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Selected & Edited

FOR THE NEW INTERMEDIATE COURSE

BY
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INTRODUCTION

There are so many reasonably good anthologies of English Prose writing that it may pertinently be asked why it has been thought necessary to produce one more. The answer must be that nothing in nature, or in literature, is in a state of perfection, and that consideration of the views and experience of mature teachers in the Universities of India is always likely to suggest some improvement of addition or omission.

The present selections range from the early 17th century to our own times ; the reader will be able to follow the stream of English social life, thought, and intellectual activity for three centuries. In the earlier selections, he will not be able to gainsay the fact that the writers of the seventeenth century were impeded by a heaviness and seriousness of thought, that their style too often reflects the depth of learning which forms their chief characteristic and is in danger at times of becoming merely ponderous. Simplicity and lightness were never the ideals of that age, but rather a grave and solemn unfolding of deep thought on mystical and speculative topics. The age looks back to the classical erudition of the mediaeval schoolmen. There is little in the way of romantic prose to set beside the romantic dramas of Shakespeare and the imaginative epics of Milton. The cult of the long balanced sentence,

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with multiplicity of clause and suspense in the completion of the idea, is found in most writers of the time. Milton produced sentences ranging from three to four hundred words in length, of which the danger is that, by the time one reaches the conclusion, the original premises have been forgotten. There is little prose of humour, but there is much dealing with theology, religion, and questions of education. To quote learnedly from the ancient writers of Greece and Rome, and to draw allusions and figures of speech from them, were looked upon as the necessary distinctions of good writing. Thus there is not much to be garnered of sufficient directness and lucidity to set before Intermediate students, whose knowledge of English is, after all, not so very far in advance of the High School pupil. The beautiful and melancholy musings of Sir Thomas Brown, the intricate thought of John Milton, and the learned criticisms of Dryden are on that account precluded from this collection, though they would be indispensable selections, in any anthology designed for advanced students. Something may be found of value, however, even if it is writing which is an exception to the general trend of the age, rather than typical of it. This applies to Isaak Walton and John Bunyan, for both wrote with a very special aim. The former was a man with a hobby, the delights of which he wished to impart to others; the latter was an unlearned man with strong spiritual desires and emotional inspiration. That is why both will continue to be read for all time,

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while the learned prose works of Milton and Dryden will interest only the scholar and the literary antiquarian.

Later in the period were born a group of men who, in most cases, reached mature powers and style in the earlier decades of the next century. Swift, Steele and Addison were all born around the year 1670, but were fully established in their literary niches only in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century. They are becoming increasingly suitable for our purpose, for language was gaining in lightness and writers were coming to realise that the native English words and idiom had a distinct charm in writing, and that a heavily Latinised style and portentous expression would never appeal to the reading public in general. There was an advance in the direction of lightness, both in language and in theme, and the essay was extended to a wide variety of personal subjects, thereby gaining individuality. The beginnings of journalism and the transition from prose romance to the novel proper were influences which produced a diversity of writers with styles which bore the imprint of individual personality. Even when a writer like Samuel Johnson arose who was in every sense learned, he was able to add an individual charm and an affinity with human life which prevented his learning from ever becoming pedantic or obtrusive. The fact that there was a reading public with a taste for journalistic literature compelled early eighteenth century writers to study the masses, whereas in Milton's

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days literature in prose was still under the reproach of being written by scholars and for scholars.

The middle and end of the century saw a steady increase of the same influences. With the spread of education and the improvement of travel facilities, men became more and more susceptible to fresh ideas and demanded something more than the bare publication of current happenings at home and abroad. The old news-sheets gave place to regular newspapers and periodicals, and occasional writing or journalism became a recognised profession. Public speakers came into their own, and what we now hold to be good literature was in the first place often a journalistic venture or a lecture. And, after all, the journalistic article which is only of transient and topical interest is no more than journalism, while that which has sufficient merit of matter or manner to delight future ages has deserved the designation of literature. Thus Oliver Goldsmith, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt all wrote to supply the growing demand for light reading, and much of what they wrote retains charm and interest for our own times. We see in them the national aspirations in art and ethics, in politics, in theology, and in science.

It should be remembered that an anthology of prose is a more difficult matter than a selection of poems. The principles which govern criticism of prose style are

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not so clear and universally accepted as those which guide criticism of poetry, and different writers are not so clearly agreed upon the points which determine excellence in prose. It may be said that prose is mainly valued for the thought it expresses, rather than for its manner, and that an anthology should be guided by matter rather than form. But prose style, language, and the meanings of words are continually changing, and what constituted correct idiom and usage a century ago may now be unreliable as a guide to good style. Yet excellence of style, in most cases, implies value of subject matter, and it is hoped that nothing has been included in these pages which does not contain "thorough truth of substance and an answering truth of form". When we reach the age of Victoria, the difficulty of selection is increased because of the increasing numbers of fine stylists in prose. The "single spies" have been followed by "battalions" and many have to be excluded who would have been landmarks in a leaner age.

The Victorian age marked the final triumph of the imaginative prose writers in the novel ; but because it is considered better that they should be studied as a whole than by selections, nothing is found in this anthology from Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte, or George Eliot. The more reflective prose writers have been given preference. We must repeat what has been consistently commented upon by so many critics, that a

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certain spirit of rebellion runs throughout all the Victorians. That characteristic has been so well voiced by a great mind that his words may aptly find place

“ I have said or implied that the note of revolt is not characteristic of the Victorian Age. But the Victorians were not allowed to wax fat, and to bask in the sunshine of their prosperity and content, without reproof, exhortation, and even denunciation. The prophetic office has rarely in history been better filled or more faithfully exercised. Carlyle taught his contemporaries, time after time (as on a famous occasion Gideon taught the men of Succoth), with ‘thorns of the wilderness and briers’. Ruskin—a literary portent, if there ever was one, without pedigree or posterity, as perfect an artist in words at twenty-one as at any stage of his career—was moved by the tragic contrasts and failures of the Victorian civilization (as he saw it), to turn aside from the glad tidings of the gospel of Beauty, which he had preached with an incomparable wealth of eloquence, insight, and spiritual fervour. He turned aside that he might deliver, with the same faith and even deeper passion, to a perverse generation who had made for themselves false gods, his stern and solemn message of warning and of judgment to come. In 1860, as soon as he had finished the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters*, he started the publication in the *Cornhill Magazine* of *Unto This Last*, in which

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he exposed and denounced the current conceptions of such elementary matters as Wealth and Value.

“ Matthew Arnold, a fine poet and an unsurpassed literary critic, also became one of the Prophets. What drove him into the pulpit was, not so much moral resentment at the social paradoxes of his time, as intellectual irritation and impatience at the stupidity and sterility of contemporary life. The whole community—upper, middle, and lower classes, Barbarians, Philistines, Populace—seemed to him to be equally wanting in the ‘one thing needful.’ But the Philistine *bourgeoisie* became his favourite target, with their narrow intellectual and spiritual outlook, their barren daily treadmill of routine, their absorption in superficial goods, their smug and sordid self-complacency. He might have taken as his text a pregnant sentence which is to be found in one of Bishop Butler’s *Sermons*; unfortunately (as I think), though Arnold was not without the traditional Oxford regard for Butler, his favourite episcopal writer was Bishop Wilson—a man of very different stamp. ‘It is as easy,’ says Butler, ‘to close the eyes of the mind as those of the body.’ And in Arnold’s view the one thing needful to humanize and vitalize this stolid visionless mass was what he called Culture. Culture (as he conceives it) consists in the possession within of a perennial source of Sweetness and Light—an unhappy phrase which he borrowed from Swift, and which became perhaps his most irritating catchword—and

manifests itself in a balance of interests, a catholic sympathy, a due sense of relative values, a wide outlook upon life. If Carlyle and Ruskin scourged and lashed their generation with briers and scorpions, Matthew Arnold may be said to have harassed and pricked it with a well-burnished stiletto. Let me add to this *catena* of prophetic literature a further notable contribution, the *Essay on Compromise*, by John Morley, which appeared in the early seventies. From a quite different point of view, and with methods of thinking and style which were both new and singularly impressive, it is a ruthless unveiling of some characteristic Victorian insincerities. Exposed to the varied methods of these preachers of genius, the Victorians had no excuse if they continued in a state of spiritual torpor."

Unfortunately neither Arnold nor Morley are suitable for a book which is intended for the use of Intermediate students, the latter being particularly inaccessible. Such a historian as Froude, too, is lacking in the point which has been aimed at in each individual selection,—namely, interest. Macaulay, on the other hand, could render an episode from history as vivid as the crisis of a novel or a drama, possessing both the accuracy of the historian and the graphic pictorial power of the novelist. He "thought no labour wasted in writing history, whether it was spent in verifying a fact, or perfecting a sentence."

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The Victorians, however, opened out a new sphere of literary research in which they shone, and which hardly any other age can ever hope to equal. That was in the realm of physical science. Faraday, Lyell, and Kelvin are names which will blaze like beacons along the whole vista of prose scientific writing. The name of Darwin, too, stands out in letters of fire, for his work, *Origin of Species*, had possibly a more profound effect on the intellectual and spiritual thought of the time than any other single book. He boldly attacked the conception that the particular species, man, must necessarily have existed always in superiority of intellect and reason, and substituted a theory of organic evolution from the lowest to the highest, in place of the picturesque Bible story of Adam and Eve. He divided contemporary life into two camps, one of which hailed him as the greatest biologist of all time, while the other looked on him as a dangerous atheist and free-thinker. Mr. Disraeli made himself the great champion of the orthodox Biblical School, when he said of Darwin in a public meeting, "What is the question now placed before Society with glib assurance the most astonishing? The question is this—Is man an Ape or an Angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels." It is difficult for us now to realise why men should ever have conceived of Darwin as irreligious or impious for one of the gains of our own time is that we have realised that Science is not antagonistic to Religion, but, properly envisaged, its strongest authority and support. But

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Darwin, more than any other, was responsible for the element of spiritual doubt and questioning which led to the abolition of many a half-truth and obsolete dogma.

Most of the Victorians were prophets and preachers; dissatisfied with their own times, they sought to effect reform by drawing inspiration from other ages and other lands. Carlyle compared past and present to the great advantage of the former; and Ruskin compared the ideals of national life which produced the stately buildings of old Venice with the materialism which brought forth the grimy factories and smoking chimnies of industrial England. Ruskin was possibly our last great preacher, and, towards the end of the nineteenth century, the movement of dissatisfaction and criticism lost its impetus.

Among the moderns—if by that term we describe those writing within the present century and the final decades of the preceding one—there is no change of kind and little breaking out of fresh paths. It would be impossible to follow novel-writing into its numerous ramifications represented by Hardy, Stevenson, Conrad, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Jack London, and a legion of others. Literary criticism, as represented by Professor Saintsbury, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Walter Raleigh is so original as to be creative in itself, but it is in the direct line from Hazlitt and Hunt. The essay abounds in a diversity of

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forms, and has reached a new robustness and vigour in the hands of Lynd and Lucas. But the path is the same as that trodden by Montaigne and Bacon. The mantle of Darwin has fallen upon Julian Huxley, and many other scientists who would have been giants in an age of pioneering.

There has been an expansion of the scope of occasional prose writing on special and personal interests connected with travel, biography, social and economic problems, on everything, in fact, that concerns modern life. The works of Sir William Birdwood and Sir Francis Younghusband are replete with special knowledge, and in form and style would grace any anthology. Were others needed, twenty more, and twenty beyond that, could be found well worthy of inclusion because of matter and manner. Indians there are, too, whose writings would grace any comprehensive miscellany of twentieth century prose and verse. With so many to choose from, notable omissions must necessarily be numerous, and it is, after all, a matter of taste. But it has been the aim of the editor to include that, which appears to most people, of merit and enduring interest, designed to supply worthy models and incentives to intellectual thought.

Annotations are light, and have been made on the assumption that the student-reader has at his disposal a teacher and ordinary books of reference.

W. T.

I

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache ; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy ; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs ; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck : and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature ; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear ; and therefore let us praise

Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy : nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who, with the expense of a little money, have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed and angled again ; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, “ The diligent hand maketh rich : ” and it is true indeed ; but, he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy : for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, “ That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them : ” and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty ; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches ; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man’s girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man’s happiness : few consider him to be like the silk-worm,

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that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as

her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and, being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and

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consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel ; for He there says—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And, "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven : but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better ; nor is vexed when he sees others possess of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share ; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness ; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in Holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms ; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did

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make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart : and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can ; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him because they be common ; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together ? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises : but let not us ; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you ; but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither

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shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul : that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But, let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares ; and therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor : but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, “he that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping.” Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health : and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of ; a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not : but note, that there is no necessity of being rich ; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them : and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar : and so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Izaak Walton.

II

THOUGHTS OF A 17th CENTURY EDUCATIONIST.

School Verses.

Prose Style.

If there may be any reasons against children's making Latin themes at school, I have much more to say, and of more weight, against their making verses of any sort: for, if he has no genius to poetry, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world to torment a child, and waste his time about that which can never succeed; and if he have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings and business; which is not yet the worst of the case; for if he proves a successful rhymers, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I desire it may be considered, what company and places he is like to spend his time in, nay, and estate too; for it is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of

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those who have added to their patrimony by anything they have reaped from thence. Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on. Men of estates almost constantly go away losers; and it is well if they escape at a cheaper rate than their whole estates, or the greatest part of them. If therefore you would not have your son the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the sparks could not relish their wine, nor know how to pass an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waste his time and estate to divert others, and condemn the dirty acres left him by his ancestors, I do not think you will much care he should be a poet, or that his schoolmaster should enter him in versifying. But yet, if any one will think poetry a desirable quality in his son, and that the study of it would raise his fancy and parts, he must need yet confess, that, to that end, reading the excellent Greek and Roman poets is of more use than making bad verses of his own, in language that is not his own. And he whose design it is to excel in English poetry, would not, I guess, think the way to it were to make his first essays in Latin verses.

When they understand how to write English with due connection, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters; wherein they should

not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness. And when they are perfect in this, they may, to raise their thoughts, have set before them the example of Voiture's, for the entertainment of their friends at a distance with letters of compliment, mirth, raillery, or diversion; and Tully's epistles, as the best pattern, whether for business or conversation. The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing: occasions will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which, besides the consequences, that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities, than oral discourses; whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.

Had the methods of education been directed to their right end, one would have thought this, so necessary a part, could not have been neglected, whilst themes and verses in Latin, of no use at all, were so constantly everywhere pressed to the racking of children's inventions beyond their strength, and hindering their cheerful progress in learning the tongues, by unnatural difficulties. But custom has so ordained it, and who dares disobey?

