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SELECTED ESSAYS
OF
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICAL NOTES,

BY

H. G. RAWLINSON, M.A.

INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

NEW IMPRESSION

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PRFFACE.

MOST books of selections contain passages from Froude, generally excerpts from his picturesque descriptions of famous scenes of Elizabethan History. His more thoughtful essays are less known. Yet they are eminently suitable for study, not only on account of their breadth of thought and varied allusions, but because the style, terse, vigorous, and simple, is admirable in every way as a model. For this reason the following volume is offered to the public. The essays are (except for one trifling omission) intact. The notes are designed to elucidate interesting historical and literary references ; but they do not profess to give matter which the student can find in any elementary text-book, or to save him the trouble of thinking for himself. The editor is indebted throughout to Mr. Herbert Paul's admirable *Life of Froude* (1905). The text is that of Messrs. Longmans (1903 Edition).

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INTRODUCTION.

LIFE OF FROUDE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, youngest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes in Devonshire, was born on April the 23rd, 1818. His father was a country parson of the old type which Froude delights to describe in his *Essays*, a sound scholar, a good sportsman and a convinced Protestant. He was the youngest of three brothers. All three were educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, though James Anthony, owing to ill-health, was unable to stand public-school life for very long, and spent the last five years before going to the University at home. It was here that he acquired the love of country life and pastimes, notably fishing, which never forsook him: here, too, he learned to admire the deeds of his Devonian compatriots, the stout seamen of Bideford, whose gallant actions fill so many glowing pages of his writings. William Froude, his next brother, also had the same practical turn of mind and the same love of the sea. He became a distinguished naval architect, and after a long and honourable career, died at the Cape in 1879.

Hurrell Froude, the eldest, and perhaps, had he lived, the most brilliant of the trio, had gone up to Oriel in 1820. Here he had won a Fellowship, and had fallen under the influence of J. H. Newman, who was also a Fellow of Oriel. At that time the Anglo-Catholic movement was beginning in Oxford, and Newman and Hurrell Froude became its leaders. It has often been held that the movement originated with the voyage which the two made in the Mediterranean in

1832.' Hurrell wrote Nos. 9, and 36 of the famous *Tracts for the Times*. He died, however, in 1836, a few months before his younger brother came into residence. James Anthony's career at Oriel was fairly distinguished. He only took a second class in the Schools; but he won the Chancellor's Prize for an English Essay, and in 1842 a Fellowship at Exeter. He was for a time an ardent disciple of the Tractarian leaders, Newman, Keble, and Pusey, and took Deacon's Orders in 1845. The year previous, he had contributed a *Life of St Neot*, to Newman's *Lives of the English Saints*. Disaster, however, began to overtake the Tractarian movement. In the University and in the Church, it aroused a storm of protest among the Protestants. Newman, after three years of hesitation, seceded to Rome in 1845. This was a heavy blow to his cause. Some followed his example; others, like Froude, were profoundly disturbed and perplexed. There was, indeed, very little of the mystic in Froude's temperament, and when the influence of Newman's personality was removed, he drifted for a time into an attitude of almost complete religious scepticism and despair. His changed position was foreshadowed in *Shadows of the Clouds* (1847); but it was not till the publication, two years later, of *The Nemesis of Faith*, that the storm burst. This book aroused a torrent of indignation in orthodox circles. Froude was driven out of his Fellowship; he lost a valuable Colonial appointment which he was on the eve of accepting; even his father closed his door to him and disowned him. Froude had sacrificed his prospects to his convictions, and was for the time penniless. Fortunately, he found a true friend in a fellow-Devonian, Charles Kingsley. Kingsley and Froude had much in common. Both were fervent admirers of the Elizabethan period, and particularly of the nautical exploits of that great age. Both became strongly Protestant in

their views ; and Kingsley, who, with F. L. Maurice and others, was actively engaged in establishing the Broad Church school of thought, strongly objected to the persecution which Froude had suffered on account of honest religious difficulties. Froude stayed for a time with Kingsley at Ilfracombe, and there his ideas had time for readjustment. He became a Protestant of a distinctly broad, if not dangerously Modernist type, with strongly antagonistic views on Catholicism (though he never lost his love and admiration for the saintly and brilliant leader of his early days) ; and he began in earnest the study of the period which he was destined to make his own. His bitterness of feeling towards his old University remained till forty years later (when the authorities made a handsome, if tardy reparation), and appears more than once in his writings.

In 1850 Froude married Miss Grenfell, Kingsley's sister-in-law, and settled down in a cottage at Plas Gwynant, at the foot of Snowdon, to make a living by literature. His vivid and picturesque style soon obtained him a hearing, though his warning to the students of St Andrews, many years later, on the uncertainties of a literary career, recalls vividly his early struggles. He became a regular contributor to the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine*, in which journals many of the Essays afterwards embodied in *Short Studies on Great Subjects* first appeared. In 1856, appeared the first two volumes of his greatest work, *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*. Froude's reputation was now established, and in 1860, on the death of his wife, he removed to London, and became the editor of *Fraser's*. He had already made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle, who was then at the height of his reputation. Thomas Carlyle had a great influence upon Froude's conception of History, which he had pronounced, in his *Heroes and Hero-*

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Worship, to be, "little more than the biographies of Great Men". Froude does for the Tudor Period what Carlyle does for the Puritans. His *History* is a magnificent portrait gallery,—a great drama, as he considered that all histories should be. And if he overpraises his favourite heroes,—Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell and Elizabeth,—we should at least remember that he is just enough to spare a great deal of pity for the vanquished. : *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*, and who can ever forget the matchless pictures of the death of Sir Thomas More or Mary Stuart, the coronation of Anne Boleyn, or the crowning tragedy of the Armada?

In 1867 appeared the first two volumes of *Short Studies*, containing papers on a variety of subjects, the bulk, perhaps, relating to theological problems, particularly the controversy between Protestantism and Catholicism. The two Essays on *History* are of special importance and interest. In 1868 Froude received the first public recognition of his work. He was elected Rector of St Andrews University, and on this occasion delivered the inaugural address on *Education* contained in this volume. In 1870 appeared the last of the twelve volumes of the *History*.

Froude was one of the pioneers of British Imperialism. Like Kingsley and Tennyson, he recognized that the future destinies of England lay in her colonies, at a time when both political parties looked upon them with indifference, if not impatience, and were willing, at the slightest excuse, to sever the tie. Volume II. of the *Short Studies* contains some vigorous denunciations of the fatal apathy of our Colonial policy. In 1874, however, a step was made in the right direction when Lord Carnarvon sent him on a mission to South Africa. His *Two Lectures on South Africa* (1880) and *Leaves from a South African Journal* record some of his experiences. Though the mission was not a complete success, Froude did

unquestionably confer immense benefits upon the Colonies by arousing Englishmen to a sense of their responsibilities. Later on, he visited the West Indies and Australia, recording his impressions in *Oceana* (1886), and *The English in the West Indies* (1888).

Froude had in the interval been busy with literary work of the most varied kind. Like other English authors, he had visited the United States in 1872, and lectured there. His attitude towards the Irish question, which also appears in his *English in Ireland* (3 vols., 1874), excited, however, some opposition. Froude is, of course, strongly anti-Catholic. He defends the Protestant government at all costs, and recommends, as a panacea for the economic difficulties of the country, emigration,—to the Colonies, and not to the United States. In 1879, he wrote a life of Cæsar, which he considered one of the best of his works. This is, however, far from being the case, as its numerous inaccuracies rob it of its value.

In 1881, Carlyle died, leaving Froude as his literary executor. Froude proceeded to publish Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, Mrs Carlyle's *Letters and Memorials*, and two books, each in two volumes, on the first forty years of Carlyle's life, and on his life in London (1881-1883). The revelations supposed to be contained in these publications aroused a great outcry, and Froude was accused of betraying his trust. A bitter controversy was started, and Froude was answered by Mr Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton-Browne. It is impossible to help feeling that though Froude showed some indiscretion in his revelations, they were not of a character to call forth the acrimony displayed. Froude continued to publish voluminously till 1892, when he received, on the death of his old opponent Freeman, the long-coveted post of Regius Professor of History at Oxford. Here he gave a series of lectures, written with unabated fire and vigour, on *The Life and Letters of Erasmus*, *The Council of*

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Trent, and *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*. These were all published after his death, which occurred in his beloved Devonshire, in October, 1894. The last is a noble book, and the greatest of his shorter works.

Froude will not, perhaps, be reckoned by future generations as a great historian. He was too voluminous a writer to be really accurate: his published works number over forty volumes on the most diverse subjects. His range of reading was immense, but even on subjects with which he was really conversant, his very strongly preconceived opinions were apt to bias his views. His *Short Study of Thomas à Becket*, brilliant as a piece of writing, was mercilessly dissected, from the historical point of view, by Freeman. It was this inaccuracy of detail which marred *Cæsar*, *Oceana*, and probably his works on Carlyle. But as a literary man who takes History for his theme, Froude ranks with Gibbon and Macaulay,—perhaps above the latter. As a stylist he is always great, and often astonishingly brilliant. Few books have ever been written in more weighty, vigorous English than his *Short Studies*. “The excellence of his form,” says a recent critic,¹ “is matched by the beauty of his style, for Froude was a master of English prose. The most notable characteristic of his style is its graceful simplicity; it is never affected or laboured; his sentences are short and easy, and follow one another naturally. He is always lucid. He was never in doubt as to his own meaning and never at a loss for the most appropriate words in which to express it. Simple as his language is, it is dignified and worthy of its subject. Nowhere perhaps does his style appear to more advantage than in his series of Essays entitled *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.”

¹ Dr William Hunt, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

*(A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution,
February 5, 1864.)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have undertaken to speak to you this evening on what is called the Science of History. I fear it is a dry subject; and there seems, indeed, something incongruous in the very connection of such words as Science and History. It is as if we were to talk of the colour of sound, or the longitude of the rule-of-three. Where it is so difficult to make out the truth on the commonest disputed fact in matters passing under our very eyes, how can we talk of a science in things long past, which come to us only through books? It often seems to me as if History was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose.

I will try to make the thing intelligible, and I will try not to weary you; but I am doubtful of my success either way. First, however, I wish to say a word or two about the eminent person whose name is connected with this way of looking at History, and whose premature death struck us all with such a sudden sorrow. Many of you, perhaps, recollect Mr Buckle as he stood not so long ago in this place. He spoke far more than an hour without a note—never repeating himself, never wasting words; laying out his matter as easily and as pleasantly as if he had been

talking to us at his own fireside. We might think what we pleased of Mr Buckle's views, but it was plain enough that he was a man of uncommon power; and he had qualities also—qualities to which he, perhaps, himself attached little value, as rare as they were admirable.

Most of us, when we have hit on something which we are pleased to think important and original, feel as if we should burst with it. We come out into the book-market with our wares in hand, and ask for thanks and recognition. Mr Buckle, at an early age, conceived the thought which made him famous, but he took the measure of his abilities. He knew that whenever he pleased he could command personal distinction, but he cared more for his subject than for himself. He was contented to work with patient reticence, unknown and unheard of, for twenty years; and then, at middle life, he produced a work which was translated at once into French and German, and, of all places in the world, fluttered the dovescotes of the Imperial Academy at St Petersburg.

Goethe says somewhere, that as soon as a man has done anything remarkable, there seems to be a general conspiracy to prevent him from doing it again. He is feasted, fêted, caressed: his time is stolen from him by breakfasts, dinners, societies, idle businesses of a thousand kinds. Mr Buckle had his share of all this; but there are also more dangerous enemies that wait upon success like his. He had scarcely won for himself the place which he deserved, than his health was found shattered by his labours. He had but time to show us how large a man he was—time just to sketch the outlines of his philosophy, and he passed away as suddenly as he appeared. He went abroad to recover strength for his work, but his work was done with and over. He died of a fever at Damascus, vexed only that he was compelled to leave it uncompleted. Almost his last conscious words

were, 'My book, my book! I shall never finish my book!' He went away as he had lived, nobly careless of himself, and thinking only of the thing which he had undertaken to do.

But his labour had not been thrown away. Disagree with him as we might, the effect which he had already produced was unmistakable, and it is not likely to pass away. What he said was not essentially new. Some such interpretation of human things is as early as the beginning of thought. But Mr Buckle, on the one hand, had the art which belongs to men of genius; he could present his opinions with peculiar distinctness; and, on the other hand, there is much in the mode of speculation at present current among us for which those opinions have an unusual fascination. They do not please us, but they excite and irritate us. We are angry with them; and we betray, in being so, an uneasy misgiving that there may be more truth in those opinions than we like to allow.

Mr Buckle's general theory was something of this kind: When human creatures began first to look about them in the world they lived in, there seemed to be no order in anything. Days and nights were not the same length. The air was sometimes hot and sometimes cold. Some of the stars rose and set like the sun; some were almost motionless in the sky; some described circles round a central star above the north horizon. The planets went on principles of their own; and in the elements there seemed nothing but caprice. Sun and moon would at times go out in eclipse. Sometimes the earth itself would shake under men's feet; and they could only suppose that earth and air and sky and water were inhabited and managed by creatures as wayward as themselves.

Time went on, and the disorder began to arrange itself. Certain influences seemed beneficent to men, others malignant and destructive, and the world was supposed to be animated by good spirits and evil

spirits, who were continually fighting against each other, in outward nature and in human creatures themselves. Finally, as men observed more and imagined less, these interpretations gave way also. Phenomena the most opposite in effect were seen to be the result of the same natural law. The fire did not burn the house down if the owners of it were careful, but remained on the hearth and boiled the pot; nor did it seem more inclined to burn a bad man's house down than a good man's, provided the badness did not take the form of negligence. The phenomena of nature were found for the most part to proceed in an orderly, regular way, and their variations to be such as could be counted upon. From observing the order of things, the step was easy to cause and effect. An eclipse, instead of being a sign of the anger of Heaven, was found to be the necessary and innocent result of the relative position of sun, moon, and earth. The comets became bodies in space, unrelated to the beings who had imagined that all creation was watching them and their doings. By degrees, caprice, volition, all symptoms of arbitrary action, disappeared out of the universe; and almost every phenomenon in earth or heaven was found attributable to some law, either understood or perceived to exist. Thus nature was reclaimed from the imagination. The first fantastic conception of things gave way before the moral; the moral in turn gave way before the natural, and at last there was left but one small tract of jungle where the theory of law had failed to penetrate—the doings and characters of human creatures themselves.

There, and only there, amidst the conflicts of reason and emotion, conscience and desire, spiritual forces were still conceived to exist. Cause and effect were not traceable when there was a free volition to disturb the connection. In all other things, from a given set of conditions, the consequences necessarily

followed. With man, the word law changed its meaning; and instead of a fixed order, which he could not choose but follow, it became a moral precept, which he might disobey if he dared.

This it was which Mr Buckle disbelieved. The economy which prevailed throughout nature, he thought it very unlikely should admit of this exception. He considered that human beings acted necessarily from the impulse of outward circumstances upon their mental and bodily condition at any given moment. Every man, he said, acted from a motive; and his conduct was determined by the motive which affected him most powerfully. Every man naturally desires what he supposes to be good for him; but to do well, he must know well. He will eat poison, so long as he does not know that it is poison. Let him see that it will kill him, and he will not touch it. The question is not of moral right and wrong. Once let him be thoroughly made to feel that the thing is destructive, and he will leave it alone by the law of his nature. His virtues are the result of knowledge; his faults, the necessary consequence of the want of it. A boy desires to draw. He knows nothing about it; he draws men like trees or houses, with their centre of gravity anywhere. He makes mistakes, because he knows no better. We do not blame him. Till he is better taught he cannot help it. But his instruction begins. He arrives at straight lines; then at solids; then at curves. He learns perspective, and light and shade. He observes more accurately the forms which he wishes to represent. He perceives effects, and he perceives the means by which they are produced. He has learned what to do; and, in part, he has learned how to do it; his after-progress will depend on the amount of force which his nature possesses. But all this is as natural as the growth of an acorn. You do not preach to the acorn that it is its duty to

become a large tree; you do not preach to the art-pupil that it is his duty to become a Holbein. You plant your acorn in favourable soil, where it can have light and air, and be sheltered from the wind; you remove the superfluous branches, you train the strength into the leading shoots. The acorn will then become as fine a tree as it has vital force to become. The difference between men and other things is only in the largeness and variety of man's capacities; and in this special capacity, that he alone has the power of observing the circumstances favourable to his own growth, and can apply them for himself. Yet, again, with this condition—that he is not, as is commonly supposed, free to choose whether he will make use of these appliances or not. When he knows what is good for him, he will choose it; and he will judge what is good for him by the circumstances which have made him what he is.

And what he would do, Mr Buckle supposed that he always had done. His history had been a natural growth as much as the growth of the acorn. His improvement had followed the progress of his knowledge; and, by a comparison of his outward circumstances with the condition of his mind, his whole proceedings on this planet, his creeds and constitutions, his good deeds and his bad, his arts and his sciences, his empires and his revolutions, would be found all to arrange themselves into clear relations of cause and effect.

If, when Mr Buckle pressed his conclusions, we objected the difficulty of finding what the truth about past times really was, he would admit it candidly as far as concerned individuals; but there was not the same difficulty, he said, with masses of men. We might disagree about the characters of Julius or Tiberius Cæsar, but we could know well enough the Romans of the Empire. We had their

literature to tell us how they thought ; we had their laws to tell us how they governed ; we had the broad face of the world, the huge mountainous outline of their general doings upon it, to tell us how they acted. He believed it was all reducible to laws, and could be made as intelligible as the growth of the chalk, cliffs or the coal measures.

And thus consistently Mr Buckle cared little for individuals. He did not believe (as some one has said) that the history of mankind is the history of its great men. Great men with him were but larger atoms, obeying the same impulses with the rest, only perhaps a trifle more erratic. With them or without them, the course of things would have been much the same.

As an illustration of the truth of his view, he would point to the new science of Political Economy. Here already was a large area of human activity in which natural laws were found to act unerringly. Men had gone on for centuries trying to regulate trade on moral principles. They had endeavoured to fix wages according to some imaginary rule of fairness ; to fix prices by what they considered things ought to cost. They encouraged one trade or discouraged another, for moral reasons. They might as well have tried to work a steam engine or moral reasons. The great statesmen whose names were connected with these enterprises might have as well legislated that water should run uphill. There were natural laws fixed in the conditions of things : and to contend against them was the old battle of the Titans against the gods.

As it was with political economy, so it was with all other forms of human activity ; and as the true laws of political economy explained the troubles which people fell into in old times, because they were ignorant of them, so the true laws of human nature, as soon as we knew them, would explain their mis-

takes in more serious matters, and enable us to manage better for the future. Geographical position, climate, air, soil, and the like, had their several influences. The northern nations are hardy and industrious, because they must till the earth if they would eat the fruits of it, and because the temperature is too low to make an idle life enjoyable. In the south, the soil is more productive, while less food is wanted and fewer clothes; and in the exquisite air, exertion is not needed to make the sense of existence delightful. Therefore, in the south we find men lazy and indolent.

True, there are difficulties in these views; the home of the languid Italian was the home also of the sternest race of whom the story of mankind retains a record. And again, when we are told that the Spaniards are superstitious, because Spain is a country of earthquakes, we remember Japan, the spot in all the world where earthquakes are most frequent, and where at the same time there is the most serene disbelief in any supernatural agency whatsoever.

Moreover, if men grow into what they are by natural laws, they cannot help being what they are, and if they cannot help being what they are, a good deal will have to be altered in our general view of human obligations and responsibilities.

That, however, in these theories there is a great deal of truth is quite certain; were there but a hope that those who maintain them would be contented with this admission. A man born in a Mahometan country grows up a Mahometan; in a Catholic country, a Catholic; in a Protestant country, a Protestant. His opinions are like his language; he learns to think as he learns to speak; and it is absurd to suppose him responsible for being what nature makes him. We take pains to educate children. There is a good education and a bad education; there are rules well ascertained by which characters

are influenced, and, clearly enough, it is no mere matter for a boy's free will whether he turns out well or ill. We try to train him into good habits; we keep him out of the way of temptations; we see that he is well taught; we mix kindness and strictness; we surround him with every good influence we can command. These are what are termed the advantages of a good education: and if we fail to provide those under our care with it, and if they go wrong, in consequence, the responsibility we feel to be as much ours as theirs. This is at once an admission of the power over us of outward circumstances.

In the same way, we allow for the strength of temptations, and the like.

In general, it is perfectly obvious that men do necessarily absorb, out of the influences in which they grow up, something which gives a complexion to their whole after-character.

When historians have to relate great social or speculative changes, the overthrow of a monarchy or the establishment of a creed, they do but half their duty if they merely relate the events. In an account, for instance, of the rise of Mahometanism, it is not enough to describe the character of the Prophet, the ends which he set before him, the means which he made use of, and the effect which he produced; the historian must show what there was in the condition of the Eastern races which enabled Mahomet to act upon them so powerfully; their existing beliefs, their existing moral and political condition.

In our estimate of the past, and in our calculations of the future—in the judgments which we pass upon one another, we measure responsibility, not by the thing done, but by the opportunities which people have had of knowing better or worse. In the efforts which we make to keep our children from bad associations or friends we admit that external circumstances have a powerful effect in making men what they are.

But are circumstances everything? That is the whole question. A science of history, if it is more than a misleading name, implies that the relation between cause and effect holds in human things as completely as in all others, that the origin of human actions is not to be looked for in mysterious properties of the mind, but in influences which are palpable and ponderable.

When natural causes are liable to be set aside and neutralized by what is called volition, the word Science is out of place. If it is free to a man to choose what he will do or not do, there is no adequate science of him. If there is a science of him, there is no free choice, and the praise or blame with which we regard one another are impertinent and out of place.

I am trespassing upon these ethical grounds because, unless I do, the subject cannot be made intelligible. Mankind are but an aggregate of individuals—History is but the record of individual action; and what is true of the part, is true of the whole.

We feel keenly about such things, and when the logic becomes perplexing, we are apt to grow rhetorical and passionate. But rhetoric is only misleading. Whatever the truth may be, it is best that we should know it; and for truth of any kind we should keep our heads and hearts as cool as we can.

I will say at once, that if we had the whole case before us—if we were taken, like Leibnitz's Tarquin, into the council-chamber of nature, and were shown what we really were, where we came from, and where we were going, however unpleasant it might be for some of us to find ourselves, like Tarquin, made into villains, from the subtle necessities of 'the best of all possible worlds;' nevertheless, some such theory as Mr Buckle's might possibly turn out to be true. Likely enough, there is some great 'equation of the universe' where the value of the unknown quantities

can be determined. But we must treat things in relation to our own powers and positions; and the question is, whether the sweep of those vast curves can be measured by the intellect of creatures of a day like ourselves.

The 'Faust' of Goethe, tired of the barren round of earthly knowledge, calls magic to his aid. He desires, first, to see the spirit of the Macrocosmos, but his heart fails him before he ventures that tremendous experiment, and he summons before him, instead, the spirit of his own race. There he feels himself at home. The stream of life and the storm of action, the everlasting ocean of existence, the web and the woof, and the roaring loom of time—he gazes upon them all, and in passionate exultation claims fellowship with the awful thing before him. But the majestic vision fades, and a voice comes to him—'Thou art fellow with the spirits which thy mind can grasp—not with me.'

Had Mr Buckle tried to follow his principles into detail, it might have fared no better with him than with 'Faust.'

What are the conditions of a science? and when may any subject be said to enter the scientific stage? I suppose when the facts of it begin to resolve themselves into groups; when phenomena are no longer isolated experiences, but appear in connection and order; when, after certain antecedents, certain consequences are uniformly seen to follow; when facts enough have been collected to furnish a basis for conjectural explanation, and when conjectures have so far ceased to be utterly vague, that it is possible in some degree to foresee the future by the help of them.

Till a subject has advanced as far as this, to speak of a science of it is an abuse of language. It is not enough to say that there must be a science of human things, because there is a science of all other things.

This is like saying the planets must be inhabited, because the only planet of which we have any experience is inhabited. It may or may not be true, but it is not a practical question ; it does not affect the practical treatment of the matter in hand.

Let us look at the history of Astronomy.

So long as sun, moon, and planets were supposed to be gods or angels ; so long as the sword of Orion was not a metaphor, but a fact, and the groups of stars which inlaid the floor of heaven were the glittering trophies of the loves and wars of the Pantheon, so long there was no science of Astronomy. There was fancy, imagination, poetry, perhaps reverence, but no science. As soon, however, as it was observed that the stars retained their relative places—that the times of their rising and setting varied with the seasons—that sun, moon, and planets moved among them in a plane, and the belt of the Zodiac was marked out and divided, then a new order of things began. Traces of the earlier stage remained in the names of the signs and constellations, just as the Scandinavian mythology survives now in the names of the days of the week : but for all that, the understanding was now at work on the thing ; Science had begun, and the first triumph of it was the power of foretelling the future. Eclipses were perceived to recur in cycles of nineteen years, and philosophers were able to say when an eclipse was to be looked for. The periods of the planets were determined. Theories were invented to account for their eccentricities ; and, false as those theories might be, the position of the planets could be calculated with moderate certainty by them. The very first result of the science, in its most imperfect stage, was a power of foresight ; and this was possible before any one true astronomical law had been discovered.

We should not therefore question the possibility of a science of history, because the explanations of its phenomena were rudimentary or imperfect : that they

might be, and might long continue to be, and yet enough might be done to show that there was such a thing, and that it was not entirely without use. But how was it that in those rude days, with small knowledge of mathematics, and with no better instruments than flat wails and dial plates, the first astronomers made progress so considerable? Because, I suppose, the phenomena which they were observing recurred, for the most part, within moderate intervals; so that they could collect large experience within the compass of their natural lives; because days and months and years were measurable periods, and within them the more simple phenomena perpetually repeated themselves.

But how would it have been if, instead of turning on its axis once in twenty-four hours, the earth had taken a year about it; if the year had been nearly four hundred years; if man's life had been no longer than it is, and for the initial steps of astronomy there had been nothing to depend upon except observations recorded in history? How many ages would have passed, had this been our condition, before it would have occurred to any one, that, in what they saw night after night, there was any kind of order at all?

We can see to some extent how it would have been, by the present state of those parts of the science which in fact depend on remote recorded observations. The movements of the comets are still extremely uncertain. The times of their return can be calculated only with the greatest vagueness.

And yet such a hypothesis as I have suggested would but inadequately express the position in which we are in fact placed towards history. There the phenomena never repeat themselves. There we are dependent wholly on the record of things said to have happened once, but which never happen or can happen a second time. There no experiment is possible; we can watch for no recurring fact to test the

worth of our conjectures. It has been suggested, fancifully, that if we consider the universe to be infinite, time is the same as eternity, and the past is perpetually present. Light takes nine years to come to us from Sirius; those rays which we may see to-night when we leave this place, left Sirius nine years ago; and could the inhabitants of Sirius see the earth at this moment, they would see the English army in the trenches before Sebastopol; Florence Nightingale watching at Scutari over the wounded at Inkermann; and the peace of England undisturbed by 'Essays and Reviews.'

As the stars recede into distance, so time recedes with them, and there may be, and probably are, stars from which Noah might be seen stepping into the ark, Eve listening to the temptation of the serpent, or that older race, eating the oysters and leaving the shell-heaps behind them, when the Baltic was an open sea.

