer or the reader thinks it is a large silver cup—I like to think of it as a cup—or a piece of clothing. There are a great many words that mean nothing to the ordinary reader and that yet everybody reads with pleasure—words that we love not for their sense but for their appeal to our senses. Who ever cares whether a poet is accurate or not when he uses the word 'chrysoprase' or 'beryl' or 'sardonyx' or 'chalcedony'? Yet who that has ever been young has not admired these words though they conveyed nothing except a blur of beauty to his intelligence? The most incompetent jeweller's assistant in the world could probably correct a thousand errors in the poets in their references to precious stones, just as the editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* once a year exposes the errors of Mr. Augustus John, Sir William Orpen and the most emi-

nent painters of our time in the gents' suitings with which they clothe their sitters. But the poet, with all his mistakes, is telling us something that the jeweller's assistant with all his accuracy cannot tell us. As one grows older, no doubt, one cares less for the rarer kind of jewellery in poetry. Still, so long as one likes the sound of 'chrysoberyl,' one does not really care whether a poet who uses the word knows what a chrysoberyl is or not.

The truth is, the only fatal error in a writer is to be uninteresting. Even the historian will be forgiven all other errors but that. The inaccuracies of Froude have been laughed at for three generations, but we can still read him more easily than we can read most of the historians who have corrected him. I do not wish to suggest that a writer need be at no pains to verify his facts. That would obviously be a vile doctrine, and, if it were acted upon, would make the writing of history a frivolous pursuit. At the same time, we instinctively concede to every writer a margin of error, and we no more expect him to be perfect in his information than in his character. There have been few writers who have not perpetrated errors that had to be amended by their editors. Shakespeare blundered in chronology and geography, Scott made the sun rise on the wrong side of the world, Lamb and Hazlitt continually misquoted the poets they loved. Was there not a famous novelist who, in describing a University boatrace, wrote of the stroke of one of the boats: 'All rowed fast, but none rowed so fast as he'? Only a few years ago an able woman novelist gave us a picture of an Association football-match in which one of the characters picked up the ball and scored a try. I doubt, however, she lost a single reader in consequence. No one read her books for information about football, and those who knew better than she read her novel with all the more pleasure because

they discovered that on one point at least they were her superiors.

That, perhaps, is the chief value of error in any kind of literature—that it makes the reader temporarily feel that he is an inch taller than the writer. Dr. Johnson endeared himself to posterity by making blunders in a book where blunders, one would have said, are least pardonable—in a dictionary. His accurate definitions are now of interest only to a few scholars; his mistakes are still a source of delight to a multitude of readers. There is more joy in earth over one error discovered in a good writer than over a hundred impeccable pages. If a dry-as-dust scholar suddenly discovered that there were no Moors in Venice at the time of Othello, with what enthusiasm he would write to the *The Times* about it ! Othello's noblest lines would never have quickened his pulses as the proof that Shakespeare had made a mistake would. Of all the letters that appear in the newspapers there are few written with such spiritual joy as those that point out a mistake. The true error hunter is a man who searches for error as men search for gold during a gold-rush. His eureka's are uttered not over immortal phrases but over some tiny lapse in geography, ornithology, or even grammar. The poets have given as much pleasure by writing inaccurately about birds as by writing beautifully about them. What ornithologist has not enjoyed all those lines in which the poets make the female bird sing ? Or, at least, what ornithologist did not enjoy those lines till yesterday ? Now, unhappily, various writers have begun to produce evidence suggesting that in several species the female bird as well as the male does sing. I do not know whether this theory is true or not, but, if it is, the poets will now derive as much pleasure from the mistakes of

the ornithologists as the ornithologists once derived from the mistakes of the poets.

All comedy probably arises from our enjoyment of other people's mistakes. If we did not make mistakes there would be nothing in the world to laugh at. Hence, if we regard laughter as a blessing we should pay a tribute to error. In the history of the world the man who makes mistakes has never been sufficiently appreciated. For all the mirth he has given us we have repaid him with the basest ingratitude. Of this ingratitude you will find evidence if you turn to *Punch* and look carefully at its admirable weekly collection of the errors of journalists and printers. Not long ago, it was *Punch's* custom to give the name of the paper from which the misprint or misstatement quoted was taken, and you would imagine that any journalist or printer would have felt honoured at having been singled out as one who had added to the gaiety of the most heavily taxed of the nations. But it was otherwise. Protests—so, at least, I have heard—poured into the *Punch* office from journalists and printers who were threatened with dismissal or reprimanded because their casual blunders had been trumpeted to all the world as treasures. Hence, in *Punch* to-day the source of a misprint is never given and we are told vaguely that it comes from a 'morning paper,' a 'Sunday paper,' or an 'Irish paper.' In a world that rightly appraised error, the newspapers would protest against this as an attempt to rob them of the credit of having increased human happiness. If the *Oban Times* contains a good misprint why should the nation not be allowed to applaud it? If a journalist on the *Berkhamsted Eagle* refers to 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck' as 'Wordsworth's immortal lyric,' why should his fame be obscured by a dull reference to a 'Hertfordshire paper'? So highly do I

esteem misprints that if I were editor of a paper I should see to it that there was a worthy misprint in every number, if not on every page. I should also gratify my readers by misquoting the poets, putting towns in the wrong countries, confusing Darius and Xerxes, and inserting a daily anachronism. I am sure the paper would sell in millions, since it would give every reader a daily flush of superiority, a daily chuckle of delight in his own wisdom and a daily reason for writing a letter to the editor. And I should certainly give a post on my staff to the journalist, quoted in *Punch*, who recently began an article: 'The sting of the serpent is in its tail, we are told.'

The newspapers nowadays are full of accurate articles on natural history, but I confess, as an ordinary reader, no other sentence I have read about natural history has for a long time given me so much pleasure as this quiet misstatement. The serpent, thus inaccurately represented, becomes a fabulous creature, wonderful as a dragon, breathing comedy. And, everywhere we look, we find similar evidence of the importance of error. The pedantically accurate schoolboy does not interest us as he repeats like a parrot the dull fact that William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings, but a boy capable of making the error of attributing the victory to William of Orange immediately becomes a person of national importance, and he is quoted in a thousand papers with Prime Ministers and Mr. Shaw. Hence it seems to me it is not only human but wise to err. The novelists need not be perturbed by being accused of blundering. My own conviction is that they do not blunder half enough. We shall never have a novelist of the magnitude of Shakespeare till we have a novelist who can make blunders of the same magnitude as Shakespeare's.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

DISCONTENTED YOUTH.

To-day youth is discontented. So it ought to be. The business and privilege of youth is to be discontented. If youth were not discontented, to-day or any other day, the outlook for Britain would be worse than it in fact is. Only the old have a certain limited right to be content. Content means going back, for nobody can stand still; whereas discontent is the mother of progress. Therefore, let youth be discontented. But it is said that to-day youth has special reasons for discontent. It has. And the first and chief of them is that to some extent it is compelled to be idle.

There are many young people to-day who, from no fault of their, have never worked and who have been trained to no trade or vocation. One hears that there are 10,000 such young people in Glasgow alone. The worst part of this grievance of youth is just the part which few of the sufferers will appreciate: namely, that they have had no proper chance to acquire habits of industry and discipline. Of course, they do not realise what they are missing, and the extreme seriousness of the handicap which is thus put upon them. Imagine getting up in the morning, day after day, with nothing to do—with a dozen empty hours in front of one! The strongest character could not emerge unimpaired from such an experience. Even the wish to work gradually dies; in some cases it has never been born. To be unemployed

is evil; to want to keep on being unemployed is far more evil. Youth which is thus condemned to sloth, even if it comes to prefer sloth, has a real grievance against fate. Let us admit it. Let us admit, also, that no post-war government has made any sustained attempt to handle the very difficult problems involved.

However, we need not burst into tears over the affair. The entire youth of Britain is not yet on the dole. Only a smallish percentage of it is on the dole; and the grievance of compulsory idleness does not apply to the great majority of the discontented. The second grievance of youth, and one whose consequences affect directly or indirectly the whole of society, is the decline of the apprenticeship system, due to a deliberate attack upon it by influential interests. The apprenticeship system may have been abused—if it wasn't abused it was unique in social history—but it does teach discipline, humility, patience, and the great lesson that you must be able to do a job before you can reasonably expect to receive money for doing a job.

Large numbers of employed persons to-day pretend to possess skill which they do not possess; but they would be very annoyed if at the week-end the employer paid them for their spurious labour in spurious coin. The decline of the apprenticeship system means that youth, at the very beginning of its career, falls into the way of expecting something for nothing. And too often its expectations are fulfilled; it does get something for nothing. Here is yet another grievance of youth which youth probably does not appreciate, but is none the less a grievance, and a serious one.

A still more serious grievance of youth to-day is that it has been born into an age which has put zeal and assiduity out of fashion. Notoriously, in many indust-

ries, youth is deliberately taught to do, not as much as it can, but little as it can. Further, it is threatened with penalties if it ignores this strange rule. Further, if it persists in ignoring the rule it is ruined. To-day, in Britain, the minimum possible is the ideal, not the maximum possible. To work hard, to do your best, to accomplish the most you can, is considered (not by wasters and scoundrels, but by persons sincerely concerned for the welfare of their class) to be dishonourable. I will not go into the causes which have brought about this state of affairs. I will merely say that it is an astounding and a grave state of affairs, and that its sinister consequences, particularly upon youth, are apparent, and will be more apparent. Serious youth realises this, but perhaps not clearly enough.

And let me add that hostility to work is not in this generation confined to one class. It may arise variously in various classes; but it is common to all; and no class has the right, in this respect, to affect superiority towards another class. Which fact adds still more to the grievance of youth. Youth may well look around for an example worthy to be copied, and find none. If he belonged to the employed class he is ordered not to do his best; he sees nobody doing his best, and he sees his employers and their grand viziers constantly making holiday, going away every week-end for two or even three days, and going away every half-year for a month. If he belongs to the employing class he sees everywhere young workmen ingeniously and consistently shirking, while in his own home and the homes of his friends he hears industriousness preached, but does not see it practised.

In a country where seemingly in every rank of life the first duty of man is to amuse himself, can anybody be surprised that youth is discontented without quite know-

ing why it is discontented ? I wish to avoid exaggeration. I do not assert that all of us are determined to do as little work as possible, and to amuse ourselves as much as possible. Obviously such an assertion would be ridiculous. But I do assert, first, that the spirit of slackness and sloth is abroad amongst us; second, that those in authority over us are doing little or nothing to counter that spirit; and, third, that herein serious youth has a source of genuine discontent and a grievance against its elders and against society.