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And would it not be very unreasonable to require of a learned country schoolmaster (who has all the tropes and figures in Farnaby's rhetoric at his fingers' ends) to teach his scholar to express himself handsomely in English, when it appears to be so little his business or thought, that the boy's mother (despised, it is like, as illiterate, for not having read a system of logic and rhetoric) outdoes him in it.

To write and speak correctly gives a grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say; and, since it is English that an English gentleman will have constant use of, that is the language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality. This I find universally neglected, and no care taken anywhere to improve young men in their own language, that they may thoroughly understand and be masters of it. If any one among us have a facility or purity more than ordinary in his mother tongue, it is owing to chance, or his genius, or anything, rather than to his education, or any care of his teacher. To mind what English his pupil speaks or writes is below the dignity of one bred up amongst Greek and Latin, though he have but little of them

himself. These are the learned languages, fit only for learned men to meddle with and teach ; English is the language of the illiterate vulgar, though yet we see the policy of some of our neighbours hath not thought it beneath the public care to promote and reward the improvement of their own language. Polishing and enriching their tongue is no small business amongst them : it hath colleges and stipends appointed it, and there is raised amongst them a great ambition and emulation of writing correctly ; and we see what they are come to by it, and how far they have spread one of the worst languages, possibly, in this part of the world ; if we look upon it as it was in some few reigns backwards, whatever it be now. The great men amongst the Romans were daily exercising themselves in their own language ; and we find yet upon record the names of orators who taught some of their emperors Latin, though it were their mother tongue.

It is plain the Greeks were yet more nice in theirs ; all other speech was barbarous to them but their own, and no foreign language appears to have been studied or valued amongst that learned and acute people ; though it be past doubt, that they borrowed their learning and philosophy from abroad.

I am not here speaking against Greek and Latin I think they ought to be studied, and the Latin, at least, understood well, by every gentleman. But whatever

THOUGHTS OF A 17TH CENTURY EDUCATIONIST

foreign languages a young man meddles with (and the more he knows the better), that which he should critically study and labour to get a facility, clearness, and elegancy to express himself in, should be his own, and to this purpose he should daily be exercised in it.

John Locke.

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I have observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this ; and indeed I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet, upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea ; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection : but, in conversation, it is, or might be otherwise ; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire, without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though

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not of shining in company ; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance : nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much ; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done ; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily

call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense: at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation, is that of those who affect to talk of themselves; some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise; they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

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Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory, with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation, which none are so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths, without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to them-

selves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extra-ordinary, in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside : he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation ; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life, was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air, as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them ; and they were usually attended with humble audience of young students from the inns of court, or the universities ; who, at due distance, listened to these

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oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism and *belles lettres*.

By these means, the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used ; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it ; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry, as a philosopher or a divine ; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take ; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables ; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company ; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show ; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and

we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation ; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart ; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it, content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous ; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding ; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery, was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of

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the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid ; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable ; I mean an impatience to interrupt others ; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves ; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors ; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people, whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from

regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have, are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now

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among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent ; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted ; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund ; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention, and of words ; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion ; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them ; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed by too great a choice ; which is no disadvantage in private conversation ; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation,

than the character of being wits ; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse ; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding ; such as lewd or profane talk ; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes : and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent as well as useful pleasure of life : in default of which, we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and

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visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours ; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity ; which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles the First's reign ; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours : several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started ; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient

to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects (provided he does not dwell upon them,) that leave room for answers and replies.

Jonathan Swift.

IV

RURAL ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain that country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meets together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change,' the whole parish politics being generally discussed at that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me that, at his

coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves.

As Sir Roger is landlord of the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for, if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermons, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions : sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not

disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. The authority of the knight, though exerted in this odd manner, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then enquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain is the more remarkable because the next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year ; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is presented to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Joseph Addison.

V

SIR ROGER VISITS LONDON.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak to me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me that it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend, Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering to myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, although I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or

thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man who had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work ; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr Barrow. "I have left," says he "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation on him, have deposited with him thirty marks to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them ; and that he made a present of one to every gentle-

SIR ROGER VISITS LONDON

man in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays... .. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent

tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," said he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care for talking of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight

of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

· Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

Joseph Addison.

VI ON RAMBLING.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation : nay, they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond ; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours, till the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person

for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve ; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London ; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth ; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage ; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats at Strand-bridge, after

having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading ; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Darkhouse, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenchs and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden ; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects.

The day of people of fashion began soon to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity ; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness ; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach ; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately : for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extremely poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately

would have the charity to give him sixpence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest ; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily checkered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city ; and gay signs, well-disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I, indeed, looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day ; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go upstairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females ; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer,

only "To look at you." I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself with a kind of pun in thought, "What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?" In these, or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man, according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterward to Robin's, and saw people, who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from, such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them, every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent-garden, and passed the evening at Will's¹ in attending the discourses of several sets of

¹Will's Coffee House which stood at the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street.

people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bellman, who had now the world to himself, and cried, "Past two o'clock". This roused me from my seat; and I went to my lodgings, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit, and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with a design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers, I writ down these minutes; but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my reader from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleasing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, an increase of happiness to yourself.

Richard Steele.

VII

STAGE-COACH COMPANIONS.

It has been observed, I think by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few ; and in life, as in everything else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity : the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection ; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty : for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint ? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters

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of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two

women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find anything to say. We began now to wish for conversation ; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture : and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away ; we continued all obdurate ; the ladies held up their heads ; I amused myself with watching their behaviour ; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as

we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. "I remember," says he, "it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper to the duke and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from

her ; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady."

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required ; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment ; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house."

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper, and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, "It is impossible," says he, "for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks ; last week it was the general opinion that they would fall ; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to purchase : they have now risen unexpectedly :

and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again."

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that "he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country."

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have began to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of them-

selves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to out-tire each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change Alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event showed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day;

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and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others, and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and *all* must be shown to *all* in their real estate.

Samuel Johnson.

VIII

A GARRET AND ITS TENANTS.

Sir,

You have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and inquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest, than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet, to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as Tully sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce, or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by an inquiry after the names of those barbarians who

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destroyed one another, twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase, till he has learned the history of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage and rapacious.

. The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wise man to slumber in total inactivity, only because he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius: it is therefore my custom to apply my attention to the objects before me; and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities of the several garrets in which I have resided.

‘How small to others, but how great to me!’

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaisterer having, at her entrance, obliterated by his white-wash, all the smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress ; and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light ; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight : at last, an elderly man of a grave aspect read the bill, and bargained for the rooms at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out

till evening, and then returned early, sometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable that, whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket ; and, though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him upstairs, where he found the tools of a corner ; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped ; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why any body should be hanged for making money when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall, for the future, question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a public street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresher paper, asked questions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had

looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and, when he had stipulated for two long shelves, and a large table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very in-offensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon ; but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferation ; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated,

'This habitant th' aerial regions boast :'

hard words to which his neighbours listened so often that they learned them without understanding them.

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What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy inquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but, as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for an inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and, instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other: she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks without impatience, or lamentation, except for the expense and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister allowed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and, returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have

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happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will show whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am, sir, etc.

Samuel Johnson.

IX
LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

7th February 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication,

without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment, I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it : till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,
Your lordship's most humble,
most obedient servant,
Sam. Johnson.

X

GILBERT WHITE'S TORTOISE.

The old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentment by hissing ; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that, when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden : however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

At it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities ; and perceive already that, towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of the summer ; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower ; and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange

being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

While I am writing this letter, a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of shell-snails; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mould and put out its head; and the next morning came forth, as it were raised from the dead; and walked about till four in the afternoon. This was a curious coincidence! a very amusing occurrence! to see such a similarity of feelings between the two *Pepeolkol*! for so the Greeks call both the shell-snail and the tortoise.

Because we call this creature an abject reptile, we are too apt to undervalue his abilities, and depreciate his powers of instinct. Yet he is, as Mr. Pope says of his lord,

"Much too wise to walk into a well:"

and has so much discernment as not to fall down a haha; but to stop and withdraw from the brink with the readiest precaution.

Though he loves warm weather, he avoids the hot sun; because his thick shell, when once heated, would, as the poet says of solid armour, 'scald with safety.'

GILBERT WHITE'S TORTOISE

He therefore spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage leaf, or amidst the waving forests of an asparagus bed.

But as he avoids heat in the summer, so, in the decline of the year, he improves the faint autumnal beams, by getting within the reflection of a fruit-wall : and, though he never has read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth, he inclines his shell by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray.

Pitiable seems the condition of this poor embarrassed reptile ; to be cased in a suit of ponderous armour, which he cannot lay aside ; to be imprisoned, as it were, within his own shell, must preclude, we should suppose, all activity and disposition for enterprise. Yet there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning and, traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible ; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant field. The motives that impel him to undertake these rambles seem to be of the amorous kind ; his fancy then becomes intent on sexual attachments, which transport him beyond his usual gravity, and induce him to forget for a time his ordinary solemn deportement.

Gilbert White.

XI

THE ASTROLOGER.

(This selection from Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth* sheds light on the superstitions of the Elizabethans. The Earls of Leicester and Sussex, powerful nobles, were rivals for the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Scott has given us a romantic picture of their intrigues for supremacy at court. Like Browning's Mr. Sludge, the astrologer is an astonishing mixture of deception and credulity.)

"I would be alone," said Leicester. "Leave me and place my steel casket on the table.—Be within summons."

Varney retired—and the Earl, opening the window of his apartment, looked out long and anxiously upon the brilliant host of stars which glimmered in the splendour of a summer firmament. The words burst from him as if unawares—"I had never more need that the heavenly bodies should befriend me, for my earthly path is darkened and confused."

It is well known that the age reposed a deep confidence in the vain predictions of judicial astrology, and Leicester, though exempt from the general control of superstition, was not in this respect superior to his time; but, on the contrary, was remarkable for the encouragement which he gave to the professors of this pretended science. Indeed, the wish to pry into futurity, so general among the human race, is peculiarly to be

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found amongst those who trade in state mysteries, and the dangerous intrigues and cabals of courts. With heedful precaution to see that it had not been opened, or its locks tampered with, Leicester applied a key to the steel casket, and drew from it, first, a parcel of gold pieces, which he put into a silk purse; ; then a parchment inscribed with planetary signs, and the lines and calculations used in framing horoscopes, on which he gazed intently for a few moments; and, lastly, took forth a large key, which, lifting aside the tapestry, he applied to a little concealed door in the corner of the apartment, and, opening it, disclosed a stair constructed in the thickness of the wall.

"Alasco," said the Earl, with a voice raised, yet no higher raised than to be heard by the inhabitant of the small turret to which the stair conducted—"Alasco, I say, descend."

"I come, my lord," answered a voice from above. The foot of an aged man was heard, slowly descending the narrow stair, and Alasco entered the Earl's apartment. The astrologer was a little man, and seemed much advanced in age, for his beard was long and white, and reached over his black doublet down to his silken girdle. His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eyebrows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old

man. His cheek was still fresh and ruddy, and the eyes, we have mentioned, resembled those of a rat, in acuteness, and even fierceness of expression. His manner was not without a sort of dignity ; and the interpreter of the stars, though respectful, seemed altogether at his ease, and even assumed a tone of instruction and command, in conversing with the prime favourite of Elizabeth.

“Your prognostications have failed, Alasco,” said the Earl, when they had exchanged salutations—“He is recovering.”

“My son,” replied the astrologer, “let me remind you, I warranted not his death—nor is there any prognostication that can be derived from the heavenly bodies, their aspects and their conjunctions, which is not liable to be controlled by the will of Heaven. *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*”

“Of what avail, then, is your mystery ?” inquired the Earl.

“Of much, my son,” replied the old man, “since it can show the natural and probable course of events, although that course moves in subordination to a Higher Power. Thus, in reviewing the horoscope which your lordship subjected to my skill, you will observe that Saturn, being in the sixth House in opposition to Mars, retrograde in the House of Life, cannot but denote long

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and dangerous sickness, the issue whereof is the will of Heaven, though death may probably be inferred—Yet, if I knew the name of the party, I would erect another scheme.”

“His name is a secret,” said the Earl; “yet, I must own thy prognostication hath not been unfaithful. He has been sick, and dangerously so, not however to death. But hast thou again cast my horoscope as Varney directed thee, and art thou prepared to say what the stars tell of my present fortune?”

“My art stands at your command,” said the old man; “and here, my son, is the map of thy fortunes, brilliant in aspect as ever beamed from those blessed signs whereby our life is influenced, yet not unchequered with fears, difficulties, and dangers.”

“My lot were more than mortal were it otherwise,” said the Earl; “proceed, father, and believe you speak with one ready to undergo his destiny in action and in passion, as may beseem a noble of England.”

“Thy courage to do and to suffer must be wound up yet a strain higher,” said the old man. “The stars intimate yet a prouder title, yet a higher rank. It is for thee to guess their meaning, not for me to name it.”

“Name it, I conjure you—name it, I command

you," said the Earl, his eyes brightening as he spoke.

"I may not, and I will not," replied the old man. "The ire of princes is as the wrath of the lion. But mark, and judge for thyself. Here Venus, ascendant in the House of Life, and conjoined with Sol, showers down that flood of silver light, blent with gold, which promises power, wealth, dignity, all that the proud heart of man desires, and in such abundance, that never the future Augustus of that old and mighty Rome heard from his *Haruspices* such a tale of glory, as from this rich text my lore might read to my favourite son."

"Thou dost but jest with me, father," said the Earl, astonished at the strain of enthusiasm in which the astrologer delivered his prediction.

"Is it for him to jest who hath his eye on heaven, who hath his foot in the grave?" returned the old man solemnly.

The Earl made two or three strides through the apartment, with his hand outstretched, as one who follows the beckoning signal of some phantom, waving him on to deeds of high import. As he turned, however, he caught the eye of the astrologer fixed on him, while an observing glance of the most shrewd penetration shot from under the penthouse of his shaggy dark eyebrows. Leicester's haughty and suspicious

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soul at once caught fire ; he darted towards the old man from the further end of the lofty apartment, only standing still when his extended hand was within a foot of the astrologer's body.

“Wretch !” he said, “if you dare to palter with me, I will have your skin stripped from your living flesh !—Confess thou hast been hired to deceive and to betray me—that thou art a cheat, and I thy silly prey and booty !”

The old man exhibited some symptoms of emotion, but not more than the furious deportment of his patron might have extorted from innocence itself.

“What means this violence, my lord ?” he answered, “or in what can I have deserved it at your hand ?”

“Give me proof,” said the Earl, vehemently, “that you have not tampered with mine enemies.”