Could we but compare notes, something might be done; but of this there is no present hope, and without it there will be no science of history. Eclipses, recorded in ancient books, can be verified by calculation, and lost dates can be recovered by them, and we can foresee by the laws which they follow when there will be eclipses again. Will a time ever be when the lost secret of the foundation of Rome can be recovered by historic laws? If not, where is our science? It may be said that this is a particular fact, that we can deal satisfactorily with general phenomena affecting eras and cycles. Well, then, let us take some general phenomenon. Mahometanism, for instance, or Buddhism. Those are large enough. Can you imagine a science which would have¹ *foretold* such

¹ It is objected that Geology is a science: yet that Geology cannot foretell the future changes of the earth's surface. Geology is not a century old, and its periods are measured by millions of years. Yet, if Geology cannot foretell future facts, it enabled Sir Roderick Murchison to foretell the discovery of Australian gold.

movements as those? The state of things out of which they rose is obscure; but suppose it not obscure, can you conceive that, with any amount of historical insight into the old Oriental beliefs, you could have seen that they were about to transform themselves into those particular forms and no other?

It is not enough to say, that, after the fact, you can understand partially how Mahometanism came to be. All historians worth the name have told us something about that. But when we talk of science, we mean something with more ambitious pretences, we mean something which can foresee as well as explain; and, thus looked at, to state the problem is to show its absurdity. As little could the wisest man have foreseen this mighty revolution, as thirty years ago such a thing as Mormonism could have been anticipated in America; as little as it could have been foreseen that table-turning and spirit-rapping would have been an outcome of the scientific culture of England in the nineteenth century.

The greatest of Roman thinkers gazing mournfully at the seething mass of moral putrefaction round him, detected and deigned to notice among its elements a certain detestable superstition, so he called it, rising up amidst the offscouring of the Jews, which was named Christianity. Could Tacitus have looked forward nine centuries to the Rome of Gregory VII., could he have beheld the representative of the majesty of the Cæsars holding the stirrup of the Pontiff of that vile and execrated sect, the spectacle would scarcely have appeared to him the fulfilment of a rational expectation, or an intelligible result of the causes in operation round him. Tacitus, indeed, was born before the science of history; but would M. Comte have seen any more clearly?

Nor is the case much better if we are less hard upon our philosophy; if we content ourselves with the past, and require only a scientific explanation of that.

First, for the facts themselves. They come to us

through the minds of those who recorded them, neither machines nor angels, but fallible creatures, with human passions and prejudices. Tacitus and Thucydides were perhaps the ablest men who ever gave themselves to writing history; the ablest and also the most incapable of conscious falsehood. Yet even now, after all these centuries, the truth of what they relate is called in question. Good reasons can be given to show that neither of them can be confidently trusted. If we doubt with these, whom are we to believe?

Or again, let the facts be granted. To revert to my simile of the box of letters, you have but to select such facts as suit you, you have but to leave alone those which do not suit you, and let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it.

You may have your Hegel's philosophy of history, or you may have your Schlegel's philosophy of history; you may prove from history that the world is governed in detail by a special Providence; you may prove that there is no sign of any moral agent in the universe, except man; you may believe, if you like it, in the old theory of the wisdom of antiquity; you may speak, as was the fashion in the fifteenth century, of 'our fathers, who had more wit and wisdom than we;' or you may talk of 'our barbarian ancestors,' and describe their wars as the scuffling of kites and crows.

You may maintain that the evolution of humanity has been an unbroken progress towards perfection; you may maintain that there has been no progress at all, and that man remains the same poor creature that he ever was; or, lastly, you may say with the author of the 'Contrat Social,' that men were purest and best in primeval simplicity—

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

In all, or any of these views, history will stand your friend. History, in its passive irony, will make no objection. Like Jarno, in Goethe's novel, it will not condescend to argue with you, and will provide you with abundant illustrations of anything which you may wish to believe.

'What is history,' said Napoleon, 'but a fiction agreed upon?' 'My friend,' said Faust to the student, who was growing enthusiastic about the spirit of past ages; 'my friend, the times which are gone are a book with seven seals; and what you call the spirit of past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are reflected.'

One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness; that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that, in the long run, it is well with the good; in the long run, it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets. The theories of M. Comte and his disciples advance us, after all, not a step beyond the trodden and familiar ground. If men are not entirely animals, they are at least half animals, and are subject in this aspect of them to the conditions of animals. So far as those parts of man's doings are concerned, which neither have, nor need have, anything moral about them, so far the laws of him are calculable. There are laws for his digestion, and laws of the means by which his digestive organs are supplied with matter. But pass beyond them, and where are we? In a world where it would be as easy to calculate men's actions by laws like those of positive philosophy as to measure the orbit of Neptune with a foot-rule, or weigh Sirius in a grocer's scale.

And it is not difficult to see why this should be. The first principle on which the theory of a science of history can be plausibly argued, is that all actions whatsoever arise from self-interest. It may be en-

lightened self-interest ; it may be unenlightened ; but it is assumed as an axiom, that every man, in whatever he does, is aiming at something which he considers will promote his happiness. His conduct is not determined by his will ; it is determined by the object of his desire. Adam Smith, in laying the foundations of political economy, expressly eliminates every other motive. He does not say that men never act on other motives ; still less, that they never ought to act on other motives. He asserts merely that, as far as the arts of production are concerned, and of buying and selling, the action of self-interest may be counted upon as uniform. What Adam Smith says of political economy, Mr Buckle would extend over the whole circle of human activity.

Now, that which especially distinguishes a high order of man from a low order of man—that which constitutes human goodness, human greatness, human nobleness—is surely not the degree of enlightenment with which men pursue their own advantage ; but it is self-forgetfulness—it is self-sacrifice—it is the disregard of personal pleasure, personal indulgence, personal advantages remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right.

We are sometimes told that this is but another way of expressing the same thing ; that when a man prefers doing what is right, it is only because to do right gives him a higher satisfaction. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be a difference in the very heart and nature of things. The martyr goes to the stake, the patriot to the scaffold, not with a view to any future reward to themselves, but because it is a glory to fling away their lives for truth and freedom. And so through all phases of existence, to the smallest details of common life, the beautiful character is the unselfish character. Those whom we most love and admire are those to whom the thought of self seems never to occur ; who do simply and with no ulterior aim

—with no thought whether it will be pleasant to themselves or unpleasant—that which is good, and right, and generous.

Is this still selfishness, only more enlightened? I do not think so. The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone—like the bloom from a soiled flower. Surely it is a paradox to speak of the self-interest of a martyr who dies for a cause, the triumph of which he will never enjoy; and the greatest of that great company in all ages would have done what they did, had their personal prospects closed with the grave. Nay, there have been those so zealous for some glorious principle, as to wish themselves blotted out of the book of Heaven if the cause of Heaven could succeed.

And out of this mysterious quality, whatever it be, arise the higher relations of human life, the higher modes of human obligation. Kant, the philosopher, used to say that there were two things which overwhelmed him with awe as he thought of them. One was the star-sown deep of space, without limit and without end; the other was, right and wrong. Right, the sacrifice of self to good; wrong, the sacrifice of good to self;—not graduated objects of desire, to which we are determined by the degrees of our knowledge, but wide asunder as pole and pole, as light and darkness—one, the object of infinite love; the other, the object of infinite detestation and scorn. It is in this marvellous power in men to do wrong (it is an old story, but none the less true for that)—it is in this power to do wrong—wrong or right, as it lies somehow with ourselves to choose—that the impossibility stands of forming scientific calculations of what men will do before the fact, or scientific explanations of what they have done after the fact. If men were consistently selfish, you might analyse their motives; if they were consistently noble, they would express in

their conduct the laws of the highest perfection. But so long as two natures are mixed together, and the strange creature which results from the combination is now under one influence and now under another, so long you will make nothing of him except from the old-fashioned moral—or, if you please, imaginative—point of view.

Even the laws of political economy itself cease to guide us when they touch moral government. So long as labour is a chattel to be bought and sold, so long, like other commodities, it follows the condition of supply and demand. But if, for his misfortune, an employer considers that he stands in human relations towards his workmen; if he believes, rightly or wrongly, that he is responsible for them; that in return for their labour he is bound to see that their children are decently taught, and they and their families decently fed, and clothed, and lodged; that he ought to care for them in sickness and in old age; then political economy will no longer direct him, and the relations between himself and his dependents will have to be arranged on other principles.

So long as he considers only his own material profit, so long supply and demand will settle every difficulty: but the introduction of a new factor spoils the equation.

And it is precisely in this debatable ground of low motives and noble emotions—in the struggle, ever failing, yet ever renewed, to carry truth and justice into the administration of human society; in the establishment of states and in the overthrow of tyrannies; in the rise and fall of creeds; in the world of ideas; in the character and deeds of the great actors in the drama of life; where good and evil fight out their everlasting battle, now ranged in opposite camps, now and more often in the heart, both of them, of each living man—that the true human interest of history resides. The progress of industries, the

growth of material and mechanical civilization, are interesting, but they are not the most interesting. They have their reward in the increase of material comforts; but unless we are mistaken about our nature, they do not highly concern us after all.

Once more not only is there in men this baffling duality of principle, but there is something else in us which still more defies scientific analysis.

Mr Buckle would deliver himself from the eccentricities of this and that individual by a doctrine of averages. Though he cannot tell whether A, B, or C will cut his throat, he may assure himself that one man in every fifty thousand, or thereabout (I forget the exact proportion), will cut his throat, and with this he consoles himself. No doubt it is a comforting discovery. Unfortunately, the average of one generation need not be the average of the next. We may be converted by the Japanese, for all that we know, and the Japanese methods of taking leave of life may become fashionable among us. Nay, did not Novalis suggest that the whole race of men would at last become so disgusted with their impotence, that they would extinguish themselves by a simultaneous act of suicide, and make room for a better order of beings? Anyhow the fountain out of which the race is flowing perpetually charges—no two generations are alike. Whether there is a change in the organization itself, we cannot tell; but this is certain, that as the planet varies with the physical atmosphere which surrounds it, so each new generation varies from the last, because it inhales as its spiritual atmosphere the accumulated experience and knowledge of the whole past of the world. These things form the intellectual air which we breathe as we grow; and in the infinite multiplicity of elements of which that air is now composed, it is for ever matter of conjecture what the minds will be like which expand under its influence.

From the England of Fielding and Richardson to the England of Miss Austen—from the England of Miss Austen to the England of Railways and Free-trade, how vast the change; yet perhaps Sir Charles Grandison would not seem so strange to us now, as one of ourselves will seem to our great-grandchildren. The world moves faster and faster; and the difference will probably be considerably greater.

The temper of each new generation is a continual surprise. The fates delight to contradict our most confident expectations. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors was at an end. Had he lived out the full life of man, he would have seen Europe at the feet of Napoleon. But a few years ago we believed the world had grown too civilized for war, and the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was to be the inauguration of a new era. Battles, bloody as Napoleon's, are now the familiar tale of every day; and the arts which have made greatest progress are the arts of destruction. What next? We may strain our eyes into the future which lies beyond this waning century; but never was conjecture more at fault. It is blank darkness, which even the imagination fails to people.

What then is the use of History? and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past, and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?

First, it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last: not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of History. Another is, that we should draw no horoscopes ; that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved,—but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart, could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tübingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England, could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now.¹

The most reasonable anticipations fail us—antecedents the most opposite mislead us ; because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything—some element which we detect only in its after-operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a meagre outcome. Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquests, teach us no more than this ? Let us approach the subject from another side.

If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention, perhaps, among others, this, that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another ; and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved—something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give.

¹ February, 1864.

It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to say Shakespeare's supreme *truth* lies. He represents real life. His dramas teach as life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as nature does, on right and wrong; but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil—in the unmerited sufferings of innocence—in the disproportion of penalties to desert—in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it; and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding,—knowing well that the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage as ignorant as the child.

Only the highest order of genius can represent nature thus. An inferior artist produces either something entirely immoral, where good and evil are names, and nobility of disposition is supposed to show itself in the absolute disregard of them—or else, if he is a better kind of man, he will force on nature a didactic purpose; he composes what are called moral tales, which may edify the conscience, but only mislead the intellect.

The finest work of this kind produced in modern times is Lessing's play of 'Nathan the Wise.' The object of it is to teach religious toleration. The doctrine is admirable—the mode in which it is enforced is interesting; but it has the fatal fault, that it is not true. Nature does not teach religious toleration by any such direct method; and the result is—no one knew it better than Lessing himself—that the play is not poetry, but only splendid manufacture. Shakespeare is eternal; Lessing's 'Nathan' will pass away with the mode of thought which gave it birth. One is based on fact; the other, on human theory about

fact. The theory seems at first sight to contain the most immediate instruction ; but it is not really so.

Cibber and others, as you know, wanted to alter Shakespeare. The French king, in 'Lear,' was to be got rid of; Cordelia was to marry Edgar, and Lear himself was to be rewarded for his sufferings by a golden old age. They could not bear that Hamlet should suffer for the sins of Claudius. The wicked king was to die, and the wicked mother; and Hamlet and Ophelia were to make a match of it, and live happy ever after. A common novelist would have arranged it thus; and you would have had your comfortable moral that wickedness was fitly punished, and virtue had its due reward, and all would have been well. But Shakespeare would not have it so. Shakespeare knew that crime was not so simple in its consequences, or Providence so paternal. He was contented to take the truth from life; and the effect upon the mind of the most correct theory of what life ought to be, compared to the effect of the life itself, is infinitesimal in comparison.

Again, let us compare the popular historical treatment of remarkable incidents with Shakespeare's treatment of them. Look at 'Macbeth.' You may derive abundant instruction from it—instruction of many kinds. There is a moral lesson of profound interest in the steps by which a noble nature glides to perdition. In more modern fashion you may speculate, if you like, on the political conditions represented there, and the temptation presented in absolute monarchies to unscrupulous ambition; you may say, like Dr Slop, these things could not have happened under a constitutional government; or, again, you may take up your parable against superstition—you may dilate on the frightful consequences of a belief in witches, and reflect on the superior advantages of an age of schools and newspapers. If the bare facts of the story had come down to us from a chronicler,

and an ordinary writer of the nineteenth century had undertaken to relate them, his account, we may depend upon it, would have been put together upon one or other of these principles. Yet, by the side of that unfolding of the secrets of the prison-house of the soul, what lean and shrivelled anatomies the best of such descriptions would seem !

Shakespeare himself, I suppose, could not have given us a theory of what he meant—he gave us the thing itself, on which we might make whatever theories we pleased.

Or again, look at Homer.

The 'Iliad' is from two to three thousand years older than 'Macbeth,' and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lessons save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy ; he never struggles to impress upon us his views about this or that ; you can scarcely tell indeed whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan ; but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the Tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilum ; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles ; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet, through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history, the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the Market-place dealing

out genial justice. Or again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armour as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there ; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.

I am not going into the vexed question whether History or Poetry is the more true. It has been sometimes said that Poetry is the more true, because it can make things more like what our moral sense would prefer they should be. We hear of poetic justice and the like, as if nature and fact were not just enough.

I entirely dissent from that view. So far as poetry attempts to improve on truth in that way, so far it abandons truth, and is false to itself. Even literal facts, exactly as they were, a great poet will prefer whenever he can get them. Shakespeare in the historical plays is studious, wherever possible, to give the very words which he finds to have been used ; and it shows how wisely he was guided in this, that those magnificent speeches of Wolsey are taken exactly, with no more change than the metre makes necessary, from Cavendish's Life. Marlborough read Shakespeare for English history, and read nothing else. The poet only is not bound, when it is inconvenient, to what may be called the accidents of facts. It was enough for Shakespeare to know that Prince Hal in his youth had lived among loose companions, and the tavern in Eastcheap came in to fill out his picture ; although Mrs Quickly and Falstaff, and Poins and Bardolph, were more likely to have been fallen in with by Shakespeare himself at the Mermaid, than to have been comrades of the true Prince Henry. It was enough for Shakespeare to

draw real men, and the situation, whatever it might be, would sit easy on them. In this sense only it is that Poetry is truer than History, that it can make a picture more complete. It may take liberties with time and space, and give the action distinctness by throwing it into more manageable compass.

But it may not alter the real conditions of things, or represent life as other than it is. The greatness of the poet depends on his being true to nature, without insisting that nature should theorize with him, without making her more just, more philosophical, more moral than reality; and, in difficult matters, leaving much to reflection which cannot be explained.

And if this be true of Poetry—if Homer and Shakespeare are what they are, from the absence of everything didactic about them—may we not thus learn something of what History should be, and in what sense it should aspire to teach?

If Poetry must not theorize, much less should the historian theorize, whose obligations to be true to fact are even greater than the poet's. If the drama is grandest when the action is least explicable by laws, because then it best resembles life, then history will be grandest also under the same conditions. 'Macbeth,' were it literally true, would be perfect history; and so far as the historian can approach to that kind of model, so far as he can let his story tell itself in the deeds and words of those who act it out, so far is he most successful. His work is no longer the vapour of his own brain, which a breath will scatter; it is the thing itself, which will have interest for all time. A thousand theories may be formed about it—spiritual theories, Pantheistic theories, cause and effect theories; but each age will have its own philosophy of history, and all these in turn will fail and die. Hegel falls out of date, Schlegel falls out of date, and Corne in good time will fall out of date; the thought about the thing must change as

we change; but the thing itself can never change; and a history is durable or perishable as it contains more or less of the writer's own speculations. The splendid intellect of Gibbon for the most part kept him true to the right course in this; yet the philosophical chapters for which he has been most admired or censured may hereafter be thought the least interesting in his work. The time has been when they would not have been comprehended: the time may come when they will seem commonplace.

It may be said, that in requiring history to be written like a drama, we require an impossibility.

For history to be written with the complete form of a drama, doubtless is impossible; but there are periods, and these the periods, for the most part, of greatest interest to mankind, the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; where mind can be seen matched against mind, and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at their white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them. There are all the elements of drama—drama of the highest order—where the huge forces of the times are as the Grecian destiny, and the power of the man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield to it.

It is Nature's drama—not Shakespeare's—but a drama none the less.

So at least it seems to me. Wherever possible, let us not be told *about* this man or that. Let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, and let us be left to form our own opinions about him. The historian, we are told, must not leave his readers to themselves. He must not only lay the facts before them—he must tell them what he himself thinks about those facts. In my opinion, this is precisely what he ought not to do. Bishop Butler says some-

where, that the best book which could be written would be a book consisting only of premises, from which the readers should draw conclusions for themselves. The highest poetry is the very thing which Butler requires, and the highest history ought to be. We should no more ask for a theory of this or that period of history, than we should ask for a theory of 'Macbeth' or 'Hamlet.' Philosophies of history, sciences of history—all these, there will continue to be; the fashions of them will change, as our habits of thought will change; and each new philosopher will find his chief employment in showing that before him no one understood anything. But the drama of history is imperishable, and the lessons of it will be like what we learn from Homer or Shakespeare—lessons for which we have no words.

The address of history is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good; we learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence, and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world, we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are tuned in a higher and nobler key.

For the rest, and for those large questions which I touched in connection with Mr Buckle, we live in times of disintegration, and none can tell what will be after us. What opinions—what convictions—the infant of to-day will find prevailing on the earth, if he and it live out together to the middle of another century, only a very bold man would undertake to conjecture! 'The time will come,' said Lichtenberg, in scorn at the materializing tendencies of modern thought; 'the time will come when the belief in God will be as the tales with which old women frighten children; when the world will be a machine, the ether a gas, and God will be a force.' Mankind,

if they last long enough on the earth, may develop strange things out of themselves: and the growth of what is called the Positive Philosophy is a curious commentary on Lichtenberg's prophecy. But whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred—be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us—this only we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain—that something, whatever it be, in himself, and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny. There will remain yet

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Falling from us, vanishings—
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized—
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

There will remain

Those first affections—
Those shadowy recollections—
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day—
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing—
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal Silence.

EDUCATION.

*(An Address delivered to the Students at
St Andrew's, March 19, 1869.)*

MY first duty, in the observations which I am about to address to you, is to make my personal acknowledgments on the occasion which has brought me to this place. When we begin our work in this world, we value most the approbation of those older than ourselves. To be regarded favourably by those who have obtained distinction bids us hope that we too, by and by, may come to be distinguished in turn. As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities. Our expectations for the future shrink to modest dimensions. The question with us is no longer what we shall do, but what we have done. We call ourselves to account for the time and talents which we have used or misused, and then it is that the good opinion of those who are coming after us becomes so peculiarly agreeable. If we have been roughly handled by our contemporaries, it flatters our self-conceit to have interested another generation. If we feel that we have before long to pass away, we can dream of a second future for ourselves in the thoughts of those who are about to take their turn upon the stage.

Therefore it is that no recognition of efforts of mine which I have ever received has given me so much pleasure as my election by you as your Rector ;

an honour as spontaneously and generously bestowed by you as it was unlooked for, I may say undreamt of, by me.

Many years ago, when I was first studying the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and, rising out of the grey waters, a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place.'

Gentlemen, that town was St Andrew's, that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back and did 'glorify God' in this place and others to some purpose.

Well, if anybody had told me, when I was reading about this, that I also should one day come to St Andrew's and be called on to address the University, I should have listened with more absolute incredulity than Knox's comrade listened to that prophecy.

Yet, inconceivable as it would then have seemed, the unlikely has become fact. I am addressing the successors of that remote generation of students whom Knox, at the end of his life, 'called round him,' in the yard of this very College, 'and exhorted them,' as James Melville tells us, 'to know God and stand by the good cause, and use their time well.' It will be happy for me if I, too, can read a few words to you out of the same lesson-book; for to make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction

which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists. Duty changes, truth expands, one age cannot teach another either the details of its obligations or the matter of its knowledge, but the principle of obligation is everlasting. The consciousness of duty, whatever its origin, is to the moral nature of man what *life* is in the seed-cells of all organized creatures: the condition of its coherence, the elementary force in virtue of which it grows.

Every one admits this in words. Rather, it has become a cant now-a-days to make a parade of noble intentions. But when we pass beyond the verbal proposition our guides fail us, and we are left in practice to grope our way or guess it as we can. So far as our special occupations go, there is no uncertainty. Are we traders, mechanics, lawyers, doctors?—we know our work. Our duty is to do it as honestly and as well as we can. When we pass to our larger interests, to those which concern us as men—to what Knox meant ‘by knowing God and standing by the good cause’—I suppose there has been rarely a time in the history of the world when intelligent people have held more opposite opinions. The Scots to whom Knox was speaking knew well enough. They had their Bibles as the rule of their lives. They had broken down the tyranny of a contemptible superstition. They were growing up into yeomen, farmers, artisans, traders, scholars, or ministers, each with the business of his life clearly marked out before him. Their duty was to walk uprightly by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to fight with soul and body against the high-born scoundrelism and spiritual sorcery which were combining to make them again into slaves.

I will read you a description of the leaders of the great party in Scotland against whom the Protestants and Knox were contending. I am not going to quote any fierce old Calvinist who will be set down as a

bigot and a liar. My witness is M. Fontenay, brother of the secretary of Mary Stuart, who was residing here on Mary Stuart's business. The persons of whom he was speaking were the so-called Catholic Lords; and the occasion was in a letter to herself:—

'The Sirens,' wrote this M. Fontenay, 'which bewitch the lords of this country are money and power. If I preach to them of their duty to their Sovereign—if I talk to them of honour, of justice, of virtue, of the illustrious actions of their forefathers, and of the example which they should themselves bequeath to their posterity—they think me *a fool*. They can talk of these things themselves—talk as well as the best philosophers in Europe. But, when it comes to action, they are like the Athenians, who knew what was good, but would not do it. The misfortune of Scotland is that the noble lords will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past.'

To free Scotland from the control of an unworthy aristocracy, to bid the dead virtues live again, and plant the eternal rules in the consciences of the people—this, as I understand it, was what Knox was working at, and it was comparatively a simple thing. It was simple, because the difficulty was not to know what to do, but how to do it. It required no special discernment to see into the fitness for government of lords like those described by Fontenay; or to see the difference as a rule of life between the New Testament and a creed that issued in Jesuitism and the massacre of St Bartholomew. The truth was plain as the sun. The thing then wanted was *courage*; courage in common men to risk their persons, to venture the high probability that before the work was done they might have their throats cut, or see their houses burnt over their heads.

Times are changed; we are still surrounded by

temptations, but they no longer appear in the shape of stake and gallows. They come rather as intellectual perplexities, on the largest and gravest questions which concern us as human creatures; perplexities with regard to which self-interest is perpetually tempting us to be false to our real convictions. The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little. Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art. The drawing-master can direct his pupil generally in the principles of art. He can teach him here and there to avoid familiar stumbling-blocks. But the pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. He must spoil a hundred copy-books before the lesson will yield its meaning to him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all. In every accomplishment, every mastery of truth, moral, spiritual, or mechanical,

Necesse est

Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris:

our acquirements must grow into us in marvellous ways—marvellous—as anything connected with man has been, is, and will be.

I have but the doubtful advantage, in speaking to you, of a few more years of life; and even whether years bring wisdom or do not bring it, it is far from certain. The fact of growing older teaches many of us to respect notions which we once believed to be antiquated. Our intellectual joints stiffen, and our fathers' crutches have attractions for us. You must therefore take the remarks that I am going to make at what appears to you their intrinsic value. Stranger as I am to all of you, and in a relation with you which is only transient, I can but offer you some few general conclusions which have forced themselves on me dur-

ing my own experience, in the hope that you may find them not wholly useless. And as it is desirable to give form to remarks which might otherwise be desultory, I will follow the train of thought suggested by our presence at this place and the purpose which brings you here. You stand on the margin of the great world, into which you are about to be plunged, to sink or swim. We will consider the stock-in-trade, the moral and mental furniture, with which you will start upon your journey.

In the first place you are Scots; you come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done. No people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose, if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant or to be the heir of an Indian rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer: we should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, *Noblesse oblige*; all blood is noble here, and a noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here and we in England come, both of us, of our respective races; we inherit honourable traditions and memories; we inherit qualities inherent in our bone and blood, which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors; our fortunes are now linked together for good and evil, never more to be divided; but when we examine our several contributions to the common stock, the account is more in your favour than ours.

More than once you saved English Protestantism; you may have to save it again, for all that I know, at the rate at which our English parsons are now running. You gave us the Stuarts, but you helped us to

get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewdness of head, thorough-going completeness, contempt of compromise, and moral backbone, no set of people were ever started into life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities either of mind and body; but you have them, they are a fine capital to commence business with, and, as I said, *Noblesse oblige*.

So much for what you bring with you into the world. And the other part of your equipment is only second in importance to it: I mean your education. There is no occasion to tell a Scotchman to value education. On this, too, you have set us an example which we are beginning to imitate: I only wish our prejudices and jealousies would allow us to imitate it thoroughly. In the form of your education, whether in the parish school or here at the university, there is little to be desired. It is fair all round to poor and rich alike. You have broken down, or you never permitted to rise, the enormous barrier of expense which makes the highest education in England a privilege of the wealthy. The subject-matter is another thing. Whether the subjects to which, either with you or with us, the precious years of boyhood and youth continue to be given, are the best in themselves; whether they should be altered or added to, and if so, in what direction and to what extent; are questions which all the world is busy with. Education is on everybody's lips. Our own great schools and colleges are in the middle of a revolution, which, like most revolutions, means discontent with what we have, and no clear idea of what we would have. You yourselves cannot here have wholly escaped the infection, or if you have, you will not escape it long.