As for the other discontents of youth, about the lack of initiative and the conservatism of middle-age, and the selfish obstinacy of the middle-aged in keeping all important positions for themselves—that is quite a different story. When I hear youthful tongues wagging in that strain, I reply: “ My young friends, are you aware that you are saying now just what I was saying myself thirty years ago, and that my father said exactly the same things thirty years before that ? You are a mere imitator. Can’t you be more original ? No, you can’t. Because, by reason of your tender years you lack the capacity to grasp that you are only going through a phase which everyone has to go through. Your trouble is not unique; on the contrary, it is the commonest of all human troubles, and the sole remedy for it is time. Meanwhile you will go on being unjust, unreasonable and somewhat childish, and it is right that you should do so.”

Do not imagine that I make these remarks aloud. I do not. I simply whisper them to myself. To utter them aloud would be to be guilty of rudeness to youth, and we middle-aged already err too often in that direction. Youth should not be sneered at for being young, any more than middle-age should be sneered at for being old. And the fact that youth is apt to treat our middle-age as a crime

which we have committed purposely, furnishes no excuse for similar behaviour on our part towards our juniors. At least the middle-aged ought to be able to give youth a wrinkle or so about manners.

After the difference of sex, the greatest difference between human beings is due to age. Youth and age represent two opposing principles, both necessary to the welfare of society—the principle of movement or progress and the principle of stability. Without stability there is the probability of a spectacular smash; without progress there is the certainty of slow paralysis and death. When the two principles balance one another, then the good qualities of both are doing their best service.

Each age fights for its own principle. Youth feels aggrieved on two counts. First, it is annoyed because it cannot deny that age has the advantage of experience. Second, it is extremely annoyed because age has the advantage of being already in power. Age has “got there” first. But neither of these advantages is “unfair.” As the years pass experience comes to youth, and power also. Few persons can be in power at both ends of life and it may be said that the men who are most hungry for power when young, will put up the fiercest fight to retain power when they grow old. There is no conspiracy against youth. There is nothing but the interplay of forces of which youth is but one. In the end the ideals of youth always win—though perhaps only when the idealists have ceased to be young.

Meantime—apart from the special disadvantages which I first mentioned, and whose results are just as harmful to age as to youth—youth is not having a bad time nowadays. Indeed, I would say that never before did youth have such a good time and such rich oppor-

tunities as at this present. Education is better. Living is better. Thought is broader. Freedom is far greater. And all around us are examples of the success of youth while still young. I see on every side young men—directors of companies, editors of newspapers, authors, biologists, philosophers, etc., etc.,—who have definitely “got there.” This is not a debatable proposition. It is a patent fact. And I would suggest to the young disgruntled, with all the respect that age owes to youth, that if they would spend fewer hours in complaining, and more hours in improving their faculties, my esteem for the latest generation, already high, would rise still higher.

HUSTLE.

The verdict of certain specialists in Harley Street is that we are a nation in a state of nerves, and at this state of nerves is the result of too much hustling. To hustle, so far as I can ascertain from those terse and tantalising sources of information, the dictionaries, means to hurry and hustle over one's work, and it appears to include the ideas of fussing, pushing, thrusting, and being generally noisy, breathless and unceremonious—to the laudable end of "getting a move on." Now I have noticed four very marked qualities in all the great workers and doers of my acquaintance. They are never in a hurry; they are never late; they are calm and quiet persons; and they always have time to spare for any job that may turn up unexpectedly. You never hear them say, in response to an appeal: "Haven't a moment!"

I think that most people will agree with me that the really great workers do as a rule possess these qualities. Hence it would appear that hustling is not a necessary accompaniment of genuine and consistent industry. I would go further and say that, if the example of the great workers is worth anything at all, regular hustling is a positive hindrance to accomplishment. For if hustling helped work the great workers would hustle, and the fact that they don't hustle is an indication that hustling hinders work.

At any rate, it is obvious that nobody can satisfactorily live in a permanent condition of hurry and bustle. Such a form of existence must end in exhaustion, muddle,

inefficiency, "nerves," and even a breakdown. One often reads in the papers that, some mighty hustler has had a breakdown. He disappears for a time from the field of fuss, and when he returns he is usually a chastened man—unless he happens to be incurable, which is another way of saying that he is a born fool.

That the habit of hustling is fairly widespread among us I would not deny; nor would I deny that, in so far as it exists, it is apt to bring about a state of nerves. But when I hear, as I do hear, the deduction that because we hustle we are working too hard I grow hot, or I should grow hot, did I not laugh. For if anything is clear on this misty island, it is clear that as a nation that we are not working too hard. And if the Harley Street specialists meant to warn us against overwork, then I would spurn them; I would have none of them. However, I do not accuse the Harley Street specialists of anything so enormously stupid as warning us against overwork. The Japanese may work too hard; also the Germans; but not the British, nor the Americans. There is no sign of overwork in Britain. On the contrary, there are a thousand signs of underwork—and in all ranks of society. And hustle itself is a sign, among other things, of underwork.

Hustle is hurry, and hurry implies either a miscalculation of time or deliberately lost time—generally the latter—which time must be made up. (Not that lost time ever can be made up; time lost is lost for ever—you cannot possibly find it again like a dropped sixpence. A sense of the value of time—that is, of the best way to divide one's time into one's various activities—is an essential preliminary to efficient work; it is also the only method of avoiding hurry. People without a due sense of time spend half their working lives in a

hurry. They disorganise all their world by unpunctuality—which is a direct and prolific cause of hurry and hustle. Every efficient person carries a clock inside his head, and this wonderful self-winding clock rings a warning signal at frequent intervals.

I am told that punctual persons are a terrible nuisance to their friends. Quite ! But an honest man is a terrible nuisance to a thief. I am told also that punctual persons are the slaves of time. Not so. It is the unpunctual who are the slaves of time, which constantly rushes them to and fro with whips and scourages. Further, unpunctual persons are unmannerly. To be late is to be selfish and silly, because the late person wastes other people's time for his own inconvenience.

Unpunctuality, however, is seldom deliberate; the waste of time due to it is merely the unhappy consequence of muddle-headedness. Far more time is wasted deliberately than is wasted by unpunctuality. It has become almost the rule to work only five days a week, and many men will, in addition, take a day off in the middle of the week for purposes of amusement and distraction. This is notorious. Consciences are uneasy, and consciences urge the wasters to the ridiculous attempt to cram the work of five and a half days into five days or four days. The attempt fails, and must fail. Hurry, hustle, bustle and fuss ensue, but not achievement.

Nor is this all. Behold the multiplicity of resorts where apparently sane individuals dance nightly until one, two, three, four, five or even six o'clock in the morning. What jolly scenes—the women so beautiful and bright, the men so chivalrous and hospitable ! The brilliant lights ! The tinkling of glass, the enheartening hulla-baloo of saxophone and drum ! This is what we are supposed to live for. And, considered by itself, it is

doubtless worth living for. But what about the next day? Is any first-rate work going to be done the next day? It is not. I have watched these peacockian assemblies and they have faded away before my eyes, and by the vision of my third eye (in my mind, near the self-winding clock) I have seen neglected homes, late meals, aspirin, scornful servants, yawns in offices, pick-me-up cocktails, lost tempers, bullied clerks, and a grand general mess and inefficiency.

I am all in favour of fun—but to please me it must be fun with a sense of proportion, and it must be earned before it is enjoyed. The mischief with us is that our fun is not being paid for. We are undoubtedly procuring our fun on credit, and running up enormous bills of fatigue, hurry, hustle, etc., etc., which we cannot discharge. Our budget is not balanced. And I am convinced that one of the main causes of to-day's "nerves" and dissatisfaction and inefficiency is the nocturnal life we lead. If everybody bolted his front door (on the inside) at midnight we should soon see more work and a change for the better in the national existence.

So much for one end of society, the employing end. The other end, the employed end, is equally suffering from underwork; but the cause of the underwork is quite different. The working man and woman, with all their doubtless frightful defects of character and behaviour, do not make a practice of turning night into day and day into purgatory. Nor do they in any way attempt to do five and a half days' work in five days or four days. No! If they belong to a union they use every effort to do the work of three days or four days in five and a half. Hurry, hustle and bustle emphatically do not count among their sins.

The employed section of society, at any rate the larger

part of that section, is suffering, as regards its work, from one specific malady: payment by time instead of payment by results. I admit that payment by time is the logical result of events in the industrial life of the country during the last hundred years. I admit that it can be explained, and to a certain extent even justified. But it remains the curse of labour. It robs the energetic man of the incentive to use his energy. It reduces the real worker to the level of the shirker. It ministers to and encourages the worst characteristics in human nature. And it lessens the total volume of work done.

Further, because it is unnatural, it dulls the conscience and affects the nerves. A man who spends his days carefully and deliberately doing much less than he can do, must perforce get himself into a strange and dangerous state of mind. His unused energy must find some outlet, and it finds an outlet in searching for trouble. And note that it is the best men who are demoralised, not the worst. Payment by time amounts to a canker, which is another word for cancer. Though the operation may be highly dangerous to the body-politic, the cancer will have to be cut out before there can be any genuine improvement in the general state of society.

With one-half of the nation hustling and fussing to make up for lost time, and the other half hustling and fussing in order to avoid the unavoidable consequences of enforced, continuous sloth, the pickle which we are sure justly be called very acute. It is. It is much more acute than some folks imagine. And it will be worse before it is better. The first step towards a cure is to realise clearly the nature of the disease. I have tried to show what the disease is, and in particular to show that hustle is not work, but the enemy of work.

SLEEP.

A man of sixty has spent about twenty years in bed. It seems a lot. It seems a great waste of time. A man of the same age has spent over three years in eating. It seems a lot. It seems like greediness. But we need not be alarmed at these figures. I doubt if they really indicate either sloth or greed.

And as regards bed, the answer to all lamentations is that if the man had not spent the time in bed he would probably have spent it in some activity far more reprehensible. There are, I believe, idlers on earth, but they are not relatively numerous. Leaving them out of count, I should say that people take the amount of sleep they instinctively need—if they can get it: which they often can't.

I do not deny that large numbers of persons could maintain health upon a smaller quantity of sleep than they permit themselves. Some of the most ardent workers—such as Milton and Newton—contrived to exist richly on four hours' sleep in twenty-four; though on the other hand some of the most ardent workers have been terrific sleepers. As a rule, if a man strongly wishes to accomplish big things he will cut down his sleep.