“My lord,” replied the old man, with dignity, “you can have no better proof than that which you yourself elected. In that turret I have spent the last twenty-four hours, under the key which has been in your own custody. The hours of darkness I have spent in gazing on the heavenly bodies with these dim eyes, and during those of light I have toiled this aged brain to complete the calculation arising from their combinations. Earthly

food I have not tasted—earthly voice I have not heard—You are yourself aware I had no means of doing so—and yet I tell you—I who have been thus shut up in solitude and study—that within these twenty-four hours your star has become predominant in the horizon, and either the bright book of heaven speaks false, or there must have been a proportionate revolution in your fortunes upon earth. If nothing has happened within that space to secure your power, or advance your favour, then am I indeed a cheat, and the divine art, which was first devised in the plains of Chaldea, is a foul imposture.”

“It is true,” said Leicester, after a moment’s reflection, “thou wert closely immured—and it is also true that the change has taken place in my situation which thou say’st the horoscope indicates”.

“Wherefore this distrust then, my son?” said the astrologer, assuming a tone of admonition; “the celestial intelligences brook not diffidence, even in their favourites.”

“Peace, father,” answered Leicester, “I have erred in doubting thee. Not to mortal man, nor to celestial intelligence—under That Which is supreme—will Dudley’s lips say more in condescension or apology. Speak rather to the present purpose—Amid these bright promises, thou hast said there was a threatening aspect—

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Can thy skill tell whence, or by whose means, such danger seems to impend ?”

“ Thus far only,” answered the astrologer, “does my art enable me to answer your query. The misfortune is threatened by the malignant and adverse aspect, through means of a youth—and, as I think, a rival ; but whether in love or in prince’s favour, I know not ; nor can I give farther indication respecting him, save that he comes from the western quarter.”

“ The western—ha !” replied Leicester, “ it is enough—the tempest does indeed brew in that quarter ! Cornwall and Devon—Raleigh and Tressilian—one of them is indicated—I must beware of both—Father, if I have done thy skill injustice, I will make thee a lordly recompense.”

He took a purse of gold from the strong casket which stood before him. “ Have thou double the recompense which Varney promised.—Be faithful—be secret—obey the directions thou shalt receive from my master of the horse, and grudge not a little seclusion or restraint in my cause—it shall be richly considered.—Here, Varney—conduct this venerable man to thine own lodging—tend him heedfully in all things, but see that he holds communication with no one.”

Varney bowed, and the astrologer kissed the Earl’s

hand in token of adieu, and followed the master of the horse to another apartment, in which were placed wine and refreshments for his use.

The astrologer sat down to his repast, while Varney shut two doors with great precaution, examined the tapestry, lest any listener lurked behind it; and then sitting down opposite to the sage, began to question him.

“Saw you my signal from the court beneath?”

“I did,” said Alasco, for by such name he was at present called, “and shaped the horoscope accordingly.”

“And it passed upon the patron without challenge?” continued Varney.

“Not without challenge,” replied the old man, “but it did pass; and I added, as before agreed, danger from a discovered secret, and a western youth.”

“My lord’s fear will stand sponsor to the one, and his conscience to the other, of these prognostications,” replied Varney. “Sure never man chose to run such a race as his, yet continued to retain those silly scruples! I am fain to cheat him to his own profit. But touching your matters, sage interpreter of the stars, I can tell you more of your own fortune than plan or figure can show. You must be gone from hence forthwith.”

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“ I will not,” said Alasco peevishly. “ I have been too much hurried up and down of late—immured for day and night in a desolate turret-chamber—I must enjoy my liberty, and pursue my studies, which are of more import than the fate of fifty statesmen, and favourites, that rise and burst like bubbles in the atmosphere of a court.”

“ At your pleasure,” said Varney, with a sneer that habit had rendered familiar to his features, and which forms the principal characteristic that painters have assigned to those of Satan—“ at your pleasure,” he said; “ you may enjoy your liberty, and your studies until the daggers of Sussex’s followers are clashing within your doublet, and against your ribs.” The old man turned pale, and Varney proceeded. “ Wot you not he hath offered a reward for arch-quack and poison-vender, Demetrius, who sold certain precious spices to his lordship’s cook ?—What ! turn you pale, old friend ? Does Hal already see an infortune in the House of Life ?—Why, hark thee, we will have thee down to an old house of mine in the country, where thou shalt live with a hobnailed slave, whom thy alchemy may convert into ducats, for to such conversion alone is thy art serviceable.”

“ It is false, thou foul-mouthed railer,” said Alasco, shaking with impotent anger ; “ it is well known that I have approached more nearly to projection than any

hermetic artist who now lives. There are not six chemists in the world who possess so near an approximation to the grand arcanum"—

"Come, come," said Varney, interrupting him, "what means this, in the name of heaven? Do we not know one another? I believe thee to be so perfect—so very perfect, in the mystery of cheating, that having imposed upon all mankind, thou hast, at length, in some measure, imposed upon thyself; and without ceasing to dupe others, hast become a species of dupe to thine own imagination. Blush not for it, man—thou art learned, and shalt have classical comfort:

'Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare nisi Ajax.'

No one but thyself could have gulled thee—and thou hast gulled the whole brotherhood of the Rosy Cross beside—none so deep in the mystery as thou. But hark thee in thine ear; had the seasoning which spiced Sussex's broth wrought more surely, I would have thought better of the chemical science thou dost boast so highly."

"Thou art a hardened villain, Varney," replied Alasco; "many will do those things, who dare not speak of them."

"And many speak of them who dare not do them," answered Varney; "but be not wroth—I will not

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quarrel with thee—If I did, I were fain to live on eggs for a month, that I might feed without fear. Tell me at once, how came thine art to fail thee at this great emergency ? ”

“The Earl of Sussex’s horoscope intimates,” replied the astrologer, “that the sign of the ascendant being in combustion—”

• “Away with your gibberish,” replied Varney ; “think’st thou it is the patron thou speak’st with ? ”

“I crave your pardon,” replied the old man, “and swear to you, I know but one medicine that could have saved the Earl’s life ; and as no man living in England knows that antidote save myself, moreover, as the ingredients, one of them in particular, are scarce possible to be come by, I must needs suppose his escape was owing to such a constitution of lungs and vital parts, as was never before bound up in a body of clay.”

“There was some talk of a quack who waited on him,” said Varney, after a moment’s reflection. “Are you sure there is no one in England who has this secret of thine ? ”

“One man there was,” said the doctor, “once my servant, who might have stolen this of me, with one or two other secrets of art. But content you, Master

Varney, it is no part of my policy to suffer such interlopes to interfere in my trade. He pries into no mysteries more, I warrant you ; for, as I well believe, he hath been wafted to heaven on the wing of a fiery dragon—Peace be with him !—But in this retreat of mine, shall I have the use of mine elaboratory ?”

“Of a whole workshop, man,” said Varney : “for a reverend father Abbot, who was fain to give place to bluff King Hal, and some of his courtiers, a score of years since, had a chemist’s complete apparatus, which he was obliged to leave behind him to his successors. Thou shalt there occupy, and melt, and puff, and blaze, and multiply, until the Green Dragon become a golden-goose, or whatever the newer phrase of the brotherhood may testify.”

“Thou art right, Master Varney,” said the alchemist, setting his teeth close, and grinding them together —“thou art right, even in thy very contempt of right and reason. For what thou say’st in mockery, may in sober verity chance to happen ere we meet again. If the most venerable sages of ancient days have spoken the truth—if the most learned of our own have rightly received it—if I have been accepted wherever I travelled in Germany, in Poland, in Italy, and in the farther Tartary, as one to whom nature has unveiled her darkest secrets—if I have acquired the most secret signs and pass-words of the Jewish Cabala, so that the greyest

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beard in the synagogue would brush the steps to make them clean for me—if all this is so, and if there remains but one step—one little step—betwixt my long, deep, and dark, and subterranean progress, and that blaze of light which shall show Nature watching her richest and her most glorious productions in the very cradle—one step betwixt poverty and such a sum of wealth as earth, without that noble secret, cannot minister from all her mines in the old or the new-found world—if this be all so, is it not reasonable that to this I dedicate my future life, secure, for a brief period of studious patience, to rise above the mean dependence upon favourites, and their favourites, by which I am now enthralled ? ”

“ Now, bravo ! bravo ! my good father,” said Varney, with the usual sardonic expression of ridicule on his countenance ; “ yet all this approximation to the philosopher’s stone wringeth not one single crown out of my Lord Leicester’s pouch, and far less out of Richard Varney’s—*We* must have earthly and substantial services, man, and care not whom else thou canst delude with thy philosophical charlatanry.”

Sir Walter Scott.

XII

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own. *Lord Foppington in the "Relapse."*

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no considerable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor *Jonathan Wild* too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books*—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame

Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman’s library should be without” : the *Historics* of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley’s *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books’ clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what “seem its leaves” to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of russia, or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios ; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a

set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakespeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" *Tom Jones*, or *Vicar of Wakefield* ! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned over their pages with delight !—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spured from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents ! Who would have them a whit less soiled ? What better condition could we desire to see them in ?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret because we know the copies of

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them to be “*eterne*”. But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the *Life* of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakespeare. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrances, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest

tumbled about and handled. On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at, I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular? The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakespeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. If I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a

finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season *The Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to

read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon *The Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid. In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, Sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the

carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its amusing *tete-a-tete* pictures? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading *Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstances in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint

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poetess of our day had moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

I saw a boy with eager eye,
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all,
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
" You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look."
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy,
I soon perceiv'd another boy,
Who look'd as if he had not any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder,
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

Charles Lamb.

XIII

THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

July was far advanced ; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in : one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and six pence. Nine horses were still alive but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the

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the survivors to perform the rites of sepulchre. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined: his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words, save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity, the general

cry was, "No surrender." And there was not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses, and hides ; and then the prisoners ; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed ; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might

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have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous.

Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way ; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks ; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder.

Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safely through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him ; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction.

The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began ; but the flash of the guns was seen and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy*

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grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour suspense.

It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river, and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of peas and biscuits, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of peas.

It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns

with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But on the third night flames were seen arising from the camp ; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers, and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the continent to laughter ; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations ; and the victory remained with the nation, which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilisation, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

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Five generations have since passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar rising from a bastion, which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and the most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible ; the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved ; yet it was scarcely needed, for in truth, the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance.

The wall is carefully preserved ; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure, which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the fishmongers of London, was distinguished during the hundred and five memorable days by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of *Roaring Meg*.

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The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the Bourbons have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands in Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons. There are still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished.

It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

XIV
QUEENS' GARDENS.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power,—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me, farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as “Queens’ Gardens”.

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how

education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wider words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the “mission” and of the “rights” of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their

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relations, rightly accepted, aid and increase the vigour and honour and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture : namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help : to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed : to be led by them into wider sight,—purer conception, than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point : let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes ;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage ; and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey

of every base practice round him ; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities ;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative ; Romeo an impatient boy ; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune ; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose : Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Catherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless ; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man ; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of *King Lear* is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children ; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him ; as it is, she all but saves him.

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Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial;—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed

over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea ;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot ; but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power ? But do not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error ? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good ; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation : wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side : wise, not with the narrowness of insolent

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and loveless pride; but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman.

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is

of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn the woman into a dictionary ; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads ; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination ; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement : it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath ; and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves ;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be

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feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence ; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There *is* one dangerous science for women—one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master, by scrambling up the steps of His judgment-throne, to divide it with Him. Most strange, that they should think they were led by the spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed ele-

ments of home discomfort ; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice ; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

I believe, then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's ; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive ; hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service ; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly—while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge—between a firm beginning, and a feeble smattering. A woman may

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always help her husband by what she knows, however little ; by what she half-knows or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects: and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit ; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books ; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I speak therefore of good novels only ; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry ; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function : they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one ; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity ; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it ; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness a human truth which we had before dimly conceived ; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it ; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this,—that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never

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does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way : turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her ; you cannot: for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun ; she will decay in her sheath, as a narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough ; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life ; but you cannot fetter her ; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

“ Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you ; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were good.

Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and

let her practice in all accomplishments be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest. Note those epithets: they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

John Ruskin.

XV

GREAT MINDS ON UNIVERSITIES.

(Selections from the Rectorial Address of Thomas Carlyle to the Students of Edinburgh University, 2nd April, 1866.)

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now some seven hundred years since Universities were first set-up in this world of ours. Abelard and other thinkers had arisen with doctrines in them which people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books, as you now may. You had to hear the man speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together, these speaking ones,—the various people who had anything to teach ;—and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, and nobly studious of their best benefit ; and became a body-corporate with high privileges, high dignities, and really high aims, under the title of a University.

Possibly too you may have heard it said that the course of centuries has changed all this ; and that “the true University of our days is a Collection of Books.”

And beyond doubt, all this is greatly altered by the invention of Printing, which took place about mid-way between us and the origin of Universities. Men have not to go in person to where a Professor is actually speaking ; because in most cases you can get his doctrine out of him through a book ; and can then read it, and read it again and again, and study it. That is an immense change, that one fact of Printed Books. And I am not sure that I know of any University in which the whole of that fact has yet been completely taken in, and the studies moulded in complete conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society ;—I think, a very high, and it might be, almost the highest value. They began, as is well known, with their grand aim directed on Theology,—their eyes turned earnestly on Heaven. And perhaps, in a sense, it may be still said, the very highest interests of man are virtually entrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been, and specially was then, the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world,—what is the nature of this stupendous Universe, and what are our relations to it, and to all things knowable by man, or known only to the great Author of man and it. Theology was once the name for all this ; all this is still alive for man, however dead the name may grow ! In fact, the members of the Church keeping theology in a lively condition for the benefit of the whole population, theology was the great object of the Universities. I

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consider it is the same intrinsically now, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not so successful as might be wished, by any manner of means !

It remains, however, practically a most important truth, what I alluded to above, that the main use of Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities can mainly do for you,—what I have found the University did for me, is, that it has taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences ; so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me.

Well, Gentlemen, whatever you may think of these historical points, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading ; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in, a real not an imaginary, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended by your Professors.

As applicable to all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into History ; to enquire into what has passed before you on this Earth, and in the Family of Man.

The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you ; and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have two of the most remarkable races of men in the world set before you, calculated to open innumerable reflections and considerations; a mighty advantage, if you can achieve it :—to say nothing of what their two languages will yield you, which your Professors can better explain ; model languages, which are universally admitted to be the most perfect forms of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations, shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of beacon, or solitary mass of illumination, to light-up some noble forms of human life for us, in the otherwise utter darkness of past ages ; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were, and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, of empty rumour and tradition, which does not touch on the matter ; but perhaps some of you will get to see the old Roman and the old Greek face to face ; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform their feats in the world.