The causes are not far to seek. On the one hand there is the immense multiplication of the subjects of knowledge, through the progress of science, and the investigation on all sides into the present and past condition of this planet and its inhabitants; on the other, the equally increased range of occupations, among which the working part of mankind are now distributed, and for one or other of which our education is intended to qualify us. It is admitted by every one that we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century. Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literatures of our own and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with.

It may seem presumptuous in a person like myself, unconnected as I have been for many years with any educational body, to obtrude my opinion on these things. Yet outsiders, it is said, sometimes see deeper into a game than those who are engaged in playing it.

In everything that we do or mean to do, the first condition of success is that we understand clearly the result which we desire to produce. The house-builder does not gather together a mass of bricks and timber and mortar, and trust that somehow a house will shape itself out of its materials. Wheels, springs, screws, and dial-plate will not constitute a watch, unless they are shaped and fitted with the proper relations to one another. I have long thought that, to educate successfully, you should first ascertain clearly, with sharp and distinct outline, what you mean by an educated man.

Now our ancestors, whatever their other shortcomings, understood what they meant perfectly well. In

their primary education and in their higher education they knew what they wanted to produce, and they suited their means to their ends. They set out with the principle that every child born in the world should be taught his duty to God and man. The majority of people had to live, as they always must, by bodily labour; therefore every boy was as early as was convenient set to labour. He was not permitted to idle about the streets or lanes. 'He was apprenticed to some honest industry. Either he was sent to a farm, or, if his wits were sharper, he was allotted to the village carpenter, bricklayer, tailor, shoemaker, or whatever it might be. He was instructed in some positive calling by which he could earn his bread and become a profitable member of the commonwealth. Besides this, but not, you will observe, independent of it, you had in Scotland, established by Knox, your parish schools where he was taught to read, and, if he showed special talent that way, he was made a scholar of and trained for the ministry. But neither Knox nor any one in those days thought of what we call enlarging the mind. A boy was taught reading that he might read his Bible and learn to fear God and be ashamed and afraid to do wrong.

An eminent American was once talking to me of the school system in the United States. The boast and glory of it, in his mind, was that every citizen born had a fair and equal start in life. Every one of them knew that he had a chance of becoming President of the Republic, and was spurred to energy by the hope. Here, too, you see, is a distinct object. Young Americans are all educated alike. The aim put before them is to get on. They are like runners in a race, set to push and shoulder for the best places; never to rest contented, but to struggle forward in never-ending competition. It has answered its purpose in a new and unsettled country, where the centre of gravity has not yet determined into its

place ; but I cannot think that such a system as this can be permanent, or that human society, constituted on such a principle, will ultimately be found tolerable. For one thing, the prizes of life so looked at are at best but few and the competitors many.' 'For myself,' said the great Spinoza, 'I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbour's.' At any rate, it was not any such notion as this which Knox had before him when he instituted your parish schools. We had no parish schools in England for centuries after he was gone, but the object was answered by the Church catechizing and the Sunday school. Our boys, like yours, were made to understand that they would have to answer for the use that they made of their lives. And, in both countries, they were put in the way of leading useful lives if they would be honest, by industrial training. The essential thing was, that every one that was willing to work should be enabled to maintain himself and his family in honour and independence.

Pass to the education of a scholar, and you find the same principle otherwise applied. There are two ways of being independent. If you require much, you must produce much. If you produce little, you must require little. Those whose studies added nothing to the material wealth of the world were taught to be content to be poor. They were a burden on others, and the burden was made as light as possible. The thirty thousand students who gathered out of Europe to Paris to listen to Abelard did not travel in carriages, and they brought no portmanteaus with them. They carried their wardrobes on their backs. They walked from Paris to Padua, from Padua to Salamanca, and they begged their way along the roads. The laws against mendi-

cancy in all countries were suspended in favour of scholars wandering in pursuit of knowledge, and formal licenses were issued to them to ask alms. At home, at his college, the scholar's fare was the hardest, his lodging was the barest. If rich in mind, he was expected to be poor in body; and so deeply was this theory grafted into English feeling that earls and dukes, when they began to frequent universities, shared the common simplicity. The furniture of a noble earl's room at an English university at present may cost, including the pictures of opera-dancers and race-horses and such like, perhaps five hundred pounds. When the magnificent Earl of Essex was sent to Cambridge, in Elizabeth's time, his guardians provided him with a deal table covered with green baize, a truckle bed, half-a-dozen chairs, and a wash-hand basin. The cost of all, I think, was five pounds.

You see what was meant. The scholar was held in high honour; but his contributions to the commonwealth were not appreciable in money, and were not rewarded with money. He went without what he could not produce, that he might keep his independence and his self-respect unharmed. Neither scholarship nor science starved under this treatment; more noble souls have been smothered in luxury than were ever killed by hunger. Your Knox was brought up in this way, Buchanan was brought up in this way, Luther was brought up in this way, and Tyn-dal, who translated the Bible, and Milton and Kepler and Spinoza, and your Robert Burns. Compare Burns, bred behind the plough, and our English Byron!

This was the old education, which formed the character of the English and Scotch nations. It is dying away at both extremities, as no longer suited to what is called modern civilization. The apprenticeship as a system of instruction is gone. The discipline

of poverty—not here as yet, I am happy to think, but in England—is gone also; and we have got instead what are called enlarged minds.

I ask a modern march-of-intellect man what education is for; and he tells me it is to make educated men. I ask what an educated man is: he tells me it is a man whose intelligence has been cultivated, who knows something of the world he lives in—the different races of men, their languages, their histories, and the books that they have written; and again, modern science, astronomy, geology, physiology, political economy, mathematics, mechanics—everything in fact which an educated man ought to know.

Education, according to this, means instruction in everything which human beings have done, thought, or discovered; all history, all languages, all sciences.

The demands which intelligent people imagine that they can make on the minds of students in this way are something amazing. I will give you a curious illustration of it. When the competitive examination system was first set on foot, a board of examiners met to draw up their papers of questions. The scale of requirement had first to be settled. Among them a highly distinguished man, who was to examine in English history, announced that, for himself, he meant to set a paper for which Macaulay might possibly get full marks; and he wished the rest of the examiners to imitate him in the other subjects. I saw the paper which he set. I could myself have answered two questions out of a dozen. And it was gravely expected that ordinary young men of twenty-one, who were to be examined also in Greek and Latin, in moral philosophy, in ancient history, in mathematics, and in two modern languages, were to show a proficiency in each and all of these subjects, which a man of mature age and extraordinary talents, like Macaulay, who had devoted his whole time to that special study, had attained only in one of them.

Under this system teaching becomes cramming; an enormous accumulation of propositions of all sorts and kinds is thrust down the students' throats, to be poured out again, I might say vomited out, into examiners' laps; and this when it is notorious that the sole condition of making progress in any branch of art or knowledge is to leave on one side everything irrelevant to it, and to throw your undivided energy on the special thing you have in hand.

Our old Universities are struggling against these absurdities. Yet, when we look at the work which they on their side are doing, it is scarcely more satisfactory. A young man going to Oxford learns the same things which were taught there two centuries ago; but, unlike the old scholars, he learns no lessons of poverty along with it. In his three years' course he will have tasted luxuries unknown to him at home, and contracted habits of self-indulgence which make subsequent hardships unbearable: while his antiquated knowledge, such as it is, has fallen out of the market; there is no demand for him; he is not sustained by the respect of the world, which finds him ignorant of everything in which it is interested. He is called educated; yet, if circumstances throw him on his own resources, he cannot earn a sixpence for himself. An Oxford education fits a man extremely well for the trade of gentleman. I do not know for what other trade it does fit him as at present constituted. More than one man who has taken high honours there, who has learnt faithfully all that the University undertakes to teach him, has been seer in these late years breaking stones upon a road in Australia. That was all which he was found to be fit for when brought in contact with the primary realities of things.

It has become necessary to alter all this; but how and in what direction? If I go into modern model

schools, I find first of all the three P's, about which we are all agreed; I find next the old Latin and Greek, which the schools must keep to while the Universities confine their honours to these; and then, by way of keeping up with the times, 'abridgments,' 'text-books,' 'elements,' or whatever they are called, of a mixed multitude of matters, history, natural history, physiology, chronology, geology, political economy, and I know not what besides; general knowledge which, in my experience, means knowledge of nothing: stuff arranged admirably for one purpose, and one purpose only—to make a show in examinations. To cram a lad's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of facts which he cannot possibly understand, and must remain merely words to him—this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles. It is wonderful what a quantity of things of this kind a quick boy will commit to memory, how smartly he will answer questions, how he will show off in school inspections, and delight the heart of his master. But what has been gained for the boy himself, let him carry this kind of thing as far as he will, if, when he leaves school, he has to make his own living? Lord Brougham once said he hoped a time would come when every man in England would read Bacon. William Cobbett, that you may have heard of, said he would be contented if a time came when every man in England would eat bacon. People talk about enlarging the mind. Some years ago I attended a lecture on education in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. Seven or eight thousand people were present, and among the speakers was one of the most popular orators of the day. He talked in the usual way of the neglect of past generations, the benighted peasant, in whose besotted brain even thought was extinct, and whose sole spiritual instruction was the

dull and dubious parson's sermon. Then came the contrasted picture: the broad river of modern discovery flowing through town and hamlet, science shining as an intellectual sun, and knowledge and justice, as her handmaids, redressing the wrongs and healing the miseries of mankind. Then, rapt with inspired frenzy, the musical voice thrilling with transcendent emotion—"I seem," the orator said, "I seem to hear again the echo of that voice which rolled over the primeval chaos, saying, 'Let there be light.'"

As you may see a breeze of wind pass over standing corn and every stalk bends and a long wave sweeps across the field, so all that listening multitude swayed and wavered under the words. Yet, in plain prose, what did this gentleman definitely mean? First and foremost, a man has to earn his living, and all the 'ologies will not of themselves enable him to earn it. Light! yes, we want light, but it must be light which will help us to work and find food and clothes and lodging for ourselves. A modern school will undoubtedly sharpen the wits of a clever boy. He will go out into the world with the knowledge that there are a great many good things in it which it will be highly pleasant to get hold of; able as yet to do no one thing for which anybody will pay him, yet bent on pushing himself forward into the pleasant places somehow. Some intelligent people think that this is a promising state of mind, that an ardent desire to better our position is the most powerful incentive that we can feel to energy and industry. A great political economist has defended the existence of a luxuriously-living idle class as supplying a motive for exertion to those who are less highly favoured. They are like Olympian gods, condescending to show themselves in their Empyrean, and saying to their worshippers, 'Make money, money enough, and you and your descendants shall become as we are, and

shoot grouse and drink champagne all the days of your lives.'

No doubt this would be a highly influential incitement to activity of a sort ; only it must be remembered that there are many sorts of activity, and short smooth cuts to wealth as well as long hilly roads. In civilized and artificial communities there are many ways, where fools have money and rogues want it, of effecting a change of possession. The process is at once an intellectual pleasure, extremely rapid, and every way more agreeable than dull mechanical labour. I doubt very much indeed whether the honesty of the country has been improved by the substitution so generally of mental education for industrial ; and the three R's, if no industrial training has gone along with them, are apt, as Miss Nightingale observes, to produce a fourth R of rascaldom.

But it is only fair, if I quarrel alike with those who go forward and those who stand still, to offer an opinion of my own. If I call other people's systems absurd, in justice I must give them a system of my own to retort upon. Well, then, to recur once more to my question. Before we begin to build, let us have a plan of the house that we would construct. Before we begin to train a boy's mind, I will try to explain what I, for my part, would desire to see done with it.

I will take the lowest scale first.

I accept without qualification the first principle of our forefathers, that every boy born into the world should be put in the way of maintaining himself in honest independence. No education which does not make this its first aim is worth anything at all. There are but three ways of living, as some one has said ; by working, by begging, or by stealing. Those who do not work, disguise it in whatever pretty language we please, are doing one of the other two. A poor man's child is brought here with no will of his own. We have no right to condemn him to be a mendicant or a

rogue; he may fairly demand therefore to be put in the way of earning his bread by labour. The practical necessities must take precedence of the intellectual. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built. The old apprenticeship therefore was, in my opinion, an excellent system, as the world used to be. The Ten Commandments and a handicraft made a good and wholesome equipment to commence life with. Times are changed. The apprentice plan broke down: partly because it was abused for purposes of tyranny; partly because employers did not care to be burdened with boys whose labour was unprofitable; partly because it opened no road for exceptional clever lads to rise into higher positions; they were started in a groove from which they could never afterwards escape.

Yet the original necessities remain unchanged. The Ten Commandments are as obligatory as ever, and practical ability, the being able to do something and not merely to answer questions, must still be the backbone of the education of every boy who has to earn his bread by manual labour.

Add knowledge afterwards as much as you will, but let it be knowledge which will lead to the doing better each particular work which a boy is practising; every fraction of it will thus be useful to him; and if he has it in him to rise, there is no fear but he will find opportunity. The poet Coleridge once said that every man might have two versions of his Bible; one the book that he read, the other the trade that he pursued, where he would find perpetual illustrations of every Bible truth in the thoughts which his occupation might open to him.

I would say, less fancifully, that every honest occu-

pation to which a man sets his hand would raise him into a philosopher if he mastered all the knowledge that belonged to his craft.

Every occupation, even the meanest—I don't say the scavenger's or the chimney-sweep's—but every productive occupation which adds anything to the capital of mankind, if followed assiduously with a desire to understand everything connected with it, is an ascending stair whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges. Take the lowest and most unskilled labour of all, that of the peasant in the field. The peasant's business is to make the earth grow food; the elementary rules of his art are the simplest, and the rude practice of it the easiest; yet between the worst agriculture and the best lies agricultural chemistry, the application of machinery, the laws of the economy of force, and the most curious problems of physiology. Each step of knowledge gained in these things can be immediately applied and realized. Each point of the science which the labourer masters will make him not only a wiser man but a better workman; and will either lift him, if he is ambitious, to a higher position, or make him more intelligent and more valuable if he remains where he is. If he be one of Lord Brougham's geniases, he need not go to the *Novum Organum*; there is no direction in which his own subject will not lead him, if he cares to follow it, to the furthest boundary of thought. Only I insist on this, that information shall go along with practice, and the man's work become more profitable while he himself becomes wiser. He may then go far, or he may stop short; but whichever he do, what he has gained will be real gain, and become part and parcel of himself.

It sounds like mockery to talk thus of the possible prospects of the toil-worn drudge who drags his limbs at the day's end to his straw pallet, sleeps heavily,

and wakes only to renew the weary round. I am but comparing two systems of education, from each of which the expected results may be equally extravagant. I mean only that if there is to be this voice rolling over chaos again, ushering in a millenium, the way of it lies through industrial teaching, where the practical underlies the intellectual. The millions must ever be condemned to toil with their hands, or the race will cease to exist. The beneficent light, when it comes, will be a light which will make labour more productive by being more scientific; which will make the humblest drudgery not unworthy of a human being, by making it at the same time an exercise to his mind.

I spoke of the field labourer. I might have gone through the catalogue of manual craftsmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, cobblers, fishermen, what you will. The same rule applies to them all. Detached facts on miscellaneous subjects, as they are taught at a modern school, are like separate letters of endless alphabets. You may load the mechanical memory with them till it becomes a marvel of retentiveness. Your young prodigy may amaze examiners, and delight inspectors. His achievements may be emblazoned in blue-books, and furnish matter for flattering reports on the excellence of our educational system; and all this while you have been feeding him with chips of granite. But arrange your letters into words, and each becomes a thought, a symbol waking in the mind an image of a real thing. Group your words into sentences, and thought is married to thought and produces other thoughts, and the chips of granite become soft bread, wholesome, nutritious, and invigorating. Teach your boys subjects which they can only remember mechanically, and you teach them nothing which it is worth their while to know. Teach them facts and principles which they can

apply and use in the work of their lives ; and if the object be to give your clever working lads a chance of rising to become Presidents of the United States, or millionaires with palaces and powdered footmen, the ascent into those blessed conditions will be easier and healthier, along the track of an instructed industry, than by the paths which the most keenly sharpened wits would be apt to choose for themselves.

To pass to the next scale, which more properly concerns us here. As the world requires handicrafts, so it requires those whose work is with the brain, or with the brain and hand combined—doctors, lawyers, engineers, ministers of religion. Bodies become deranged, affairs become deranged, sick souls require their sores to be attended to ; and so arise the learned professions, to one or other of which I presume that most of you whom I am addressing intend to belong. Well, to the education for the professions I would apply the same principle. The student should learn at the University what will enable him to earn his living as soon after he leaves it as possible. I am well aware that a professional education cannot be completed at a University ; but it is true also that with every profession there is a theoretic or scientific groundwork which can be learnt nowhere so well, and, if those precious years are wasted on what is useless, will never be learnt properly at all. You are going to be a lawyer : you must learn Latin, for you cannot understand the laws of Scotland without it ; but if you must learn another language, Norman French will be more useful to you than Greek, and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland more important reading than Livy or Thucydides. Are you to be a doctor?—you must learn Latin too ; but neither Thucydides nor the Acts of Parliament will be of use to you—you must learn chemistry ; and if you intend hereafter to keep on a level with your science,

you must learn modern French and German, and learn them thoroughly well, for mistakes in your work are dangerous.

Are you to be an engineer? You must work now, when you have time, at mathematics. You will make no progress without it. You must work at chemistry; it is the grammar of all physical sciences, and there is hardly one of the physical sciences with which you may not require to be acquainted. The world is wide, and Great Britain is a small crowded island. You may wait long for employment here. Your skill will be welcomed abroad: therefore now also, while you have time, learn French, or German, or Russian, or Chinese. The command of any one of these languages will secure to an English or Scotch engineer instant and unbounded occupation.

The principle that I advocate is of earth, earthy. I am quite aware of it. We are ourselves made of earth; our work is on the earth; and most of us are commonplace people, who are obliged to make the most of our time. History, poetry, logic, moral philosophy, classical literature, are excellent as ornament. If you care for such things, they may be the amusement of your leisure hereafter; but they will not help you to stand on your feet and walk alone; and no one is properly a man till he can do that. You cannot learn everything; the objects of knowledge have multiplied beyond the powers of the strongest mind to keep pace with them all. You must choose among them, and the only reasonable guide to choice in such matters is utility. The old saying, *Non multa sed multum*, becomes every day more pressingly true. If we mean to thrive, we must take one line and rigidly and sternly confine our energies to it. Am I told that it will make men into machines? I answer that no men are machines who are doing good work conscientiously and honestly, with the fear of their Maker before

them. And if a doctor or a lawyer has it in him to become a *great* man, he can ascend through his profession to any height to which his talents are equal. All that is open to the handicraftsman is open to him, only that he starts a great many rounds higher up the ladder.

What I deplore in our present higher education is the devotion of so much effort and so many precious years to subjects which have no practical bearing upon life. We had a theory at Oxford that our system, however defective in many ways, yet developed in us some specially precious human qualities. Classics and philosophy are called there *Litteræ Humaniores*. They are supposed to have an effect on character, and to be specially adapted for creating ministers of religion. The training of clergymen is, if anything, the special object of Oxford teaching. All arrangements are made with a view to it. The heads of colleges, the resident fellows, tutors, professors are, with rare exceptions, ecclesiastics themselves.

Well, then, if they have hold of the right idea, the effect ought to have been considerable. We have had thirty years of unexampled clerical activity among us: churches have been doubled; theological books, magazines, reviews, newspapers have been poured out by the hundreds of thousands; while by the side of it there has sprung up an equally astonishing development of moral dishonesty. From the great houses in the City of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which

at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the colour of the ecclesiastical petticoats.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolical succession, on bishops, and justification, and the theory of good works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never, during these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.

The late Bishop Blomfield used to tell a story of his having been once late in life at the University Church of Cambridge, and of having seen a verger there whom he remembered when he was himself an undergraduate. The Bishop said he was glad to see him looking so well at such a great age. 'O yes, my Lord,' the fellow said, 'I have much to be grateful for. I have heard every sermon which has been preached in this church for fifty years, and, thank God, I am a Christian still.'

Classical philosophy, classical history and literature, taking, as they do, no hold upon the living hearts and imagination of men in this modern age, leave their working intelligence a prey to wild imaginations, and make them incapable of really understanding the world in which they live. If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome, if they had been ever taught to open their eyes and see what is actually round them instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air.

But it was not of this that I came here to speak. What I insist upon is, generally, that in a country like ours, where each child that is born among us finds

every acre of land appropriated, a universal 'Not yours' set upon the rich things with which he is surrounded, and a government which, unlike those of old Greece or modern China, does not permit superfluous babies to be strangled—such a child, I say, since he is required to live, has a right to demand such teaching as shall enable him to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he has brought with him. It is a right which was recognized in one shape or another by our ancestors. It must be recognized now and always, if we are not to become a mutinous rabble. And it ought to be the guiding principle of all education, high and low. We have not to look any longer to this island only. There is an abiding place now for Englishmen and Scots wherever our flag is flying. This narrow Britain, once our only home, has become the breeding-place and nursery of a race which is spreading over the world. Year after year we are swarming as the bees swarm; and year after year, and I hope more and more, high-minded young men of all ranks will prefer free air and free elbow-room for mind and body to the stool and desk of the dingy office, the ill-paid drudgery of the crowded ranks of the professions, or the hopeless labour of our home farmsteads and workshops.

Education always should contemplate this larger sphere, and cultivate the capacities which will command success there. Britain may have yet a future before it grander than its past; instead of a country standing alone, complete in itself, it may become the metropolis of an enormous and coherent empire: but on this condition only, that her children, when they leave her shores, shall look back upon her, not—like the poor Irish when they fly to America—as a step-mother who gave them stones for bread, but as a mother to whose care and nurture they shall owe their after-prosperity. Whether this shall be so,

whether England has reached its highest point of greatness, and will now descend to a second place among the nations, or whether it has yet before it another era of brighter glory, depends on ourselves, and depends more than anything on the breeding which we give to our children. The boy that is kindly nurtured, and wisely taught and assisted to make his way in life, does not forget his father and his mother. He is proud of his family, and jealous for the honour of the name he bears. If the million lads that swarm in our towns and villages are so trained that at home or in the colonies they can provide for themselves, without passing first through a painful interval of suffering, they will be loyal wherever they may be; good citizens at home, and still Englishmen and Scots on the Canadian lakes or in New Zealand. Our island shores will be stretched till they cover half the globe. It was not so that we colonized America, and we are reaping now the reward of our carelessness. We sent America our convicts. We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers, flinging them out as worse than felons. We said to the Irish cottier, You are a burden upon the rates; go find a home elsewhere. Had we offered him a home in the enormous territories that belong to us, we might have sent him to places where he would have been no burden but a blessing. But we bade him carelessly go where he would, and shift as he could for himself; he went with a sense of burning wrong, and he left a festering sore behind him. Injustice and heedlessness have borne their proper fruits. We have raised up against us a mighty empire to be the rival, it may be the successful rival, of our power.

Loyalty, love of kindred, love of country, we know not what we are doing when we trifle with feelings the most precious and beautiful that belong to us—most beautiful, most enduring, most hard to be obliterated—yet feelings which, when they are obliterated—

ated, cannot change to neutrality and cold friendship. Americans still, in spite of themselves, speak of England as home. They tell us they must be our brothers or our enemies, and which of the two they will ultimately be is still uncertain.

I beg your pardon for this digression ; but there are subjects on which we feel sometimes compelled to speak in season and out of it.

To go back.

I shall be asked, whether, after all, this earning our living, this getting on in the world, are not low objects for human beings to set before themselves. Is not spirit more than matter ? Is there no such thing as pure intellectual culture ? 'Philosophy,' says Novalis, 'will bake no bread, but it gives us our souls ; it gives us Heaven ; it gives us knowledge of those grand truths which concern us as immortal beings.' Was it not said, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed ? Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' This is not entirely a dream ! But such high counsels as these are addressed only to few ; and perhaps fewer still have heart to follow them. If you choose the counsels of perfection, count the cost, and understand what they mean. I knew a student once from whose tongue dropped the sublimest of sentiments ; who was never weary of discoursing on beauty and truth and lofty motives ; who seemed to be longing for some gulf to jump into, like the Roman Curtius—some 'fine opening for a young man' into which to plunge and devote himself for the benefit of mankind. Yet he was running all the while into debt, squandering the money on idle luxuries which his father was sparing out of a narrow income to give him a college education ; dreaming of martyrdom, and unable to sacrifice a single pleasure !

The words which I quoted were not spoken to all the disciples, but to the Apostles who were about to wander over the world as barefoot missionaries.

High above all occupations which have their beginning and end in the seventy years of mortal life, stand undoubtedly the unproductive callings which belong to spiritual culture. Only, let not those who say we will devote ourselves to truth, to wisdom, to science, to art, expect to be rewarded with the wages of the other professions.

University education in England was devoted to spiritual culture, and assumed its present character in consequence ; but, as I told you before, it taught originally the accompanying necessary lesson of poverty. The ancient scholar lived, during his course, upon alms — alms either from living patrons, or founders and benefactors. But the scale of his allowance provided for no indulgences ; either he learnt something besides his Latin, or he learnt to endure hardship. And if a University persists in teaching nothing but what it calls the Humanities, it is bound to insist also on rough clothing, hard beds, and common food. For myself, I admire that ancient rule of the Jews that every man, no matter of what grade or calling, shall learn some handicraft ; that the man of intellect, while, like St Paul, he is teaching the world, yet, like St Paul, may be burdensome to no one. A man was not considered entitled to live if he could not keep himself from starving. Surely those University men who had taken honours, breaking stones on an Australian road, were sorry spectacles ; and still more sorry and disgraceful is the outcry coming by every mail from our colonies : ‘ Send us no more of what you call educated men ; send us smiths, masons, carpenters, day labourers ; all of those will thrive, will earn their eight, ten, or twelve shillings a day ; but your educated man is a log on our hands ; he loafs in uselessness till his means are spent, he then turns

billiard-marker, enlists as a soldier, or starves' It hurts no intellect to be able to make a boat or a house or a pair of shoes, or a suit of clothes, or hammer a horse-shoe; and if you can do either of these, you have nothing to fear from fortune. 'I will work with my hands, and keep my brain for myself,' said some one proudly, when it was proposed to him that he should make a profession of literature. Spinoza, the most powerful intellectual worker that Europe has produced during the last two centuries, waving aside the pensions and legacies that were thrust upon him, chose to maintain himself by grinding object-glasses for microscopes and telescopes.

If a son of mine told me that he wished to devote himself to intellectual pursuits, I would act as I should act if he wished to make an imprudent marriage. I would absolutely prohibit him for a time, till the firmness of his purpose had been tried. If he stood the test, and showed real talent, I would insist that he should in some way make himself independent of the profits of intellectual work for subsistence. Scholars and philosophers were originally clergymen. Now-a-days a great many people whose tendencies lie in the clerical direction yet for various reasons shrink from the obligations which the office imposes. They take, therefore, to literature, and attempt and expect to make a profession of it.