But the majority of us do not want to accomplish big things. We want an average quiet and secure life, and I do not see how we can be blamed for not wanting more than this. If we were all strivers, the general pace of individual competition would merely be quickened, and mankind as a whole would be in the same as nations who persistently arm against one another, and who are

no safer when they expend a million a day on defence than when they spend a million a year to the same end. What is the point of depriving oneself of agreeable and innocuous repose if one has no overmastering desire to utilize the saved hours in a particular way? A man might rise at six instead of at eight, only to find that he did nothing but kill time. This indeed has often happened. It is better to sleep than to commit murder.

You may argue from my remarks that I am encouraging sloth. Not at all. I am simply trying to look facts in the face and not to talk nonsense. I admit the task is not easy.

In my view the blameworthy persons at the present day are the large, and apparently increasing, class who never want to go to bed and never want to get up. The night-life of large cities strikes me as being in the main infantile, futile, silly, and very harmful. It deranges the existence not only of the revellers themselves but of the people whose lives are inevitably bound up with theirs. I object to being awakened at two A.M. by the automobiles of late returners. Nor have I ever been able to comprehend how it is more amusing, more romantic, and more stylish to do at a very late hour what one can do just as well—and better—at an early hour. In a tropical climate, well supplied with moons, gardens, lakes, and sweet odours, I should perhaps see some sense and advantage in dancing and dallying till dawn was announced; but I see neither in perspiring and dashing around in hot, unventilated, moonless, dry rooms with ladies nearly as exhausted as myself, when I might be in bed. And if I practise this folly, as on rare occasions I do, my judgment of myself the next day (which, of course, is a wasted day) is even more severe than during the actual performance.

My belief is that revelling (as it is miscalled) is partly responsible for the typically modern malady of insomnia. Insomnia is rife among us, and should be taken seriously. It is not, however, as rife as some of us think it is. By which I mean that bad sleepers are generally not as bad as they imagine. To be quite sure whether one has been asleep or awake is very difficult. Of course, if sleepless, one rises from one's bed, reads, smokes, has a bath, or dresses and goes out for a walk, there is a reasonable probability that one has been genuinely awake. But so long as one stays in bed and in the dark, certainty on the point is generally impossible. Even with a radium-lighted dial by one's bedside the difficulty of honestly deciding how long one has been awake in the course of a whole night is extreme; and in the morning not one person in a hundred is capable of recalling accurately the times of waking and of "going off" again.

Those martyrs who arrive downstairs to breakfast with the information that they "have not closed their eyes all night" are obviously liars; for nobody who desired and required sleep could conceivably be such an idiot as not to close his eyes—an act which is the first and indispensable preliminary to slumber. And in general insomniacs are as untruthful, unconsciously or consciously, as fishermen or gamblers. The truth is that insomniacs are proud of their infirmity, and exaggerate it accordingly. They morbidly rejoice to sigh: "Ah! Lucky people, you sleepers! While you slept, I, with my high-strung nervous temperament, counted the wakeful minutes hour after hour. I am a wreck, because of my sensitiveness; but see how nobly I bear up against misfortune."

The insomniac who is not positively convinced of the truth of his narrations can be tested. Say to him: "Did you hear that noise in the night? "What noise?"

he asks. You say : " Ah ! Did you hear *a* noise, very loud ? " He will reply that he heard noises, but no special noise. You say : " Well, the tyre of a car went off with a terrific report, at about four o'clock, and the people in the car were hammering and knocking for quite half an hour under the windows." The truth is not in you, but no matter. You have put the insomniac in a quandary. He is bound to admit. " Really ! Well, I must have dropped off just then." And however sure of himself he was before, his confidence will be undermined, showing that he was not in fact absolutely sure of his sleeplessness.

Withal, there are multitudinous cases of insomnia, and though they may be overdrawn, they have a core of fact.

Insomnia may be the result of any of three chief causes. The worst is worry. This form of insomnia is transient and not pathologically serious. The fit will pass. Either the worry will end, or the sufferer will become accustomed to it, or he will learn to control his mind. The second cause is nervous excitement, joyous or the reverse. This form also is transient and not pathologically serious ; and it is more easily curable than the first. Naturally the cure is to avoid evening excitations and to go early to bed. The third cause is physical and has to do with the state of the organs of the body, and the insomnia resulting from it is usually chronic ; it may persist for years together.

As to this third cause, I have made extensive and minute inquiries from the medical and allied professions and from the laity, and my conclusion has been that, generally speaking, the origin of the trouble is secondary, or intestinal, indigestion. Hence I attach little importance to the current "cures" for insomnia, if only for the reason that they deal merely with symptoms.

You may count sheep or football-fans going through a gate. You may attempt to empty your mind as you would empty a sack and think of nothing. You may remember your blessings, or your sins, and sometimes go to sleep not finding any. You may dwell on your ill-luck and your grievances and sometimes go to sleep suffocated under the mass and weight of them. You may take a drug (if your doctor will give you a prescription for one) and go to sleep with certainty. (And what kind of sleep !) But none of these devices is a cure for chronic insomnia, and at least one will bring about an intensification of the malady.

For indigestion will yield to neither mathematical calculations, nor to prolonged and morbid contemplations, nor to the intoxication of a drug. If the indigestion is slight, it may often be corrected by getting up and very conscientiously performing a set of physical exercises—such as we are all now familiar with—the aim of which is to re-establish the right circulation of the blood and therefore the harmonious functioning of the entire body. Even if the indigestion is severe this operation will usually induce some sleep, without doing the slightest harm.

But of course if the condition is acute it must be treated thoroughly; and since thorough treatment means slow treatment, the insomnia is not likely to disappear by magic. When the malady is of old standing, as it often is, or when it has developed gradually, as it often has—then the cure will assuredly and of necessity have similar characteristics.

Magic—there is none ! Quackery is for simpletons, and even simpletons see through it in a very little while. To keep healthy when you are well is an affair demanding eternal vigilance and self-control. To attain health when you are unwell through persistent neglect or wrong-headedness is just difficult as to attain righteousness. And

this axiom applies with peculiar force to the class of malady to which insomnia belongs—the class which one's friends are inclined to jeer at, and which even the sufferer is inclined not to take seriously.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

A DEFENCE OF DETECTIVE STORIES.

In attempting to reach the genuine psychological reason for the popularity of detective stories, it is necessary to rid ourselves of many mere phrases. It is not true, for example, that the populace prefer bad literature to good, and accept detective stories because they are bad literature. The mere absence of artistic subtlety does not make a book popular. Bradshaw's Railway Guide contains few gleams of psychological comedy, yet it is not read aloud uproariously on winter evenings. If detective stories are read with more exuberance than railway guides, it is certainly because they are more artistic. Many good books have fortunately been popular; many bad books, still more fortunately, have been unpopular. A good detective story would probably be even more popular than a bad one. The trouble in this matter is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story; it is to them like speaking of a good devil. To write a story about a burglary, is, in their eyes, a sort of spiritual manner of committing it. To persons of somewhat weak sensibility this is natural enough; it must be confessed that many detective stories are as full of sensational crime as one of Shakespeare's plays.

There is, however, between a good detective story and a bad detective story as much, or rather more, difference than there is between a good epic and a bad one. Not only is a detective story a perfectly legitimate form of

art, but it has certain definite and real advantages as an agent of the public weal.

The first essential value of the detective story lies in this, that it is the earliest and only form of popular literature in which is expressed some sense of the poetry of modern life. Men lived among mighty mountains and eternal forests for ages before they realized that they were poetical; it may reasonably be inferred that some of our descendants may see the chimney-pots as rich a purple as the mountain-peaks, and find the lamp-posts as old and natural as the trees. Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious the detective story is certainly the *Iliad*. No one can have failed to notice that in these stories the hero or the investigator crosses London with something of the loneliness and liberty of a prince in a tale of elfland, that in the course of that incalculable journey the casual omnibus assumes the primal colours of a fairy ship. The lights of the city begin to glow like innumerable goblin eyes. since they are the guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it; every fantastic skyline of chimney-pots seems wildly and derisively signalling the meaning of the mystery.

The realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than countryside, for while nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post-card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the

soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it were a graven brick of Babylon; every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiae of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief. We may dream, perhaps, that it might be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men's souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable exception of Stevenson) decline to write of that thrilling mood and moment when the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which, amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as prosaic or the common as commonplace. Popular art in all ages has been interested in contemporary manners and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentine gentlefolk or Flemish burghers. In the last century it was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth in powdered wig and ruffles. How far we are ourselves in this age from such conviction of the poetry of our own life and manners may easily be conceived by anyone who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting the cakes dressed in tourist's knickerbockers, or a performance of *Hamlet* in which the Prince appeared

in a frock-coat, with a crape band round his hat. But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot's wife, could not go on for ever. A rude, popular literature of the romantic possibilities of the modern city was bound to arise. It has arisen in the popular detective stories, as rough and refreshing as the ballads of Robin Hood.

There is, however, another good work that is done by detective stories. While it is the constant tendency of the Old Adam to rebel against so universal and automatic a thing as civilization, to preach departure and rebellion, the romance of police actively keeps in some sense before the mind the fact that civilization itself is the most sensational of departures and the most romantic of rebellions. By dealing with the unsleeping sentinels who guard the outposts of society, it tends to remind us that we live in an armed camp, marking war with a chaotic world, and that the criminals, the children of chaos, are nothing but the traitors within our gates. When the detective in a police romance stands alone, and somewhat fatuously fearless amid the knives and fists of a thieves' kitchen, it does certainly serve to make us remember that it is the agent of social justice who is the original and poetic figure, while the burglars and footpads are merely placid old cosmic conservatives, happy in the immemorial respectability of apes and wolves. The romance of the police force is thus the whole romance of man. It is based on the fact that morality is the most dark and daring of conspiracies. It reminds us that the whole noiseless and unnoticeable police management by which we are ruled and protected is only a successful knight-errantry.

CHERTESTON.

THE ELF OF JAPAN.