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And for the rest, in regard to all your studies and readings, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledges,—not that of getting higher and higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary or speaking pursuits, or the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom;—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habit of behaving with justice, candour, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom ; infinite is the value of wisdom. ‘Blessed is he that getteth understanding.’ And that, I believe, on occasion, may be missed very easily ; never more easily than now, I sometimes think. If that is a failure, all is failure !—However I will not touch further upon that matter.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it ; not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but to push on towards the goal. And don’t suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at ill-will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you : but you will find that to mean only, that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing in its

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own path, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all : to you no specific ill-will ;—only each has an extremely good-will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is rushing on towards his object. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you, in a world which you consider to be inhospitable and cruel, as often indeed happens to a tender-hearted, striving young creature, you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you ; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed you.

Thomas Carlyle.

XVI

A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

We entered the harbour of Concepcion. While the ship was beating up to the anchorage, I landed on the island of Quiriquina. The major-domo of the estate quickly rode down to tell me the terrible news of the great earthquake of the 20th: "That not a house in Concepcion or Talcahuano (the port) was standing; that seventy villages were destroyed and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano". Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs—the whole coast being strewn over with timber and furniture as if a thousand ships had been wrecked. Besides chairs, tables, book-shelves, etc., in great numbers, there were several roofs of cottages, which had been transported almost whole. The storehouses at Talcahuano had been burst open, and great bags of cotton, yerba, and other valuable merchandise were scattered on the shore. During my walk round the island, I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up high on the beach; one of these was six feet long, three broad, and two thick.

The island itself as plainly showed the over-whelm-

ing power of the earthquake as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had already fallen on the beach ; and the inhabitants thought that when the rains commenced far greater slips would happen. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate, which composes the foundation of the island, was still more curious : the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted by gun-powder. This effect, which was rendered conspicuous by the fresh fractures and displaced soil, must be confined to near the surface, for otherwise there would not exist a block of solid rock throughout Chile ; nor is this improbable, as it is known that the surface of a vibrating body is affected differently from the central part. It is, perhaps, owing to this same reason, that earthquakes do not cause quite such terrific havoc within deep mines as would be expected. I believe this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina, than the ordinary wear-and-tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century.

The next day I landed at Talcahuano, and afterwards rode to Concepcion. Both towns presented the most awful yet interesting spectacle I ever beheld. To

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a person who had formerly known them, it possibly might have been still more impressive; for the ruins were so mingled together, and the whole scene possessed so little the air of a habitable place, that it was scarcely possible to imagine its former condition. The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. If it had happened in the middle of the night, the greater number of the inhabitants (which in this one province amount to many thousands) must have perished, instead of less than a hundred; as it was, the invariable practice of running out of doors at the first trembling of the ground alone saved them. In Concepcion each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins; but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles, and timber, with here and there part of a wall left standing, could be distinguished. From this circumstance Concepcion, although not so completely desolated, was a more terrible, and, if I may so call it, picturesque sight. The first shock was very sudden. The major-domo at Quiriquina told me that the first notice he received of it was finding both the horse he rode and himself rolling together on the ground. Rising up, he was again thrown down. He also told me that some cows which were standing on the steep side of the island were rolled into the sea. The great wave caused the destruction of many cattle; on one low island, near the head of the bay, seventy animals were washed off and drowned. It is generally thought that this has been the worst earth-

quake ever recorded in Chile ; but as the very severe ones occur only after long intervals, this cannot easily be known ; nor indeed would a much worse shock have made any great difference, for the ruin was now complete. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within the first twelve days no less than three hundred were counted.

After viewing Concepcion, I cannot understand how the greater number of inhabitants escaped unhurt. The houses in many parts fell outwards ; thus forming in the middle of the streets little hillocks of brickwork and rubbish. Mr. Rouse, the English consul, told us that he was at breakfast when the first movement caused him to run out. He had scarcely reached the middle of the courtyard, when one side of his house came thundering down. He retained presence of mind to remember that if he once got on the top of that part which had already fallen, he would be safe. Not being able from the motion of the ground to stand, he crawled upon his hands and knees ; and no sooner had he ascended this little eminence than the other side of the house fell in, the great beams sweeping close in front of his head. With his eyes blinded, and his mouth choked with the cloud of dust which darkened the sky, at last he gained the street. As shock succeeded shock at the interval of a few minutes, no one dared approach the shattered ruins ; and no one knew whether his dearest friends and relations were not perishing

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from the want of help. Those who had saved any property were obliged to keep a constant watch, for thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, with one hand they beat their breasts, and cried "Misericordia !" and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins. The thatched roofs fell over the fires, and flames burst forth in all parts. Hundreds knew themselves ruined, and few had the means of providing food for the day.

Earthquakes alone are sufficient to destroy the prosperity of any country. If beneath England the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers, which most assuredly in former geological ages they have exerted, how completely would the entire condition of the country be changed ! What would become of the lofty houses, thickly-packed cities, great manufactories, the beautiful public and private edifices ? If the new period of disturbance were first to commence by some great earthquake in the dead of the night, how terrific would be the carnage ! England would at once be bankrupt ; all papers, records, and accounts would from that moment be lost. Government being unable to collect the taxes, and failing to maintain its authority, the hand of violence and rapine would remain uncontrolled. In every large town famine would go forth, pestilence and death following in its train.

Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen,

from the distance of three or four miles, approaching in the middle of the bay with a smooth outline ; but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force. At the head of the bay it broke in a fearful line of white breakers, which rushed up to a height of twenty-three vertical feet above the highest spring-tides. Their force must have been prodigious ; for at the fort a cannon with its carriage, estimated at four tons in weight, was moved fifteen feet inwards. A schooner was left in the midst of the ruins, 200 yards from the beach. The first wave was followed by two others, which in their retreat carried away a vast wreck of floating objects. In one part of the bay a ship was pitched high and dry on shore, was carried off, again driven on shore, and again carried off. In another part, two large vessels anchored near together were whirled about, and their cables were thrice wound round each other : though anchored at a depth of thirty-six feet, they were for some minutes aground. The great wave must have travelled slowly, for the inhabitants of Talcahuano had time to run up the hills behind the town ; and some sailors pulled out seaward, trusting successfully to their boat riding securely over the swell, if they could reach it before it broke. One old woman, with a little boy, four or five years old, ran into a boat, but there was nobody to row it out ; the boat was consequently dashed against an anchor and cut in twain ; the old woman was drowned, but the child was picked up some hours after-

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wards clinging to the wreck. Pools of salt water were still standing amidst the ruins of the houses, and children, making boats with old tables and chairs, appeared as happy as their parents were miserable. It was, however, exceedingly interesting to observe how much more active and cheerful all appeared than could have been expected. It was remarked, with much truth, that from the destruction being universal, no one individual was humbled more than another, or could suspect his friends of coldness—that most grievous result of the loss of wealth. Mr. Rouse, and a large party whom he kindly took under his protection, lived for the first week in a garden beneath some apple-trees. At first they were as merry as if it had been a picnic ; but soon afterwards heavy rain caused much discomfort, for they were absolutely without shelter.

Charles Darwin.

XVII
JOHN BULL.

An old song, made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by
his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks.
Like an old courtier, &c. OLD SONG.

There is no species of humour in which the English more excel, than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations ; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing ; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view ; and have

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been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to fix it upon the nation, and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly homebred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks Heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery

and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other ; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view ; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour more than in wit ; is jolly rather than gay ; melancholy rather than morose ;

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can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh ; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself ; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbour's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice ; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel-play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride

and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray ; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious ; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing ; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

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He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad ; of pulling out a long purse ; flinging his money bravely about at boxing-matches, horse-races, cock-fights, and carrying a high head among 'gentlemen of the fancy' ; but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy ; stop short at the most trivial expenditure ; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish ; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance ; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant ; for he will begrudge himself a beefsteak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive : not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding ; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes ; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided

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his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Everything that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house-servants are well paid and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in time of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing

is taken up with the family chapel; a reverend pile, that must have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but

full of the solemn magnificence of former times ; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire-places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting-halls—all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn ; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay ; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled ; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials ; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in ; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes ; but an old

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English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole ; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honourable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants ; and so, partly from pride and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and outhouse is garrisoned by these

supernumeraries and their families ; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop-hole the grey pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand ; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which if some of his neighbours were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vainglory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family encumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies ; yet

he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dovecote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather-cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighbourhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased, by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege

most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honour of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost ; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of house-keeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy, rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going nothing can stop it. He rants about the room ; hectors the old man about his spend-thrift practices ; ridicules his tastes and pursuits ; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors ; give the broken-down horses to the hounds ; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his

purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor, over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may be readily imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roistering life; and is ready at a wink or nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighbourhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed.

They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money-lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but, for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waist-coat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles; and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thought-

fully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present ; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant ; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country ; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate ; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation, without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own, all plain, home-bred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity ; his quarrelsomeness, of his courage ; his credulity, of his open faith ; his vanity, of his pride ; and his bluntness, of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like

his old oak ; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber ; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque ; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service ; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs ; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbours, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel ; that he may remain quietly at home ; gradually get his house into repair ; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy ; husband his income—if he thinks proper ; bring his unruly children into order—if he can ; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity ; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honourable, and a merry old age.

Washington Irving.

XVIII

MODESTINE.

On the day of my departure I was up a little after five; by six, we began to load the donkey; and ten minutes after, my hopes were in the dust. The pad would not stay on Modestine's back for half a moment. I returned it to its maker, with whom I had so contumelious a passage that the street outside was crowded from wall to wall with gossips looking on and listening. The pad changed hands with much vivacity; perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we threw it at each other's heads; and, at any rate, we were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom.

I had a common donkey pack-saddle—a *barde*, as they call it—fitted upon Modestine; and once more loaded her with my effects. The doubled sack, my pilot-coat (for it was warm, and I was to walk in my waistcoat), a great bar of black bread, and an open basket containing the white bread, the mutton and the bottles, were all corded together in a very elaborate system of knots, and I looked on the result with fatuous content. In such a monstrous deck-cargo, all poised above the donkey's shoulders, with nothing below to balance, on a brand-new pack-saddle that had not yet been worn to fit the animal, and fastened with brand-

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new girths that might be expected to stretch and slacken by the way, even a very careless traveller should have seen disaster brewing. That elaborate system of knots, again, was the work of too many sympathizers to be very artfully designed. It is true they tightened the cords with a will ; as many as three at a time would have a foot against Modestine's quarters, and be hauling with clenched teeth ; but I learned afterwards that one thoughtful person, without any exercise of force, can make a more solid job than half a dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms. I was then but a novice ; even after the misadventure of the pad nothing could disturb my security, and I went forth from the stable-door as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait ; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail ; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine

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brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy of the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot ; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed ; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise this innocent creature ; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe ; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run ; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time ; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers ; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day ; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco ; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute,

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and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

“Your donkey,” says he, “is very old?”

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

“*Et vous marchez comme ça !*” cried he ; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth ; and then, “You must have no pity on these animals,” said he ; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice ; presented me

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with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot !" All the time he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps, and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scottish accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveller, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

In this pleasant humour I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in by mountains ; rocky footpaths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France ; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so ; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag ; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy ; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the Two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 10th April 1876.

I hurried over my mid-day meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot !" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove ; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace ;

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nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belabouring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard of anyone in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness ; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside ; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof ; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders ; and I had to labour so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the

basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other ; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an hour, to tug, push, shoulder and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and grovelled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile ; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted ; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation, it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot ! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage : a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I am not devoid of greatness of soul ; for I did not recoil from this infamous burden. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly port-

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able, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every court-yard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight. I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But oh, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to

carry milk ; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine ; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm ; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lake-side before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had gone down into a windy-looking mist ; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black fir-woods, all was cold and grey about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it ; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back towards the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning colour, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was travelling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle ; I think every decent step that Modestine took must

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have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighbourhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking towards me over the stones. They walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, sombre, Scottish-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly-embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

I hailed the son, and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and north-west, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slackening his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after them, but they

continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing ; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologizing for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended—rather mollified than otherwise ; told me I had only to follow them ; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scottish manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk.

I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east ; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a

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white irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Laussonne wandered in a gorge.

Soon we were on a high-road, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand ; for I had been told that the neighbourhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields ; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicholas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply ; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating ; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the *auberge*.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

XIX

IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

The Indian potter's wheel is of the simplest and rudest kind. It is a horizontal fly-wheel, two or three feet in diameter, loaded heavily with clay round the rim, and put in motion by the hand ; and once set spinning, it revolves for five or seven minutes with a perfectly true and steady motion. The clay to be moulded is heaped on the centre of the wheel, and the potter squats down on the ground before it. A few vigorous turns and away spins the wheel, round and round, and still and silent as a "sleeping" top, while at once the shapeless heap of clay begins to grow under the potter's hands into all sorts of faultless forms of archaic fictile art, which are carried off to be dried and baked as fast as they are thrown from the wheel. Any polishing is done by rubbing the baked jars and pots with a pebble. There is an immense demand for these water jars, cooking-pots, and earthen frying-pans and dishes. The Hindus have a religious prejudice against using an earthen vessel twice, and generally it is broken after the first pollution, and hence the demand for common earthenware in all Hindu families. There is an immense demand also for painted clay idols which also are thrown away after being worshipped ; and thus the potter, in virtue of his calling, is an hereditary

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officer in every Indian village. In the Dekhan the potter's field is just outside the village. Near the field is a heap of clay, and before it rise two or three stacks of pots and pans, while the verandah of his hut is filled with the smaller wares and painted images of the gods and epic heroes of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. He has to supply the entire village community with pitchers and cooking-pans and jars for storing grain and spices and salt, and to furnish travellers with any of these vessels they may require. Also, when the new corn begins to sprout, he has to take a water-jar to each field for the use of those engaged in watching the crop. But he is allowed to make bricks and tiles also, and for these he is paid, exclusively of his fees, which amount to between £ 4 and £ 5 a year. Altogether, he earns between £ 10 and £ 12 a year, and is passing rich with it. He enjoys, beside, the dignity of certain ceremonial and honorific offices. He bangs the big drum, and chants the hymns in honour of *Jami*, an incarnation of the great goddess *Bhavani*, at marriages; and at the *dowra*, or village harvest-home festivals, he prepares the *barbat*, or mutton stew. He is, in truth, one of the most useful and respected members of the community, and in the happy religious organization of village life there is no man happier than the hereditary potter, or *kumbar*.