Now, without taking a transcendental view of the matter, literature happens to be the only occupation in which the wages are not in proportion to the goodness of the work done. It is not that they are generally small, but the adjustment of them is awry. It is true that in all callings nothing great will be produced if the first object be what you can make by them. To do what you do well should be the first thing, the wages the second; but except in the instances of which I am speaking, the rewards of a man are in proportion to his skill and industry. The best car-

pentar receives the highest pay. The better he works, the better for his prospects. The best lawyer, the best doctor, commands most practice and makes the largest fortune. But with literature, a different element is introduced into the problem. The present rule on which authors are paid is by the page and the sheet; the more words the more pay. It ought to be exactly the reverse. Great poetry, great philosophy, great scientific discovery, every intellectual production which has genius, work, and permanence in it, is the fruit of long thought and patient and painful elaboration. Work of this kind, done hastily, would be better not done at all. When completed, it will be small in bulk; it will address itself for a long time to the few and not to the many. The reward for it will not be measurable, and not obtainable in money except after many generations, when the brain out of which it was spun has long returned to its dust. Only by accident is a work of genius immediately popular, in the sense of being widely bought. No collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was demanded in Shakespeare's life. Milton received five pounds for 'Paradise Lost.' The distilled essence of the thought of Bishop Butler, the greatest prelate that the English Church ever produced, fills a moderate-sized octavo volume; Spinoza's works, including his surviving letters, fill but three; and though they have revolutionized the philosophy of Europe, have no attractions for the multitude. A really great man has to create the taste with which he is to be enjoyed. There are splendid exceptions of merit eagerly recognized and early rewarded—our honoured English Laureate, for instance, Alfred Tennyson, or your own countryman Thomas Carlyle. Yet even Tennyson waited through ten years of depreciation before poems which are now on every one's lips passed into a second edition. Carlyle, whose transcendent powers were welcomed in their infancy by Goethe, who long years ago was

recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men; yet, if success be measured by what has been paid him for his services, stands far below your Belgravian novel-list. A hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them.

If you make literature a trade to live by, you will be tempted always to take your talents to the most profitable market; and the most profitable market will be no assurance to you that you are making a noble or even a worthy use of them. Better a thousand times, if your object is to advance your position in life, that you should choose some other calling of which making money is a legitimate aim, and where your success will vary as the goodness of your work; better for yourselves, for your consciences, for your own souls, as we use to say, and for the world you live in.

Therefore, I say, if any of you choose this mode of spending your existence, choose it deliberately, with a full knowledge of what you are doing. Reconcile yourselves to the condition of the old scholars. Make up your minds to be poor: care only for what is true and right and good. On those conditions you may add something real to the intellectual stock of mankind, and mankind in return may perhaps give you bread enough to live upon, though bread extremely thinly spread with butter.

I have detained you long, but I cannot close without a few more general words. We live in times of change—political change, intellectual change, change of all kinds. You whose minds are active, especially such of you as give yourselves much to speculation, will be drawn inevitably into profoundly interesting yet perplexing questions, of which our fathers and grandfathers knew nothing. Practical men engaged in business take formulas for granted. They cannot

be for ever running to first principles. They hate to see established opinions disturbed. Opinions, however, will and must be disturbed from time to time. There is no help for it. The minds of ardent and clever students are particularly apt to move fast in these directions; and thus when they go out into the world, they find themselves exposed to one of two temptations, according to their temperament: either to lend themselves to what is popular and plausible, to conceal their real convictions, to take up with what we call in England humbug, to humbug others, or, perhaps, to keep matters still smoother, to humbug themselves; or else to quarrel violently with things which they imagine to be passing away, and which they consider should be quick in doing it, as having no basis in truth. A young man of ability now-a-days is extremely likely to be tempted into one or other of these lines. The first is the more common on my side of the Tweed; the harsher and more thorough-going, perhaps, on yours. Things are changing, and have to change, but they change very slowly. The established authorities are in possession of the field, and are naturally desirous to keep it. And there is no kind of service which they more eagerly reward than the support of clever fellows who have dipped over the edge of latitudinarianism, who profess to have sounded the disturbing currents of the intellectual seas, and discovered that they are accidental or unimportant.

On the other hand, men who cannot away with this kind of thing are likely to be exasperated into unwise demonstrativeness, to become radicals in politics and radicals in thought. Their private disapprobation bursts into open enmity; and this road too, if they continue long upon it, leads to no healthy conclusions. No one can thrive upon denials: positive truth of some kind is essential as food both for mind and character. Depend upon it that in all long-

established practices or spiritual formulas there has been some living truth ; and you have not discovered and learnt to respect it, you do not yet understand the questions which you are in a hurry to solve. And again, intellectually impatient people should remember the rules of social courtesy, which forbid us in private to say things, however true, which can give pain to others. These rules, if they do not absolutely forbid us to obtrude opinions which offend those who do not share them, yet require us to pause and consider. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own. We may say justly to any one, You shall not make me profess to think true what I believe to be false ; you shall not make me do what I do not think just : but there our natural liberty ends. Others have as good a right to their opinion as we have to ours. To any one who holds what are called advanced views on serious subjects, I recommend a long suffering reticence and the reflection that, after all, he may possibly be wrong. Whether we are Radicals or Conservatives we require to be often reminded that truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, are no creatures of our own belief. We cannot make true things false, or false things true, by choosing to think them so. We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right. The eternal truths and rights of things exist, fortunately, independent of our thoughts or wishes, fixed as mathematics, inherent in the nature of man and the world. They are no more to be trifled with than gravitation. If we discover and obey them, it is well with us ; but that is all we can do. You can no more make a social regulation work well which is not just than you can make water run uphill.

I tell you therefore, who take up with plausibilities, not to trust your weight too far upon them, and not to condemn others for having misgivings which at the bottom of your own minds, if you look so deep,

you will find that you share yourselves with them. You, who believe that you have hold of newer and wider truths, show it, as you may and must show it, unless you are misled by your own dreams, in leading wider, simpler, and nobler lives. Assert your own freedom if you will, but assert it modestly and quietly; respecting others as you wish to be respected yourselves. Only and especially I would say this: be honest with yourselves, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own minds.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, *insincerity* is the most dangerous.

This above all. To your own selves be true,
And it will follow, as the night the day,
You cannot then be false to any man.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD APPLIED TO HISTORY.

*(An Address to the Devonshire Association for the
Encouragement of Science and Literature.)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but congratulate this country—my own country in which I was born and to which I am proud to belong—on the formation and the success of this Association. There was a time when Devonshire was, to use a modern phrase, the most advanced county in England. During the hundred years which followed the Reformation, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland, were the strongholds of old-fashioned opinions. They were places where everything that was old was consecrated, and new ideas were intolerable. Somersetshire, Worcestershire, Cornwall, Devonshire, were the chief seats of the staple manufactures of England. They were progressive, energetic, full of intellectual activity, taking the lead in what was then the great liberal movement of the age. The knights and squires of the North were wrapped up in themselves. They rarely left their own houses. They rarely saw the face of a stranger, unless of some border marauder. The merchants of Plymouth and Dartmouth were colonizing the New World, and opening a trade with every accessible port in the Old. The Hawkinses, the Drakes, the Davises, the Raleighs, were the founders of the ocean empire of Great Britain ; while, on the other hand—for mental energy is always many-

side—Devonshire, in giving birth to Hooker, bestowed the greatest of her theologians on the Church of England.

Times have somewhat changed. The march of intellect has moved northward. The soil up there, after lying fallow so many centuries, disclosed the reservoirs of force which were stored in the coal measures. The productive capacities of the island shifted in the direction where there was most material for them to work with, while Devonshire rested on its laurels. Improved means of communication—roads, canals, railways, the electric telegraph—have diminished the importance of the smaller harbours or towns, and thrown the business of the country into a few enormous centres. The agricultural districts have been drained of their more vigorous minds; while from the same and other causes local peculiarities are tending to disappear. There were once many languages spoken in this island. There are now but three. Even our own Devonshire dialect, which Raleigh used at the court of Elizabeth, is becoming a thing of the past.

Yet as one person is never quite the same as another person, as each has peculiarities proper to himself which constitute his individual importance, so I hope the time is far off when the ancient self-administered English counties will subside into provinces—when London will be England in the sense that Paris is France. English character and English freedom depend comparatively little on the form which the Constitution assumes at Westminster. A centralized democracy may be as tyrannical as an absolute monarch; and if the vigour of the nation is to continue unimpaired, each individual, each family, each district, must preserve as far as possible its independence, its self-completeness, its powers and its privilege to manage its own affairs, and think its own thoughts. Neither Manchester nor Plymouth are yet entirely

London, and I hope never will be. And it is for this reason that I welcome the formation of societies like the present. They are symptoms that the life is not all concentrated at the heart—that if we are carried along in the stream of national progress, we do not mean to float passively where the current leads us, and that in the present as in the past we intend to bear an intelligent and active share in the general movement of the age.

The contribution which I can myself offer on the present occasion is an extremely humble one. You include among your objects the encouragement of literature and art ; but, from the nature of the case, science must hold the first place with you. Science thrives in the sunlight. Able men are engaged upon different departments of knowledge, but they are all dependent on one another—the geologist, the physiologist, the chemist, each require the help of the other. The astronomer cannot stir without the mathematician and the telescope-maker. Not a single branch of inquiry can be pursued successfully alone. You meet, you read papers, you compare notes ; and the discoveries of the spectroscope explain the composition of the stars.

Literature, on the other hand, is a thing of the closet. The writer of books must take counsel chiefly with himself : he must look as much within as without ; and his work, if it is to be a book at all and not a mere compilation, must be in part the creation of his own mind. Even his materials no one else can collect for him. He must look for them *in situ*, with all their natural surroundings, or they will not yield to him their proper significance.

Nevertheless, there are certain principles common to all pursuits whose object is truth, and not mere amusement. History, the subject with which my own life has been mainly occupied, is concerned as much as science with external facts. Philosophies of his-

tory, theories of history, general views of history, are for the most part, as metaphysicians say, evolved out of the inner consciousness. History itself depends on exact knowledge, on the same minute, impartial, discriminating observation and analysis of particulars which is equally the basis of science; and I have thought that I cannot turn my present opportunity to better account than by sketching the conditions of historical study, and noting the various phases through which it has passed at different periods.

Historical facts are of two kinds: the veritable outward fact—whatever it was which took place in the order of things—and the account of it which has been brought down to us by more or less competent persons. The first we must set aside altogether. The eternal register of human action is not open to inspection; we are concerned wholly with the second, which are facts also, though facts different in kind from the other. The business of the historian is not with immediate realities which we can see or handle, but with combinations of reality and human thought which it is his business to analyse and separate into their component parts. So far as he can distinguish successfully he is a historian of truth; so far as he fails he is the historian of opinion and tradition.

It is, I believe, a received principle in such sciences as deal with a past condition of things, to explain everything, wherever possible, by the instrumentality of causes which are now in operation. Geologists no longer ascribe the changes which have taken place in the earth's surface, either to the interference of an external power, or to violent elemental convulsions of which we have no experience. Causes now visibly acting in various parts of the universe will interpret most, if not all, of the phenomena; and to these it is the tendency of science more and more to ascribe them. In the remotest double star which the telescope can divide for us, we see working the

same familiar forces which govern the revolutions of the planets of our own system. The spectrum analysis finds the vapours and the metals of earth in the aurora and in the nucleus of a comet. Similarly we have no reason to believe that in the past condition of the earth, or of the earth's inhabitants, there were functions energizing of which we have no modern counterparts. Confused and marvellous stories come down to us from the early periods of what is called history, but we look for the explanation of them in the mind or imagination of ignorant persons. The key is to be found in tendencies still visible in children, in uneducated or credulous men, or in nations which loiter behind in civilization in various parts of the world. *Nec Deus intersit* is a rule of history as well as of art. The early records of all nations are full of portents and marvels; but we no longer believe those portents to have taken place in actual fact. Language was once held to have been communicated to the original man, perfectly organized and developed. It is now admitted that language grew like every other art. It had its beginning in a few simple phrases which extended as knowledge was enlarged. The initial process is repeated in the special words and expressions which clever children originate for themselves in every modern nursery.

At the dawn of civilization, when men began to observe and think, they found themselves in possession of various faculties—first, their five senses, and then imagination, fancy, reason, memory. All alike affected their minds with impressions and emotions. They did not distinguish one from the other. They did not know why one idea of which they were conscious should be more true than another. They looked round them in continual surprise, conjecturing fantastic explanations of all that they saw and heard. Their traditions and their theories blended one into

another, and their cosmogonies, and their philosophies, and their histories, are all alike imaginative and poetical. The idea of truth of fact as distinguished from subjective conceptions, had not yet been so much as recognized. It was never perhaps seriously believed as a scientific reality, that the sun was the chariot of Apollo, or that Saturn had devoured his children, or that Siegfried had been bathed in the dragon's blood, or that earthquakes and volcanos were caused by buried giants who were snorting and tossing in their sleep, but also it was not disbelieved. These stories had not presented themselves to the mind in that aspect. Legends grew as nursery tales grow now. There is reason to believe that in their origin the religious theogonies and heroic tales of every nation which has left a record of itself—of Greece and Rome, of India and Persia and Egypt, of Germany and Ireland—are but poetical accounts of the first impressions produced upon mankind by the phenomena of day and night, morning and evening, winter and summer. Pluto carries Proserpine to Hades. Her mother complains of the rape, and the gods decide that she shall reside alternately for six months in light and darkness. Proserpine is the genial spirit of warmth and long days and life and productiveness, locked away in winter in the subterranean world, and returning to earth with the spring. Seven and twelve are mystical numbers, recurring continually in all legendary histories. 'Seven' refers to the five planets known before the invention of the telescope, and the sun and moon, the seven bodies which seemed to have a proper motion among the stars. 'Twelve' came from the twelve moons which made up the year. Meteorological phenomena were personified, passed into narratives of fact, and became the foundation of heroic poetry—the tale of Troy, or the songs of the Edda. Achilles, and Siegfried, and King

Arthur are historical personages as much as, and no more than, the woods and fountains are the habitation of dryads and water spirits.

The original historian and the original man of science was alike the poet. Before the art of writing was invented exact knowledge was impossible. The poet's business was to throw into beautiful shape the current opinions, traditions, and beliefs; and the gifts required from him were simply memory, imagination, and music. Each celebrated minstrel sang his stories in his own way, adding to them, shaping them, colouring them, as suited his peculiar genius. The *Iliad* of Homer, the most splendid composition of this kind which exists in the world, is simply a collection of ballads. The tale of Troy was the heroic story of Greece, which every tribe modified or re-arranged.

Whether the facts were truer one way than the other—whether the troubles at Troy were caused by a quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, as the *Iliad* says, or between Achilles and Ulysses, as we find in the *Odyssey*—no one thought of asking, any more than the child asks whether Red Riding Hood is true or Cinderella. The story in its outline was the property of the race; to vary the details of it was the recognized custom. When the minstrel touched his lyre in the banquet hall of the chief, the listeners were not expecting, like a modern learned society, to have their understandings instructed. They cared nothing for useful knowledge. They looked to be excited and amused; and if the artist had turned lecturer they would have flung their trenchers at his head. The heroic tales were to them what fiction, recognized as fiction, is to us—with this difference, that the modern poet or novel writer knows that he is inventing; the bard handed on the national tradition; controlled by it only in outline; untrammelled by adherence to details, yet unconscious of falsehood in varying them.

Thus we see at once that it is a mistake to ask, with respect to primitive myths and legends, whether the facts are true. There are two kinds of truths. There is the truth of fact, which we require in the man of science and the modern historian. There is the truth of nature and idea, which we demand of the poet and the painter. We may say correctly that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are among the truest books that ever were written. Yet Agamemnon and Achilles may be as unsubstantial as Aladdin or Melusina. We mean no more than that Homer was one of the greatest of artists, and his picture of life in the heroic ages of Greece the most faithful.

An imperfect perception of the distinction has often been the cause of singular confusion. The mythological poetry in the East and West alike was the foundation of national religions. While life grew more literal and prosaic, these early legends became consecrated. Poetical truth was made a guarantee for historical truth; and Pindar and Socrates, who questioned the reality of the strange stories of the Olympian gods, were accused of impiety. The popular opinion unconsciously betrayed the fallacy involved in it; for whereas historical conclusions in matters of fact are at best but probabilities differing in degree, the faith in the mythological tradition was expected to be complete and undoubting, extending with equal positiveness to the most minute details. Poetical truths may be accepted absolutely. Historical truths cannot. We have but to attend to the way in which these traditions rose to see our way through the labyrinth. Facts can be accurately known to us only by the most rigid observation and sustained and scrutinizing scepticism: the emotional and imaginative intellects of the old poets moved freely in their own world of gods and giants and enchanters, conscious of no obligation save to be true in genius and spirit. Mythic history, mythic theology, mythic science, are

alike records not of facts but of beliefs. They belong to a time when men had not yet learnt to analyse their convictions, or distinguish between images vividly present in their own minds and an outward reality which might or might not correspond with them.

From the purely mythic period we pass to the semi-mythic, where we have to do with real persons, but persons seen still through an imaginative halo.

Every one who has been at an English public school must remember the traditions current of the famous boys of a generation or two past: how one fellow had cleared a rail in the high jump, which he walked under with six inches to spare; how another had kicked the foot-ball clear over the big elm tree; how a third had leapt the lock in the canal; and a fourth had fought a bargee twice his own weight, flung him over the bridge-parapets into the river, and then leapt in after him to save him from being drowned. The boys in question were really at the school, for their names are cut in the desks or painted on the school walls. But examine closely, and you will find the same story told of half a dozen boys at different schools. Each school has its heroes. The air contains a certain number of traditional heroic school exploits, and the boys and the exploits are brought together. We have here the forces at work which created the legends of Theodoric and Charlemagne, of Attila or our own Alfred.

In the same way those who mix with the world hear anecdotes of distinguished people, witty sayings, prompt repartees, wise political suggestions, acts of special beneficence. The wit, at the beginning, of course was the wit of somebody—some human lips made the joke or spoke the sarcasm—in some human heart originated the act of charity; but so long as these things are trusted to oral tradition, they are treated as common property. The same jest is attri-

buted to half a dozen people. One great man is dressed with the trappings of many small ones. There is no intention to deceive; but memory is treacherous. The good things are recollected easily, while their lawful owner's name is no less easily forgotten. Conversation distributes them erroneously, but in good faith, according to the imaginative laws of association.

This is the process which built up the so-called histories of the early lawgivers, of Solon and Lycurgus and Numa; of Confucius and Menu; of Socrates and Pythagoras and Solomon; of every statesman and philosopher who committed his teaching to the memory of his disciples, and left posterity to construct his image after its own pleasure.

Again, we have all been familiar in these late years with the resurrection among us of the *Ars magica*. Witches and enchanters having been improved from off the earth, a new order of supernaturalism has started up which already counts its adherents by hundreds of thousands. Commencing with Cagliostro and Mesmer, there has appeared a series of persons professing to possess the secret of recondite spiritual forces, which, without strictly understanding, they can command for practical purposes. Clairvoyance and Mesmerism provide cures for inveterate and chronic diseases. A mysterious fluid streams from the tips of the fingers. First men and women are healed. A distinguished political economist operates next on a sick cow, and by-and-by makes passes over the asparagus beds. Latterly the spirits, or whatever they are, have shown a special fancy for three-legged tables. They make them run round the room, pirouette on a single claw, hop, skip, dance to airs produced by invisible musicians. Finally they use them as the channel through which they communicate the secrets of the other world.

Probably the entire history of mankind contains no

record of a more hopelessly base and contemptible superstition. Mumbo-jumbo and the African rain-makers appear to me to be respectable in comparison. Yet every one of us must have heard circumstantial accounts of such performances, time and place minutely given, a cloud of witnesses, and the utmost precaution said to have been taken to make deception impossible. It is the story of the witch processes over again. Once possess people with a belief, and never fear that they will find facts enough to confirm it. Never fear that they will so tell their stories that the commonest thing shall be made to appear marvellous; that unusual features shall be preserved and exaggerated, and everything which would suggest a rational explanation shall be dropped out of sight and hearing.

You have here a parallel with the enormous literature of ecclesiastical miracles, which for fifteen hundred years was poured out in perfect good faith over Europe, and which in some countries continues vigorous to the present hour. The resemblance passes curiously into details. In both instances the necessary quality is faith. Believe and you will see. Disbelieve and you shall be answered according to the hardness of your hearts. The incredulity which interfered with the wonder-working powers of the saints obstructs equally the successful action of the spirit-rapper. All precautions are taken, we are assured by the initiated, to expose fraud or prevent illusion—all but one—the presence of cool-headed, scientifically trained observers. The spirits do not like sceptics, and object to showing off before them. A famous mesmerist once said to me, in some impatience with my dissent, that I myself possessed the gift, and that I might convince myself of it if I would try the experiment at the first cottage by the roadside where there was a sick person. He checked himself, nowever, with an after-thought. ‘Alas! no,’ he added, ‘the faith is wanting.’

When faith is present the mesmeric miracle and the so-called religious miracle approach each other in every feature. A mesmerized handkerchief produces the same effect as a relic at a shrine. A mesmerized glass of water is as effectual as a glass of holy water. Mr. Home, when the room is sufficiently darkened, rises to the ceiling, and floats in the air. In a work published in Spain in the last century, under the sanction of the Church, for the instruction of spiritual directors, the elevation of the body in the air is spoken of as one of the commonest and most notorious symptoms in the spiritual growth of saintly young ladies. The phenomenon seems as familiar to the fathers confessors as measles or hooping-cough to an English doctor, and circumstantial rules are laid down for the edifying treatment of such cases. The author of the book was no fool, and shows a great deal of strong common sense. The elevation is spoken of as an undoubted sign of grace—a favourable feature—but by no means one of the highest—compatible with many faults, and likely in the sex most liable to it to create spiritual vanity. The young ladies therefore are told, when they feel themselves getting light, to catch hold of the nearest post or rail, and keep themselves down; or if they find the attraction, or whatever it is, acting too strongly upon them, they are to run away and lock themselves into their rooms, and be lifted up where there is no one to admire them. I am not caricaturing. I am translating almost literally from the *Lucerna Mystica*. Nor ought we to impute bad faith to the compilers of these instructions. I as little believe that Spanish devotees were in the habit of floating in the air as I believe that Mr. Home can float when there is light enough to see what is going on. The idea, I conceive, originated in the visions of Santa Teresa and Saint Francis, who in the delirium of transcendental emotion imagined that the accidents of the flesh had no

longer power over them. The Spanish artists who illustrated their lives decorated every church and convent chapel in the Peninsula with pictures of these persons dancing upon vacancy, and the Spanish religious mind became thus saturated with the impression. It was accepted as an ascertained fact; it was generalized into a condition of a high state of enthusiastic love, and was spoken of and prescribed for as one might prescribe for small-pox or a stomach-ache.

I mention the thing merely as illustrating the tendencies of the believing mind in dealing with the facts of life, and as explaining the semi-mythical periods of history; where any eminent person was surrounded from his birth with extraordinary incidents, and the biographies of saints, confessors, martyrs, or national heroes are mere catalogues of miracles.

You remember Owen Glendower and Hotspur in the play of Henry the Fourth. Glendower says—

At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets: and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

HOTSPUR. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

GLENDOWER. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

HOTSPUR. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, if you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

GLENDOWER. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOTSPUR. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in the fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown tower. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Historical facts can only be verified by the sceptical and the inquiring, and scepticism and inquiry nip like a black frost the eager credulity in which legendary biographies took their rise. You can watch such stories as they grew in the congenial soil of belief. The great saints of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, who converted Europe to Christianity, were as modest and unpretending as true genuine men always are. They claimed no miraculous powers for themselves. Miracles might have been worked in the days of their fathers. They for their own parts relied on nothing but the natural powers of persuasion and example. Their companions, who knew them personally in life, were only a little more extravagant. Miracles and portents vary in an inverse ratio with the distance of time. St Patrick is absolutely silent about his own conjuring performances. He told his followers, perhaps, that he had been moved by his good angel to devote himself to the conversion of Ireland. The angel of metaphor becomes in the next generation an actual seraph. On a rock in the county of Down there is or was a singular mark, representing rudely the outline of a foot. From that rock, where the young Patrick was feeding his master's sheep, a writer of the sixth century tells us that the angel Victor sprang back to Heaven after delivering his message, and left behind him the imprinted witness of his august visit. Another hundred years pass, and legends from Hegesippus are imported into the life of the Irish apostle. St Patrick and the Druid enchanter contend before King Leogaire on Tara Hill, as Simon Magus and St Peter contended before the Emperor Nero. Again, a century, and we are in a world of wonders where every human lineament is lost. St Patrick, when a boy of twelve, lights a fire with icicles : when he comes to Ireland he floats thither upon an altar stone which Pope Celestine had blessed for him.

He conjures a Welsh marauder into a wolf, makes a goat cry out in the stomach of a thief who had stolen him, and restores dead men to life, not once or twice, but twenty times. The wonders with which the atmosphere is charged gravitate towards the largest concrete figure which is moving in the middle of them, till at last, as Gibbon says, the sixty-six lives of St Patrick which were extant in the 12th century must have contained at least as many thousand lies. And yet of conscious lying there was very little, perhaps nothing at all. The biographers wrote in good faith, and were industrious collectors of material, only their notions of probability were radically different from ours. The more marvellous a story the less credit we give to it; warned by experience of carelessness, credulity, and fraud, we disbelieve everything for which we cannot find contemporary evidence, and from the value of that evidence we subtract whatever may be due to prevalent opinion or superstition. To the mediæval writer the more stupendous the miracle the more likely it was to be true; he believed everything which he could not prove to be false, and proof was not external testimony, but inherent fitness.

So much for the second period of what is called human history. In the first or mythological there is no historical groundwork at all. In the next or heroic we have accounts of real persons, but handed down to us by writers to whom the past was a world of marvels,—whose delight was to dwell upon the mighty works which had been done in the old times,—whose object was to elevate into superhuman proportions the figures of the illustrious men who had distinguished themselves as apostles or warriors. They thus appear to us like their portraits in stained glass windows, represented rather in a transcendental condition of beatitude than in the modest and chequered colours of real life. We see them not as

they were, but as they appeared to an adoring imagination, and in a costume of which we can only affirm with certainty that it was never worn by any child of Adam on this plain, prosaic earth. For facts as facts there is as yet no appreciation—they are shifted to and fro, dropped out of sight, or magnified, or transferred from owner to owner,—manipulated to suit or decorate a preconceived and brilliant idea. We are still in the domain of poetry, where the canons of the art require fidelity to general principles, and allow free play to fancy in details. The virgins of Raphael are no less beautiful as paintings, no less masterpieces of workmanship, though in no single feature either of face or form or costume they resemble the historical mother of Christ, or even resemble one another.