There are things in this world of which I can say seriously that I love them but I do not like them. The point is not merely verbal, but psychologically quite valid. Cats are the first things that occur to me as examples of the principle. Cats are so beautiful that a creature from another star might fall in love with them, and so incalculable that he might kill them. Some of my friends take quite a high moral line about cats. Some, like Mr. Titterton, I think, admire a cat for its moral independence and readiness to scratch anybody "if he does not behave himself." Others, like Mr. Belloc, regard the cat as cruel and secret, a fit friend for witches; one who will devour everything, except, indeed, poisoned food, "so utterly lacking is it in Christian simplicity and humility." For my part, I have neither of these feelings. I admire cats as I admire catkins: those little fluffy things that hang on trees. They are both pretty and both furry, and both declare the glory of God. And this abstract exultation in all living things is truly to be called Love; for it is a higher feeling than mere affectional convenience; it is a vision. It is heroic and even saintly, in this: that it asks for nothing in return. I love all the cats in the street as St. Francis of Assissi loved all the birds in the wood or all the fishes in the sea; not so much, of course, but then I am not a saint. But he did not wish to bridle a bird and ride on its back, as one bridles and rides on a horse. He did not wish to put a collar

round a fish's neck, marked with the name "Francis," and the address "Assissi," as one does with a dog. He did not wish them to belong to him or himself to belong to them in fact, it would be a very backward experience to belong to a lot of fishes. But a man does belong to his dog, in another but an equally real sense with that in which the dog belongs to him. The two bonds of obedience and responsibility vary very much with the dogs and the men; but they are both bonds. In other words, a man does not merely love a dog; as he might (in a mystical moment) love any sparrow that perched on his window-sill or any rabbit that ran across his path. A man likes a dog; and that is a serious matter.

To me, unfortunately perhaps (for I speak merely of individual taste), a cat is a wild animal. A cat is Nature personified. Like Nature, it is so mysterious that one cannot quite repose even in its beauty. But like Nature again, it is so beautiful that one cannot believe that it is really cruel. Perhaps it isn't; and there again it is like Nature. Men of old time worshipped cats as they worshipped crocodiles; and those magnificent old mystics knew what they were about. The moment in which one really loves cats is the same as that in which one (moderately and within reason) loves crocodiles. It is that divine instant when a man feels himself—no, not absorbed into the unity of all things (a loathsome fancy)—but delighting in the difference of all things. At the moment when a man really knows he is a man he will feel, however, faintly a kind of fairy-tale pleasure in the fact that a crocodile is a crocodile. All the more will he exult in the things that are more evidently beautiful than crocodiles, such as flowers and birds, and cats—which are more beautiful than either. But it does not follow that he will wish to pick all the flowers or to cage all the birds

or to own all the cats.

No one who still believes in democracy and the rights of man will admit that any division between men and men can be anything but a fanciful analogy to the division between men and animals. But in the sphere of such fanciful analogy there are even human beings whom I feel to be like cats in this respect; that I can love them without liking them. I feel it about certain quaint and alien societies, especially about the Japanese. The exquisite old Japanese draughtsmanship (of which we shall see no more, now Japan has gone in for Progress and Imperialism) had a quality that was infinitely attractive and intangible. Japanese pictures were really rather like pictures made by cats. They were full of feathery softness and of sudden and spirited scratches. If anyone will wander in some gallery fortunate enough to have a fine collection of those slight water-colour sketches on rice paper which come from the remote East, he will observe many elements in them which a fanciful person might consider feline. There is, for instance, that odd enjoyment of the tops of tree; those airy trceries of forks and fading twigs, up to which certainly no artist, but only a cat, could climb. There is that elvish love of the full moon, as large and lucid as a Chinese lantern, hung in these tenuous branches. That moon is so large and luminous that one can imagine a hundred cats howling under it. Then there is the exhaustive treatment of the anatomy of birds and fish; subjects in which cats are said to be interested. Then there is the slanting cat-like eye of all these Eastern gods and men—but this is getting altogether too coincident. We shall have another racial theory in no time (beginning "Are the Japs Cats?"), and though I shall not believe in my theory, somebody else might. There are people among my esteem-

ed correspondents who might believe anything. It is enough for me to say here that in this small respect Japs affect me like cats. I mean that I love them. I love their quaint and native poetry, their unique unreplaceable art, the testimony they bear to the bustling, irrepressible activities of nature and man. If I were a real mystic looking down on them from a real mountain, I am sure I should love them more even than the strong-winged and unwearied birds or the fruitful, ever-multiplying fish. But, as for liking them, as one likes a dog—that is quite another matter. That would mean trusting them.

In the old English and Scotch ballads the fairies are regarded very much in the way that I feel inclined to regard Japs and cats. They are not specially spoken of as evil; they are enjoyed as witching and wonderful; but they are not trusted as good. You do not say the wrong words or give the wrong gifts to them; and there is a curious silence about what would happen to you if you did. Now to me, Japan, the Japan of Art, was always a fairyland. What trees as gay as flowers and peaks as white as wedding cakes; what lanterns as large as houses and houses as frail as lanterns! . . . but . . . but . . . the missionary explained (I read in the paper) that the assertion and denial about the Japanese use of torture was a mere matter of verbal translation. "The Japanese would not call twisting the thumbs back 'torture.' "

A. C. BENSON

SWITZERLAND.

We came back yesterday, after a very prosperous time at Zermatt; we have been there two entire months. Yes, it was certainly prosperous! We had delicious weather, and I have seen a number of pleasant people. I have done a great deal of walking, I have read a lot of novels and old poetry, I have sat about a good deal in the open air; but I do not really like Switzerland; there are of course an abundance of noble wide-hung views, but there are few vignettes, little on which the mind and heart dwell with an intimated and familiar satisfaction. Those airy pinnacles of toppling rocks, those sheets of slanted snow, those ice-bound crags—there is a sense of fear and mystery about them! One does not know what is going on there; what they are waiting for; they have no human meaning. They do not seem to have any relation to humanity at all. Sunday after Sunday one used to have sermons in that hot, trim little wooden church—some from quite famous preachers—about the need of rest, the advantage of letting the mind and eye dwell in awe upon the wonderful works of God. Of course the mountains are wonderful enough; but they make me feel that humanity plays a very trifling part in the mind and purpose of God. I do not think that if I were a preacher of the Gospel, and had a speculative turn, I should care to take a holiday among the mountains. I should be beset by a dreary wonder whether the welfare of human-

ity was a thing very dear to God at all. I should feel very strongly what the Psalmist said, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" It would take the wind out of my sails, when I came to preach about Redemption, because I should be tempted to believe that, after all, human beings were only in the world on sufferance and that the aching, frozen, barren earth, so inimical to life, was in even more urgent need of redemption. Day by day, among the heights, I grew to feel that I wanted some explanation of why the strange panorama of splintered crag and hanging ice-fall was there at all. It certainly is not there with any reference to man—at least it is hard to believe that it is all there that human beings may take a refreshing holiday in the midst of it. When one penetrates Switzerland by the green pine-clad valleys, passing through and beneath those delicious upland villages, each clustering round a church with a glittering cupola, the wooden houses with their brown fronts, their big eaves, perched up aloft at such pleasant angles, one thinks of Switzerland as an inhabited land of valleys, with screens and backgrounds of peaks and snow fields; but when one goes up higher still, and gets up to the top of one of the peaks, one sees that Switzerland is really a region of barren ridges, millions of acres of cold stones and ice, with a few little green cracks among the mountain bases, where men have crept to live; and that man is only tolerated there.

One day I was out with a guide on a peak at sunrise. Behind the bleak and shadowy ridges there stole a flush of awakening dawn; then came a line of the purest yellow light, touching the crags and snowfields with sharp blue shadows; the lemon-coloured radiance passed into fiery gold, the gold flushed to crimson, and then the sun leapt into sight, and shed the light of day upon the

troubled sea of mountains. It was more than that—the hills made, as it were, the rim of a great cold shadowy goblet; and the light was poured into it from the up-rushing sun, as bubbling and sparkling wine is poured into a beaker. I found myself thrilled from head to foot with an intense and mysterious rapture. What did it all mean, this awful and resplendent solemnity, full to the brim of a solitary and unapproachable holiness? What was the secret of the thing? Perhaps every one of those stars that we had seen fade out of the night was ringed round by planets such as ours, peopled by forms undreamed of; doubtless on millions of globes, the daylight of some central sun was coming in glory over the cold ridges, and waking into life sentient beings, in lands outside our ken, each with civilisations and histories and hopes and fears of their own. A stupendous and overwhelming thought! And yet, in the midst of it, here was I myself, a little consciousness sharply divided from it all, permitted to be a spectator, a partaker of the intolerable and gigantic mystery, and yet so strangely, made that the whole of the vast and prodigious complexity of life and law counted far less to me than the touch of weariness that hung, after my long vigil, over limbs and brain. The faculty, the godlike power of knowing and imagining, all actually less to me than my own tiny and fragile sensations. Such moods as these are strange things, because they bring with them so intense a desire to know, to perceive, and yet paralyse one with the horror of the darkness in which one moves. One cannot conceive why it is given the power of realizing the multiplicity of creation, and yet at the same time left so wholly ignorant of its significance. One longs to leap into the arms of God, to catch some whisper of His voice; and at the same time there falls the shadow of the prison-

house; one is given relentlessly back upon the old limited life, the duties, the labours, the rounds of meals and sleep, the tiny relations with others as ignorant as ourselves, and, still worse, with the petty spirits who have a complacent explanation of it all. Even over love itself the shadow falls. I am as near to my own dear and true Maud as it is possible to be; but I can tell her nothing of the mystery, and she can tell me nothing. We are allowed for a time to draw close to each other, to whisper to each other our hopes and fears; but at any moment we can be separated. The children, Alec and Maggie dearer to me—I can say it honestly—than life itself, to whom we have given being, whose voices I hear as I to whom we have given being, whose voices I hear as I write, what of them? They are each of them alone, though they hardly know it yet. The little unnamed son, who opened his eyes upon the world six years ago, to close them in a few hours, where and what is he now? Is he somewhere, anywhere? Does he know of the joy and sorrow he has brought into our lives? I would fain believe it . . . those are profitless thoughts, of one staring into the abyss. Somehow these bright weeks have been to me a dreary time. I am well in health; nothing ails me. It is six months since my last book was published, and I have taken a deliberate holiday; but always before, my mind, the strain of a book once taken off it, has begun to sprout and burgeon with new ideas and schemes; but now, for the first time in my life, my mind and heart remain bare and arid. I seem to have drifted into a dreary silence. It is not that things have been less beautiful, but beauty seems to have had no message, no significance for me. The people that I have seen have come and gone like ghosts and puppets, I have had no curiosity about them, their occupations and thoughts, their hopes and loves; it has not seemed worth while to be in-

terested in a life which appears so short, and which leads nowhere. It seems morbid to write thus, but I have not been either morbid or depressed. It has been an easy life, the life of the last few months, without effort or dissatisfaction, but without zest. It is a mental tiredness, I suppose. I have written myself out, and the cistern must fill again. Yet I have had no feeling of fatigue. It would have been almost better to have had something to bear; but I am richer than I need be, Maud and the children have been in perfect health and happiness, I have been well and strong. I shall hope that the familiar scene, the pleasant activities of home-life, will bring the desire back. I realize how much the fabric of my life is built upon my writing, and write I must. Well, I have said enough; the pleasure of these entries is that one can look back to them, and see the movement of the current of life in a bygone day. I have an immense mass of arrears to make up, in the form of letters and business, but I want to survey the ground; and the survey is not a very happy one this morning; though if I made a list of my benefits and the reverse, like Robinson Crusoe, the credit side would be full of good things, and the debit side nearly empty.