Are not these the conditions under which popular art and song have everywhere sprung, and which are

everywhere found essential to the preservation of their pristine purity? To the Indian land and village system we owe altogether the hereditary cunning of the Hindu handicraftsman. It has created for him simple plenty, and a scheme of democratic life, in which all are co-ordinate parts of one undivided and indivisible whole, the provision and respect due to every man in it being enforced under the highest religious sanctions, and every calling perpetuated from father to son by those cardinal obligations on which the whole hierarchy of Hinduism hinges. India has undergone more religious and political revolutions than any other country in the world; but the village communities remain in full municipal vigour all over the peninsula. Scythian, Greek, Saracen, Afghan, Mongol and Maratha have come down from the mountains, and Portugese, Dutch, English, French and Dane up out of its seas, and set up their successive dominations in the land; but the religious trade union villages have remained as little affected by their coming and going as a rock by the rising and falling of the tide; and there, at his daily work, has sat the hereditary village potter amid all these shocks and changes, steadfast and unchangeable for 3,000 years, Macedonian, Mongol, Maratha, Portugese, English, French and Dane of no more account to him than the broken potsherds lying round his wheel.

What is chiefly to be dreaded is the general introduction of machinery into India. We are just begin-

ning in Europe to understand what things may be done by machinery, and what must be done by hand-work, if art is of the slightest consideration in the matter.

But if, owing to the operation of certain economic causes, machinery were to be gradually introduced into India for the manufacture of its great traditional handicrafts, there would ensue an industrial revolution which, if not directed by an intelligent and instructed public opinion and the general prevalence of refined taste, would inevitably throw the traditional arts of the country into the same confusion of principles, and of their practical application to the objects of daily necessity, which has for three generations been the destruction of decorative art and of middle-class taste in England and North-Western Europe, and the United States of America.

The social and moral evils of the introduction of machinery into India are likely to be still greater. At present the industries of India are carried on all over the country, although hand-weaving is everywhere languishing in the unequal competition with Manchester and the Presidency Mills. But in every Indian village all the traditional handicrafts are still to be found at work.

Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by

his wheel moulding the swift revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses, which form the low, irregular street, there are two or three looms at work in blue, and scarlet, and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven.

In the street, the brass and coppersmiths are hammering away at their pots and pans, and further down, in the verandah of the rich man's house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohurs into fair jewellery, gold and silver ear-rings, and round tires like the moon, bracelets, and tablets, and nose-rings, and tinkling ornaments for the feet, taking his designs from the fruit and flowers around him, or from the traditional form represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple, which rises over the grove of mangoes and palms at the end of the street above the lotus-covered village tank.

At half-past three or four in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water-jars on her head ; and so, while they are going and returning in single file, the scene glows like Titian's canvas, and moves like the stately procession of the Panathenaic frieze.

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Later, the men drive in the mild grey kine from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, the lights begin to glimmer in the fast-falling darkness, the feasting and the music are heard on every side, and late into the night the songs are sung from the *Ramayana* or *Mahabharata*.

The next morning with sunrise, after the simple oblations and adorations performed in the open air before the houses, the same day begins again. This is the daily life going on all over Western India in the village communities of the Dekhan, among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life, and in the culture derived from the grand epics of a religion in which they live and move and have their daily being, and in which the highest expression of their literature, art, and civilization has been stereotyped for 3,000 years.

But of late these handicraftsmen, for the sake of whose works the whole world has been ceaselessly pouring its bullion for 3,000 years into India, and who, for all the marvellous tissue and embroidery they have wrought, have polluted no rivers, deformed no pleasing prospects, nor poisoned any air ; whose skill and individuality the training of countless generations has developed to the highest perfection, these hereditary handicraftsmen are being everywhere gathered from

their democratic village communities in hundreds and thousands into colossal mills of Bombay, to drudge in gangs for tempting wages, at manufacturing piece goods, in competition with Manchester, in the production of which they are no more intellectually and morally concerned than the grinder of a barrel organ in the tunes turned out from it.

I do not mean to depreciate the proper functions of machines in modern civilization, but machinery should be the servant and never the master of men. It cannot minister to the beauty and pleasure of life, it can only be the slave of life's drudgery; and it should be kept rigorously in its place—in India as well as in England.

When in England machinery is, by the force of cultivated taste and opinion, no longer allowed to intrude into the domain of art manufactures which belongs exclusively to the trained mind and hand of individual workmen, wealth will become more equally diffused throughout society, and the working classes, through the elevating influence of their daily work, and the growing respect for their talent, and skill, and culture will rise at once in social, civil and political position, raising the whole country to the highest classes with them; and Europe will learn to taste of some of that content and happiness in life which is to be still found in the Pagan East, as it was once found in Pagan Greece and Rome.

Sir George Birdwood.

XX

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism has two roots, the love of clan and the love of home. In migratory tribes the former alone counts ; in settled communities diversities of origin are often forgotten. But the love of home, as we know it, is a gentle and more spiritual bond than clanship. The word home is associated with all that makes life beautiful and sacred, with tender memories of joy and sorrow, and especially with the first eager outlook of the young mind upon a wonderful world. A man does not as a rule feel much sentiment about his London house, still less about his office or factory. It is for the home of his childhood, or of his ancestors, that a man will fight most readily, because he is bound to it by a spiritual and poetic tie. Expanding from this centre, the sentiment of patriotism embraces one's country as a whole.

Both forms of patriotism—the local and the racial, are frequently alloyed with absurd, unworthy, or barbarous motives. The local patriot thinks that Peebles, and not Paris, is the place for pleasure, or asks whether any good thing can come out of Nazareth. To the Chinaman all aliens are “outer barbarians ” or “foreign devils.” Admiration for ourselves and our

institutions is too often measured by our contempt and dislike for foreigners. Our own nation has a peculiarly bad record in this respect. In the reign of James I the Spanish ambassador was frequently insulted by the London crowd, as was the Russian ambassador in 1662; not, apparently, because we had a burning grievance against either of those nations, but because Spaniards and Russians are very unlike Englishmen. That at least is the opinion of the sagacious Pepys on the later of these incidents. "Lord ! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen, that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at anything that looks strange." Defoe says that the English are "the most churlish people alive" to foreigners, with the result that "all men think an Englishman the devil." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Scotland seems to have ranked as a foreign country, and the presence of Scots in London was much resented. Cleveland thought it witty to write :

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom ,
Not forced him wander, but confined him home. "

And we all remember Dr. Johnson's gibes.

British patriotic arrogance culminated in the eighteenth and in the first half of the nineteenth century ; in Lord Palmerston it found a champion at the head of the Government. Goldsmith describes the bearing of the Englishman of his day :

" Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

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Michelet found in England "human pride personified in a people," at a time when the characteristic of Germany was "a profound impersonality." It may be doubted whether even the arrogant brutality of the modern Prussian is more offensive to foreigners than was the calm and haughty assumption of superiority by our countrymen at this time. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were quite of Milton's opinion, that, when the Almighty wishes something unusually great and difficult to be done, He entrusts it to His Englishmen. This unamiable characteristic was probably much more the result of insular ignorance than of a deep-seated pride. "A generation or two ago," said Mr. Asquith lately, "patriotism was largely fed and fostered upon reciprocal ignorance and contempt." The Englishman seriously believed that the French subsisted mainly upon frogs, while the Frenchman was equally convinced that the sale of wives at Smithfield was one of our national institutions. This fruitful source of international misunderstanding has become less dangerous since the facilities of foreign travel have been increased. But in the relations of Europe with alien and independent civilisations, such as that of China, we still see brutal arrogance and vulgar ignorance producing their natural results.

Another cause of perverted patriotism is the inborn pugnacity of the *bête humaine*. Our species is the most cruel and destructive of all that inhabit this planet. If

the lower animals, as we call them, were able to formulate a religion, they might differ greatly as to the shape of the beneficent Creator, but they would nearly all agree that the devil must be very like a big white man. Mr. McDougall has lately raised the question whether civilised man is less pugnacious than the savage; and he answers it in the negative. The Europeans, he thinks, are among the most combative of the human race. We are not allowed to knock each other on the head during peace; but our civilisation is based on cut-throat competition; our favourite games are mimic battles, which I suppose effect for us a "purgation of the emotions" similar to that which Aristotle attributed to witnessing the performance of a tragedy: and, when the fit seizes us, we are ready to engage in wars which cannot fail to be disastrous to both combatants. Mr. McDougall does not regret this disposition, irrational though it is. He thinks that it tends to the survival of the fittest, and that, if we substitute emulation for pugnacity, which on other grounds might seem an unmixed advantage, we shall have to call in the science of eugenics to save us from becoming as sheeplike as the Chinese. There is, however, another side to this question, as we shall see presently.

Another instinct which has supplied fuel to patriotism of the baser sort is that of acquisitiveness. This tendency, without which even the most rudimentary civilisation would be impossible, began when the female

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of the species, instead of carrying her baby on her back and following the male to his hunting-grounds, made some sort of a lair for herself and her family, where primitive implements and stores of food could be kept. There are still tribes in Brazil which have not reached this first step towards humanisation. But the instinct of hoarding, like all other instincts, tends to become hypertrophied and perverted; and with the institution of private property comes another institution—that of plunder and brigandage. In private life, no motive of action is at present so powerful and so persistent as acquisitiveness, which, unlike most other desires, knows no satiety. The average man is rich enough when he has a little more than he has got, and not till then. The acquisition and possession of land satisfies this desire in a high degree, since land is a visible and indestructible form of property. Consequently, as soon as the instincts of the individual are transferred to the group, territorial aggrandisement becomes a main pre-occupation of the state. This desire was the chief cause of wars, while kings and nobles regarded the territories over which they ruled as their private estates. Wherever despotic or feudal conditions survive, such ideas are likely still to be found, and to cause dangers to other states. The greatest ambition of a modern emperor is still to be commemorated as a “*Mehrer des Reichs.*”

Capitalism, by separating the idea of property from

any necessary connection with landed estate, and democracy, by denying the whole theory on which dynastic wars of conquest are based, have both contributed to check this, perhaps the worst kind of war. It would, however, be a great error to suppose that the instinct of acquisitiveness, in its old and barbarous form, has lost its hold upon even the most civilised nations. When an old-fashioned brigand appears, and puts himself at the head of his nation, he becomes at once a popular hero. By any rational standard of morality, few greater scoundrels have lived than Frederick the Great and Napoleon I. But they are still names to conjure with. Both were men of singularly lucid intellect and entirely medieval ambitions. Their great achievement was to show how under modern conditions aggressive war may be carried on without much loss (except in human life) to the aggressor. They tore up all the conventions which regulated the conduct of warfare, and reduced it to sheer brigandage and terrorism. And now, after a hundred years, we see these methods deliberately revived by the greatest military power in the world, and applied with the same ruthlessness and with an added pedantry which makes them more inhuman. The perpetrators of the crime calculated quite correctly that they need fear no reluctance on the part of the nation, no qualms of conscience, no compassionate shrinking, no remorse. It must, indeed, be a bad cause that cannot count on the support of the large majority of the people at the *beginning* of a war.

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Pugnacity, greed, mere excitement, the contagion of a crowd, will fill the streets of almost any capital with a shouting and jubilant mob on the day after a war has been declared.

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The illusions of imperialism have been made clearer than ever by the course of modern history. Attempts to destroy a nationality by overthrowing its government, proscribing its language, and maltreating its citizens, are never successful. The experiment has been tried with great thoroughness in Poland; and the Poles are now more of a nation than they were under the oppressive feudal system which existed before the partitions. Our own empire would be a ludicrous failure if it were any part of our ambition to Anglicise other races. The only English parts of the empire were waste lands which we have peopled with our own emigrants. We hauled down the French flag in Canada, with the result that Eastern Canada is now the only flourishing French colony, and the only part of the world where the French race increases rapidly. We have helped the Dutch to multiply with almost equal rapidity in South Africa. We have added several millions to the native population of Egypt, and over a hundred millions to the population of India. Similarly, the Americans have made Cuba for the first time a really Spanish island, by driving out its incompetent Spanish governors, and so attracting immigrants from Spain. On the whole, in imperialism nothing

fails like success. If the conqueror oppresses his subjects, they will become fanatical patriots, and sooner or later have their revenge ; if he treats them well, and "governs them for their good," they will multiply faster than their rulers, till they claim their independence. The Englishman now says, "I am quite content to have it so," but that is not the old imperialism.

The notion that frequent war is a healthy tonic for a nation is scarcely tenable. Its dysgenic effect, by eliminating the strongest and healthiest of the population, while leaving the weaklings at home to be the fathers of the next generation, is no new discovery. It has been supported by a succession of men, such as Tenon, Dufau, Foissac, de Lapouge, and Richet in France ; Tiedemann and Seeck in Germany ; Guerrini in Italy ; Kellogg and Starr Jordan in America. The case is indeed overwhelming. The lives destroyed in war are nearly all males, thus disturbing the sex equilibrium of the population ; they are in the prime of life, at the age of greatest fecundity ; and they are picked from a list out of which from twenty to thirty per cent have been rejected for physical unfitness. It seems to be proved that the children born in France during the Napoleonic wars were poor and undersized—thirty millimetres below the normal height. War combined with religious celibacy to ruin Spain. "Castile makes men and wastes them," said a Spanish writer. "This sublime and terrible phrase sums up the whole of

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of Spanish history." Schiller was right ; "Immer der Krieg verschlingt die besten." We in England have suffered from this drain in the past ; we shall suffer much more in the next generation.

" We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.

We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full."

Aggressive patriotism is thus condemned by common sense and the verdict of history no less than by morality. We are entitled to say to the militarists what Socrates said to Polus :

"This doctrine of yours has now been examined and found wanting. And this doctrine alone has stood the test—that we ought to be more afraid of doing than of suffering wrong ; and that the prime business of every man [and nation] is not to seem good, but to be good, in all private and public dealings."

If the nations would render something more than lip-service to this principle, the abolition of war would be within sight ; for, as Ruskin says, echoing the judgment of the Epistle of St. James, " The first reason for all wars, and for the necessity of national defences,

is that the majority of persons, high and low, in all European countries, are thieves." But it must be remembered that, in spite of the proverb, it takes in reality only one to make a quarrel. It is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism, while the wolf remains of a different opinion.

Our own conversion to pacificism, though sincere, is somewhat recent. Our literature does not reflect it. Bacon is frankly militarist :

"Above all, for empire and greatness, it importeth most, that a nation do profess arms, as their principal honour, study, and occupation. For the things which we formerly have spoken of are but habilitations towards arms; and what is habilitation without intention and act?.....It is so plain that a man profiteth in that he most intendeth, that it needeth not to be stood upon. It is enough to point at it; that no nation, which doth not directly profess arms, may look to have greatness fall into their mouths."