At the next stage we pass with the chroniclers into history proper. The chronicler is not a poet like his predecessor. He does not shape out consistent pictures with a beginning, a middle, and an end. He is a narrator of events, and he connects them together on a chronological string. He professes to be relating facts. He is not idealizing, he is not singing the praises of the heroes of the sword or the crosier—he means to be true in the literal and commonplace sense of that ambiguous word. And yet in his earlier phases, take him in what part of the world we please,—take him in ancient Egypt or Assyria, in Greece or in Rome, or in modern Europe, he is but a step in advance of his predecessor. He is excellent company. He never moralizes, never bores you with philosophy of history or political economy. He never speculates about causes. But, on the other hand, he is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials which he finds ready to his hand—the national ballads, the romances, and the biographies. He transfers to his pages whatever catches his fancy. The more picturesque an anecdote the more unhesitatingly he writes it down, though in the same proportion

it is the less likely to be authentic. Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf; Curtius jumping into the gulf; our English Alfred spoiling the cakes; or Bruce watching the leap of the spider,—stories of this kind he relates with the same simplicity with which he records the birth in his own day, in some outlandish village, of a child with two heads, or the appearance of the sea-serpent, or the flying dragon. Thus the chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. It grows however, and improves insensibly with the growth of the nation. Like the drama, it develops from poor beginnings into the loftiest art, and becomes at last perhaps the very best kind of historical writing which has yet been produced. Herodotus and Livy, Froissart, and Hall, and Holinshed, are as great in their own departments as Sophocles, or Terence, or Shakespeare. We are not yet entirely clear of portents and prodigies. Superstition clings to us as our shadow, and is to be found in the wisest as well as the weakest. The Romans, the most practical people that ever lived—a people so pre-eminently effective that they have printed their character indelibly into the constitution of Europe,—these Romans, at the very time they were making themselves the world's masters, allowed themselves to be influenced in the most important affairs of state by a want of appetite in the sacred chickens, or the colour of the entrails of a calf. Take him at his best, man is a great fool. It is likely enough that we ourselves habitually say and practise things which a thousand years hence will seem not a jot less absurd. Cato tells us that the Roman augurs could not look one another in the face without laughing; and I have heard that bishops in some parts of the world betray sometimes analogous misgivings. In able and candid minds, however, stuff of this kind is tolerably harmless, and was never more innocent than in the

case of the first great historian of Greece. Herodotus was a man of vast natural powers. Inspired by a splendid subject, and born at the most favourable time, he grew to manhood surrounded by the heroes of Marathon, and Salamis, and Platæa. The wonders of Egypt and Assyria were for the first time thrown open to the inspection of strangers. The gloss of novelty was not yet worn off, and the impressions falling fresh on an eager, cultivated, but essentially simple and healthy mind, there were qualities and conditions combined which produced one of the most delightful books which was ever written. He was an intense patriot; and he was untroubled with theories, political or moral. His philosophy was like Shakespeare's—a calm intelligent insight into human things. He had no views of his own which the fortunes of Greece or other countries were to be manipulated to illustrate. The world as he saw it was a well-made, altogether promising and interesting world; and his object was to relate what he had seen and what he had heard and learnt faithfully and accurately. His temperament was rather believing than sceptical; but he was not idly credulous. He can be critical when occasion requires. He distinguishes always between what he had seen with his own eyes and what others told him. He uses his judgment freely, and sets his readers on their guard against uncertain evidence. And there is not a book existing which contains in the same space so much important truth—truth which survives the sharpest test that modern discoveries can apply to it.

The same may be said in a slightly less degree of Livy and of the best of the late European chroniclers; you have the same freshness, the same vivid perception of external life, the same absence of what philosophers call subjectivity—the projection into the narrative of the writer's own personality, his opinions, thoughts, and theories.

Still, in all of them—however vivid, however vigorous the representation—there is a vein of fiction largely, and perhaps consciously, intermingled. In a modern work of history, when a statesman is introduced as making a speech, the writer at any rate supposes that such a speech was actually made. He has found an account of it somewhere either in detail or at least in outline or epitome. The boldest fabricator would not venture to introduce an entire and complete invention. This was not the case with the older authors. Thucydides tells us frankly, that the speeches which he interweaves with his narrative were his own composition. They were intended as dramatic representations of the opinions of the factions and parties with which Greece was divided, and they were assigned to this person or to that as he supposed them to be internally suitable. Herodotus had set Thucydides the example, and it was universally followed. No speech given by any old historian can be accepted as literally true unless there is a specific intimation to that effect. Deception was neither practised nor pretended. It was a convenient method of exhibiting characters and situations and it was therefore adopted without hesitation or reserve.

Had the facts of history been like the phenomena of the physical world—had it been possible to approach the study of human nature with minds unprejudiced by passion or by sentiment—these venial tendencies to error would have soon corrected themselves. There would have been nothing to gain by misrepresentation, whether wilful or unconscious, and both writers and readers would have learnt to prefer truth to fiction. They were far advanced on the right road and they had only to follow out completely the method on which they had begun, and imagination would have been reduced to its proper function, of apprehending and realizing the varieties of character and

circumstances on which the correct delineation of actions and events depend.

Unfortunately nations, like individuals, arrive at a period when they become self-conscious. When the boy becomes a man he forms theories of what he sees going on around him. He watches the action of principles, and he forms principles of his own, by which he tests and condemns those of others. The world does not move to his mind; he would have it otherwise. He sighs after the old times, or he aspires after a good time coming, and becomes a revolutionist. He no longer plays his part simply and unconsciously in the scene into which he is thrown; he reflects and judges, and, to the extent of his ability, makes himself a disturbing force. Nations in the same way, when they reach a certain point of civilization, become, so to say, aware of themselves. Hitherto they have lived by habit. They have moved in grooves, and when they have been troubled by internal convulsions, it has been from simple, obvious, and immediate causes.

But with intellectual expansion, habit serves no longer: new ideas, new thoughts, new desires, break upon them; life becomes complicated. Political constitutions are on their trial, and sometimes break down. Parties form representing opposite principles. Some are for popular forms of government, some for aristocratical or monarchical; some are in favour of change or progress, some look back wistfully to a golden age in the past, and are for abiding in the old ways. Each sees the history of their country through the haze, no longer of imagination, but of passion; and when they study its records, it is not to learn, for their minds are made up, but to call up witnesses into the historical court, which shall maintain the truth of their particular opinions.

From Herodotus to Thucydides the transition is from era to era. Herodotus is the sunny, light-

hearted, brilliant, intelligent boy. He had seen his country rise triumphant out of its desperate struggle with Persia; he had seen open before Greece apparently a boundless vista of glory and freedom. When a rare mood of melancholy overtakes him, it is but when he meditates on the universal condition of humanity, or the shortness of life, and the transitoriness of earthly things. Two generations had passed away. The mind of Athens had sprung out in the maturity of its powers, like Pallas from the brain of Zeus. It was the age of Sophocles and Aristophanes and Phidias, of Pericles, of Socrates, and the Sophists. In that rugged corner of Hellas there had appeared suddenly a constellation of the most highly gifted men ever seen together on this planet. Never at any single time had there been concentrated so much intellectual activity as in Athens during the seventy years which followed the Persian invasion; and behind it, after a brief day of splendour, there had ensued a long and desperate war, with its train of internal dissensions, political feuds, proscription, anarchy, and ruin.

Thucydides, through whom the history of that extraordinary time is chiefly known to us, was on a level with his most highly gifted contemporaries; but the historian who can look calmly and impartially at the death-struggle of his own country must be more or less than human. The greater his nature the more intensely he must feel. Being an aristocrat by temperament, Thucydides saw the causes of the fall of Athens in the license of an unbridled democracy. He never stoops to caricature; he rarely expresses direct or formal censure. In the dramatic form which he employs he studiously labours to be just. Yet that very form and the excellence of his art reveals only the more completely his burning contempt for mob government and universal suffrage. We should have learnt but one side of the truth, had

Lora Clarendon been the only historian of the great English Rebellion. We do not see the real Athens of Pericles in the pages of Thucydides or of Plato. We know what Thucydides thought; but we have not the facts complete before us. We have only his opinion about the facts.

From Livy to Tacitus there is a precisely analogous change. Livy wrote when the civil wars were over, and the Roman world, exhausted by bloodshed and anarchy, was recovering itself under the dictatorship of Augustus. The forms of the Republic were maintained in appearance unimpaired. Liberty, which had been so frightfully abused, seemed rather suspended than lost. The Imperial system was acquiesced in as a temporary expedient, under which the wounds could be healed from which the nation was bleeding at every pore. Augustus, studiously simple in his personal habits, concealed the reality of a monarchy under constitutional disguises. Rome breathed once more; and 'the winter of its discontent' was made again into 'glorious summer.' But Roman liberty had destroyed itself by its own excesses. Despotism was the only form of government which a people, enervated by self-indulgence, was able to endure; and despotism produced its natural fruits in luxury and tyranny. Emperor followed emperor. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Otho, Vitellius succeeded one after another to the purple, and each added a deeper strain to the corruption with which it was soiled. The crimes of the Republic were forgotten in the darker crimes of the Empire, and noble-minded patriots looked back in shame to the austere virtues which had made Rome the sovereign of the world. Thucydides wrote to expose the vices of Democracy; Tacitus, the historian of the Cæsars, to exhibit the hatefulness of Imperialism; and he too—in himself one of the truest of men—has left behind him a record which, grand as it is, cannot be

accepted as exhaustive. It is a picture of Rome drawn by the hand of a statesman who detested the Cæsars too deeply to do them justice. Circumstances stronger than the wills and caprices of individual men had made the Empire a necessity. Tacitus paints only the atrocities of it, unrelieved by the fairer results which, beyond the confines of Italy, made it equally a blessing. The provinces were never perhaps administered more equitably than under the infamous Tiberius. To have restored the Republic would have redelivered Europe and Asia to fresh Mariuses and Syllas, fresh Triumvirs, and a fresh proscription.

I have spoken of the classical nations, for the history of Athens under Pericles, and of Rome under the first Cæsars, is in fact modern history. The phenomena of every nation which arrives at maturity are analogous, if not identical. Modern Europe, too, lived by habit from the sixth to the sixteenth century. The Italian Republics were exceptions, and in a less degree the great towns of the Low Countries. Commercial communities ripen more rapidly, and antedate the general progress. But, speaking broadly of England and France, Spain and Germany, the feudal system continued essentially unimpaired. The speculative movements which occasionally disturbed the peace of the Church were local, partial, and short-lived. The great masses of the Western nations believed the same creed, practised the same devotions, lived generally under similar forms of government. There were wars in abundance and civil convulsions, but the contests were between persons, not between principles; and the historical writers, therefore, during all those centuries preserve a uniform type. They pass from the mythic to the heroic, from the heroic to the chronicle, but the texture remains simple throughout. The facts are coloured, but coloured by the imagination only.

There is no introspection, no sick uncertainty, no division of spiritual opinion, or collision of political sentiment.

The Reformation came, and with it, as its cause or its consequence, a general dissolution of the organization of mediæval society. The old creeds and the old political constitutions decayed side by side, and Europe became a chaos of conflicting speculations, conflicting principles and interests. The imaginative elements—which had converted history into romance—dissolved before the more violent emotions with which the mind of mankind was disturbed; but one cause of falsification was removed only to give place to another and a worse. Religious differences took the lead in the confusion—first, as being the most intensely absorbing; and next, because the clergy had the monopoly of culture, and the writing of books fell chiefly into their hands. History became the favourite weapon with which rival theologians made war on each other. Protestants represented mediæval Europe as given over to lies and idolatry. Catholics saw in the Church the nursery of learning, the champion of the poor, the protectress of order, justice, and piety. To one party the Reformation was the struggle of purity and knowledge against barbarous superstition and brutal ferocity; to the other, it was the outbreak of anarchy and lawlessness against a paternal and beneficent authority. So wide is the contrast, so different the aspect of the same facts as seen from opposite sides, that, even at the present hour, it is enough to know that any particular writer is a Catholic or a Protestant to be assured beforehand of the view which he will take of any one of the prominent characters or incidents of that debated period: an Alexander the Sixth, a Philip the Second, a Prince of Orange, a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox, a suppression of the monasteries, or a massacre of St Bartholomew. A certain school of

people talk of a science of history. Men of science, properly so called, will have a poor opinion of our prospects that way till our subject-matter is in a more wholesome condition. To Catholic and Protestant succeeded in England Anglican and Puritan, Cavalier and Roundhead, Tory and Whig, Liberal and Conservative; and one after another they have each made history their pulpit, and preached their sermons out of it, on the respective values of authority and liberty, faith and reason, religion and science, protection and free trade; with the million minor issues which start up on every side in the application of rival principles. Read Macaulay on the condition of the English poor before the last century or two, and you wonder how they lived at all. Read Cobbett, and I may say even Hallam, and you wonder how they endure the contrast between their past prosperity and their present misery. Sir Archibald Alison, it is said, wrote his thirty volumes to prove that Providence is on the side of the Tories. To M. Lamartine, the French Revolution was an effort for the inauguration of the Millennium; the European coalition, a repetition of the ancient wickedness, when the kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together, and Vergniaud was a hero, and Robespierre the most respectable of mankind.

In our own age, and with matters passing under our own eyes, it scarcely fares any better. Witness Victor Hugo on Louis Napoleon; witness Mr Disraeli on Sir Robert Peel; witness *Blackwood's Magazine* on Mr Disraeli. We are as far as ever from forming impartial judgments, and facts partially stated are not facts at all. Hundreds of books have been written on the working of slavery in the Southern States of America. Probably the writers of every one of them had formed their conclusions before they looked into the facts, and they saw, or imagined, or

believed exactly what fell in with their preconceived opinions.

An Irish Catholic prelate once told me that to his certain knowledge two millions of men, women, and children had died in the great famine of 1846. I asked him if he was not including those who had emigrated. He repeated that over and above the emigration, two millions had actually died; and, added he, 'we might assert that every one of those deaths lay at the door of the English Government.'

I mentioned this to a distinguished lawyer in Dublin, a Protestant. His grey eyes lighted up. He replied: 'Did he say two millions now—did he? Why there were not a thousand died—there were not five hundred.' The true number, so far as can be gathered from a comparison of the census of 1841 with the census of 1851, from the emigration returns, which were carefully made, and from an allowance for the natural rate of increase, was about two hundred thousand.

So much for historical facts and the value of human testimony. Nor are patriots, or politicians, or divines the loosest or the worst manipulators.

Besides these, and even more troublesome, are the philosophers—giving us views of history corresponding to the theories of which so many have sprung up in these late days, purporting to explain the origin and destiny of human creatures on this planet. There is the philosophy of the German idealists, of which I was once a more ardent student than I have been in later years. Hegel was a supremely eminent man, to be spoken of with all possible respect. Hegel said when he was dying, 'that after all his efforts there was but one man in Germany who understood what he meant,' and then added, as a painful after-thought, 'and he does not understand me.' It is a notice-board warning strangers against trespassing on such uninviting premises: we live in

an age when much that is real is to be learnt, and when the time to learn it is no longer than it used to be.

Coming nearer home, there is the traditionary and religious philosophy of history, of which the present Prime Minister is the latest and most distinguished exponent; and the positive or materialistic associated with the name of M. Comte, and more particularly among ourselves with that of Mr Buckle.

Mr Gladstone would have us believe that knowledge of the most sublime kind—knowledge of the most profound moral truths and spiritual mysteries—was divinely imparted to the first parents of mankind. With knowledge we presume language was given also, for without language ideas cannot be communicated, or even distinctly impressed on the mind,—while the history of the different nations into which the human race was divided is the history of the many-sided corruptions which those ideas underwent. Greek mythology is a travesty of the Athanasian Creed; Apollo is a defaced image of the Son of Mary; and Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades are some relation to the Trinity. If this view is well founded it is at any rate an instructive commentary on the value of oral tradition for the transmission of spiritual truths.

The materialistic theory is that human creatures, whatever their first beginning, have emerged by extremely slow degrees from the condition of animals. All the knowledge that they possess has been accumulated by experience. Their creeds have been the successive opinions which they have formed on themselves and the phenomena surrounding them, and they have developed by natural laws according to the circumstances in which they have been placed—soil, climate, local situation, and the thousand other conditions which affect the human character.

But for the present I object to all historical theories.

I object to them as calculated to vitiate the observation of facts without which such speculations are not worth the paper on which they are written. I said at the beginning that neither history, nor any other knowledge, could be obtained except by scientific methods. A constructive philosophy of it, however, is as yet impossible, and for the present, and for a long time to come, we shall be confined to analysis. First one cause and then another has interfered from the beginning of time with a correct and authentic chronicling of events and actions. Superstition, hero-worship, ignorance of the laws of probability, religious, political, or speculative prejudice, one or other of these has tended from the beginning to give us distorted pictures. A surface which is perfectly smooth renders back line for line the forms reflected in it; but what kind of notion should we have of the full moon and the stars, if we had seen nothing but the image of them on a lake which was rippled, however faintly, by a breeze?

Will it ever be otherwise? Three times, in Greece, in Rome, in modern Europe, the best of the chroniclers have made a near approach to being trustworthy. England, owing to the form which the Reformation assumed among us, was at the outset less fundamentally disturbed than France or Germany, and the intellect of the nation expanded healthily and uniformly to the end of the century. The supreme excellence of the Elizabethan literature is in its purely objective character; and the most perfect English history which exists is to be found, in my opinion, in the historical plays of Shakespeare. In these plays, rich as they are in fancy and imagination, the main bearings of the national story are scrupulously adhered to, and, wherever attainable, verbal correctness. Shakespeare's object was to exhibit, as faithfully as he possibly could, the exact character of the great actors in the national drama—the circumstances

which surrounded them, and the motives, internal and external, by which they were influenced. To know this is to know all. • The reader can form his own theories. . He may be Yorkist or he may be Lancastrian, rationalist or orthodox, a believer in kings and nobles, or in peoples and the march of intellect, he will find his own side of the matter represented more favourably than he could represent it himself. If he admires the shining qualities of courage, energy, address, and noble bearing, he has a hero drawn to his mind in the conqueror at Agincourt. If his sympathies lie with the more retiring qualities of gentleness, humility, and devotion, he has all that he desires in the sainted king who sat upon the hill-side watching the carnage of Towton Field, wishing that Providence had given him instead of a sceptre a shepherd's crook, the sweet shade of the hawthorn bush for the embroidered canopy, and had left him free from mistrust and treason to bring his white hairs to a quiet grave.

No such directness of insight, no such breadth of sympathy, has since been applied to the writing of English history. Even Shakespeare himself, perhaps, could not have been the man that he was at any other epoch. And Shakespeare's attitude towards human life will become again attainable to us, only when intelligent people can return to an agreement on first principles—when the common sense of the wisest and best among us has superseded the theorizing of factions and parties—when the few but all-important truths of our moral condition, which can be certainly known, have become the exclusive rule of our judgments and actions, and the speculative formulas into which we have mapped out the mysterious continents of the spiritual world have been consigned to the place already thronged with the ghosts of like delusions which have had their day and perished.

ON PROGRESS.

AMIDST the varied reflections which the nineteenth century is in the habit of making on its condition and its prospects, there is one common opinion in which all parties coincide—that we live in an era of progress. Earlier ages, however energetic in action, were retrospective in their sentiments. The contrast between a degenerate present and a glorious past was the theme alike of poets, moralists, and statesmen. When the troubled Israelite demanded of the angel why the old times were better than the new, the angel admitted the fact while rebuking the curiosity of the questioner. ‘Ask not the cause,’ he answered. ‘Thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.’ As the hero of Nestor’s youth flung the stone with ease which twelve of the pigmy chiefs before Troy could scarcely lift from the ground, so ‘the wisdom of our ancestors’ was the received formula for ages with the English politician. Problems were fairly deemed insoluble which had baffled his fathers, ‘who had more wit and wisdom than he.’ We now know better, or we imagine that we know better, what the past really was. We draw comparisons, but rather to encourage hope than to indulge despondency or foster a deluding reverence for exploded errors. The order of the ages is inverted. Stone and iron came first. We ourselves may possibly be in the silver stage. An age of gold, if the terms of our existence on this planet permit the contemplation of it as a possibility, lies unrealized in the future. Our lights are before us, and all behind

is shadow. In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual convictions—we thank God that we are not like our fathers. And while we admit their merits, making allowance for their disadvantages, we do not blind ourselves in mistaken modesty to our own immeasurable superiority.

Changes analogous to those which we contemplate with so much satisfaction have been witnessed already in the history of other nations. The Roman in the time of the Antonines might have looked back with the same feelings on the last years of the Republic. The civil wars were at an end. From the Danube to the African deserts, from the Euphrates to the Irish Sea, the swords were beaten into ploughshares. The husbandman and the artisan, the manufacturer and the merchant, pursued their trades under the shelter of the eagles, secure from arbitrary violence, and scarcely conscious of their masters' rule. Order and law reigned throughout the civilized world. Science was making rapid strides. The philosophers of Alexandria had tabulated the movements of the stars, had ascertained the periods of the planets, and were anticipating by conjecture the great discoveries of Copernicus. The mud cities of the old world were changed to marble. Greek art, Greek literature, Greek enlightenment, followed in the track of the legions. The harsher forms of slavery were modified. The bloody sacrifices of the Pagan creeds were suppressed by the law; the coarser and more sensuous superstitions were superseded by a broader philosophy. The period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius has been selected by Gibbon as the time in which the human race had enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had known since, up to the date when the historian was meditating on their fortunes. Yet during that

very epoch, and in the midst of all that prosperity, the heart of the empire was dying out of it. The austere virtues of the ancient Romans were perishing with their faults. The principles, the habits, the convictions, which held society together were giving way, one after the other, before luxury and selfishness. The entire organization of the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand.

If the merit of human institutions is at all measured by their strength and stability, the increase of wealth, of production, of liberal sentiment, or even of knowledge, is not of itself a proof that we are advancing on the right road. The unanimity of the belief therefore that we are advancing at present must be taken as a proof that we discern something else than this in the changes which we are undergoing. It would be well, however, if we could define more clearly what we precisely do discern. It would at once be a relief to the weaker brethren whose minds occasionally misgive them, and it would throw out into distinctness the convictions which we have at length arrived at on the true constituents of human worth, and the objects towards which human beings ought to direct their energies. We are satisfied that we are going forward. That is to be accepted as no longer needing proof. Let us ascertain or define in what particulars and in what direction we are going forward, and we shall then understand in what improvement really consists.

The question ought not to be a difficult one, for we have abundant and varied materials. The advance is not confined to ourselves. France, we have been told any time these twenty years, has been progressing enormously under the beneficent rule of Napoleon III. Lord Palmerston told us, as a justification of the Crimean War, that Turkey had made more progress in the two preceding generations than any

country in the world. From these instances we might infer that Progress was something mystic and invisible, like the operation of the graces said to be conferred in baptism. The distinct idea which was present in Lord Palmerston's mind is difficult to discover. In the hope that some enlightened person will clear up an obscurity which exists only perhaps in our own want of perception, I proceed to mention some other instances in which, while I recognize change, I am unable to catch the point of view from which to regard it with unmixed satisfaction. Rousseau maintained that the primitive state of man was the happiest, that civilization was corruption, and that human nature deteriorated with the complication of the conditions of its existence. A paradox of that kind may be defended as an entertaining speculation. I am not concerned with any such barren generalities. Accepting social organization as the school of all that is best in us, I look merely to the alterations which it is undergoing; and if in some things passing away it seems to me that we are lightly losing what we shall miss when they are gone and cannot easily replace, I shall learn gladly that I am only suffering under the proverbial infirmity of increasing years, and that, like Esdras, I perplex myself to no purpose.

Let me lightly, then, run over a list of subjects on which the believer in progress will meet me to most advantage.

I.

I will begin with the condition of the agricultural poor, the relation of the labourer to the soil, and his means of subsistence.

The country squire of the last century, whether he was a Squire Western or a Squire Allworthy, resided for the greater part of his life in the parish where he was born. The number of freeholders was four times

what it is at present; plurality of estates was the exception; the owner of land, like the peasant, was virtually *ascriptus glebæ*—a practical reality in the middle of the property committed to him. His habits, if he was vicious, were coarse and brutal—if he was a rational being, were liberal and temperate; but in either case the luxuries of modern generations were things unknown to him. His furniture was massive and enduring. His household expenditure, abundant in quantity, provided nothing of the costly delicacies which it is now said that every one expects and every one therefore feels bound to provide. His son at Christ-church was contented with half the allowance which a youth with expectations now holds to be the least on which he can live like a gentleman. His servants were brought up in the family as apprentices, and spent their lives under the same roof. His wife and his daughters made their own dresses, darned their own stockings, and hemmed their own handkerchiefs. The milliner was an unknown entity at houses where the milliner's bill has become the unvarying and not the most agreeable element of Christmas. A silk gown lasted a lifetime, and the change in fashions was counted rather by generations than by seasons. A London house was unthought of—a family trip to the Continent as unimaginable as an outing to the moon. If the annual migration was something farther than, as in Mr. Primrose's parsonage, from the blue room to the brown, it was limited to the few weeks at the county town. Enjoyments were less varied and less expensive. Home was a word with a real meaning. Home occupations, home pleasures, home associations and relationships, filled up the round of existence. Nothing else was looked for, because nothing else was attainable. Among other consequences, habits were far less expensive. The squire's income was small as measured by modern ideas. If he was

self-indulgent, it was in pleasures which lay at his own door, and his wealth was distributed among those who were born dependent on him. Every family on the estate was known in its particulars, and had claims for consideration which the better sort of gentlemen were willing to recognize. If the poor were neglected, their means of taking care of themselves were immeasurably greater than at present. The average squire may have been morally no better than his great-grandson. In many respects he was probably worse. He was ignorant, he drank hard, his language was not particularly refined, but his private character was comparatively unimportant; he was controlled in his dealings with his people by the traditionary English habits which had held society together for centuries—habits which, though long gradually decaying, have melted entirely away only within living memories.

At the end of the sixteenth century an Act passed obliging the landlord to attach four acres of land to every cottage on his estate. The Act itself was an indication that the tide was on the turn. The English villein, like the serf all over Europe, had originally rights in the soil, which were only gradually stolen from him. The statute of Elizabeth was a compromise reserving so much of the old privileges as appeared indispensable for a healthy life.

The four acres shrivelled like what had gone before; but generations had to pass before they had dwindled to nothing, and the labourer was inclosed between his four walls to live upon his daily wages.

Similarly, in most country parishes there were tracts of common land, where every householder could have his flock of sheep, his cow or two, his geese or his pig; and milk and bacon so produced went into the limbs of his children, and went to form the large English bone and sinew which are now becoming things of tradition. The thicket or

the peat bog provided fuel. There were spots where the soil was favourable in which it was broken up for tillage, and the poor families in rotation raised a scanty crop there. It is true that the common land was wretchedly cultivated. What is every one's property is no one's property. The swamps were left undrained, the gorse was not stubbed up. The ground that was used for husbandry was racked. An inclosed common taken in hand by a man of capital produces four, five, or six times what it produced before. But the landlord who enters on possession is the only gainer by the change. The cottagers made little out of it, but they made something, and that something to them was the difference between comfort and penury. The inclosed land required some small additional labour. A family or two was added to the population on the estate, but it was a family living at the lower level to which all had been reduced. The landlord's rent-roll shows a higher figure, or it may be he has only an additional pheasant preserve. The labouring poor have lost the faggot on their hearths, the milk for their children, the slice of meat at their own dinners.

Even the appropriation of the commons has not been sufficient without closer paring. When the commons went, there was still the liberal margin of grass on either side of the parish roads, to give pickings to the hobbled sheep or donkey. The landlord, with the right of the strong, which no custom can resist, is now moving forward his fences, taking possession of these ribands of green, and growing solid crops upon them. The land is turned to better purpose. The national wealth in some inappreciable way is supposed to have increased, but the only visible benefit is to the lord of the soil, and appears in some added splendour to the furniture of his drawing-room.

It is said that men are much richer than they were, that luxury is its natural consequence, and is directly

beneficial to the community as creating fresh occupations and employing more labour. The relative produce of human industry, however, has not materially increased in proportion to the growth of population. 'If riches increase, they are increased that eat them.' If all the wealth which is now created in this country was distributed among the workers in the old ratio, the margin which could be spent upon personal self-indulgence would not be very much larger than it used to be. The economists insist that the growth of artificial wants among the few is one of the symptoms of civilization—is a means provided by nature to spread abroad the superfluities of the great. If the same labour, however, which is now expended in the decorating and furnishing a Belgravian palace was laid out upon the cottages on the estates of its owner, an equal number of workmen would find employment, an equal fraction of the landlord's income would be divided in wages. For the economist's own purpose, the luxury could be dispensed with if the landlord took a different view of the nature of his obligations. Progress and civilization conceal the existence of his obligations, and destroy at the same time the old-fashioned customs which limited the sphere of his free will. The great estates have swallowed the small. The fat ears of corn have eaten up the lean. The same owner holds properties in a dozen counties. He cannot reside upon them all, or make personal acquaintance with his multiplied dependants. He has several country residences. He lives in London half the year, and most of the rest upon the Continent. Inevitably he comes to regard his land as an investment; his duty to it the development of its producing powers; the receipt of his rents the essence of the connexion; and his personal interest in it the sport which it will provide for himself and his friends. Modern landlords frankly tell us that if the game laws are abolished, they will have lost the last temptation to visit their

country seats. If this is their view of the matter, the sooner they sell their estates and pass them over to others, to whom life has not yet ceased to be serious, the better it will be for the community. They complain of the growth of democracy and insubordination. The fault is wholly in themselves. They have lost the respect of the people because they have ceased to deserve it.