FEARS.

If anyone whose eye may fall upon these pages be absolutely equable of temperament, serene, contented, the same one day as another, as Dr. Johnson said of Reynolds, let him not read this chapter—he will think it a mere cry in the dark, better smothered in the bed-clothes, an unmanly piece of morbid pathology, a secret and sordid disease better undivulged, on which all persons of proper pride should hold their peace.

Well, it is not for him that I write; there are books and books, and even chapters and chapters, just as there are people and people. I myself avoid books dealing with health and disease. I used when younger to be unable to resist the temptation of a medical book; but now I am wiser, and if I sometimes yield to the temptation, it is with a backward glancing eye and a cautious step. And I will say that I generally put back the book with a snap, in a moment, as though a snake had stung me. But there will be no pathology here—nothing but a patient effort to look a failing in the face, and to suggest a remedy.

I speak to the initiated, to those who have gone down into the dark cave, and seen the fire burn low in the shrine, and watched aghast the formless, mouldering things—hideous implements are they, or mere weapons?—that hang upon the walls.

Do you know what it is to dwell, perhaps for days together, under the shadow of a fear? Perhaps a definite fear—a fear of poverty, or a fear of obloquy, or a fear of harshness, or a fear of pain, or a fear of disease—

or, worse than all, a leading, mishappened, sullen dread which has no definite cause, and is therefore the harder to resist.

These moods, I say it with gratitude for myself and for the encouragement of others, tend to diminish in acuteness and in frequency as I grow older. They are now, as ever, preluded by dreams of a singular kind, dreams of rapid and confused action, dreams of a romantic and exaggerated pictorial character—huge mountain ranges, lofty and venerable buildings, landscapes of incredible beauty, garment of unimaginable luxuriance, which pass with incredible rapidity before the mind. I will indicate two of these in detail. I was in a vessel like a yacht, armed with a massive steel prow like a ram, which moved in some aerial fashion over a landscape, skimming it seemed to me but a few feet above the ground. A tall man of benignant aspect stood upon the bridge and directed the operations of the unseen navigator. We ascended a heathery valley, and presently encountered snow-drifts, upon which the vessel seemed to settle down to her full speed; at last we entered a prodigious snowfield, with vast ridged snow-waves extending in every direction for miles; the vessel ran not over but through these waves, sending up huge spouts of snow which fell in cool showers upon my head and hands, while the tinkle of dry ice fragments made a perpetual low music. At last we stopped and I descended on to the plateau. Far ahead, through rolling clouds, I saw the black snow-crowned heights of a mountain, loftier than any seen by human eye, and for leagues round me lay the interminable waste of snow. I was aroused from my absorption by a voice behind me; the vessel started again on her course with a leap like a porpoise, and though I screamed aloud to stop her, I saw her, in a few

seconds, many yards ahead, describing great curves as she ran, with the snow spouting over her like a fountain.

The second was a very different scene. I was in the vine-clad alleys of some Italian garden; against the still blue air a single stone pine defined itself; I walked along a path, and turning a corner an exquisite conventual building of immense size, built of a light brown stone, revealed itself. From all the alleys round emerged troops of monastic figures in soft white gowns, and a mellow chime of exceeding sweetness floated from the building. I saw that I too was robed like the rest; but the gliding figures outstripped me; and arriving last at a great iron portal I found it closed, and the strains of a great organ came drowsily from within.

Then into the dream falls a sudden sense of despair, like an ashen cloud; a feeling of incredible agony, intensified by the beauty of the surrounding scene, that agony which feverishly questions as to why so dark a stroke should fall when the mind seems at peace with itself and lost in dreamy wonder at the loveliness all about it. Then the vision closes, and for a time the mind battles with dark waves of anguish, emerging at last, like a diver from a dim sea, into the waking consciousness. The sickly daylight filters through the window curtains and the familiar room swims into sight. The first thought is one of unutterable relief, which is struck instantly out of the mind by the pounce of the troubled mood; and then follows a ghastly hour, when every possibility of horror and woe intangible presses in upon the battling mind. At such moments a definite difficulty, a practical problem would be welcome—but there is none; the misery is too deep for thought, and even when, after long wrestling, the knowledge comes that it is all a subjective condition, and that there is no adequate cause in life or circumstances

for this unmanning terror—even then it can only be silently endured, like the racking of some fierce physical pain.

The day that succeeds to such a waking mood is almost the worst part of the experience. Shaken and dizzyed by the inrush of woe, the mind straggles wearily through hour after hour; the familiar duties are intolerable; food has no savour; action and thought no interest; and if for an hour the tired head is diverted by some passing event, or if, oppressed with utter exhaustion, it sinks into an unrefreshing slumber, repose but gives the strength to suffer—the accursed mood leaps again, as from an unseen lair, upon the unnerved consciousness, and tears like some strange beast the helpless and palpitating soul.

When first, at Cambridge, I had the woeful experience above recorded, I was so unused to endurance, so bewildered by suffering, that I think for awhile I was almost beside myself. I recollect going down with some friends, in a brief lull of misery, to watch a football match, when the horror siezed me in the middle of a cheerful talk with such vehemence, that I could only rush off with a muttered word, and return to my rooms, in which I immured myself to spend an hour in an agony of prayer. Again I recollect sitting with some of the friends of my own age after Hall; we were smoking and talking peacefully enough—for some days my torment had been suspended—when all at once, out of the secret darkness the terror leapt upon me, and after in vain resisting it for a few moments, I hurried away, having just enough self-respect to glance at my watch and mutter something about a forgotten engagement. But worst of all was a walk taken with my closest friend on a murky November day. We started in good spirits, when

in a moment the accursed foe was upon me; I hardly spoke except for fitful questions. Our way led us to a level crossing, beside a belt of woodland, where a huge luggage train was jolting and bumping backwards and forwards. We hung upon the gate; and then, and then only, came upon me in a flash an almost irresistible temptation to lay my head beneath the ponderous wheels, and end it all; I could only pray in silence, and hurry from the spot in speechless agitation. What wonder if I heard on the following day that my friend complained that I was altering for the worse—that I had become so sullen and morose that it was no use talking to me?

Gradually, very gradually, the aching frost of the soul broke up and thawed; little trifling encouraging incidents—a small success or two, an article accepted by a magazine, a friendship, an athletic victory, raised me step by step out of the gloom. One benefit, even at the time, it brought me—an acute sensitiveness to beauty both of sight and sound. I used to steal at evensong into the dark nave of King's Chapel, and the sight of the screen, the flood of subdued light overflowing from the choir, the carven angels with their gilded trumpets, penetrated into the soul with an exquisite sweetness; and still more the music—whether the low prelude with the whispering pedals, the severe monotone breaking into freshes of harmony, the swing and richness of the chants, or the elaborate beauty of some familiar magnificat or anthem—all fell like showers upon the arid sense. The music at King's had one characteristic that I have never heard elsewhere; the properties of the building are such that the echo lingers without blurring the successive chords—not "loth to die," I used to think, as Wordsworth says, but sinking as it were from consciousness to dream, and from dream to death.

One further gain—the greater—was that my suffering did not, I think, withdraw me wholly into myself and fence me from the world; rather it gave me a sense of the brotherhood of grief. I was one with all the agonies that lie silent in the shadow of life; and though my suffering had no tangible cause, yet I was initiated into the fellowship of those who *bear*. I *understood*;—weak, faithless, and faulty as I was, I was no longer in the complacent isolation of the strong, the successful, the selfish, and even in my darkest hour I had strength to thank God for that.

BRIEF NOTES.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

(1)—RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Sir Richard Steele,—(1672-1729). His literary reputation rests almost entirely on his Essays. He started the *Tatler* in April, 1709, but it came to an end in January, 1711. The more famous *Spectator* was started in March, 1711, but ceased in December, 1712. *The Guardian*, which followed, enjoyed a very brief existence. In these literary ventures he received valuable aid from his friend Joseph Addison. Steele's Essays are informed with a delicate satire, a gentle irony, directed against the petty foibles and vanities of contemporary society.

The vulgar,—‘the common people’ Not used contemptuously. (L. *vulgus*, the common people).

manes,—‘spirits of the dead.’

Such.....who,—we should now say ‘such.....as.’

closet,—private room.

caught,—obsolete. Modern form ‘caught.’

passages,—incidents.

Garraway's coffee-house:—these coffee-houses were an important social institution of the age. There were hundreds of them in London at this time. They were not ordinary refreshment houses or restaurants. Cultured people assembled there to discuss art politics or literature over their tea-cups. Read Steele's Essay on *Coffee-houses* (*Spectator*, No. 49).

(2)—ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Alexander Selkirk (or Selcraig)—*b.* 1676 *d.* 1721. He was a native of Largo in Fife. In 1704 he joined the South Sea pirates. He, however, quarrelled with his captain and was put ashore on Juan Fernandez, a small group of islands some distance from the coast of Chili. He lived here alone—for upwards of four years. In 1709 he was at last taken off by Thomas Dover the captain of

a privateer. At the time of his death he was a lieutenant on an English man-of-war. His story is supposed to have suggested the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe.

firelock,—a sort of musket in which the powder was ignited by sparks produced by 'a flint and steel.'

pestered with,—troubled with, infested with.

precipitance,—inconsiderate haste.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(1)—THE VISION OF MIRZA.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719). One of England's greatest Essayists. In 1704, he wrote *The Campaign*, a poem celebrating Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. It brought him literary fame and lucrative Government appointments. He contributed largely to his friend Steele's periodicals,—*The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. His contributions are, in a large measure, delightful, though mildly sarcastic, sketches of contemporary society and are characterised by a subtle humour, wonderful grace, and clarity of diction. In them he strives to "bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell at clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses."

The Vision of Mirza,—interpret the parable in plain English. Is the author trying to teach a lesson?