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The transition from medieval to modern history is most strongly marked by the emergence of this principle, with all that it involves. At the end of the Middle Ages Europe was at last compelled to admit that the grand idea of an universal state and an universal church had definitely broken down. Hitherto it had been assumed that behind all national disputes lay a *ius*

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gentium by which all were bound, and that behind all religious questions lay the authority of the Roman Catholic Church, from which there was no appeal. The modern period, which certainly does not represent the last word of civilisation, has witnessed the abandonment of these ideas. The change took place gradually. France became a nation when the English raids ceased in the middle of the fifteenth century. Spain achieved unity a generation later by the union of Castile and Aragon and the expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula. Holland found herself in the heroic struggle against Spain in the sixteenth century. But the practice of conducting wars by hiring foreign mercenaries, a sure sign that the nationalist spirit is weak, continued till much later. And the dynastic principle, which is the very negation of nationalism, actually culminated in the eighteenth century; and this is the true explanation of the feeble resistance which Europe offered to the French revolutionary armies, until Napoleon stirred up the dormant spirit of nationalism in the peoples whom he plundered. "In the old European system," says Lord Acton, "the rights of nationalities were neither recognised by governments nor asserted by the people. The interests of the reigning families, not those of the nations, regulated the frontiers; and the administration was conducted generally without any reference to popular desires." Marriage or conquest might unite the most diverse nations under one sovereign, such as Charles V.

While such ideas prevailed, the suppression of a nation did not seem hateful; the partition of Poland evoked few protests at the time, though perhaps few acts of injustice have recoiled with greater force on the heads of their perpetrators than this is likely to do. Poles have been and are among the bitterest enemies of autocracy, and the strongest advocates of republicanism and racialism, in all parts of the world. The French Revolution opened a new era for nationalism, both directly and indirectly. The deposition of the Bourbons was a national act which might be a precedent for other oppressed peoples. And when the Revolution itself began to trample on the rights of other nations, an uprising took place, first in Spain and then in Prussia, which proved too strong for the tyrant. The apostasy of France from her own ideals of liberty proved the futility of mere doctrines, like those of Rousseau, and compelled the peoples to arm themselves and win their freedom by the sword. The national militarism of Prussia was the direct consequence of her humiliation at Jena and Auerstädt, and of the harsh terms imposed upon her at Tilsit. It is true that the Congress of Vienna attempted to revive the old dynastic system. But for the steady opposition of England, the clique of despots might have reimposed the old yoke upon their subjects. The settlement of 1815 also left the entire centre of Europe in a state of chaos; and it was only by slow degrees that Italy and Germany attained national unity. Poland, the Austrian Empire, and the Balkan

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States still remain in a condition to trouble the peace of the world. In Austria-Hungary the clash of the dynastic and the nationalist ideas is strident ; and every citizen of that empire has to choose between a wider and a narrower allegiance.

Europeans are, in fact, far from having made up their minds as to what is the organic whole towards which patriotic sentiment ought to be directed. Socialism agrees with despotism in saying, "It is the political aggregate, the state," however much they may differ as to how the state should be administered. For this reason militarism and state-socialism might at any time come to terms. They are at one in exaggerating the "organic" unity of a political or geographical *enclave* ; and they are at one in depreciating the value of individual liberty. Loyalty to "the state" instead of to "king and country" is not an easy or a natural emotion. The state is a bloodless abstraction, which as a rule only materialises as a drill-sergeant or a tax-collector. Enthusiasm for it, and not only for what can be got out of it, does not extend much beyond the Fabian Society. Cæsarism has the great advantage of a visible head, as well as of its appeal to very old and strong thought-habits ; and accordingly, in any national crisis, loyalty to the War-lord is likely to show unexpected strength, and doctrinaire socialism unexpected weakness.

But devotion to the head of the state in his representative capacity is a different thing from the old

feudal loyalty. It is far more impersonal; the ruler, whether an individual or a council, is revered as a non-human and non-moral embodiment of the national power, a sort of Platonic idea of coercive authority. This kind of loyalty may very easily be carried too far. In reality, we are members of a great many "social organisms," each of which has indefeasible claims upon us. Our family, our circle of acquaintance, our business or profession, our church, our country, the comity of civilised nations, humanity at large, are all social organisms; and some of the chief problems of ethics are concerned with the adjustment of their conflicting claims. To make any one of these absolute is destructive of morality. But militarism and socialism deliberately make the state absolute. In internal affairs this may lead to the ruthless oppression of individuals or whole classes; in external relations it produces wars waged with "methods of barbarism." The whole idea of the state as an organism, which has been emphasised by social reformers as a theoretical refutation of selfish individualism, rests on the abuse of a metaphor. The bond between the dwellers in the same political area is far less close than that between the organs of a living body. Every man has a life of his own, and some purely personal rights; he has, moreover, moral links with other human associations, outside his own country, and important moral duties towards them. No one who reflects on the solidarity of interests among capitalists, among hand-workers, or, in a different way, among

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scholars and artists, all over the world, can fail to see that the apotheosis of the state, whether in the interest of war or of revolution is an anachronism and an absurdity.

A very different basis for patriotic sentiment is furnished by the scientific or pseudo-scientific theories about race, which have become very popular in our time. When the history of ideas in the twentieth century comes to be written, it is certain that among the causes of this great war will be named the belief of the Germans in the superiority of their own race, based on certain historical and ethnological theories which have acted like a heady wine in stimulating the spirit of aggression among them. The theory, stated briefly, is that the shores of the Baltic are the home of the finest human type that has yet existed, a type distinguished by blond hair, great physical strength, unequalled mental vigour and ability, superior morality, and an innate aptitude for governing and improving inferior races. Unfortunately for the world, this noble stock cannot flourish for very long in climates unlike its own ; but from the earliest historical times it has "swarmed" periodically, subjugating the feebler peoples of the south, and elevating them for a time above the level which they were naturally fitted to reach. Wherever we find marked energy and nobleness of character, we may suspect Aryan blood ; and history will usually support our surmise. Among the great men who were certainly or probably Germans were Agamemnon, Julius

Cæsar, the Founder of Christianity, Dante, and Shakespeare. The blond Nordic giant is fulfilling his mission by conquering and imposing his culture upon other races. They ought to be grateful to him for the service, especially as it has a sacrificial aspect, the lower types having, at least in their own climates, greater power of survival.

This fantastic theory has been defended in a large number of German books, of which the *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, by the renegade Englishman Houston Chamberlain, is the most widely known. The objections to it are numerous. It is notorious that until the invention of gun-powder the settled and civilised peoples of Europe were in frequent danger from bands of hardier mountaineers, forest-dwellers, or pastoral nomads, who generally came from the north. But the formidable fighting powers of these marauders were no proof of intrinsic superiority. In fact, the most successful of these conquerors, if success is measured by the amount of territory overrun and subdued, were not the "great blond beasts" of Nietzsche, but yellow monsters with black hair, the Huns and Tartars. The causes of Tartar ascendancy had not the remotest connection with any moral or intellectual qualities which we can be expected to admire. Nor can the Nordic race, well endowed by nature as it undoubtedly is, prove such a superiority as this theory claims for it. Some of the largest brains yet measured

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have been those of Japanese; and the Jews have probably a higher average of ability than the Teutons. Again, the Germans are not descended from a pure Nordic stock. The Northern type can be best studied in Scandinavia, where the people share with the Irish the distinction of being the handsomest race in the world. The German is a mixture of various anatomical types, including, in some parts, distinct traces of Mongolian blood, which indicate that the raiding Huns meddled, according to their custom, with the German women, and bequeathed to a section of the nation the Turanian cheek-bones, as well as certain moral characteristics. Lastly, the German race has never shown much aptitude for governing and assimilating other peoples. The French, by virtue of their greater sympathy, are far more successful.

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To found patriotism on homogeneity of race is no wiser than to bound it by frontier lines. As the Abbè Noël has lately written about his own country, Belgium, "the race is not the nation. The nation is not a physiological fact; it is a moral fact. What constitutes a nation is the community of sentiments and ideals which results from a common history and education... ..essential factor of the national consciousness resides in a certain common mode of conceiving the conditions of the social life."

Belgium, the Abbè maintains, has found this

national consciousness amid her sufferings; there are no longer any distinctions between French-speaking Belgians and Walloons or Flemings. This is in truth the real base of patriotism. It is the basis of our own love for our country. What Britain stands for is what Britain is. We have long known in our hearts what Britain stands for; but we have now been driven to search our thoughts and make our ideals explicit to ourselves and others. The Englishman has become a philosopher *malgré lui*. "Whatever the world thinks," writes Bishop Berkeley, "he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human soul, and the *summum bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman." These words, which were quoted by Mr. Arthur Balfour a few years ago, may seem to make a large demand on the average citizen; but in our quiet way we have all been meditating on these things since last August, and we know pretty well what our *summum bonum* is for our country. We believe in chivalry and fair play and kindness—these things first and foremost; and we believe, if not exactly in democracy, yet in a government under which a man may think and speak the thing he wills. We do not believe in war, and we do not believe in bullying. We do not flatter ourselves that we are the supermen; but we are convinced that the ideas which we stand for, and which we have on the whole tried to carry out, are essential to the peaceful progress and happiness of

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humanity; and for these ideas we have drawn the sword. The great words of Abraham Lincoln have been on the lips of many and in the hearts of all since the beginning of the great contest; "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

Dean Inge.

XXI

THE PLACE OF LITERATURE.

Yet, and after all these reservations, it remains true that literature had gone down disastrously. Even philosophy, unless you count the pale work of Boethius—*real* philosophy had so nearly perished that men possessed no more of Aristotle than a fragment of his Logic, and '*the* Philosopher' had to creep back into Western Europe through translations from the Arabic ! But this is the point I wish to make clear.—Philosophy came back in the great intellectual revival of the twelfth century ; Literature did not. Literature's hour had not come. Men had to catch up on a dreadful leeway of ignorance. The form did not matter as yet : they wanted science—to know. I should say, rather, that as yet form *seemed* not to matter : for in fact form always matters : the personal always matters : and you cannot explain the vast crowds Abelard drew to Paris save by the fascination in the man, the fire communicated by the living voice. Moreover (as in a previous lecture I tried to prove) you cannot divorce accurate thought from accurate speech ; but for accuracy, even for hair-splitting accuracy of speech the Universities had the definitions of the Schoolmen. In literature they had yet to discover a concern. Literature was a thing of the past, inanimate. Nowhere in Europe

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could it be felt even to breathe. To borrow a beautiful phrase of Wordsworth's, men numbered it among 'things silently gone out of mind or things violently destroyed.'

Nobody quite knows how these Universities began. Least of all can anybody tell how Oxford and Cambridge began. In Bede, for instance—that is, in England as the eighth century opens—we see scholarship already moving towards the *thing*, treading with sure instinct towards the light. Though a hundred historians have quoted it, I doubt if a feeling man who loves scholarship can read the famous letter of Cuthbert describing Bede's end and not come nigh to tears.

And Bede's story contains no less wonder than beauty, when you consider how the fame of this holy and humble man of heart spread over Europe, so that, though it sound incredible, our Northumbria narrowly missed in its day to become the pole-star of Western culture. But he was a disinterested genius, and his pupil, Alcuin, a pushing dull man and a born reactionary ; so that, while Alcuin scored the personal success and went off to teach in the court of Charlemagne, the great chance was lost.

No one knows when the great Universities were founded, or precisely out of what schools they grew ; and you may derive amusement from the historians when they start to explain how Oxford and Cambridge

in particular came to be chosen for sites. My own conjecture, that they were chosen for the extraordinary salubrity of their climates, has met (I regret to say) with derision, and may be set down to the caprice of one who ever inclines to think the weather good where he is happy. Our own learned historian, indeed, Mr. J. Bass Mullinger—devotes some closely reasoned pages to proving that Cambridge was chosen as the unlikeliest spot in the world, and is driven to quote the learned Poggio's opinion that the unhealthiness of a locality recommended it as a place of education for youth; as Plato, knowing naught of Christianity, but gifted with a soul naturally Christian, '*had selected a noisome spot for his Academe in order that the mind might be strengthened by the weakness of the body.*'

Most likely these Universities grew as a tree grows from a seed blown by chance of the wind. It seems easy enough to understand why Paris, that great city, should have possessed a great University; yet I surmise the processes at Oxford and Cambridge to have been only a little less fortuitous. The schools of Remigius and of William of Champeaux (we will say) have given Paris a certain prestige, when Abelard, a pupil of William's, springs into fame and draws a horde of students from all over Europe to sit at his feet. These 'nations' of young men have to be organised, brought under some sort of discipline, if only to make the citizens' lives endurable; and lo! the thing is done. In

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like manner Irnerius at Bologna, Vacarius at Oxford, and at Cambridge some innominate teacher, 'of importance', as Browning would put it, 'in his day', possibly set the ball rolling; or again it is suggested that a body of scholars dissatisfied with Oxford (such dissatisfaction has been known even in historical times) migrated hither—a laborious journey, even now-a-days—and that so

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far !

These young or nascent bodies had a trick of breaking away after this fashion. For reasons no longer obvious they hankered specially towards Stamford or Northampton. Until quite recently within living memory, all candidates for a Mastership of Arts at Oxford had to promise never to lecture at Stamford. A flood here in 1520, which swept away Garret Hostel Bridge, put Cambridge in like mind and started a prophecy (to which you may find allusion in the fourth book of *The Faerie Queene*) that both Universities would meet in the end, and kiss at Stamford. Each in turn broke away for Northampton, and the worthy Fuller (a Northamptonshire man) has recorded his wonder that so eligible a spot was not finally chosen.

I have mentioned a flood; but the immediate causes of these migrations or attempted migrations were not usually respectable enough to rank with any such act of

God. They started as a rule with some Town and Gown row, or some bloody affray between scholars of the North and of the South. Without diminishing your sense of the real fervour for learning which drew young men from the remotest part of Europe to these centres, but having for my immediate object to make clear to you that, whatever these young men sought, it was not literature, I wish you first to have in your minds a vivid picture of what a University town was like, and what its students were like during the greater part of the 12th and 13th centuries ; that is to say, after the first enthusiasm had died down, when Oxford or Cambridge had organised itself into a *Studium Generale*, or *Universitas* (which, of course, has nothing to do with Universality, whether of teaching or frequenting, but simply means a Society. *Universitas* = all of us).

To begin with, the town was of wood, often on fire in places ; with the alleviation of frequent winter floods, which in return, in the words of a modern poet, would 'leave a lot of little things behind them.' It requires but a small effort of the imagination in Cambridge to picture the streets as narrow, dark, almost meeting overhead in gables out of which the house slops would be discharged after casual warning down into a central gutter. That these narrow streets were populous with students remains certain, however much discount we allow on temporary bills of reckoning. And the crowd was noisy. Men have always been ingenious in their

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ways of celebrating academical success. Pythagoras, for example, sacrificed an ox on solving the theorem numbered 47 in the first book of Euclid; and even to-day a professor in his solitary lodge may be encouraged to believe now and then, from certain evidences in the sky, that the spirit of Pythagoras is not dead but translated.