II.

If it be deemed a paradox to maintain that the relation between the owners of land and the peasantry was more satisfactory in the old days than in the present, additional hardiness is required to assert that there has been no marked improvement in the clergy. The bishop, rector, or vicar of the Established Church in the eighteenth century is a by-word in English ecclesiastical history. The exceptional distinction of a Warburton or a Wilson, a Butler or a Berkeley, points the contrast only more vividly with the worldliness of their brothers on the bench. The road to honours was through political subserviency. The prelates indemnified themselves for their ignominy by the abuse of their patronage, and nepotism and simony were too common to be a reproach. Such at least is the modern conception of these high dignitaries, which instances can be found to justify. In an age less inflated with self-esteem, the nobler specimens would have been taken for the rule, the meaner and baser for the exception. Enough, however, can be ascertained to justify the enemies of the Church in drawing an ugly picture of the condition of the hierarchy. Of the parochial clergy of those times the popular notion is probably derived from Fielding's novels. Parson Trulliber is a ruffian who would scarcely find admittance into a third-rate farmers' club of the present day. Parson Adams, a low-life Don Quixote, retains

our esteem for his character at the expense of contempt for his understanding. The best of them appear as hangers-on of the great, admitted to a precarious equality in the housekeeper's room, their social position being something lower than that of the nursery governess in the establishment of a vulgar millionaire.

That such specimens as these were to be found in England in the last century is no less certain than that in some parts of the country the type may be found still surviving. That they were as much exceptions we take to be equally clear. Those who go for information to novels may remember that there was a Yorick as well as a Phutatorius or a Gastriphers. Then, more than now, the cadets of the great houses were promoted, as a matter of course, to the family livings, and were at least gentlemen. Sydney Smith's great prizes of the Church were as much an object of ambition to men of birth as the high places in the other professions; and between pluralities and sinecures, cathedral prebendaries, and the fortunate possessors of two or more of the larger benefices, held their own in society with the county families, and lived on equal terms with them. If in some places there was spiritual deadness and slovenliness, in others there was energy and seriousness. Clarissa Harlowe found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could find it now.

That the average character of the country clergy, however, was signally different from what it is at present, is not to be disputed. They were Protestants to the back-bone. They knew nothing and cared nothing about the Apostolical Succession. They had no sacerdotal pretensions; they made no claims to be essentially distinguished from the laity. Their official duties sat lightly on them. They read the Sunday services, administered the Communion four times a year, preached commonplace sermons, bap-

tized the children, married them when they grew to maturity, and buried them when they died; and for the rest they lived much as other people lived, like country gentlemen of moderate fortune, and, on the whole, setting an example of respectability. The incumbents of benefices over a great part of England were men with small landed properties of their own. They farmed their own glebes. They were magistrates, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions, and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, were the most effective guardians of the public peace. They affected neither austerity nor singularity. They rode, shot, hunted, ate and drank, like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon them, they kept the hounds. In dress and habit they were simply a superior class of small country gentlemen; very far from immaculate, but, taken altogether, wholesome and solid members of practical English life. It may seem like a purposed affront to their anxious and pallid successors, clad in sacerdotal uniform, absorbed in their spiritual functions, glorying in their Divine commission, passionate theologians, occupied from week's end to week's end with the souls of their flocks, to contrast them unfavourably with secular parsons who, beyond their mechanical offices, had nothing of the priest to distinguish them; yet it is no less certain that the rector of the old school stood on sounder terms with his parishioners, and had stronger influence over their conduct. He had more in common with them. He understood them better, and they understood him better. The Establishment was far more deeply rooted in the affections of the people. The measure of its strength may be found in those very abuses, so much complained of, which, nevertheless, it was able to survive. The forgotten toast of Church and King was a matter of course at every county dinner.

The omission of it would have been as much a scandal as the omission of grace. Dissenters sat quiescent under disabilities which the general sentiment approved. The revival of spiritual zeal has been accompanied with a revival of instability. As the clergy have learnt to magnify their office, the laity have become indifferent or hostile.

Many causes may be suggested to explain so singular a phenomenon. It is enough to mention one. The parson of the old school, however ignorant of theology, however outwardly worldly in character, did sincerely and faithfully believe in the truth of the Christian religion ; and the congregation which he addressed was troubled with as few doubts as himself. Butler and Berkeley speak alike of the spread of infidelity ; but it was an infidelity confined to the cultivated classes—to the London wits who read Bolingbroke or Hume's *Essays* or *Candide*. To the masses of the English people, to the parishioners who gathered on Sundays into the churches, whose ideal were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighbourhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the main facts of the Gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as sure as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die ; and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill that they had done in life. It is vain to appeal to their habits as a proof that their faith was unreal. Every one of us who will look candidly into his own conscience can answer that objection. Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practises, and recognizes a better law than he obeys. Belief and practice tend in the long run, and in some degree, to correspond ;

but in detail and in particular instances they may be wide asunder as the poles. The most lawless boys at school, and the loosest young men at college, have the keenest horror of intellectual scepticism. Their passions may carry them away; but they look forward to repenting in the end. Later in life they may take refuge in infidelity if they are unable to part with their vices; but the compatibility of looseness of habit with an unshaken conviction of the general truths of religion is a feature of our nature which history and personal experience alike confirm.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the change which has passed over us all during the last forty years. The most ardent ritualist now knows at heart that the ground is hollow under him. He wrestles with his uncertainties. He conceals his misgivings from his own eyes by the passion with which he flings himself into his work. He recoils, as every generous-minded man must recoil, from the blankness of the prospect which threatens to open before him. To escape the cloud which is gathering over the foundations of his faith he busies himself with artificial enthusiasm in the external expressions of it. He buries his head in his vestments. He is vehement upon doctrinal minutiae, as if only these were at stake. He clutches at the curtains of mediæval theology to hide his eyes from the lightning which is blinding him. His efforts are vain. His own convictions are undermined in spite of him. What men as able as he is to form an opinion doubt about, by the nature of the case is made doubtful. And neither in himself nor in the congregations whom he adjures so passionately is there any basis of unshaken belief remaining. He is like a man toiling with all his might to build a palace out of dry sand. Ecclesiastical revivals are going on all over the world, and all from the same cause. The Jew, the Turk, the Hindoo, the Roman Catholic, the Anglo-Catholic, the

Protestant English Dissenter, are striving with all their might to blow into flame the expiring ashes of their hearth fires. They are building synagogues and mosques, building and restoring churches, writing books and tracts; persuading themselves and others with spasmodic agony that the thing they love is not dead, but sleeping. Only the Germans, only those who have played no tricks with their souls, and have carried out boldly the spirit as well as the letter of the Reformation, are meeting the future with courage and manliness, and retain their faith in the living reality while the outward forms are passing away.

III.

The Education question is part of the Church question, and we find in looking at it precisely the same phenomena. Education has two aspects. On one side it is the cultivation of man's reason, the development of his spiritual nature. It elevates him above the pressure of material interests. It makes him superior to the pleasures and the pains of a world which is but his temporary home, in filling his mind with higher subjects than the occupations of life would themselves provide him with. One man in a million of peculiar gifts may be allowed to go no farther, and may spend his time in pursuits merely intellectual. A life of speculation to the multitude, however, would be a life of idleness and uselessness. They have to maintain themselves in industrious independence in a world in which it has been said there are but three possible modes of existence, begging, stealing, and working; and education means also the equipping a man with means to earn his own living. Every nation which has come to anything considerable has grown by virtue of a vigorous and wholesome education. A nation is but the aggregate of the individuals of which it is composed. Where individuals grow up ignorant and in-

capable, the result is anarchy and torpor. Where there has been energy, and organized strength, there is or has been also an effective training of some kind. From a modern platform speech one would infer that before the present generation the schoolmaster had never been thought of, and that the English of past ages had been left to wander in darkness. Were this true, they would have never risen out of chaos. The problem was understood in Old England better probably than the platform orator understands it, and received a more practical solution than any which on our new principles has yet been arrived at. Five out of six of us have to earn our bread by manual labour, and will have to earn it so to the end of the chapter. Five out of six English children in past generations were in consequence apprenticed to some trade or calling by which that necessary feat could be surely accomplished. They learnt in their catechisms and at church that they were responsible to their Maker for the use which they made of their time. They were taught that there was an immortal part of them, the future of which depended on their conduct while they remained on earth. The first condition of a worthy life was to be able to live honestly; and in the farm or at the forge, at the cobbler's bench or in the carpenter's yard, they learnt to stand on their own feet, to do good and valuable work for which society would thank and pay them. Thenceforward they could support themselves and those belonging to them without meanness, without cringing, without demoralizing obligation to others, and had laid in rugged self-dependence the only foundation for a firm and upright character. The old English education was the apprentice system. In every parish in England the larger householders, the squire and the parson, the farmers, smiths, joiners, shoemakers, were obliged by law to divide among themselves according to their means the children of the poor who would otherwise

grow up unprovided for, and clothe, feed, lodge, and teach them in return for their services till they were old enough to take care of themselves. This was the rule which was acted upon for many centuries. It broke down at last. The burden was found disagreeable; the inroad too heavy upon natural liberty. The gentlemen were the first to decline or evade their obligations. Their business was to take boys and girls for household service. They preferred to have their servants ready made. They did not care to encumber their establishments with awkward urchins or untidy slatterns, who broke their china and whom they were unable to dismiss. The farmer and the artisans objected naturally to bearing the entire charge—they who had sufficient trouble to keep their own heads above water: they had learnt from the gentlemen that their first duties were to themselves, and their ill humour vented itself on the poor little wretches who were flung upon their unwilling hands. The children were ill-used, starved, beaten. In some instances they were killed. The benevolent instincts of the country took up their cause. The apprenticeship under its compulsory form passed away amidst universal execrations. The masters were relieved from the obligation to educate, the lads themselves from the obligation to be educated. They were left to their parents, to their own helplessness, to the chances and casualties of life, to grow up as they could, and drift untaught into whatever occupation they could find. Then first arose the cry for the schoolmaster. The English clergy deserve credit for having been the first to see the mischief that must follow, and to look for a remedy. If these forlorn waifs and strays could no longer be trained, they could not be permitted to become savages. They could learn, at least, to read and write. They could learn to keep themselves clean. They could be broken into habits of decency and obedience, and be taught something of the world into

which they were to be flung out to sink or swim. Democracy gave an impulse to the movement. 'We must educate our masters,' said Mr. Lowe sarcastically. Whether what is now meant by education will make their rule more intelligent remains to be seen. Still the thing is to be done. Children whose parents cannot help them are no longer utterly without a friend. The State charges itself with their minds, if not their bodies. Henceforward they are to receive such equipment for the battle of life as the schoolmaster can provide.

It is something, but the event only can prove that it will be as useful as an apprenticeship to a trade, with the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments at its back. The conditions on which we have our being in this planet remain unchanged. Intelligent work is as much a necessity as ever, and the proportion of us who must set our hands to it is not reduced. Labour is the inevitable lot of the majority, and the best education is that which will make their labour most productive. I do not undervalue book knowledge. Under any aspect it is a considerable thing. If the books be well chosen and their contents really mastered, it may be a beautiful thing; but the stubborn fact will remain, that after the years, be they more or be they less, which have been spent at school, the pupil will be launched into life as unable as when he first entered the school door to earn a sixpence, possessing neither skill nor knowledge for which any employer in England will be willing to hire his services. An enthusiastic clergyman who had meditated long on the unfairness of confining mental culture to the classes who had already so many other advantages, gave his village boys the same education which he had received himself. He taught them languages and literature, and moral science, and art and music. He unfitted them for the state of life in which they were born. He

was unable to raise them into a better. He sent one of the most promising of them, with high recommendations to seek employment in a London banking-house. The lad was asked what he could do. It was found that, allowing for his age, he could pass a fair examination in two or three plays of Shakespeare.

Talent, it is urged, real talent, crippled hitherto by want of opportunity, will be enabled to show itself. It may be so. Real talent, however, is not the thing which we need be specially anxious about. It can take care of itself. If we look down the roll of English worthies in all the great professions, in church and law, in army and navy, in literature, science, and trade, we see at once that the road must have been always open for boys of genius to rise. We have to consider the million, not the units; the average, not the exceptions.

It is argued again that by educating boys' minds, and postponing till later their special industrial training, we learn better what each is fit for; time is left for special fitnesses to show themselves. We shall make fewer mistakes, and boys will choose the line of life for which nature has qualified them. This may sound plausible, but capacity of a peculiarly special kind is the same as genius, and may be left to find its own place. A Canova or a Faraday makes his way through all impediments into the occupation which belongs to him. Special qualifications, unless they are of the highest order, do not exist to a degree worth considering. A boy's nature runs naturally into the channel which is dug for it. Teach him to do any one thing, and in doing so you create a capability; and you create a taste along with it; his further development will go as far and as wide as his strength of faculty can reach; and such varied knowledge as he may afterwards accumulate will grow as about a stem round the one paramount occupation which is the business of his life.

A sharp lad, with general acquirements, yet unable to turr his hand to one thing more than another, drifts through existence like a leaf blown before the wind. Even if he retains what he has learnt, it is useless to him. The great majority so taught do not retain, and cannot retain, what they learn merely as half-understood propositions, and which they have no chance of testing by practice. Virgil and Sophocles, logic and geometry, with the ordinary university pass-man, are as much lost to him in twenty years from his degree as if he had never construed a line or worked a problem. Why should we expect better of the pupil of the middle or lower class, whose education ends with his boyhood? Why should his memory remain burdened with generalities of popular science, names and dates from history which have never been more than words to him, or the commonplaces of political economy, which, if he attaches any meaning at all to them, he regards as the millionaire's catechism, which he will believe when he is a millionaire himself? The knowledge which a man can use is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it, and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain, or dries like raindrops off the stores.

The mind expands, we are told ; larger information generates larger and nobler thoughts. Is it so? We must look to the facts. General knowledge means general ignorance, and an ignorance, unfortunately, which is unconscious of itself. Quick wits are sharpened up. Young fellows so educated learn that the world is a large place, and contains many pleasant things for those who can get hold of them. Their ideas doubtless are inflated, and with them their ambitions and desires. They have gained nothing towards the wholesome gratifying of those desires, while they have gained considerable dis-

content at the inequalities of what is called fortune. They are the ready-made prey of plausible palaver written or spoken, but they are without means of self-help, without seriousness, and without stability. They believe easily that the world is out of joint because they, with their little bits of talents, miss the instant recognition which they think their right. Their literature, which the precious art of reading has opened out to them, is the penny newspaper; their creed, the latest popular chimera which has taken possession of the air. They form the classes which breed like mushrooms in the modern towns, and are at once the scorn and the perplexity of the thoughtful statesman. They are Fenians in Ireland, trades-unionists in England, rabid partisans of slavery or rabid abolitionists in America, socialists and red republicans on the Continent. It is better that they should have any education than none. The evils caused by a smattering of information, sounder knowledge may eventually cure. I refuse only to admit that the transition from the old industrial education to the modern book education is, for the present or the immediate future, a sign of what can be called progress.

Let there be more religion, men say. Education will not do without religion. Along with the secular lessons we must have Bible lessons, and then all will go well. It is perfectly true that a consciousness of moral responsibility, a sense of the obligation of truth and honesty and purity, lies at the bottom of all right action—that without it knowledge is useless, that with it everything will fall into its place. But it is with religion as with all else of which I am speaking. Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever. The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily

constituted ; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince. The general lesson lies in the commandment once taught with authority by the clergyman ; the application of it in the details of practical life, in the execution of the particular duty which each moment brings with it. The book lesson, be it Bible lesson, or commentary, or catechism, can at best be nothing more than the communication of historical incidents of which half of the educated world have begun to question the truth, or the dogmatic assertion of opinions over which theologians quarrel and will quarrel to the end of time. France had been held up before us for the last twenty years as the leader of civilization, and Paris as the head-quarters of it. The one class in this supreme hour of trial for that distracted nation in which there is most hope of good is that into which the ideas of Paris have hitherto failed to penetrate. The French peasant sits as a child at the feet of the priesthood of an exploded idolatry. His ignorance of books is absolute ; his superstitions are contemptible ; but he has retained a practical remembrance that he has a Master in Heaven who will call him to account for his life. In the cultivation of his garden and vineyard, in the simple round of agricultural toil, he has been saved from the temptation of the prevailing delusions, and has led, for the most part, a thrifty, self-denying, industrious, and useful existence. Keener sarcasm it would be hard to find on the inflated enthusiasm of progress.

IV.

Admitting—and we suspect very few of our readers will be inclined to admit—that there is any truth in these criticisms, it will still be said that our shortcomings are on the way to cure themselves.

We have but recently roused ourselves from past stagnation, and that a new constitution of things cannot work at once with all-sided perfection is no more than we might expect. Shortcomings there may be, and our business is to find them out and mend them. The means are now in our hands. The people have at last political power. All interests are now represented in Parliament. All are sure of consideration. Class government is at an end. Aristocracies, land-owners, established churches, can abuse their privileges no longer. The age of monopolies is gone. England belongs to herself. We are at last free.

It would be well if there were some definition of freedom which would enable men to see clearly what they mean and do not mean by that vaguest of words. The English Liturgy says that freedom is to be found perfectly in the service of God. '*Intellectual emancipation*,' says Goethe, '*if it does not give us at the same time control over ourselves, is poisonous.*' Undoubtedly the best imaginable state of human things would be one in which everybody thought with perfect correctness and acted perfectly well of his own free will, unconstrained, and even unguided, by external authority. But inasmuch as no such condition as this can be looked for this side of the day of judgment, the question for ever arises how far the unwise should be governed by the wise—how far society should be protected against the eccentricities of fools, and fools be protected against themselves. There is a right and wrong principle on which each man's life can be organized. There is a right or a wrong in detail at every step which he takes. Much of this he must learn for himself. He must learn to act as he learns to walk. He obtains command of his limbs by freely using them. To hold him up each time that he totters is to deprive him of his only means of learning how not to fall.

There are other things in which it is equally clear that he must not be left to himself. Not only may he not in the exercise of his liberty do what is injurious to others—he must not seriously injure himself. A stumble or a fall is a wholesome lesson to take care, but he is not left to learn by the effects that poison is poison, or getting drunk is brutalizing. He is forbidden to do what wiser men than he know to be destructive to him. If he refuses to believe them, and acts on his own judgment, he is not gaining any salutary instruction—he is simply hurting himself, and has a just ground of complaint ever after against those who ought to have restrained him. As we ‘become our own masters,’ to use the popular phrase, we are left more and more to our own guidance, but we are never so entirely masters of ourselves that we are free from restraint altogether. The entire fabric of human existence is woven of the double threads of freedom and authority, which are for ever wrestling one against the other. Their legitimate spheres slide insensibly one into the other. The limits of each vary with time, circumstances, and character, and no rigid line can be drawn which neither ought to overpass. There are occupations in which error is the only educator. There are actions which it is right to blame, but not forcibly to check or punish. There are actions again—actions like suicide—which may concern no one but a man’s self, yet which nevertheless it may be right forcibly to prevent. Precise rules cannot be laid down which will meet all cases.

The private and personal habits of grown men lie for the most part outside the pale of interference. It is otherwise, however, in the relations of man to society. There, running through every fibre of those relations, is justice and injustice—justice which means the health and life of society, injustice which is poison and death. As a member of society a man parts with his natural rights, and society in turn incurs a debt to

him which it is bound to discharge. Where the debt is adequately rendered, where on both sides there is a consciousness of obligation, where rulers and ruled alike understand that more is required of them than attention to their separate interests, and where they discern with clearness in what that 'more' consists, there at once is good government, there is supremacy of law—law written in the statute book, and law written in the statute book of Heaven; and there, and only there, is freedom.

Das Gesetz soll nur uns Freiheit geben.

As in personal morality liberty is self-restraint, and self-indulgence is slavery, so political freedom is possible only where justice is in the seat of authority, where all orders and degrees work in harmony with the organic laws which man neither made nor can alter—where the unwise are directed by the wise, and those who are trusted with power use it for the common good.

A country so governed is a free country, be the form of the constitution what it may. A country not so governed is in bondage, be its suffrage never so universal. Where justice is supreme, no subject is forbidden anything which he has a right to do or to desire; and therefore it is that political changes, revolutions, reforms, transfers of power from one order to another, from kings to aristocracies, from aristocracies to peoples, are in themselves no necessary indications of political or moral advance. They mean merely that those in authority are no longer fit to be trusted with exclusive power. They mean that those high persons are either ignorant and so incapable, or have forgotten the public good in their own pleasures, ambitions, or superstitions; that they have ceased to be the representatives of any superior wisdom or deeper moral insight, and may therefore justly be deprived of privileges which they abuse for

their own advantage and for public mischief. Healthy nations when justly governed never demand constitutional changes. Men talk of entrusting power to the people as a moral education, as enlarging their self-respect, elevating their imaginations, making them alive to their dignity as human beings. It is well, perhaps, that we should dress up in fine words a phenomenon which is less agreeable in its nakedness. But at the bottom of things the better sort are always loyal to governments which are doing their business well and impartially. They doubt the probability of being themselves likely to mend matters, and are thankful to let well alone. The growth of popular constitutions in a country originally governed by an aristocracy implies that the aristocracy is not any more a real aristocracy—that it is alive to its own interests and blind to other people's interests. It does not imply that those others are essentially wiser or better, but only that they understand where their own shoe pinches; and that if it be merely a question of interest, they have a right to be considered as well as the class above them. In one sense it may be called an advance, that in the balance of power so introduced particular forms of aggravated injustice may be rendered impossible: but we are brought no nearer to the indispensable thing without which no human society can work healthily or happily—the sovereignty of wisdom over folly—the pre-eminence of justice and right over greediness and self-seeking. The unjust authority is put away, the right authority is not installed in its place. People suppose it a great thing that every English householder should have a share in choosing his governors. Is it that the functions of government being reduced to a cypher, the choice of its administrators may be left haphazard? The crew of a man-of-war understand something of seamanship; the rank and file of a regiment are not absolutely without an inkling of the nature of military

service; yet if seamen and soldiers were allowed to choose their own leaders, the fate of fleets and armies so officered would not be hard to predict. Because they are not utterly ignorant of their business, and because they do not court their own destruction, the first use which the best of them would make of such a privilege would be to refuse to act upon it.

No one seriously supposes that popular suffrage gives us a wider Parliament than we used to have. Under the rotten borough system Parliament was notoriously a far better school of statesmanship than it is or ever can be where the merits of candidates have first to be recognized by constituencies. The rotten borough system fell, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was abused to maintain injustice—to enrich the aristocracy and the landowners at the expense of the people. We do not look for a higher morality in the classes whom we have admitted to power; we expect them only to be sharp enough to understand their own concerns. We insist that each interest shall be represented, and we anticipate from the equipoise the utmost attainable amount of justice. It may be called progress, but it is a public confession of despair of human nature. It is as much as to say, that although wisdom may be higher than folly as far as heaven is above earth, the wise man has no more principle than the fool. Give him power and he will read the moral laws of the universe into a code which will only fill his own pocket, and being no better than the fool, has no more right to be listened to. The entire Civil Service of this country has been opened amidst universal acclamations to public competition. Any one who is not superannuated, and has not incurred notorious disgrace, may present himself to the Board of Examiners, and win himself a place in a public department. Everybody knows that if the heads of the departments were honestly to look for the fittest person

that they could find to fill a vacant office, they could make better selections than can be made for them under the new method. The alteration means merely that these superior persons will not or cannot use their patronage disinterestedly, and that of two bad methods of choice the choice by examination is the least mischievous.

The world calls all this progress. I call it only change ; change which may bring us nearer to a better order of things, as the ploughing up and rooting the weeds out of a fallow is a step towards growing a clean crop of wheat there, but without a symptom at present showing of healthy organic growth. When a block of type from which a book has been printed is broken up into its constituent letters the letters so disintegrated are called 'pie.' The pie, a mere chaos, is afterwards sorted and distributed, preparatory to being built up into fresh combinations. A distinguished American friend describes Democracy as 'making pie.'

Meanwhile, beside the social confusion, the knowledge of outward things and the command of natural forces are progressing really with steps rapid, steady, and indeed gigantic. 'Knowledge comes' if 'wisdom lingers.' The man of science discovers ; the mechanist and the engineer appropriate and utilize each invention as it is made ; and thus each day tools are formed or forming, which hereafter, when under moral control, will elevate the material condition of the entire human race. The labour which a hundred years ago made a single shirt now makes a dozen or a score. Ultimately it is possible that the harder and grosser forms of work will be done entirely by machinery, and leisure be left to the human drudge which may lift him bodily into another scale of existence. For the present no such effect is visible. The mouths to be fed and the backs to be covered multiply even faster than the means of feeding and clothing them ;

and conspicuous as have been the fruits of machinery in the increasing luxuries of the minority, the level of comfort in the families of the labouring millions has in this country been rather declining than rising. The important results have been so far rather political and social. Watt, Stephenson, and Wheatstone, already and while their discoveries are in their infancy, have altered the relation of every country in the world with its neighbours. The ocean barriers between continents which Nature seemed to have raised for eternal separation have been converted into easily travelled highways; mountain chains are tunnelled; distance, once the most troublesome of realities, has ceased to exist. The inventions of these three men determined the fate of the revolt of the Slave States. But for them and their work the Northern armies would have crossed the Potomac in mere handfuls, exhausted with enormous marches. The iron roads lent their help. The collected strength of all New England and the West was able to fling itself into the work; Negro slavery is at an end; and the Union is not to be split like Europe into a number of independent states, but is to remain a single power, to exercise an influence yet unimaginable on the future fortunes of mankind. Aided by the same mechanical facilities, Germany obliterates the dividing lines of centuries. The Americans preserved the unity which they had. The Germans conquer for themselves a unity which they had not. France interferes, and half a million soldiers are collected and concentrated in a fortnight; armies, driven in like wedges, open rents and gaps from the Rhine to Orleans; and at the end of two months the nation whose military strength was supposed to be the greatest in the world was reeling paralysed under blows to which these modern contrivances had exposed her. So far we may be satisfied; but who can foresee the ultimate changes of which these are the initial symptoms? Who will be rash

enough to say that they will promote necessarily the happiness of mankind ? They are but weapons which may be turned to good or evil, according to the characters of those who best understand how to use them.