Grand Cairo,—the capital of modern Egypt.

genius,—a supernatural being. *Genii* are found mentioned in almost all Oriental romances.

transporting airs,—strains of music calculated to throw one into ecstasy.

consummation,—ordained end.

three score and ten arches,—these seventy arches represent the years of human life. Vide *Psalms*, xc. 10.

a thousand arches,—the allusion is to the duration of life before the Deluge. See *Genesis*.

scimitar,—an Eastern curved sword, perhaps from Persian *Shimshir*.

harpies,—foul rapacious monsters with woman's face and body and vulture's wings and claws, mentioned in ancient classical myths.
glorious habits,—radiant costumes.

(2)—POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

superstition,—lit. 'standing over in awe.' Signifies irrational fear of the supernatural or the mysterious.

join-hand,—connected writing; joining single letters to form words.

Childermas Day,—Holy Innocents' Day, December 28. See *Mathew*—II—16-18.

Almanza,—the English were defeated here by the French and Spaniards on April 25, 1707. Almanza is a town in Spain.

taciturnity,—silence.

merry-thought,—forked breast-bone of the chicken. Also called "*wish-bone*." The person who got the larger part of it (when broken by pulling) was supposed to obtain his desire.

prognostics,—prophecies.

antiquated sybils,—aged old-fashioned prophetesses.

death-watches,—the ticking sound produced by these wood-insects is supposed to predict death.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(1)—THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Samuel Johnson, (1709-1784),—the most conspicuous literary figure of his day. A sort of literary Dictator. Wrote Essays, poems, biographies. His famous Dictionary of the English Language was published in 1755. He was a brilliant conversationalist; and Boswell's masterly reports of his wonderful talk in the club-room or coffee-house give a truer idea of his greatness than his "heavy" writings. His language is stately and sonorous. In his prose essays stores of wisdom lie buried beneath an intolerable load of turgid phraseology. He was a friend of Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds and other famous people.

Ovid,—a celebrated Roman poet, (43 B.C.—17 A.D.).

Seneca,—a Roman philosopher of the 1st century, A.D. Tutor to the Emperor Nero.

universal infatuation,—extreme folly which seemed to have infected everybody.

jocund,—cheerful, merry.

incessant vigilance,—constant watchfulness.

circumvolution,—rolling round; whirling.

temerity,—rashness.

expedients,—devices.

(2)—ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A GARRET.

the timidity of recluse speculation,—the shyness which belongs to one who has pursued his speculations in retirement—‘far from the madding crowd.’

petulant incredulity,—abstract for concrete: people who are irritated by his new ideas and refuse to believe in them.

fortresses of demonstration,—strongholds of proof. Popular ridicule compels him to run away from his position like a timid general. He is so shy that he offers no proof and thinks his safety lies in ignominious retirement.

strictures,—censures, criticisms.

nice discussion,—a discussion requiring precision or discrimination.

professors of literature,—those who follow literature as a profession.

Parnassus,—a mountain in Greece anciently supposed to be the abode of the Muses.

Tempe,—a beautiful valley in Thessaly celebrated by Greek poets.

Flexures of Meander,—the bends or windings of the river Meander in Asia Minor. The English verb ‘meander’ (=wind about) we owe to the name of this river.

Jove,—Jupiter, the most powerful of all the gods of the ancients. As there was a danger of his father Saturn devouring him,

his mother Ops got him secretly nursed and educated in a cave in Mount Ida in Crete.

the prize of beauty,—the allusion is to the golden apple which the goddess of Discord threw into the assembly of the gods on the occasion of the nuptials of Pelius and Thetis. It bore the inscription: "For the most beautiful." Three goddesses, Juno Venus and Minerva, decided to contest the prize and put in their respective claims to pre-eminence in beauty. The gods appointed Paris, who was then a shepherd on Mount Ida, to adjudge the prize. He gave it to Venus, who seemed entitled to it as the goddess of beauty.

Tibullus, Lucretius,—Roman Poets. The former flourished in the time of Augustus and is considered to be the prince of Rome's elegiac poets. The latter, who wrote poems of incomparable beauty, was a rank atheist. He committed suicide about 54 B.C.

raging vociferations,—furious shouts.

unvariably,—for *invariably*.

still,—always.

recondite,—obscure, little known.

promulgation,—publication.

ambient element,—surrounding element, air

Hippocrates,—a celebrated Greek physician of the 5th century, B.C.

the tenuity of a defecated air,—the thinness of air cleared of all its impurities. *Defecated*, refined, purified.

accelerates the fancy,—quickens the imagination.

temper,—pressure of the air.

treatise of barometrical pneumatology,—a book dealing with the effect of atmospheric pressures on the spirits of men.

vertiginous,—causing giddiness.

to smell of the lamp,—to appear to have been composed laboriously at night. The expression conveys the idea of nocturnal toil.

Hypertatus,—'The Man in the Garret.'

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(1)—NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

Oliver Goldsmith, (1728-1774), one of the most graceful prose writers of the 18th century. Wrote Essays, poems, comedies. Best known as the author of that universally-known novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Though his life was full of gloom, his works display an unbroken cheerfulness. His language is singularly pure and graceful, and his humour is invariably exhilarating. A friend of Dr. Johnson's.

sycophants,—mean flatterers, toadies.

peremptory strain,—dictatorial manner.

the philosopher,—the Greek philosopher Diogenes the Cynic, 4th century, B.C.

enthusiasm,—fanaticism, misdirected religious emotion. An obsolete use.

(2)—AGAINST THE MAN-HATER.

sequestered,—isolated from his fellow-men.

a solecism,—something offensive or barbarous.

complacency,—self-satisfaction.

(3)—ARTIFICIAL MISERY OF PHILOSOPHERS.

paroxysms,—fits, convulsions.

obliquity,—angle of inclination.

Piteas,—a Greek Mathematician, 300, B.C.

the Ram,—the zodiacal sign Aries.

appulses,—periodical changes in the motion of the moon with reference to the earth.

librations,—apparent oscillations of the moon whereby parts near the border of the lunar disk alternately become visible and invisible.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

(1)—THE INDIAN JUGGLERS.

William Hazlitt, (1778-1830), was one of the greatest of England's Essayists. He commenced life as a portrait-painter, but soon gave up the brush for the pen. His lectures on *The English Poets*, *English Comic Writers* and *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, (1818-1821), delivered at the Surrey Institute established his greatness as a literary critic. He is a master of epigram and invective, and at his best touches the high-water mark of English prose.

spheres,—orbits.

quill,—a blowpipe or dart tube—such as the American Indians use for killing birds.

ringing the changes on their commonplaces,—repeating the same stale, trite things over and over again. The reference is to ringing a peal of bells. For the sake of variety the order in which bells are rung is changed.

pouring water into sieves,—the fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos, were so punished in the Hades for murdering their husbands on the first night of their nuptials.

rolling a stone up a hill,—Sisyphus, king of Corinth, was so punished by the gods for his treachery to them. Both are utterly unprofitable tasks.

abortions,—crude, immature, imperfect compositions.

Sadler's Wells:—a "holy well" discovered by a Mr. Sadler in 1683, when digging earth for his garden. In 1765, a Mr. Rosoman converted Sadler's garden into a theatre. The reference in the text is to this theatre.

Sir Joshua Reynolds,—(1723-1792), the greatest English portrait-painter, first President of the Royal Academy, (1768). A personal friend of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith and Burke.

Goldsmith's pedagogue,—the village schoolmaster mentioned in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, ll. 211-212. The lines are not quoted correctly.

the wheels of the Juggernaut,—the allusion is to the huge

processional car of the Hindu god Jugganath at Puri. It is mounted on sixteen wheels and is dragged annually to the temple by fifty men. Formerly many devotees flung themselves under its wheels to acquire religious merit by their death.

Locksley in Ivanhoe,—a character in Scott's novel *Ivanhoe*. He is really Robin Hood in disguise. His skill in archery is simply amazing. In shooting at a mark he invariably makes allowance for a cross breeze when one is blowing.

tumbler,—acrobat.

Haydons,—Benjamin Robert Haydon, (1786-1846), was a historical painter in Hazlitt's time. He was more or less mechanical in the execution of his conceptions and lacked the inspiration of the true artist.

blandness of gusto,—pleasing, soothing character of his taste. *L. gustus*, taste.

Rochester,—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, (1647-1680), was a most accomplished courtier, but given to a life of the grossest debauchery.

Surrey,—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, (1517-1547), was a most accomplished nobleman of the time of Henry VIII.

Themistokles,—a celebrated Athenian general and statesman, (525-459, B.C.).

Napier's Bones,—John Napier, (1550-1617), the inventor of Logarithms, devised a calculating apparatus for economising the labour of certain trigonometrical calculations. Certain figures were arranged on slips or rods of ivory (or pieces of cardboard), and by simply shifting these slips the required result was obtained. The apparatus was called Napier's Bones.

Moliere,—a celebrated French dramatist of the 17th century.

Author of Don Quixote,—Cervantes, the celebrated Spanish novelist, (1547-1616).

Mrs. Siddons,—the celebrated Shakespearian actress, (1755-1831). As a tragic actress she has never been surpassed. She was "the unquestioned queen of the stage" from 1782 to 1812.

Sir Humphry Davy,—(1778-1829), a great chemist who invented the well-known safety-lamp in 1815. He discovered *sodium*, *calcium*, *magnesium* and many other metals, and decomposed *potash* and *soda*.

(2)—ON NICKNAMES.

Vitelli and Orsini,—two noble Italian families, (15th century), who fought against the Borgias.

Guelphs and Ghibellines,—two great political parties whose feuds make up the history of mediæval Italy. The former supported the Pope, the latter the German Emperors.

The League,—the Holy Catholic League formed in 1576 to oppose the Huguenots.

barbare,—‘barbarian.’

Racine,—a famous French dramatist of the 17th century.

Malcontents and Malignants,—the Roundheads and the Cavaliers of the days of Cromwell.

“**sound them.....the other**,”—*Julius Caesar*, I—ii—144-147.

Shakespeare’s version,—the words are Imogen’s. See *Cymbeline*, III—iv—135-140.

carte blanche,—full discretionary or unrestrained power.

Cassio:—*Othello*, II—i—169.

Causa, etc.—‘The cause of the case-at-law is the cause of the thing discussed.’ The next sentence correctly gives the idea.

Mortimer,—*Henry IV*,—Part I, I—iii—224.

Junius,—an anonymous writer in the 18th century, who wrote a series of letters to the press against the government of the day. His identity is even now a matter of doubt.

stat nominis umbra,—‘he stands, the shadow of a name.’

CHARLES LAMB.

(1)—MODERN GALLANTRY.