But of the mediaeval University the lawlessness, though well attested, can scarcely be conceived. When in the streets 'nation' drew the knife upon 'nation', 'town' upon 'gown'; when the city bell started to answer the clang of St Mary's; horrible deeds were done. I pass over massacres, tumults such as the famous one of St Scholastica's day at Oxford, and choose one at a decent distance (yet entirely typical) exhumed from the annals of the University of Toulouse, in the year 1332. In that year

Five brothers of the noble family de la Penne lived together in a Hospicium at Toulouse as students of the Civil and Canon Law. One of them was Provost of a Monastery, another Archdeacon of Albi, another an Archpriest, another Canon of Toledo. A bastard son of their father, named Peter, lived with them as squire to the Canon. On Easter Day, Peter, with another squire of the household named Aimery Béranger and other students, having dined at a tavern, were

dancing, singing, shouting, and beating 'metallie vessels and iron culinary implements' in the street before their masters' house. The Provost and the Archpriest were sympathetically watching the jovial scene from a window, until it was disturbed by the appearance of a Capitoul and his officers, who summoned some of the party to surrender the prohibited arms which they were wearing.....The Capitoul attempted to arrest one of the offenders; whereupon the ecclesiastical party made a combined attack upon the official. Aimery Béranger struck him on the face with a poignard, cutting off his nose and part of his chin and lips, and knocking out or breaking no less than eleven teeth.....One of the watch was killed outright by Peter de La Penne.....The whole household, masters and servants alike, were, however, surprised by the other Capitouls and a crowd of 200 citizens, and led off to prison, and the house is alleged to have been pillaged. The Archbishop's official demanded their surrender. In the case of the superior ecclesiastics, this, after a short delay, was granted.....Aimery was put to the torture, admitted his crime, and was sentenced to death.....The Capitouls were then excommunicated by the Official, and the ecclesiastical side of the quarrel was eventually transferred to the Roman Court. Before the Parlement of Paris, the University complained

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of the violation of the Royal privilege exempting scholars' servants from the ordinary tribunals. The Capitouls were imprisoned, and after long litigation sentenced to pay enormous damages to the ruffian's family, and erect a chapel for the good of his soul. The city was condemned for a time to the forfeiture of all its privileges... the citizens solemnly begged pardon of the University.

The late Mr Cecil Rhodes once summarized all Fellows of Colleges as children in matters of finance. Be that as it may, you will find nothing more constant in history than the talent of the Universities for extracting money or money's worth out of a riot. Time (I speak as a parent) has scarcely blunted that faculty; and still—since where young men congregate, noise there must be—our Universities like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior

turn their necessity to glorious gain.

These were the excesses of young 'bloods,' and their servants: but with them mingled scholars not less ferocious in their habits because almost desperately poor. You all know, I dare say, that very poor scholars would be granted licenses to beg by the Chancellor. The sleeve of this gown in which I address you represents the purse or pocket of a Master of Arts, and may hint to you by its amplitude how

many crusts he was prepared to receive from the charitable.

Now choosing to ignore (because it has been challenged as overpainted) a picture of penury endured by the scholars of St. John's College in this University, let me tell you two stories, one well attested, the other fiction if you will, but both agreeable as testifying to the spirit of youth which ever blowing upon their sacred embers has kept Oxford and Cambridge perennially alive.

My first is of three scholars so poor that they possessed but one 'cappa' and gown between them. They took it in turns therefore, and when one went to lecture the other two kept to their lodgings. I invite you even to reflect on the joy of the lucky one, in a winter lecture room, dark, with unglazed windows, as he listened and shuffled his feet for warmth in the straw of the floor. (No one, by the way, can understand the incessant harping of our early poets upon May-time and the return of summer until he has pictured to himself the dark and cold discomfort of a Middle-English winter.) These three poor scholars fed habitually on bread, with soup and a little wine, tasting meat only on Sundays and feasts of the church. Yet one of them, Richard of Cichester, who lived to become a saint, *saepe retulit quod nunquam in vita sua tam jucundam, tam delectabilem duxerat vitam*—that never had he

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lived so jollily, so delectably.

That is youth, youth blessed by friendship. Now for my second story, which is also of youth and friendship.

Two poor scholars, who had with pains become Masters of Arts and saved their pence to purchase the coveted garb on the afternoon of their admission took a country walk in it, together flaunting their new finery. But, the day being gusty, on their return across the bridge, a puff of wind caught the *biretta* of one and blew it into the river. The loss was irrevocable, since neither could swim. The poor fellow looked at his friend. His friend looked at him. 'Between us two,' he said, 'it is all or naught,' and cast his own cap to float and sink with the other down stream.

You will never begin to understand literature until you understand something of life. These young men, your forerunners, understood something of life while as yet completely careless of literature. After the impulse of Abelard and others had died down, the mass of students betook themselves to the Universities, no doubt, for quite ordinary, mercenary reasons. The University led to the Church, and the Church, in England at any rate, was the door to professional life.

Nearly all the civil servants of the Crown—I am here quoting freely—the diplomatists, the secretaries

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or advisers of great nobles, the physicians, the architects, at one time the secular law-givers, all through the Middle Ages the then large tribe of ecclesiastical lawyers, were ecclesiastics.....Clerkship did not necessarily involve even minor orders. But as it was cheaper to a King or a Bishop or a temporal magnate to reward his physician, his legal adviser, his secretary, or his agent by a Canonry or a Rectory than by large salaries, the average student of Paris or Cambridge or Oxford looked toward the Church as the 'main chance' as we say, and small blame to him ! He never at any rate looked toward literature : nor did the Universities, wise in their generation, encourage him to do anything of the sort.

You may realise, Gentlemen, how tardily, even in later and more enlightened times, the study of literature has crept its way into official Cambridge, if you will take down your *University Calendar*, and study the list of Professorships there set forth in order of foundation. It begins in 1502 with the Lady Margaret's Chair of Divinity founded by the mother of Henry VII. Five Regius Professorships follow : of Divinity, Civil Law, Physics, Hebrew, Greek, all of 1540. So Greek comes in upon the flush of the Renaissance ; and the *Calendar* bravely, yet not committing itself to a date, heads with Erasmus the noble roll which concludes (as may it long conclude) with Henry Jackson. But Greek comes in last of the five. Close on a hundred years elapse

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before the foundation of the next chair—it is of Arabic ; and more than a hundred years before we arrive at Mathematics. So Sir William Hamilton was not without historical excuse when he declared the study of mathematics to be no part of the business of this University ! Then follow Moral Philosophy (1683), Music (1684), Chemistry (1702), Astronomy (1704), Modern History and more Arabic, with Botany (1724), Geology (1727),.....before arriving in 1910 at a Chair of English Literature which by this time I have no breath to defend.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

XXII

A SOCIAL REFORMER.

There are glimpses in Dickens of that widespread, yet obscure, misery which lay about him in his early years. As, for instance, where we read in *Oliver Twist*, in the description of the child's walk to London, that "in some villages large painted boards were fixed up ; warning all persons who begged within the district, that they would be sent to jail." And in his mind there must ever have been a background of such knowledge, influencing his work, even when it found no place in the scheme of a story.

In a rapid view of the early century, attention is demanded by one detail, commonly forgotten, and by the historian easily ignored, but a matter of the first importance as serving to illustrate some of Dickens's best work. In 1833, Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) entered upon his long strife with stubborn conservatism and heartless interest on behalf of little children who worked for wages in English factories and mines. The law then in force forbade children under thirteen years of age to engage in such labour for *more* than thirteen hours a day ; legislators of that period were so struck by the humanity of the provision that no eloquence could induce them to think of superseding it.

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Members of the reformed House of Commons were naturally committed to sound economic views on supply and demand ; they enlarged upon the immorality of interfering with freedom of contract ; and, when Lord Ashley was guilty of persevering in his anti-social craze, of standing all but alone, year after year, the advocate of grimy little creatures who would otherwise have given nobody any trouble, howling insult, or ingenious calumny, long served the cause of his philosophic opponents.

Let anyone who is prone to glorify the commercial history of nineteenth-century England search upon dusty shelves for certain Reports of Commissioners in the matter of children's employments at this time of Lord Ashley's activity, and there read a tale of cruelty and avarice which arraigns the memory of a generation content so infamously to enrich itself. Those Reports make clear that some part, at all events, of modern English prosperity results from the toil of children (among them babies of five and six), whose lives were spent in the black depths of coal-pits and amid the hot roar of machinery. Poetry has found inspiration in the subject, but no verse can make such appeal to heart and conscience as the business-like statements of a Commission. Lord Ashley's contemporaries in Parliament dismissed these stories with a smile. Employers of infant labour naturally would lend no ear to a sentimental dreamer : but it might have been presumed

that at all events in one direction, that of the church, voices would make themselves heard in defence of "these little ones." We read, however, in the philanthropist's Diary: "In very few instances did any mill-owner appear on the platform with me; in still fewer the representatives of any religious denomination." This quiet remark serves to remind one, among other things, that Dickens was not without his reasons for a spirit of distrust towards religion by law established, as well as towards sundry other forms of religion—the spirit which especially in his early career, was often misunderstood as hostility to religion in itself, a wanton mocking at sacred things. Such a fact should always be kept in mind in reading Dickens. It is here glanced at merely for its historical significance; the question of Dickens's religious attitude will call for attention elsewhere.

Dickens, if any writer, has associated himself with the thought of suffering childhood. The circumstances of his life confined him, for the most part, to London in his choice of matter for artistic use, and it is especially the London child whose sorrows are made so vivid to us by the master's pen. But we know that he was well acquainted with the monstrous wickedness of that child labour in mines and mills, and find where he might the pathetic little figures useful to him in his fiction, he was always speaking, consciously, to an age remarkable for stupidity and heartlessness in the treatment of all its

poorer children. Perhaps in this direction his influence was as great as in any. In recognizing this, be it remembered for how many years an Englishman of noble birth, one who, on all accounts, might have been thought likely to sway the minds of his countrymen to any worthy end, battled in vain and amid all manner of obloquy, for so simple a piece of humanity and justice. Dickens had a weapon more efficacious than mere honest zeal. He could make people laugh; and if once the crowd has laughed with you, it will not object to cry a little—nay, it will make good resolves, and sometimes carry them out.

It was a time by several degrees harsher, coarser, and uglier than our own. Take that one matter of hanging. Through all his work we see Dickens pre-occupied with the gallows; and no wonder. In his *Sketches* there is the lurid story of the woman who has obtained possession of her son after his execution, and who seeks the aid of a doctor, in hope of restoring the boy to life; and in so late a book as *Great Expectations* occurs that glimpse of murderous Newgate, which is among his finest things. His description of a hanging, written to a daily paper, is said to have had its part in putting an end to public executions; but that was comparatively late in his life, and at his most impressionable time the hanging of old and young, men and women, regularly served as one of the entertainments of Londoners. Undoubtedly, even in Dickens's boy-

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hood, manners had improved to some extent upon those we see pictured in Hogarth, but from our present standpoint the difference, certainly in poorer London, is barely appreciable. It was an age in which the English character seemed bent on exhibiting all its grossest and meanest and most stupid characteristics. Sheer ugliness of every-day life reached a limit not easily surpassed ; thick-headed national prejudice, in consequence of great wars and British victories, had marvellously developed ; aristocracy was losing its better influence, and power passing to a well-fed multitude, remarkable for a dogged practicality which, as often as not, meant ferocious egoism. With all this, a prevalence of such ignoble vices as religious hypocrisy and servile snobbishness. Our own day has its faults in plenty ; some of them perhaps more perilous than the worst here noted of our ancestors ; but it is undeniably much cleaner of face and hands, decidedly more graceful in its common habits of mind.

George Gissing.

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TRUE CONTENTMENT.

This extract is from *The Compleat Angler* of Izaak Walton, 1593—1683. Though his one great book is supposed to deal with the technique of angling, it has become a classic rather because of the gentle and quaint personality of the author which shines through the lines, and because of the truth and beauty of his moralisings and descriptions of Nature.

Tottenham High Cross, Tottenham was then a village well to the north of London, but has now been swallowed up by the growing city.

the stone, gravel stones, a disease of the gall bladder.

Caussin, a French scholar whose writings were known then to educated Englishmen.

THOUGHTS OF A 17TH CENTURY EDUCATIONIST.

This is a specimen of the writings of John Locke, a well-known English philosopher, 1632-1704. His best known work was his *Essay on the Human Understanding*. His theories on education are sound, and might with advantage be followed by the moderns in certain aspects.

Latin themes, to compose Latin verse was, even up to our own days, an exercise set in English schools.

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Parnassus, the classical Muses of Poetry and the Arts were traditionally supposed to reside on Mount Parnassus.

the Greeks were yet more nice, etc. the word "nice" has here the sense of "fastidious" or "exacting," and not its modern slangy application.

CONVERSATION.

Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745, is often called Dean Swift, because he was a clergyman. His life was a struggle against adversity, and that is why he became embittered and wrote keen satires on society and life. The book by which he is best known is *Gulliver's Travels*, which most boys read in school. Though it is a strong satire, even bitter in parts, it may be read as a story of romance or adventure without heeding the symbolistic and satirical elements. The present selection is a specimen of Swift's reflective work.

belles lettres, literary culture.

by preferring the scum of the people, "by promoting lowest classes to high office." Cromwell, as a puritan, would be certain to be an undesirable figure to Swift, who was an Anglican churchman.

dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask, ladies of those days sometimes went about with the face covered with a vizard or mask. This custom, of course, may be the device of a bold and worthless woman, as well as of a modest woman.

more frequently among the Scots, Swift shows

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in all his works a persistent and unreasoning dislike of the Scottish people.

RURAL ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Joseph Addison, (1674-1729) is one of the great names in the history of English prose, in particular of the novel and essay. His character Sir Roger de Coverley, is one of the first real and human portraitures in prose, though the Coverley papers were rather a series of sketches or essays written for *The Spectator*, one of the prominent newspapers of the day. They showed the novelists the art of characterisation, and hence improved the efforts of subsequent novelists.

the 'Change, the London Stock Exchange where all business men congregate to discuss the markets and transact business.

hassock, a cushion to kneel upon when in prayer.

catechising day, the day upon which boys submit to the "catechism," i. e. a series of questions on the main points of religious doctrine.

tithe stealers, the tithes are the dues which are payable by the parishioners to the church.

take a turn with me, go for a walk with me.

Prince Eugenio, Prince of Savoy, a noted international figure.

Scanderbeg, the national hero of the Albanians.

fob, waistcoat pocket.

I do not think the old woman had any hand in it,

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the squire did not share in the common superstition, that old women were witches who could stir up storms.

rigid dissenter...plum porridge, the dissenters or non-conformists had, earlier on, objected to the eating of plum puddings on Christmas day as a heathenish observance.

the Supplement, the daily newspaper.

ON RAMBLING.