The same causes have created as rapidly a tendency no less momentous towards migration and interfusion, which may one day produce a revolution in the ideas of allegiance and nationality. English, French, Germans, Irish, even Chinese and Hindus, are scattering themselves over the world ; some *bona fide* in search of new homes, some merely as temporary residents—but any way establishing themselves wherever a living is to be earned in every corner of the globe, careless of the flag under which they have passed. Far the largest part will never return : they will leave descendants, to whom their connection with the old country will be merely matter of history ; but the ease with which we can now go from one place to the other will keep alive an intention of returning, though it be never carried out ; and as the numbers of these denizens multiply, intricate problems have already risen as to their allegiance, and will become more and more complicated. The English at Hong Kong and Shanghai have no intention of becoming Chinese, but their presence there has shaken the stability of the Chinese empire, and has cost that country, if the returns are not enormously exaggerated, in the civil wars and rebellions of which they have been the indirect occasion, a hundred million lives.

From the earliest times we trace migrations of nations or the founding of colonies by spirited adventurers ; but never was the process going on at such a rate as now, and never with so little order or organized communion of purpose. No ingenuity could have devised a plan for the dispersion of the superfluous part of the European populations so effective as the natural working of personal impulse, backed by these new facilities. The question still returns, however, To

what purpose? Are the effects of emigration to be caly as the effects of machinery? Are a few hundred millions to be added to the population of the globe merely that they may make money and spend it? In all the great movements at present visible there is as yet no trace of the working of intellectual or moral ideas—no sign of a conviction that man has more to live for than to labour and eat the fruit of his labour.

So far, perhaps, the finest result of scientific activity lies in the personal character which devotion of a life to science seems to produce. • While almost every other occupation is pursued for the money which can be made out of it, and success is measured by the money result which has been realized—while even artists and men of letters, with here and there a brilliant exception, let the bankers' book become more and more the criterion of their being on the right road, the men of science alone seem to value knowledge for its own sake, and to be valued in return for the addition which they are able to make to it. A dozen distinguished men might be named who have shown intellect enough to qualify them for the woolsack, or an archbishop's mitre: external rewards of this kind might be thought the natural recompense for work which produces results so splendid; but they are quietly and unconsciously indifferent—they are happy in their own occupations, and ask no more; and that here, and here only, there is real and undeniable progress is a significant proof that the laws remain unchanged under which true excellence of any kind is attainable.

To conclude.

The accumulation of wealth, with its daily services at the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, with international exhibitions for its religious festivals, and political economy for its gospel, is progress, if it be progress at all, towards the wrong place. Baal, the god of the merchants of Tyre, counted four hundred and fifty prophets when there was but one Elijah.

Baal was a visible reality. Baal rose in his sun-chariot in the morning, scattered the evil spirits of the night, lightened the heart, quickened the seed in the soil, clothed the hill-side with waving corn, made the gardens bright with flowers, and loaded the vineyard with its purple clusters. When Baal turned away his face the earth languished, and dressed herself in her winter mourning robe. Baal was the friend who held at bay the enemies of mankind—cold, nakedness, and hunger; who was kind alike to the evil and the good, to those who worshipped him and those who forgot their benefactor. Compared to him, what was the being that ‘hid himself,’ the name without a form—that was called on, but did not answer—who appeared in visions of the night, terrifying the uneasy sleeper with visions of horror? Baal was God. The other was but the creation of a frightened imagination—a phantom that had no existence outside the brains of fools and dreamers. Yet in the end Baal could not save Samaria from the Assyrians, any more than progress and ‘unexampled prosperity’ have rescued Paris from Von Moltke. Paris will rise from her fallen state, if rise she does, by a return to the uninviting virtues of harder and simpler times. The modern creed bids every man look first to his cash-box. Fact says that the cash-box must be the second concern—that a man’s life consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses. The modern creed says, by the mouth of a President of the Board of Trade, that adulteration is the fruit of competition, and, at worst, venial delinquency. Fact says that this vile belief has gone like poison into the marrow of the nations. The modern creed looks complacently on luxury as a stimulus to trade. Fact says that luxury has disorganized society, severed the bonds of good-will which unite man to man, and class to class, and generated distrust and hatred.

A serious person, when he is informed that any particular country is making strides in civilization, will ask two questions. First personally, Are the individual citizens growing more pure in their private habits? Are they true and just in their dealings? Is their intelligence, if they are becoming intelligent, directed towards learning and doing what is right, or are they looking only for more extended pleasures, and for the means of obtaining them? Are they making progress in what old-fashioned people used to call the fear of God, or are their personal selves and the indulgence of their own inclinations the end and aim of their existence? That is one question, and the other is its counterpart. Each nation has a certain portion of the earth's surface allotted to it from which the means of its support are being wrung: are the proceeds of labour distributed justly, according to the work which each individual has done; or does one plough and another reap in virtue of superior strength, superior cleverness or cunning?

These are the criteria of progress. All else is merely misleading. In a state of nature there is no law but physical force. As society becomes organized, strength is coerced by greater strength; arbitrary violence is restrained by the policeman; and the relations between man and man, in some degree, are humanized. That is true improvement. But large thews and sinews are only the rudest of the gifts which enable one man to take advantage of his neighbour. Sharpness of wit gives no higher title to superiority than bigness of muscle and bone. The power to overreach requires restraint as much as the power to rob and kill; and the progress of civilization depends on the extent of the domain which is reclaimed under the moral law. Nations have been historically great in proportion to their success in this direction. Religion, while it is sound, creates a basis of conviction on which legislation can act,

and where the legislator drops the problem, the spiritual teacher takes it up. So long as a religion is believed, and so long as it retains a practical direction, the moral idea of right can be made the principle of government. When religion degenerates into superstition or doctrinalism, the statesman loses his ground, and laws intended, as it is scornfully said, to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament, either sink into desuetude or are formally abandoned. How far modern Europe has travelled in this direction would be too large an inquiry. Thus much, however, is patent, and, so far as our own country is concerned, is proudly avowed: provinces of action once formally occupied by law have been abandoned to anarchy. Statutes which regulated wages, statutes which assessed prices, statutes which interfered with personal liberty, in the supposed interests of the commonwealth, have been repealed as mischievous. It is now held that beyond the prevention of violence and the grossest forms of fraud, government can meddle only for mischief—that crime only needs repressing—and that a community prospers best where every one is left to scramble for himself, and find the place for which his gifts best qualify him. Justice, which was held formerly to be co-extensive with human conduct, is limited to the smallest corner of it. The labourer or artisan has a right only to such wages as he can extort out of the employer. The purchaser who is cheated in a shop must blame his own simplicity, and endeavour to be wiser for the future.

Habits of obedience, moral convictions inherited from earlier times, have enabled this singular theory to work for a time; men have submitted to be defrauded rather than quarrel violently with the institutions of their country. There are symptoms, however, which indicate that the period of forbearance is waning. Swindling has grown to a point

among us where the political economist preaches patience unsuccessfully, and Trades-Unionism indicates that the higgling of the market is not the last word on the wages question. Government will have to take up again its abandoned functions, and will understand that the cause and meaning of its existence is the discovery and enforcement of the elementary rules of right and wrong. Here lies the road of true progress, and nowhere else. It is no primrose path—with exhibition flourishes, elasticity of revenue, and shining lists of exports and imports. The upward climb has been ever a steep and thorny one, involving, first of all, the forgetfulness of self, the worship of which, in the creed of the economist, is the mainspring of advance. That the change will come, if not to us in England, yet to our posterity somewhere upon the planet, experience forbids us to doubt. The probable manner of it is hopelessly obscure. Men never willingly acknowledge that they have been absurdly mistaken.

An indication of what may possibly happen can be found, perhaps, in a singular phenomenon of the spiritual development of mankind which occurred in a far distant age. The fact itself is, at all events, so curious that a passing thought may be usefully bestowed upon it.

The Egyptians were the first people upon the earth who emerged into what is now called civilization. How they lived, how they were governed during the tens of hundreds of generations which intervened between their earliest and latest monuments, there is little evidence to say. At the date when they become distinctly visible they present the usual features of effete Oriental societies; the labour executed by slave gangs, and a rich luxurious minority spending their time in feasting and revelry. Wealth accumulated. Art flourished. Enormous engineering works illustrated the talent or ministered to the vanity of the priestly and military classes. The favoured of fortune

basked in perpetual sunshine. The millions sweated in the heat under the lash of the task-master, and were paid with just so much of the leeks and onions and fleshpots as would continue them in a condition to work. Of these despised wretches some hundreds of thousands were enabled by Providence to shake off the yoke, to escape over the Red Sea into the Arabian desert, and there receive from heaven a code of laws under which they were to be governed in the land where they were to be planted.

What were those laws?

The Egyptians, in the midst of their corruptions, had inherited the doctrine from their fathers which is considered the foundation of all religion. They believed in a life beyond the grave—in the judgment bar of Osiris, at which they were to stand on leaving their bodies, and in a future of happiness or misery as they had lived well or ill upon earth. It was not a speculation of philosophers—it was the popular creed; and it was held with exactly the same kind of belief with which it has been held by the Western nations since their conversion to Christianity.

But what was the practical effect of their belief? There is no doctrine, however true, which works mechanically on the soul like a charm. The expectation of a future state may be a motive for the noblest exertion, or it may be an excuse for acquiescence in evil, and serve to conceal and perpetuate the most enormous iniquities. The magnate of Thebes or Memphis, with his huge estates, his town and country palaces, his retinue of eunuchs, and his slaves whom he counted by thousands, was able to say to himself, if he thought at all, 'True enough, there are inequalities of fortune. These serfs of mine have a miserable time of it, but it is only a *time* after all; they have immortal souls, poor devils! and their wretched existence here is but a drop of water in the ocean of their being. They have as good a chance of Paradise

as I have—perhaps better. Osiris will set all right hereafter; and for the present rich and poor are an ordinance of Providence, and there is no occasion to disturb established institutions. For myself, I have drawn a prize in the lottery, and I hope I am grateful. I subscribe handsomely to the temple services. I am myself punctual in my religious duties. The priests, who are wiser than I am, pray for me, and they tell me I may set my mind at rest.

Under this theory of things the Israelites had been ground to powder. They broke away. They too were to become a nation. A revelation of the true God was bestowed on them, from which, as from a fountain, a deeper knowledge of the Divine nature was to flow out over the earth; and the central thought of it was the realization of the Divine government—not in a vague hereafter, but in the living present. The unpractical prospective justice which had become an excuse for tyranny was superseded by an immediate justice in time. They were to reap the harvest of their deeds, not in heaven but on earth. There was no life in the grave whither they were going. The future state was withdrawn from their sight till the mischief which it had wrought was forgotten. It was not denied, but it was veiled in a cloud. It was left to private opinion to hope or to fear; but it was no longer held out either as an excitement to piety or a terror to evil-doers. The God of Israel was a living God, and His power was displayed visibly and immediately in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked while they remained in the flesh.

It would be unbecoming to press the parallel, but phenomena are showing themselves which indicate that an analogous suspension of belief provoked by the same causes may possibly be awaiting ourselves. The relations between man and man are now supposed to be governed by natural laws which enact themselves independent of considerations of justice. Political

economy is erected into a science, and the shock to our moral nature is relieved by reflections that it refers only to earth, and that justice may take effect hereafter. Science, however, is an inexorable master. The evidence for a hereafter depends on considerations which science declines to entertain. To piety and conscientiousness it appears inherently probable ; but to the calm, unprejudiced student of realities, piety and conscientiousness are insufficient witnesses to matters of fact. The religious passions have made too many mistakes to be accepted as of conclusive authority. Scientific habits of thought, which are more and more controlling us, demand external proofs which are difficult to find. It may be that we require once more to have the living certainties of the Divine government brought home to us more palpably ; that a doctrine which has been the consolation of the heavy laden for eighteen hundred years may have generated once more a practical infidelity ; and that by natural and intelligent agencies, in the furtherance of the everlasting purposes of our Father in heaven, the belief in a life beyond the grave may again be about to be withdrawn.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

1850.

FROM St Anselm to Mr Emerson, from the 'Acta Sanctorum' to the 'Representative Men'; so far in seven centuries we have travelled. The races of the old Ideals have become extinct like the Preadamite Scuirians; and here are our new pattern specimens on which we are to look, and take comfort and encouragement to ourselves.

The philosopher, the mystic, the poet, the sceptic, the man of the world, the writer; these are the present moral categories, the *summa genera* of human greatness as Mr Emerson arranges them. From every point of view an exceptionable catalogue. They are all thinkers, to begin with, except one: and thought is but a poor business compared to action. Saints did not earn canonization by the number of their folios; and if the necessities of the times are now driving our best men out of action into philosophy and verse-making, so much the worse for them and so much the worse for the world. The one pattern actor, 'the man of the world,' is Napoleon Bonaparte, not in the least a person, as we are most of us at present feeling, whose example the world desires to see followed. Mr Emerson would have done better if he had kept to his own side of the Atlantic. He is paying his own countrymen but a poor compliment by coming exclusively to Europe for his heroes; and he would be doing us in Europe more real good by a great deal if he would tell us something of the back-

woodsmen in Kentucky and Ohio. However, to let that pass; it is not our business here to quarrel either with him or his book; and the book stands at the head of our article rather because it presents a very noticeable deficiency of which its writer is either unaware or careless.

These six predicables, as the logician would call them, what are they? Are they *ultima genera* refusing to be classified further? or is there any other larger type of greatness under which they fall? In the naturalist's catalogue, poet, sceptic, and the rest will all be classified as men—man being an intelligible entity. Has Mr Emerson any similar clear idea of great man or good man? If so, where is he? what is he? It is desirable that we should know. Men will not get to heaven because they lie under one or other of these predicables. What is that supreme type of character which is in itself good or great, unqualified with any further *differentia*? Is there any such? and if there be, where is the representative of this? It may be said that the generic man exists nowhere in an ideal unity—that if considered at all, he must be abstracted from the various sorts of men, black and white, tame or savage. So if we would know what a great man or a good man means, we must look to some specific line in which he is good, and abstract our general idea. And that is very well, provided we know what we are about; provided we understand, in our abstracting, how to get the essential idea distinctly out before ourselves, without entangling ourselves in the accidents. Human excellence, after all the teaching of the last eighteen hundred years, ought to be something palpable by this time. It is the one thing which we are all taught to seek and to aim at forming in ourselves; and if representative men are good for anything at all, it can only be, not as they represent merely curious combinations of phenomena, but as they

illustrate us in a completely realized form, what we are, every single one of us, equally interested in understanding. It is not the 'great man' as 'man of the world' that we care for, but the 'man of the world' as a 'great man'—which is a very different thing. Having to live in this world, how to live greatly here is the question for us; not, how, being great, we can cast our greatness in a worldly mould. There may be endless successful 'men of the world' who are mean or little enough all the while; and the Emersonian attitude will confuse success with greatness, or turn our ethics into a chaos of absurdity. So it is with everything which man undertakes and works in. Life has grown complicated; and for one employment in old times there are a hundred now. But it is not *they* which are anything, but *we*. We are the end, they are but the means, the material—like the clay, or the marble, or the bronze, in which the sculptor carves his statue. The *form* is everything; and what is the form? From nursery to pulpit every teacher rings on the one note—be good, be noble, be men. What is goodness then? and what is nobleness? and where are the examples? We do not say that there are none. God forbid! That is not what we are meaning at all. If the earth had ceased to bear men pleasant in God's sight, it would have passed away like the cities in the plain. But who are they? which are they? how are we to know them? They are our leaders in this life-campaign of ours. If we could see them, we would follow them, and save ourselves many and many a fall, and many an enemy whom we could have avoided, if we had known of him. It cannot be that the thing is so simple, when names of highest reputation are wrangled over, and such poor counterfeits are mobbed with applauding followers. In art and science we can detect the charlatan, but in life we do not recognize him so readily—we do not recognize the charlatan, and we

do not recognize the true man. Rajah Brooke is alternately a hero or a pirate; and fifty of the best men among us are likely to have fifty opinions on the merits of Elizabeth or Cromwell.

But surely, men say, the thing is simple. The commandments are simple. It is not that people do not know, but that they will not act up to what they know. We hear a great deal of this in sermons, and elsewhere; and, of course, as everybody's experience will tell him, there is a great deal too much reason why we should hear of it. But there are two sorts of duty, positive and negative; what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do. To the latter of these, conscience is pretty much awake; but by cunningly concentrating its attention on one side of the matter, conscience has contrived to forget altogether that any other sort exists at all. 'Doing wrong' is breaking a commandment which forbids us to do some particular thing. That is all the notion which in common language is attached to the idea. Do not kill, steal, lie, swear, commit adultery, or break the Lord's Jay—these are the commandments; very simple, doubtless, and easy to be known. But, after all, what are they? They are no more than the very first and rudimental conditions of goodness. Obedience to these is not more than a small part of what is required of us; it is no more than the foundation on which the superstructure of character is to be raised. To go through life, and plead at the end of it that we have not broken any of these commandments, is but what the unprofitable servant did, who kept his talent carefully unspent, and yet was sent to outer darkness for his uselessness. Suppose these commandments obeyed—what then? It is but a small portion of our time which, we will hope, is spent in resisting temptation to break them. What are we to do with the rest of it? Or suppose them (and this is a high step indeed) resolved into love of God and love of our neigh-

bour. Suppose we know that it is our duty to love our neighbour as ourselves. What are we to do, then, for our neighbour, besides abstaining from doing him injury? The saints knew very well what *they* were to do; but our duties, we suppose, lie in a different direction; and it does not appear that we have found them. 'We have duties so positive to our neighbour,' says Bishop Butler, 'that if we give more of our time and of our attention to ourselves and our own matters than is our just due, we are taking what is not ours, and are guilty of fraud.' What does Bishop Butler mean? It is easy to answer generally. In detail, it is not only difficult, it is impossible to answer at all. The modern world says—'Mind your own business, and leave others to take care of theirs;' and whoever among us aspires to more than the negative abstaining from wrong, is left to his own guidance. There is no help for him, no instruction, no modern ideal which shall be to him what the heroes were to the young Greek or Roman, or the martyrs to the Middle-Age Christian. There is neither track nor footprint in the course which he will have to follow, while, as in the old fairy tale, the hill-side which he is climbing is strewn with black stones mocking at him with their thousand voices. We have no moral criterion, no idea, no counsels of perfection; and surely this is the reason why education is so little prosperous with us; because the only education worth anything is the education of character, and we cannot educate a character unless we have some notion of what we would form. Young men, as we know, are more easily led than driven. It is a very old story that to forbid this and that (so curious and contradictory is our nature), is to stimulate a desire to do it. But place before a boy a figure of a noble man; let the circumstances in which he has earned his claim to be called noble be such as the boy himself sees round himself; let him see this man rising over his

temptation, and following life victoriously and beautifully forward, and, depend on it, you will kindle his heart as no threat of punishment here or anywhere will kindle it.

People complain of the sameness in the 'Lives of the Saints.' It is that very sameness which is the secret of their excellence. There is a sameness in the heroes of the 'Iliad'; there is a sameness in the historical heroes of Greece and Rome. A man is great as he contends best with the circumstances of his age, and those who fight best with the same circumstances, of course grow like each other. And so with our own age—if we really could have the lives of our best men written for us (and written well, by men who knew what to look for, and what it was on which they should insist), they would be just as like each other too, and would for that reason be of such infinite usefulness. They would not be like the old Ideals. Times are changed; they were one thing, we have to be another—their enemies are not ours. There is a moral metempsychosis in the change of era, and probably no lineament of form or feature remains identical; yet surely not because less is demanded of us—not less, but more—more, as we are again and again told on Sundays from the pulpits; if the preachers would but tell us in what that 'more' consists. The loftiest teaching we ever hear is, that we are to work in the spirit of love; but we are still left to generalities, while action divides and divides into ever smaller details. It is as if the Church said to the painter or to the musician whom she was training, you must work in the spirit of love and in the spirit of truth; and then adding, that the Catholic painting or the Catholic music was what he was *not* to imitate, suppose that she had sent him out into the world equipped fully for his enterprise.

And what comes of this? Emersonianism has come, modern hagiology has come, and Ainsworth

novels and Bulwer novels, and a thousand more unclean spirits. We have cast out the Catholic devil, and the Puritan has swept the house and garnished it; but as yet we do not see any symptoms showing of a healthy incoming tenant, and there may be worse states than Catholicism. If we wanted proof of the utter spiritual disintegration into which we have fallen, it would be enough that we have no biographies. We do not mean that we have no written lives of our fellow-creatures; there are enough and to spare. But not any one is there in which the ideal tendencies of this age can be discerned in their true form; not one, or hardly any one, which we could place in a young man's hands, with such warm confidence as would let us say of it—'Read that; there is a man—such a man as you ought to be; read it, meditate on it; see what he was, and how he made himself what he was, and try and be yourself like him.' This, as we saw lately, is what Catholicism did. It had its one broad type of perfection, which in countless thousands of instances was perpetually reproducing itself—a type of character not especially belonging to any one profession; it was a type to which priest or layman, knight or bishop, king or peasant, might equally aspire: men of all sorts aspired to it, and men of all sort attained to it; and as fast as she had realized them (so to say), the Church took them in her arms, and held them up before the world as fresh and fresh examples of victory over the devil. This is what that Church was able to do, and it is what we cannot do; and yet, till we can learn to do it, no education which we can offer has any chance of prospering. Perfection is not easy; it is of all things most difficult; difficult to know and difficult to practise. Rules of life will not do; even if our analysis of life, in all its possible forms were as complete as it is in fact rudimentary, they would still be inefficient. The philosophy of

the thing might be understood, but the practice would be as far off as ever. In life, as in art, and as in mechanics, the only profitable teaching is the teaching by example. Your mathematician, or your man of science, may discourse excellently on the steam engine, yet he cannot make one; he cannot make a bolt or a screw. The master workman in the engine-room does not teach his apprentice the theory of expansion, or of atmospheric pressure; he guides his hand upon the turncock, he practises his eye upon the index, and he leaves the science to follow when the practice has become mechanical. So it is with everything which man learns to do; and yet for the art of arts, the trade of trades, for *life*, we content ourselves with teaching our children the catechism and the commandments; we preach them sermons on the good of being good, and the evil of being evil; in our higher education we advance to the theory of habit and the freedom of the will; and then, when failure follows failure, *ipsa experientia reclamante*, we hug ourselves with a complacent self-satisfied reflection that the fault is not ours, that all which men could do we have done. The freedom of the will!—as if a blacksmith would ever teach a boy to make a horseshoe, by telling him he could make one if he chose.

In setting out on our journey through life, we are like strangers set to find their way across a difficult and entangled country. It is not enough for us to know that others have set out as we set out, that others have faced the lions in the path and overcome them, and have arrived at last at the journey's end. Such a knowledge may give us heart—but the help it gives is nothing beyond teaching us that the difficulties are not insuperable. It is the *track*, which these others, these pioneers of godliness, have beaten in, that we cry to have shown us; not a mythic 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but a real path trodden in by

real men. Here is a crag, and there is but one spot where it can be climbed: here is a morass or a river, and there is a bridge in one place, and a ford in another. There are robbers in this forest, and wild beasts in that; the tracks cross and recross, and, as in the old labyrinth, only one will bring us right. The age of the saints has passed; they are no longer any service to us; we must walk in their spirit, but not along their road; and in this sense we say, that we have no pattern great men, no biographies, no history, which are of real service to us. It is the remarkable characteristic of the present time, as far as we know—a new phenomenon since history began to be written; one more proof, if we wanted proof, that we are entering on another era. In our present efforts at educating, we are like workmen setting about to make a machine which they know is to be composed of plates and joints, and wheels and screws and springs:—they temper their springs, and smooth their plates, and carve out carefully their wheels and screws, but having no idea of the machine in its combination, they either fasten them together at random, and create some monster of disjointed undirected force, or else pile the finished materials into a heap together, and trust to some organic spirit in themselves which will shape them into unity. We do not know what we would be at. Make our children into men, says one. But what sort of men? The Greeks were men, so were the Jews, so were the Romans, so were the old Saxons, the Normans, the Duke of Alva's Spaniards, and Cromwell's Puritans. These were all men, and strong men too; yet all different, and all differently trained. 'Into Christian men,' says others. But the saints were Christian men; yet the modern Englishmen have been offered the saints' biographies, and have with sufficient clearness expressed their opinion of them.

Alas! in all this confusion, only those keen-eyed

children of this world find their profit; their idea does not readily forsake them. In their substantial theory of life, the business of man in it is to get on, to thrive, to prosper, to have riches in possession. They will have their little ones taught, by the law of demand, what will fetch its price in the market; and this is clear, bold, definite, straightforward—and therefore it is strong, and works its way. It works and will prevail for a time; for a time—but not for ever, unless indeed religion be all a dream, and our airy notions of ourselves a vision out of which our wise age is the long-awaited-for awakening.

It would be a weary and odious business to follow out all the causes which have combined to bring us into our present state. Many of them lie deep down in the roots of humanity, and many belong to that large system of moral causation which works through vast masses of mankind—which, impressing peculiar and necessary features on the eras as they succeed, leaves individuals but a limited margin within which they may determine what they will be. One cause, however, may be mentioned, which lies near the surface, and which for many reasons it may be advantageous to consider. At first thought it may seem superficial and captious; but we do not think it will at the second, and still less at the third.

Protestantism, and even Anglo-Protestantism, has not been without its great men. In their first fierce struggle for existence, these creeds gave birth to thousands whose names may command any rank in history. But alone of all forms of religion, past or present, and we will add (as we devoutly hope), to come (for in her present form, at least, the Church of England cannot long remain), Protestantism knows not what to do with her own offspring; she is unable to give them open and honourable recognition. Entangled in speculative theories of human depravity, of the worthlessness of the best which the best men can do,

Protestantism is unable to say heartily of any one, 'Here is a good man to be loved and remembered with reverence.' There are no saints in the English Church. The English Church does not pretend to saints. Her children may live purely, holily, and beautifully, but her gratitude for them must be silent; she may not thank God for them—she may not hold them up before her congregation. They may or they may not have been really good, but she may not commit herself to attributing a substantial value to the actions of a nature so corrupt as that of man. Among Protestants, the Church of England is the worst, for she is not wholly Protestant. In the utterness of the self-abnegation of the genuine Protestant there is something approaching the heroic. But she, ambitious of being Catholic as well as Protestant, like that old Church of evil memory which would be neither hot nor cold, will neither wholly abandon merit, nor wholly claim it; but halts on between two opinions, claiming and disclaiming, saying and in the next breath again unsaying. The Oxford student being asked for the doctrine of the Anglican Church on good works, knew the rocks and whirlpools among which an unwary answer might involve him, and steering midway between Scylla and Charybdis, replied, with laudable caution, 'a few of them would not do a man any harm.' It is scarcely a caricature of the prudence of the Articles. And so at last it has come to this with us. The soldier can raise a column to his successful general; the halls of the law courts are hung round with portraits of the ermined sages; Newton has his statue, and Harvey and Watt, in the academies of the sciences; and each young aspirant after fame, entering for the first time upon the calling which he has chosen, sees high excellence highly honoured; sees the high career, and sees its noble ending, marked out each step of it in golden letters. But the Church's aisles are desolate, and

desolate they must remain. There is no statue for the Christian. The empty niches stare out like hollow eye-sockets from the walls. Good men live in the Church and die in her, whose story written out or told would be of inestimable benefit, but she may not write it. She may speak of goodness, but not of the good man; as she may speak of sin, but may not censure the sinner. Her position is critical; the Dissenters would lay hold of it. She may not do it, but she will do what she can. She cannot tolerate an image indeed, or a picture of her own raising; she has no praise to utter at her children's graves, when their lives have witnessed to her teaching. But if others will bear the expense and will risk the sin, she will offer no objection. Her walls are naked. The wealthy ones among her congregation may adorn them as they please; the splendour of a dead man's memorial shall be, not as his virtues were, but as his purse; and his epitaph may be brilliant according as there are means to pay for it. They manage things better at the museums and the institutes.