Charles Lamb, (1775-1834), one of the most delightful and original of English Essayists. In 1807 he and his sister Mary wrote the celebrated *Tales from Shakespeare* for the Juvenile Library of William Godwin, Mary dealing with the Comedies and Charles with the Tragedies. He wrote some verse and a few farces, but his fame as a writer chiefly rests on the *Essays of Elia*, his best prose

work. These Essays are whimsical and humorous and abound in quaint expressions. They also show that he had a deep and tender sympathy with the joys and sorrows of his fellow-men.

civility,—‘civilization.’

Doriment,—a character in *The Man of Mode*, a comedy by Sir George Etherege, (17th century). The name here stands for ‘a fashionable gentleman.’

traveller,—‘business agent.’

rider,—‘commercial traveller.’

“antiquated virginity,”—a term of reproach for an old maid. The phrase occurs in Johnson’s *Rambler*.

Preux Chevalier,—Brave Knight, (French).

Sir Calidore,—the knight who represents Courtesy in Spencer’s *Faerie Queene*.

Sir Tristan,—a most courteous knight of King Arthur’s Round Table.

additaments,—additions.

(2)—DREAM CHILDREN.

The psaltery,—the Book of Psalms. An inaccuracy for ‘psalter.’ ‘Psaltery’ is a musical instrument.

John L.,—the author’s brother, John Lamb, who had recently died.

Alice W.....n,—Alice Winterton, a name the author chooses to give to his early love, Ann Siminons.

Lethe,—the river of oblivion in Hades. The soul is represented as waiting for incarnation on the banks of *Lethe*. A Platonic idea.

(3)—MACKERY END.

Bridget Elia,—Lamb’s sister, Mary.

the rash king’s offspring,—the daughter of Jephthah, Judge of Isræl. When going to fight with the Ammonites he rashly vowed that he would sacrifice the first thing that should come out of his house to meet him in case he returned victorious from the wars. The first person to come out to greet the conqueror was his daughter

and only child. The heart-stricken father informed her of his vow. The high-minded maiden was ready for any sacrifice to fulfil it; only she asked for a respite of two months to withdraw to the recesses of her native mountains with her girl-friends "to bewail her virginity." After the expiry of the period "he did unto her his vow." Judges, XI.

bizarre,—fantastic, strange.

Margaret Newcastle,—Duchess of Newcastle, a prolific authoress of the 17th century.

garniture,—adornment; accomplishments like painting, drawing and music.

to beat up the quarters,—to pay an unexpected visit to a house.

a waking bliss,—a real happiness, less hazy or dreamy than mine.

the two scriptural cousins,—Virgin Mary and Elizabeth.

B. F.,—Barron Field, an English barrister, who was then a Judge in Australia.

the fatted calf,—an allusion to the Parable of the Prodigal Son. *Luke*, XV.

LEIGH HUNT.

(1)—THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

Leigh Hunt, (1784-1859), Poet, Essayist, Critic. He is not a great writer; but his Essays are always worth reading and possess neatness and charm. He was a friend of Shelley, Keats, Byron and Coleridge.

a triangle,—a machine to which a soldier was at one time tied when flogged.

a sophisticate mode of life,—an artificial manner of living, one lacking in simplicity. 'Sophisticate' for 'sophisticated.'

Anacreon,—an ancient Greek poet who wrote songs in praise of love and wine, (550-465, B.C.).

a wiser than the "wisest heart."—The allusion is to the following words of Jesus: 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be

converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' *Mathew—XVIII—2-3.*

Marcus Antoninus,—a pious Roman Emperor, 2nd century, A.D.

a Margate hoy,—a small vessel carrying passengers and goods from and to Margate, a watering-place on the Kentish coast.

Montaigne,—a French Essayist of the 16th century.

"Eye hath not seen, etc."—*Paul's First Epistle to Cor. II—v—9.*

(2)—MY BOOKS.

C. L.,—Charles Lamb.

distract,—absent-minded; inattentive.

Gil Blas,—hero of Le Sage's novel *Gil Blas* (*g.* soft), is an accomplished gentleman, though somewhat vain and gullible.

Spinoza,—(1632-1677)—a great philosopher whose Pantheism is the foundation of much of modern German philosophy.

Guzman d' Alfarache,—the rascally hero of a romance by Mateo Aleman, a Spanish novelist of the 16th century.

Sir Charles Grandison,—hero of Richardson's novel of that name. He has been called 'a monster of perfection'

W. C.,—Walter Coulson, a friend of Lamb and Hunt.

W. H.,—William Hazlitt.

Rousseau,—a French political philosopher of the 18th century. His "*Social Contract*" disseminated ideas which found violent expression in that stupendous popular upheaval, the French Revolution.

N.,—Vincent Novello, organist and composer.

H. R.,—Henry Robinson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(1)—WALKING TOURS.

R. L. Stevenson, (1850-1894),—a great Essayist and novelist of the Victorian Era. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1875,

but gave up law for letters. The vigour and freshness of his thoughts and the wonderful perfection of his style quickly accorded him a conspicuous place among contemporary writers. *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*, (1879), and *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), both books of Essays, were precursors of greater triumphs. *Treasure Island*, (1883), *Kidnapped*, (1886). *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, (1886), are his best known efforts in fiction. *Weir of Hermiston*, an unfinished romance, is perhaps the greatest of his literary productions. Stevenson is a stylist. He builds up his periods with excessive care; but this laborious polishing kills spontaneity and makes him look hopelessly artificial. He is nowhere more so than in *Prince Otto* (1885). The two most remarkable things in him are his joy in life and love of nature.

canting dilettantes,—those who profess to love fine things but have no real love for them.

curacao,—a spirituous liquor flavoured with peel of bitter oranges.

to vegetate,—to live a quiet idle life.

Christian,—hero of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Abudah,—a character in James Ridley's *Tales of the Genii*. He was a seeker after happiness; and his chest contained nothing but *Care*.

troubador,—a minstrel of Southern France in the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries. Here 'a singer'

the nicest coincidence of sentiment,—the most precise harmony of thought.

The New Heloise,—a romance by Rousseau, (1760).

Heine,—a German poet (1799-1856).

Tristram Shandy,—a novel by Laurence Sterne, 18th century.

Burns, etc.,—the reference is to the following lines from his song, 'The Rigs of Barley':

I hae been blythe with comrades dear;

I hae been merry drinking;

I hae been joyful gathering gear;

I hae been happy thinking.

Philistines.....**wealth**,—vulgar, uncultured people toiling for things material.

in the face of the gigantic stars,—we are environed on all sides by Immensities and Infinities. The difference, in the face of them,, between the greatest and the smallest terrestrial objects is, at best, negligible.

(2)—THE CHARACTER OF DOGS.

anachronism,—things out of harmony with the present time. An '*anachronism*' is really an error in computing time. If a novelist writes a story about Asoka and represents him as riding in a motor-car or flying in an aeroplane or fighting with guns, he is guilty of a glaring anachronism.

Sir Willoughby Patterne,—hero of George Meredith's great novel *The Egoist*. He is refined but extremely selfish and egotistical.

Hans Christian Andersen,—(1805-1875), the most popular Danish author. He is unquestionably one of the world's great story-tellers. He has written poems, sketches, novels, and short stories for children. Stevenson is here referring to his egotistical "*Story of My Life*," published in 1855, and translated into English in 1871.

the Rubicon was crossed,—something was done from which no receding was possible. The Rubicon was a small stream separating ancient Italy from Gaul. When Julius Caesar crossed this stream and entered Italy at the head of an army he became an Invader and could not possibly retrace his steps. The event has given us a good idiom: '*crossing the Rubicon*.'

the whip-bearing Olympus of mankind,—the human gods that sternly rule the canine world. Mount Olympus was the fabled abode of the Greek Divinities.

Corin, Touchstone,—characters in Shakespeare's comedy *As You Like It*. *Corin* is a poor ignorant shepherd whereas *Touchstone* is the accomplished and extremely clever Clown of the piece. Honest *Corin's* ignorance of court life and therefore of good manners is a damnable sin in the eyes of the Fool.

cairnngorms,—wine-coloured precious stones. The word is of Gælic origin.

Troilus and Cressida,—the play deals with the inconstancy and disloyalty of the Greek girl, *Cressida*, to her faithful lover *Troilus*, a Trojan Prince. She deserts him for Diomed. *The offending Sex*, the female sex.

Sturm and Drang,—‘storm and thunder.’

Cheeryble,—a character in Dickens’ *Nicholas Nickleby*. He is an incarnation of warm-hearted generosity and is ever ready to stretch forth a helping hand to the needy and the afflicted.

carneying affectations,—persuasive blandishments; tricks of flattery or endearment whereby she coaxes her “swains,” or masters, into good humour.

sinecure,—position of profit without any duties attached to it.

cultus,—worship

E. V LUCUS

(1—THE LORD OF LIFE

Edward Verrall Lucus was born in 1868, and educated at University College, London. He has written biographies, essays novels and satires. He has also edited many anthologies. He is an authority on Charles Lamb. he has written a Life of the great Essayist and also edited his works. He writes on ordinary subjects of life in an easy conversational manner. His powers of observation are great and he is always anxious to communicate his pleasure to his readers. The best known of his books of Essays are: *Fireside and Sunshine; Character and Comedy; Loiterer’s Harvest; Cloud and Silver; The Phantom Journal*.

Robert Southey, (1774-1847), a famous English Poet. Appointed Poet Laureate in 1813. The latter part of his life was spent in the Lake District.

pulsating quicksilver,—throbbing, unresting energy.

the mandrake,—shortened form of ‘*mandragora*,’ a poisonous plant with narcotic properties. Its root was supposed to resemble the human form and utter screams when plucked. The superstitious believed that the plant was really a living creature produced under the earth from the seed of some executed murderer.

Cerberus,—the three-headed Dog of Pluto that guards the entrance of the Infernal Regions.

(2)—MEDITATIONS AMONG THE CAGES.

short-slip,—what are the functions of a *short-slip* in fielding ?

boat-bill,—South American heron.

aviaries,—places for keeping birds. *L. avis*, bird.

llama,—a South American beast of burden resembling a camel but smaller and humpless.

eremitic,—hermit-like, shunning society, loving solitude.

arrieres pensees,—ulterior motives.

Lady Godiva,—wife of Leofric, Earl of Chester, who, to secure the remission of an unjust tax imposed by her husband on the people of Coventry, (1040), rode naked through the market-place at mid-day. Her long beautiful hair was then her only clothing.

diaphanous,—transparent

hartebeest,—a kind of antelope found in South Africa.

Elands are antelopes of a heavier build.

(3)—A PHILOSOPHER THAT FAILED.

Stevenage,—a village in Hertfordshire.

Bede,—a priest and historian of the 8th century.

conveyances,—documents transferring property.