This is from the works of Richard Steele who was writing in the period 1679-1719, and was thus Addison's contemporary. He also was a contributor to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* on many literary and general topics, and was the founder of those two famous periodicals. He also established another newspaper called *The Guardian* which had a great appeal for the reading public. He is more emotional, but perhaps less correct than Addison. He also wrote some plays, though they are not of the same merit as his prose writings.

Richmond, was then an outlying village, but now has almost become a part of greater London. Situated on the Thames.

Covent garden, the great fruit and vegetable market of London.

morning rakes, dissolute men who are going home in the morning hours after revelling all night.

five-penny ordinary, an ordinary eating-house where one could get a meal for five pence.

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Will's, Will's coffee-house, formerly at the corner of Russell Street.

the bellman, the old night watchmen who patrolled the streets of London by night, before our modern police force came into being.

led by a light, led by a man with a light. In those days of unlighted streets, one would have had difficulty in travelling by night without hiring such a man.

a link, the torch which the man carried.

STAGE-COACH COMPANIONS.

This is a selection from Dr. Samuel Johnson, the famous writer of our first Dictionary. He lived from 1709 to 1784, and is chiefly famous for his profound observations on human life. His style is that of a scholar, severely correct, and, even in those passages where he comes nearest to humour, never light or colloquial. While he cannot be called heavy, yet there is always an element of dignity and restraint in him.

Sir William Temple, (1628—99) a writer on art and literary subjects.

surtout, a garment somewhat like the waistcoat.

Change Alley, a small London street near the Royal Exchange.

engrosses and transcribes, i. e. does purely clerical work.

A GARRET AND ITS TENANTS.

This is by the same author, and is an example of

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a letter written to the press. But, though in letter form, the selection is rather an essay than a letter, since it aims at giving personal views in a literary manner, rather than deals with any single concrete point.

Tully, an ancient classical historian and philosopher.

the Conqueror's survey William the Conqueror drew up a list of all the estates, rents, and land-owners of England, called "the Domesday Book."

cheapened my lodgings, bargained about the price, in an effort to get cheaper terms.

to give her earnest, an "earnest" is a nominal payment made in advance to confirm an agreement or bargain.

Mr. Rambler, "Mr. Editor." *The Rambler* was one of the earliest English newspapers.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

This is an example of a personal letter, in which Johnson indulges in bitter scorn and reproof. He had in vain asked Chesterfield for help in his days as a struggling author, but had been refused. When the Dictionary was an assured success, the noble lord wrote a letter in flattering terms to the newspapers, possibly hoping to get some acknowledgement from the author. But the severe independent spirit of Johnson made him respond in what is possibly the most crushing and correct personal letter in the language.

NOTES

La vainqueur etc. "the conqueror of the conqueror of the world."

GILBERT WHITE'S TORTOISE.

Gilbert White, 1720-1793, was a clergyman in Selbourne, Hampshire, a country district of England. His ruling passion was the study of nature, and he lived among the flowers, birds, and beasts of his surroundings. He wrote about them with such discernment and sympathy that his work *The Natural History of Selbourne* has become a classic, and in its own particular kind, has never been surpassed. His style has the formality of a scholar, but is never difficult or involved.

profusion of days . . . waste of longevity, the tortoise has a longer life than any other animal, over a hundred years being a common age for this small creature.

Pepeolkol, the scientific name for shell-covered creatures, the class to which the snails and the tortoise both belong.

THE ASTROLOGER.

From *Kenilworth*, by Sir Walter Scott, a historical novel dealing with the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Scott lived from 1771 to 1832, and wrote verse romances dealing with Scottish history. He then achieved his greatest fame in the historical novel, of which he was the first exponent.

He is recovering, at that time, Leicester's rival,

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the Earl of Sussex, had been dangerously ill.

Astra regunt homines, etc. "The stars rule men, but God rules the stars."

yet a prouder title, Leicester was ambitious of becoming king of England by marriage, and the queen was thought to favour him.

haruspices, soothsayers; prophets.

arcanum, hidden things; secrets. *hermetic*, "chemical."

Ne quisquam Ajacem etc., "no one is able to conquer Ajax save Ajax."

seasoning which spiced Sussex's broth, Sussex's illness was due to poison prepared by this same old man.

the philosopher's stone, old time scientists believed that one day they would discover a magic stone or charm which would transmute metals and perform all wonders.

ON BOOKS AND READING.

Charles Lamb, 1775—1834, is one of the greatest names in the annals of English prose. His genius lay mainly in the essay. To a subject that seemed ordinary and affording little scope for originality, he could impart the utmost charm by the novelty and freshness of thought which he brought to bear. His *Essays of Elia* will always stand as models to subsequent essayists. His sister Mary Lamb worked as his helper, and together they rendered most of Shakespeare's plays into attractive prose tales

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Shaftesbury, Antony, Earl of Shaftesbury, a writer on philosophical themes.

Jonathan Wild, Fielding's novel of that name.

Raymond Lully, a reputed magician of the 13th century.

mantua maker, a maker of mantua work, an article of dress for the women folk of those days.

We know not where is that Promethean torch, etc. from Othello's soliloquy before the strangling of Desdemona.

pro bono publico, for the benefit of the public.

Nando's, a coffee-house in Fleet Street.

tete-a-tete, having the nature of personal conversation.

Lardner, Nathaniel Lardner, a writer on theological subjects.

Martin B—, Martin Burney, a friend of Lamb's.

A quaint poetess, Lamb's own sister, Mary.

THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800-1859, will always rank high among English historians. He was a lawyer by training, sat for some time in parliament, and was legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India. He had claims to fame as a poet because of his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. His great work, *The History of England*, is incomplete, since he died after the first four volumes were completed. The selection given here is from that work.

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In 1688, James II of England had to flee to France, and William and Mary were invited by the English parliament to assume the royal power. The Irish catholics did not accept the settlement, but remained loyal to the exiled Stuart king, James II. So in March, 1689, James brought a French army to Ireland and was proclaimed king. The Protestants of northern Ireland supported the new Protestant rulers, William and Mary, and put up a resistance within the walled town of Londonderry on the river Foyle, where they were besieged by the Catholic and French forces. A clergyman called Walker was a prominent spirit in inspiring the besieged garrison to hold out till relief could come from Protestant England. The siege of the town began on the 20th of April 1689.

Lough Foyle, the estuary of the River Foyle. Pronounced similarly to the Scottish word "loch."

the boom, the floating barricade which had been erected across the river to hinder relieving ships.

broadside, a volley from all the guns of one side of the ship.

column of spikes, the column would have this appearance because every foot-soldier carried a pike or spear of sorts over his shoulder.

culverins, cannon.

Bourbons, The French royal family of that time.

QUEENS' GARDENS.

John Ruskin, 1819-1900, was the contemporary of

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Carlyle, and the admiration between the two was mutual. Like Carlyle, Ruskin was a great reformer. He disliked the materialism of the Victorian age, and continually pointed out its shortcomings in comparison with other times and other countries. He was also an art critic with a real knowledge of architecture and painting. He held that a pure and noble state of society produced fine art, while a materialistic age could not do so. Thus early Venice produced St. Mark's cathedral and modern England produced factories. This is brought out in *The Stones of Venice*. But Ruskin lectured and wrote on a very wide range of social problems, and, in this selection, we see his views on female education. It is from his book *Sesame and Lilies*.

kingly power, etc. the first part of *Sesame and Lilies* deals with education for men, and he calls it "*Kings' Treasuries*."

Cordelia, Desdemona, etc. Ruskin's criticism is unduly chivalrous. Deeper criticism, such as that of Professor Allardyce Nicoll, might conclude that the errors or weaknesses shown by Cordelia, Desdemona, and Ophelia contribute largely to the tragedy which comes upon the hero in their respective plays.

Pharos, a guide to mariners from afar.

myrrh, a sweet-smelling herb mentioned often in the Bible.

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GREAT MINDS ON UNIVERSITIES.

This is an excerpt from the Rectorial Address which Thomas Carlyle delivered to the students of Edinburgh University on April 2nd, 1866. He had been elected by them to the office of Lord Rector. Carlyle was born in 1795 and died in 1881. He was a great historian, but his greatest work was perhaps his writings on social reform. He poured scorn on the materialism of his age in *Sartor Resartus*. He was against democratic forms of government, and the spirit of *Heroes and Hero-worship* is that men must find their natural leaders and serve them loyally and without question. Carlyle's style is sometimes violent and lawless, though that is not shown in the present selection.

Abelard, a great teacher who made Paris famous as a centre of learning, and attracted students thither from all Europe.

body corporate, an independent institution.

A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Here we have a selection from the works of Charles Darwin, 1809—1882, one the greatest of English writers on scientific research. His theories on the human species were framed as a result of wide travel and observation, in the course of which he studied many foreign countries and primitive tribes. Here we have a few pages from his diary as a traveller.

the ship was beating up, this phrase signifies

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that the ship was making progress by "tacking" against the wind.

major-domo, steward ; caretaker.

Misericordia, mercy ! pity !

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Washington Irving, who lived from 1783 to 1859, was of British parentage though American by birth. He was a most attractive essayist on lighter subjects, and never strayed into the realms of more profound thought. He is always delightful to read, and pleases when a greater mind may fail. He travelled extensively and embodied his experiences in a series of essays, of which the most notable collection is entitled the *Sketch Book*. His efforts at biography and history were not outstanding.

beau ideal, this fine conception : this fine ideal.

Bow bells, a well-known peal of bells in a certain London Church.

gentlemen of the fancy, a slang phrase of the last century, signifying gentlemen with a fancy for sport, or, briefly, sportsmen.

vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages, this, and the succeeding lines, contain a symbolic account of the various different elements which have gone to make up the compound English race.

martins, the martin is a small swallow.

trolling out a stave of a catch, singing a bar from a song.

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MODESTINE.

Robert Louis Stevenson lived from 1850 to 1894, and the pathetic feature of his life was his long courageous fight against consumption, which ultimately caused his untimely death. He spent the latter years of his life in Samoa, for the sake of the genial climate and there he was buried on the lofty peak of the highest mountain, under his self-composed epitaph. His great achievement in the realm of the novel was the pure adventure story, of which *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* are the famous examples known to all English school boys. But he was the most delightful essayist of his day, and his *Travels with a Donkey* is a pleasing record of personal impressions on a wide variety of experiences.

as an ox goeth to the slaughter, i. e. in ignorance of the impending fate. The words are from the Bible.

minuet, a kind of old-fashioned and slow dance step.

deus ex machina, "divine helper from the heavens".

a countryman of the Sabbath, Stevenson, as a Scot, was of a race who observe the Sabbath day most scrupulously.

wimpling, rippling. A Scottish dialect word.

slew, tilt ; inclination.

egg-whisk, a drink made of beaten-up eggs.

sugar-loaf, i. e. a hill shaped like a sugar-loaf ; conical.

auberge, inn.

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IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

This extract is from “*The Industrial Arts of India*” by Sir George Birdwood. In the book the author gives a masterly survey of the arts and handicrafts of India which are practised in the villages and pleads for their encouragement and development.

‘*sleeping top*’, top that spins so quickly that it appears to be still.

fictile art, art of pottery, *i. e.* the art of moulding from earth or clay.

stacks, heaps ; orderly piles.

honorific, conferring honour.

potsherds, broken pieces of earthenware.

like Titian's canvas, like a picture by Titian, a great Italian painter (1477-1567).

frieze, a horizontal band or strip in a wall ornamented with sculpture.

Panathenaic frieze, a representation on a frieze of the Parthenon, of a great procession in connection with the most famous and important of Athenian festivals called the *Panathenaic*.

Pagan, one who is neither Christian, Jew nor Mahomedan.

PATRIOTISM.

Dr. William Ralph Inge was famous as Dean of St. Paul's until recent years, and was unjustly known as “the gloomy Dean.” He passed through Eton and Cambridge, was a Fellow of Cambridge and Master

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at Eton, and delivered the famous Bampton Lectures at Oxford on Christian Mysticism. He will be remembered as one of the most powerful and inquiring minds of his age, especially in the sphere of religious mysticism. The selections given are from his essay on *Patriotism* in *Outspoken Essays*.

Peebles, a small town in the south of Scotland.

out of Nazareth, Nazareth, where Christ was born, was a place looked on with contempt by the alien ruling classes of Palestine.

bête humaine, Fr. "the human animal," *i. e.* "mankind."

McDougall, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh.

Mehrer des Reichs, one who enlarges the State.

dysgenic, weakening.

Immer dey Krieg verschlingt die besten, always does war swallow up the best.

ius gentium, law of nations.

enclave, piece of land within definite boundaries.

Cæsarism, dictatorship.

Fabian society, a Socialistic society in England.

Ethnological, connected with the scientific study of race, or different human types.

Nietzsche, a German philosopher who advocated the creed that "Might is Right."

malgré lui, Fr. "in spite of himself."

NOTES

THE PLACE OF LITERATURE.

This extract forms one of the twelve lectures delivered by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch at Cambridge. The lectures were later published in book form under the title "*The Art of Writing*." Sir Arthur, popularly known as "Q" is Professor of English literature at Cambridge, and a versatile man of letters. He has written novels, short stories, essays and critical studies.

Boethius, a Roman philosopher and statesman who was imprisoned and put to death for boldly maintaining justice. In his captivity he wrote *De Consolatione Philosophia*.

Aristotle, a great philosopher of ancient Greece, and the most renowned of Plato's pupils.

Abelard, Pierre, a French scholar who lectured in Paris and afterwards became the head of an abbey in Brittany.

Schoolmen, theologians of the Middle Ages, so called because they usually taught in the schools and universities of their time.

Bede, a famous English monk and historian known as St. Bede the Venerable (673-735 A. D.)

Cuthbert, a famous English monk of the 7th century who became a hermit and was made Bishop of Lindisfarne.

Northumbria, an ancient Anglo-Saxon kingdom in the Northern part of England.

Alcuin, a celebrated English scholar; an educator, and ecclesiastical reformer who died A. D. 804. Friend

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and adviser of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, a great French king of the 8th century (742-814 A. D.)

Plato, an ancient Greek philosopher.

Remigius, *William of Champeaux*, *Abelard etc.*, famous scholars of the Middle Ages.

Hellas, ancient Greece.

The Fairie Queene, a poem by the 16th century English poet Edmund Spenser.

Fuller, a 17th century English author and clergyman.

Toulouse, a town in France.

Cecil Rhodes, an English statesman of the 19th century after whom the colony of Rhodesia, which he developed, is named.

Biretta, square cap worn by a Roman Catholic clergyman.

A SOCIAL REFORMER.

This extract is from Gissing's '*Charles Dickens*,' a critical study of the great novelist. George Gissing (1857-1903) was himself a novelist of a high order, and a miscellaneous writer.

an Englishman of noble birth, i.e., Lord Ashley.

Newgate, a prison in London where executions took place.

Hogarth, an English painter and engraver (A. D. 1697-1764).