Tempe,—a lovely valley in Greece, celebrated in Greek song and heroic story.

Mull,—an island on the coast of Scotland

scent of incense,—fragrance of adulation; flattery.

Turnpike,—a gate on the road where toll is paid.

hierarchy of the ingenuous,—the blessed order of the candid.

Dr. Young,—Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, (1683-1765).

A. G. GARDINER.

(1)—ON SHAKING HANDS.

A. G. Gardiner (born 1865), wrote under the *nom de plume*

Alpha of the Plough.' He is a journalist, and has written a large number of Essays for *The Star*, *The Manchester Evening News*, *The Glasgow Citizen*, and *The Daily News*, of which last he was Editor for many years. His touch is light and his language perspicuous.

bucolic,—rustic.

osculation,—kissing.

Erasmus,—a theologian and man of letters, (1466-1536).

clammy,—cold and sticky. *Flaccid*: with flesh hanging loose; flabby.

Uriah Heep,—a detestable young fellow in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. He is very malignant, though he is always telling people that he is very "umble." His hands are always cold and moist.

(2)—COURAGE.

stalking,—pursuing in a stealthy way. A hunting term

with calculation,—dispassionately and deliberately.

in hot blood,—in a moment of excitement.

(3)—ON EARLY RISING.

Arthur Clough,—an English poet, (1819-1861).

handicap,—a race in which chances of competitors are equalised by start.

in no craven sense,—the phrase "*lying-down*" is here used in the physical and not in the moral sense. "To take a thing lying-down" is to submit to it in an abject, craven manner.

moral paragon,—a model of perfection in matters moral.

Bishop Selwyn,—a distinguished prelate, (1809-1878).

Foote,—an 18th century actor and comedian.

(4)—ON TALK AND TALKERS.

Washington Irving,—the celebrated American author, (1783-1859).

verbal pyrotechnics,—conversational fireworks; brilliant talk.

staccato,—abrupt, absolutely unconnected with what has gone before.

Henry Irving,—the famous 19th century actor.

clubbable,—sociable; fit for membership of a club

rally,—stroke.

John Burns,—a well-known socialist agitator. Elected M.P. for Battersea in 1892. Appointed President of the Local Government Board in 1905.

Bozzy,—Boswell, biographer of Dr. Johnson.

Ben Jonson,—a great English dramatist, friend and contemporary of Shakespeare.

pow-wows,—conferences, discussions.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

(1)—DEATH OF WANDERING PETER.

H. Belloc, (a Frenchman), was born in 1870, and educated at Oxford. He is a very prolific and versatile writer. He has written Essays, Histories, Stories and Satires, and has also attempted Poetry. His four books on the French Revolution and connected subjects have attracted wide notice. The more important of his books of Essays are: *On Nothing; On Everything; On Anything; Hills and the Sea*. His style is free from bewildering complications; it is vivid and singularly perspicuous. His sincerity is undoubted and his humour somewhat grim.

Renaissance,—the movement called the "*Revival of Learning*," 14th-16th centuries. It brought about a regeneration of art and letters in the greater part of Europe. The stimulus came from Greece.

holds the keys,—the reference is to the keys of heaven and hell which Lord Jesus gave unto St. Peter.

nascence,—the act of being born.

wallopped,—thrashed; beaten. (*slang*).

(2)—ON REST

surcease of energy,—complete cessation of all exertion.

Rabelais,—a celebrated French writer, author of the fantastic romance, *Gargantua*. (1483-1553). (Pron. *Rahb-lay*).

the Arun,—a small river in Sussex, flowing into the English Channel.

sacramental,—possessed of sacred significance; symbolical of higher things calculated to teach and lift the human soul.

simulacra,—plural of *simulacrum*. Shadowy images or likenesses

(3)—CAEDWALLA.

mysteries of religion,—divinely revealed truths of religion which are above and beyond human reason.

combes,—dells; small valleys.

(4)—ON EXPERIENCE

some essence is dissolved,—the reference is to the disillusionment occasioned by the sudden dissipation of some youthful dream or the extinction of some fine and deeply cherished idea.

some binding cordage snaps,—a sudden breaking asunder of some strong and dearly-cherished tie: the desertion of friends and estrangement of relatives, the unexpected ingratitude or perfidy of those in whom he has always reposed the most implicit confidence, cannot but have the effect of impressing him with the transience of things around him and of opening his eyes to the sadder realities of life.

ROBERT LYND

(1)—THE MOUSE.

R. Lynd (born 1879), the Literary Editor of the *Daily News*, is a very popular Essayist and Critic. His most important books of Essays are: *The Pleasures of Ignorance*; *A Peal of Bells*; *The Money Box*. He avoids lofty themes and loves to write on subjects that appeal to the ordinary reader. He has an engaging manner, a somewhat whimsical humour and a straightforward style.

creche,—a public nursery for infants; an infant school. A French word.

Borgia,—the Borgias were an infamous family of Spanish origin. They played a most important part in Italian politics in the 16th century. They were most unscrupulous and got rid of their enemies by poison. Pope Alexander VI belonged to this family.

The Pleiades,—a cluster of small, brilliant stars in Taurus. Here used for 'a swarm.'

(2)—VIRTUE.

flagellator,—whipper.

simular,—feigned, pretended.

simony,—buying or selling of ecclesiastical offices.

Murdstone,—a character in Dickens' *David Copperfield*. He is the second husband of Mrs. Copperfield. By his heartless persecutions he rendered young David's life unspeakably miserable.

Succubus,—a she-demon having sexual intercourse with men in their sleep.

Lots' wife,—see Genesis, XIX.

Epaminondas,—the greatest general and statesman of Thebes, 4th century, B.C.

St. Francis,—the Founder of the Franciscan order, (1182-1226).

Plutarch,—the Greek writer who wrote "*Lives of Eminent Romans*," (46-120 A.D.). He wrote books on a wide variety of subjects and has consequently been called "The Encyclopædist of Antiquity."

Suetonius,—a Latin historian, author of "*The Lives of the First Twelve Cæsars*." (75 AD.—160 A.D.). His historical writings are marked by absence of restraint. He is grossly indelicate in his descriptions and characterisations. His "*Twelve Cæsars*" is a storehouse of *scandals*.

(3)—IN PRAISE OF MISTAKES.

pugnacious,—disposed to fight.

- chasuble**,—a short priestly vestment worn at Mass.
clerestory,—part of Cathedral wall above the aisle roofs.
impeccable,—flawless, perfect.
eurekas,—triumphant exclamations.

ARNOLD BENNETT

(1)—DISCONTENTED YOUTH.

Arnold Bennett, (born 1867), was at first a journalist, but in 1900, he took to literature as a profession. He has written essays, novels, short stories and plays. "*The Old Wives' Tale*" is perhaps his best novel. The more important of his books of Essays are: *The Plain Man and his Wife*; *Books and Persons*. Many of his stories deal with the pottery district of Staffordshire, known in his works as "*The Five Towns*." He has an observing mind and a keen sense of character. He finds interest and romance in lives which to other people seem to be dull and commonplace. He is a master of detail, and his strength lies in description.

- spectacular smash**,—grand disaster.
the young disgruntled,—discontented or sullen young men.

(2)—HUSTLE.

enheartening hullabaloo.....drum,—cheering noise made by instruments of military music.

saxophone,—a musical instrument played by holes and keys, used by military and dance bands.

- pick-me-up cocktails**,—stimulating drinks.
pickle,—plight.

(3)—SLEEP.

- reprehensible**,—deserving blame or censure.
innocuous repose,—innocent rest.
insomnia,—sleeplessness.
quandary,—difficult position; dilemma.
overdrawn,—exaggerated.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(1)—DEFENCE OF DETECTIVE STORIES

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, (born 1874), is an outstanding figure in the English prose literature of to-day. He has written essays, poems, stories, critical and historical books. He is also a prolific contributor of articles to the newspapers. His critical studies of Browning and Dickens enjoy a deservedly high reputation. He has published many collections of Essays, the more important of which are: *Tremendous Trifles*; *All Things Considered*; *Alarms and Discursions*; *Uses of Diversity*; *A Shilling for My Thoughts*. Chesterton's mind is essentially combative. He glories in challenging all commonly accepted ideas. His language abounds in epigrams, paradoxes, antitheses. He is nothing if not dogmatic and hyperbolic. A robust optimism permeates his work and accounts, in some measure at least, for the very wide popularity he enjoys with the reading public.

psychological comedy,—artistic delineation of the lighter or more amusing aspects of ordinary human life.

Every brick.....Babylon,—every brick in a city is a significant symbol; it bears as clear an indication of human purpose or design as if it were an inscribed brick from some ancient Babylonian monument. The reference in "*hieroglyph*" is, of course, to the picture-writing of the ancient Egyptians.

the babble of pedantry and preciosity,—the meaningless clamour of affectedly refined people who are always looking back and see little or no good in the present.

Old Adam,—unregenerate human nature.

(2)—THE ELF OF JAPAN.

catkins,—the hanging inflorescence of hazel, birch, willow, etc., so called from their resemblance to a cat's tail.

fluffy,—woolly; downy.

tenuous,—thin, slender.

A. C. BENSON.

(1)—SWITZERLAND.

Arthur Christopher Benson, (1862-1925), was a master of Eton for upwards of nineteen years. In 1915, he was appointed Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and he held this office till his death. He was a scholar of comprehensive sympathies and widely varied interests. His writings are marked by a quiet grace and gentle irony. *The House of Quiet*, *The Thread of Gold*, *The Altar Fire* are deservedly popular.

vignette,—(pron. venyet). It is a French diminutive meaning "little vine." It is properly applied to a picture or likeness enclosed by a border of vine-leaves. Here it stands for little bits of lovely scenery which mind and heart can easily learn to know and enjoy. We can scarcely grow 'intimate' with stupendous prospects.

take the wind out of my sails,—deprive my arguments of all their force.

panorama,—a continuous, unbroken view of the whole surrounding scenery.

burgeon,—bud, begin to grow.

(2)—FEARS.

the pounce,—a sudden attack or seizure. The word is ordinarily used for 'a sudden swooping down of a bird of prey.' Here it very forcefully expresses the abrupt return of the agony.

a'ter Hall,—after dinner (in the common dining-room).

pr lude,—introductory part of the music.

pedals,—wooden keys of the organ played upon by the feet.

freshets of harmony,—gushes of music.

magnificat,—hymn. The word is ordinarily used for the Hymn of the Virgin Mary in the Gospel according to St. Luke.

initiated.....bear,—admitted to the brotherhood of the suffering.