Let this pass, however, as the worst case. There are other causes at work besides the neglect of Churches; the neglect itself being as much a result as a cause. There is a common dead level over the world, to which Churches and teachers, however seemingly opposite, are alike condemned. As it is here in England, so it is with the American Emerson. The fault is not in them, but in the age of which they are no more than the indicators. We are passing out of old forms of activity into others new and on their present scale untried; and how to work nobly in them is the one problem for us all. *Surius* will not profit us, nor the *'Mort d'Arthur.'* Our calling is neither to the hermitage nor to the round table. Our work lies now in those peaceful occupations which, in ages called heroic, were thought unworthy of noble souls. In those it was the slave who tilled the ground, and

wove the garments. It was the ignoble burgher who covered the sea with his ships, and raised up factories and workshops; and how far such occupations influenced the character, how they could be made to minister to loftiness of heart, and high and beautiful life, was a question which could not occur while the atmosphere of the heroic was on all sides believed so alien to them. Times have changed. The old hero-worship has vanished with the need of it; but no other has risen in its stead, and without it we wander in the dark. The commonplaces of morality, the negative commandments, general exhortations to goodness, while neither speaker nor hearer can tell what they mean by goodness—these are all which now remain to us; and thrown into a life more complicated than any which the earth has yet experienced, we are left to wind our way through the labyrinth of its details without any clue except our own instincts, our own knowledge, our own hopes and desires.

We complain of generalities; we will not leave ourselves exposed to the same charge. We will mention a few of the thousand instances in which we cry for guidance and find none; instances on which those who undertake to teach us ought to have made up their minds.

On the surface at least of the Prayer-book, there seems to be something left remaining of the Catholic penitential system. Fasting is spoken of, and abstinence, and some form or other of self-inflicted self-denial is necessarily meant. This thing can by no possibility be unimportant, and we may well smile at the exclusive claims of a Church to the cure of our souls, who is unable to say what she thinks about it. Let us ask her living interpreters then, and what shall we get for an answer? either no answer at all, or contradictory answers; angrily, violently, passionately contradictory. Among the many voices, what is a young man to conclude? He will conclude

naturally according to his inclination; and if he chooses right, it will most likely be on a wrong motive.

Agair, *courage* is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character. Among all fine people, old and modern, whenever we are able to get an insight into their training system, we find it a thing particularly attended to. The Greeks, the Romans, the old Persians, our own nation to the last two hundred years, whoever of mankind have turned out good for anything anywhere, knew very well, that to exhort a boy to be brave without training him in it, would be like exhorting a young colt to submit to the bridle without breaking him in. Step by step, as he could bear it, the boy was introduced to danger, till his pulse ceased to be agitated, and he became familiarized with peril as his natural element. It was a matter of carefully considered, thoroughly recognized, and organized education. But courage now-a-days is not a paying virtue. Courage does not help to make money, and so we have ceased to care about it; and boys are left to educate one another by their own semi-brutal instincts, in this, which is perhaps the most important of all features in the human character. Schools, as far as the masters are concerned with them, are places for teaching Greek and Latin—that, and nothing more. At the universities, fox-hunting is, perhaps, the only discipline of the kind now to be found, and fox-hunting, by forbidding it and winking at it, the authorities have contrived to place on as demoralizing a footing as ingenuity could devise.¹

To pass from training to life. A boy has done with school and college; he has become a man, and has to choose his profession. It is the one most serious step which he has yet taken. In most cases.

¹ Written 1850.

there is no recalling it. He believes that he is passing through life to eternity; that his chance of getting to heaven depends on what use he makes of his time; he prays every day that he may be delivered from temptation, it is his business to see that he does not throw himself into it. Now, every one of the many professions has a peculiar character of its own, which, with rare exceptions, it inflicts on those who follow it. There is the shopkeeper type, the manufacturer type, the lawyer type, the medical type, the clerical type, the soldier's, the sailor's. The nature of a man is 'like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in'; and we can distinguish with ease, on the slightest intercourse, to what class a grown person belongs. It is to be seen in his look, in his words, in his tone of thought, his voice, gesture, even in his hand-writing; and in everything which he does. Every human employment has its especial moral characteristic, its peculiar temptations, its peculiar influences—of a subtle and not easily analysed kind, and only to be seen in their effects. Here, therefore—here if anywhere, we want Mr Emerson with his representatives; or the Church with her advice and warning. But, in fact, what attempt do we see to understand any of this, or even to acknowledge it; to master the moral side of the professions; to teach young men entering them what they are to expect, what to avoid, or what to seek? Where are the highest types—the pattern lawyer, and shopkeeper, and merchant? Are they all equally favourable to excellence of character? Do they offer equal opportunities? Which best suits this disposition, and which suits that? Alas! character is little thought of in the choice. It is rather, Which shall I best succeed in? Where shall I make most money? Suppose an anxious boy to go for counsel to his spiritual mother; to go to her, and ask her to guide him. Shall I be a soldier? he says.

What will she tell him? This and no more—You may, without sin. Shall I be a lawyer, merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, engineer? Still the same answer. But which is best? he demands. We do not know: we do not know. There is no guilt in either; you may take which you please, provided you go to church regularly, and are honest and good. If he is foolish enough to persist further, and ask, in what goodness and honesty consist in *his especial department* (whichever he selects), he will receive the same answer; in other words, he will be told to give every man his due and be left to find out for himself in what 'his due' consists. It is like an artist telling his pupil to put the lights and shadows in their due places, and leaving it to the pupil's ingenuity to interpret such instructive directions.

One more instance of an obviously practical kind. Masters, few people will now deny, owe certain duties to their workmen beyond payment at the competition price for their labour, and the workmen owe something to their masters beyond making their own best bargain. Courtesy, on the one side, and respect on the other, are at least due; and wherever human beings are brought in contact, a number of reciprocal obligations at once necessarily arise out of the conditions of their position. It is this question which at the present moment is convulsing an entire branch of English trade. It is this question which has shaken the Continent like an earthquake, and yet it is one which, the more it is thought about, the more clearly seems to refuse to admit of being dealt with by legislation. It is a question for the Gospel and not for the law. The duties are of the kind which it is the business, not of the State, but of the Church to look to. Why is the Church silent? There are duties; let her examine them, sift them, prove them, and then point them out. Why not—why not? Alas! she cannot, she dare not give offence, and

therefore must find none. It is to be feared that we have a rough trial to pass through, before we find our way and understand our obligations. Yet far off we seem to see a time when the lives, the actions of the really great—great good masters, great good landlords, great good working men—will be laid out once more before their several orders, laid out in the name of God, as once the saints' lives were; and the same sounds shall be heard in factory and in counting house as once sounded through abbey, chapel, and cathedral aisle—'Look at these men; bless God for them, and follow them.'

And let no one fear that, if such happy time were come, it would result in a tame and weary sameness; that the beautiful variety of individual form would be lost, drilled away in regimental uniformity. Even if it were so, it need not be any the worse for us; we are not told to develop our individualities, we are told to bear fruit. The poor vagabond with all his individualities about him, if by luck he falls into the hands of the recruiting sergeant, finds himself, a year later, with his red coat and his twelve months' training, not a little the better for the loss of them. But such schooling as we have been speaking of will drill out only such individualities as are of the unworthy kind, and will throw the strength of the nature into the development of the healthiest features in it. Far more, as things now are, we see men sinking into sameness—an inorganic, unwholesome sameness, in which the higher nature is subdued, and the *man* is sacrificed to the profession. The circumstances of his life are his world; and he sinks under them, he does not conquer them. If he has to choose between the two, God's uniform is better than the world's. The first gives him freedom; the second takes it from him. Only here, as in everything, we must understand the nature of the element in which we work; understand it; understand the laws of it.

Throw off the lower laws ; the selfish, debasing influences of the profession ; obey the higher ; follow love, truthfulness, manliness ; follow these first, and make the profession serve them ; and that is freedom ; there is none else possible for man.

Das Gesetz soll nur uns Freiheit geben ;

and whatever individuality is lost in the process, we may feel assured that the devil has too much to do with, to make us care to be rid of it.

But how to arrive at this ? so easy as it is to suggest on paper, so easy to foretell in words. Raise the level of public opinion, we might say ; insist on a higher standard ; in the economist's language, increase the demand for goodness, and the supply will follow ; or, at any rate, men will do their best. Until we require more of one another, more will not be provided. But this is but to restate the problem in other words. How are we to touch the heart ; how to awaken the desire ? We believe that the good man, the great man, whatever he be, prince or peasant, is really lovely ; that really and truly, if we can only see him, he more than anything will move us ; and at least, we have a right to demand that the artificial hindrances which prevent our lifting him above the crowd, shall be swept away. He in his beautiful life is a thousand times more God's witness than any preacher in a pulpit, and his light must not be concealed any more. As we said, what lies in the way of our sacred recognition of great men is more than anything else the Protestant doctrine of good works. We do not forget what it meant when the world first heard of it. It was a cry from the very sanctuary of the soul, flinging off and execrating the accursed theory of merits, the sickening parade of redundant saintly virtues, which the Roman Church had converted into stock, and dispensed for the benefit of the believers. This is not the place to pour

out our nausea on so poor, yet so detestable a farce. But it seems with all human matters that as soon as spiritual truths are petrified into doctrines, it is another name for their death. They die, corrupt, and breed a pestilence. The doctrine of good works was hurled away by the instinct of generous feeling, and this feeling itself has again become dead, and a fresh disease has followed upon it. Nobody (or, at least, nobody good for anything) will lay a claim to merit for this or that good action which he may have done. Exactly in proportion as a man is really good, will be the eagerness with which he will refuse all credit for it; he will cry out, with all his soul, 'Not unto us—not unto us.'

And yet, practically, we all know and feel that between man and man there is an infinite moral difference; one is good, one is bad, another hovers between the two; the whole of our conduct to each other is necessarily governed by a recognition of this fact, just as it is in the analogous question of the will. Ultimately, we are nothing of ourselves; we know that we are but what God has given us grace to be—we did not make ourselves—we do not keep ourselves here—we are but what in the eternal order of Providence we are designed to be—exactly that and nothing else; and yet we treat each other as responsible; we cannot help it. The most rigid Calvinist cannot eliminate his instincts; his loves and hatreds seem rather to deepen in intensity of colouring as, logically, his creed should lead him to conquer them as foolish. It is useless, it is impossible, to bring down these celestial mysteries upon our earth, to try to see our way by them, or determine our feelings by them; men are good, men are bad, relatively to us and to our understandings if you will, but still really, and so they must be treated.

There is no more mischievous falsehood than to persist in railing at man's nature, as if it were all vile

together, as if the best and the worst which comes of it were in God's sight equally without worth. These denunciations tend too fatally to realize themselves. Tell a man that no good which he can do is of any value, and depend upon it he will take you at your word—most especially will the wealthy, comfortable, luxurious man, just the man who has most means to do good, and whom of all things it is most necessary to stimulate to it. Surely we should not be afraid. The instincts which God has placed in our hearts are too mighty for us to be able to extinguish them with doctrinal sophistry. We love the good man, we praise him, we admire him—we cannot help it; and surely it is mere cowardice to shrink from recognizing it openly—thankfully; divinely recognizing it. If true at all, there is no truth in heaven or earth of deeper practical importance to us; and Protestantism must have lapsed from its once generous spirit, if it persists in imposing a dogma of its own upon our hearts, the touch of which is fatal as the touch of a torpedo to any high or noble endeavours after excellence.

'Drive out nature with a fork,' she ever comes running back; and while we leave out of consideration the reality, we are filling the chasm with inventions of our own. The only novels which are popular among us are those which picture the successful battles of modern men and women with modern life, which are imperfect shadows of those real battles which every reader has seen in some form or other, or has longed to see in his own small sphere. It shows where the craving lies if we had but the courage to meet it; why need we fall back on imagination to create what God has created ready for us? In every department of human life, in the more and the less, there is always one man who is the best, and one type of man which is the best, living and working his silent way to heaven in the very middle of us. Let us find this type then—

let us see what it is which makes such men the best, and raise up their excellences into an acknowledged and open standard, of which they themselves shall be the living witnesses. Is there a landlord who is spending his money, not on pineries and hothouses, but on schools, and washhouses, and drains; who is less intent on the magnificence of his own grand house, than in providing cottages for his people where decency is possible; then let us not pass him by with a torpid wonder or a vanishing emotion of pleasure—rather let us seize him and raise him up upon a pinnacle,* that other landlords may gaze upon him, if, perhaps, their hearts may prick them, and the world shall learn from what one man has done what they have a right to require that others shall do.

So it might be through the thousand channels of life. It should not be so difficult; the machinery is ready, both to find your men and to use them. In theory, at least, every parish has its pastor, and the state of every soul is or ought to be known. We know not what turn things may take, or what silent changes are rushing on below us. Even while the present organization remains—but, alas! no—it is no use to urge a Church bound hand and foot in State shackles to stretch its limbs in any wholesome activity. If the teachers of the people really were the wisest and best and noblest men among us, this and a thousand other blessed things would follow from it; till then let us be content to work and pray, and lay our hand to the wheel wherever we can find a spoke to grasp. *Corruptio optimi est pessima*; the national Church as it ought to be is the soul and conscience of the body politic, but a man whose body has the direction of his conscience we do not commonly consider in the most hopeful moral condition.

NOTES.

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

THIS address was delivered by Froude at the Royal Institution in 1864. It is especially interesting because it affords, at an early phase in Froude's career, an insight into his conception of History. The lecture is mainly devoted to an examination of the principles of Buckle, who had died less than two years before, shortly after the publication of his monumental work. Buckle had tried to reduce History to certain definite laws, which he regarded as just as invariable, and just as readily ascertainable as those of Political Economy and the other exact sciences. This mechanical view of History, which was, roughly, held in one form or another by most doctrinaire Liberals at the time, received a vigorous contradiction from Froude. Froude, like Carlyle, regards the *personal equation* as the dominating and disturbing factor in History. So long as man has Free Will, so long can we predict nothing with certainty as to his future actions. We can draw no horoscopes. There may be, indeed, a Science of History, a 'Great Equation of the Universe,' where the value of the unknown quantities can be determined. But it is beyond the range of moral comprehension: the 'sweep of its vast curves' transcends immeasurably the powers of the mortal intellect.

What then is the use of History? History, answers Froude, is a mighty drama. It is the drama of human existence, of which the world is the stage. And as such, it is of all studies the one which is of surpassing human interest. And, like all great drama, though it sets out to teach no moral, it has a moral value. 'It purges the emotions through Pity and Fear.' The greatest and grandest lesson of History is that Justice and Truth alone prevail in the end. Wrong-doing brings its sure reward, and the doom, for nations as for individuals, is none the less sure because it is long delayed. 'The wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' History is 'the voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong.'

Page 7. **Buckle:** Henry Thomas Buckle was born at Lee in Kent in 1821. He received a desultory education and went to no University. He became possessed of a considerable fortune, and early in life settled down to study. He accumulated a vast library and became the master of nearly every continental language. His life-work was embodied

in *The History of Civilization in England*, of which, however, only two volumes had been completed when the author, shattered in health by prolonged study, died of enteric in Damascus, whither he had gone to recruit his health. Buckle belonged to the Utilitarian School of Bentham and Mill. He regards human life, as known to us, as a purely mechanical phenomenon, reducible, like other phenomena, to fixed laws. Progress and Civilization are due to environment, climate, and other physical causes. Like other Utilitarians, Buckle regards the nobler sentiments as forms, often unconscious, of 'Enlightened Selfishness.' He was, like all other members of his school, an advocate of the *Laissez Faire* policy, regarding all interference on the part of Government, even when directly beneficial, as retarding progress. Another proposition (with which, perhaps, Froude would be more in sympathy) was, that a nation's prosperity was in inverse proportion to its religious feeling, religion being the foe of free enquiry and progress.

Page 8. **Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg:** planned by Peter the Great, but actually established by Catherine I. (1728). Froude wonders that in a despotic and orthodox country like Russia, Buckle's work should receive official sanction. Nearly every European country has its Academy, a learned society consisting of the most distinguished *savants* of the nation, for the encouragement of learning. In England, the word is only applied to the Royal Academy of Painting. (In Science, however, we have the Royal Society and the British Association.) Matthew Arnold laments the lack in England of an Academy like *Académie Française*, to encourage literary taste and set a standard of style.

Goethe: 1749-1832. The name of Goethe had, since his introduction to the English public by the enthusiastic advocacy of Carlyle, loomed large in the literature of the day. Goethe's influence on modern thought is too multitudinous for analysis here. His name is indissolubly connected with Weimar, where he settled, at the invitation of Duke Karl, in 1775. The romances of *Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister*, and the great world-drama of *Faust*, are probably the works for which he is best known to English readers.

Page 12. **Holbein:** 1495-1543. Born at Augsburg, and intimately associated with the Court of Henry VIII. One of the greatest of portrait-painters.

Page 13. **Political Economy:** the science of the production and distribution of wealth. Modern economics begins with Adam Smith (1776), though many of his ideas had been anticipated by Turgot ten years earlier. Buckle, of course, follows Mill in believing that the social questions of the day could be solved by the application of economic

principles, and it is this theory that Froude sets out to refute.

Page 14 Japan . . . serene disbelief: this is, of course, not true. Pure Buddhism involves a complete agnosticism as regards the supernatural; but Buddhism, in Japan and elsewhere, is overlaid by countless other beliefs.

Page 16. Leibnitz: 1646-1716. Philosopher and philologist, and critic of Locke.

Page 17. Faust: the lines here referred to, part of the Earth Spirit's chant, were favourite ones of Carlyle. He translates them as follows:—

‘ In Being’s floods, in Action’s storm,
I work and walk, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion !
Birth and Death,
An infinite Ocean :
A seizing and giving
The Fire of Living.

’Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
To weave for God the Garment that thou seest Him by.’
(*Sartor Resartus*, I., viii.)

Page 20. Essays and Reviews: this remarkable volume, with what were then considered dangerous Modernist tendencies, was published in 1860. Among the seven contributors were Jowett, Mark Pattison, and Dr. Temple. Shortly after this address, it was condemned by Convocation as heretical. Froude was naturally on the side of rational Biblical criticism. It is difficult for us at the present day to appreciate the vast sensation caused by this attempt to treat Christian evidence in a sane but scientific spirit; but at the time it created a stir almost greater than that occasioned by the Oxford Movement itself.

Mahometanism and Buddhism: it is not altogether easy to follow Froude here. We can at least predict that when a country is ripe for religious reform, a reformer will appear. Mahomet and Gautama were as inevitable as Luther.

Page 21. Mormonism: this extraordinary sect was founded by Joseph Smith in New York State in 1820. To him was revealed the ‘Book of Mormon,’ a farrago of Biblical quotations, giving the history of the early races of America, who were descended from a colony that came from the Tower of Babel (!). The Mormon cult grew rapidly among the credulous and illiterate, but aroused much persecution, especially on account of its sanction of polygamy. For this reason, among others, the Mormons were expelled from more than one State. In 1847 the whole community sought peace by emigrating *en masse* to Utah, where they founded Salt Lake City. Here they still

live, a peaceful and prosperous community, numbering nearly three hundred thousand members.

Page 21. **Spirit-rapping**: this craze began with the so-called 'manifestations' in the Fox family, at Hydeville, N.Y., in 1848. (See Froude's essay on Protestantism, *Short Studies*, II. 177.)

Tacitus: the great historian of the Roman Empire, fl. circa A.D. 54. He refers to Christianity as a 'detestable superstition' which had arisen among the Jews, originating from a criminal executed for sedition by Pontius Pilate.

Gregory VII.: Hildebrand, 1020-1085, who brought the power of the Papacy to its highest pitch. Froude is, of course, thinking of the great scene where the descendant of the Cæsars, Henry IV., waits in the snow outside the castle door of the head of the once despised sect, at Canossa (1077).

Comte: 1798-1857. His *Philosophie Positive* was published between 1830 and 1842. Comte, like Buckle, considered that a Science of History or rather, Sociology, was possible. From it he proposed to arrive at the plan of reconstruction for Society which bears his name. Positivism owes a good deal to Plato's *Republic*, and more to the philosophers of the French Revolution, on its political side; on its ethical and philosophic side it is akin in many points to the teaching of Mill and Herbert Spencer. In religion Comte is a pure Rationalist. He proposed to found the State upon a purely economic basis, controlled jointly by two boards or bodies, the Temporal Power, or Captains of Industry, and the Spiritual Power, or the Philosophers. In Religion, the worship of Humanity was to be substituted for the worship of God. Noble aspirations were to be inculcated, and the only immortality to be aspired for was the immortality enjoyed by all the great Benefactors of Humanity, who had their places in the Positivist Calendar. Mr. Frederic Harrison is the sole representative among men of note of Positivism in England, though it attracted much attention when Rationalism, in the days of Mill and Spencer, was in the air.

Page 22. **Hegel**: 1770-1831. His *Philosophy of History* was a posthumous volume of lectures given at Jena. For a critical exposition of its doctrines see G. S. Morris in the *German Philosophical Classics* (Chicago, 1890).

Schlegel's Philosophy of History: *Philosophie der Geschichte*, by K. W. F. von Schlegel, brother of the translator of Shakespeare and Orientalist, and himself a literary historian of great ability.

Kites and Crows: Hume's description of Early English History.

Contrat Social: by J. J. Rousseau (1712-1778). It should

be remembered, of course, that the theory of the Social Contract, though adopted by Rousseau, had a long history before his time. It is as old as the Greek Sophists. The *Contrat Social* was published in 1762 at Amsterdam, as the French Censor would have prohibited its appearance in Paris. See the essay *On Progress*, p. 178, *note*.

- Page 23. **Jarno**: a fantastic character in *Wilhelm Meister*. 'He was evidently not a common man. . . . He was grown conceited, imagining among other pretensions, that he thoroughly understood the literature of Germany and allowing himself to vent all kinds of sorry jests upon it.' He is more or less a portrait of Karl August of Weimar.
- Page 24. **Adam Smith**: 1723-1790. His epoch-making *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* appeared in 1776. It has justly been looked upon as the foundation of the modern Science of Economics.
- Page 25. **Kant**: this classical dictum comes from the *Ethics* (1785). Immanuel Kant, the greatest philosopher of the eighteenth century, was born in 1724, lectured at Königsberg from 1755 to 1797, and died in 1804.
- Page 27. **Mode of taking life**: called *Hari Kiri*, and incumbent upon a general or statesman who has failed in his duty, according to Japanese ethics.
- Novalis**: the 'devout Novalis,' as Carlyle calls him, was a mystic and romantic writer who had a great influence upon the German idealists, and also upon Carlyle, who quotes him and Richter with great frequency. His real name was F. L. von Hardenberg. See Carlyle's fine appreciation of him in *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, Vol. II. (1772-1801).
- Page 28. **Fielding . . . Miss Austen**: the robust, healthy but exceedingly coarse life of the days of 'Tom Jones,' contrasts forcibly with the demure early Victorian atmosphere satirized in 'Pride and Prejudice'. Sir Charles Grandison is, of course, the hero of Richardson's novel of the same name.
- Crystal Palace**: 1852. The great glass and iron building in which the Great Exhibition had been held the year before. It was designed by Paxton. The Exhibition was supposed to mark the new era of peace and industrialism. It was promptly followed by the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the various European conflicts fomented by Napoleon III.
- Battles . . . every day**: the American Civil War (1862-1865) was then raging. To this Froude refers on the next page in his remark about Washington.
- Page 29. **Millennium**: the belief, held in the early Church, that Christ would come again *after a thousand years*. Hence used of any visionary beliefs that the world will be made perfect by a stroke of the pen at no distant date.
- Thirty Years' War**: the long strife, 1618-1648, between

the Catholic powers, headed by the Emperor, and the Protestant princes of the Rhine, and latterly Denmark and Sweden. It originated in attempts to encroach upon the liberties of the German Protestants.

- Page 29. **Tubingen**: the Tubingen School started with Baur, 1792-1862. Baur was the founder of modern New Testament criticism. He was the first to recognize the distinction between the early Judaic Christianity and its later Pauline interpretation. He put most of the books of the New Testament down to the second century A.D.
- Page 30. **Lessing**: dramatist, man of letters and critic (1729-1781), was one of the earliest of the modern school of German romanticism, which produced Goethe and Schiller. He is best known to English readers for *Laocoon* (1766), a treatise on Aesthetics which has become a classic, and the delightful comedy, *Minna Von Barnhelm* (1767). *Nathan the Wise*, a dramatic poem of great power, and a noble plea for tolerant humanity, was written in 1779.
- Page 31. **Cibber**: Colley Cibber, actor and dramatist, owner of Drury Lane, and hero of the *Dunciad* (1743 edn.), is now chiefly notorious for 'bowdlerizing' Shakespeare for stage purposes.
- Page 33. **Cavendish**: a member of Wolsey's household, who wrote his Life (reprinted in Morley's *Universal Library*). He belonged to the family from which the Dukes of Devonshire are descended, and married a niece of Sir Thomas More. His loyal and tender biography was no doubt read by Shakespeare, who owes to it especially Wolsey's dying speech to Cromwell.
- Page 36. **Butler**: 1632-1752. His great work, the *Analogy*, was published in 1736, to prove that the principles of Nature are analogous to the principles of the divine government of the Church as revealed in Scripture.
- Lichtenberg**: satirist and physicist, 1742-1799. He was a thorough-going materialist.
- Page 37. The final quotations are, of course, from Wordsworth's *Ode on Early Intimations of Immortality*.

EDUCATION.

THIS is the Inaugural Address delivered by Froude on the occasion of his election to the Rectorship of St. Andrews University. The rather bitter tone of his remarks about Oxford is explained by the attitude which his old University had adopted towards him. We must, therefore, take with a certain amount of reserve his strictures upon Oxford, its uselessness as a preparation for life, its exclusiveness, its expense. It is only necessary to refer to the great leaders in literature, politics, or thought in any generation to realize the supreme importance of the part played by the older Universities in the intellectual life of the nation. Froude, however, is addressing a different type of students. Thanks to John Knox, education is

more widely diffused in Scotland than in England, and Froude was addressing a body of young men who were mostly, if not all, the sons of poor fathers, and destined to depend in after-life upon their own efforts for their living. To such his advice is supremely wise and useful. The objects of education should be strictly practical. It should enable a man to live with honesty, and take such a place in society as belongs to the faculties which he brought with him.' More than this, it should fit a man to go forth and win a place for himself in that Greater Britain of which the England of to-day is becoming merely the metropolis. It is not that pure culture is an unworthy or negligible thing. Far from it; but it is meant for the few only, a high calling, addressed to the elect and not to the many. We must expect no wages from it. Finally, Truth and Sincerity are the true objects of all education. To discover the Truth, and when discovered, to try and realize it in daily life, should be our abiding end and aim.

For a juster view of the English University system, see Froude's *Words About Oxford* (Fraser's, 1850), where he speaks of Oxford and Cambridge as 'glorious mementoes of the anxiety of our forefathers for the preservation of learning: hallowed by grateful recollections, by time, renown, virtue, conquests over ignorance, imperishable gratitude, a proud roll of mighty names in their sons, and the prospect of continuing to be monuments of glory to unborn generations.'

Page 39. **John Knox:** in 1546 George Wishart was executed for heresy at Edinburgh. In revenge, a body of Protestant assassins murdered Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews. The murderers, together with Knox and other Protestants, then shut themselves up in St. Andrews Castle. Here they were besieged by the Regent and the French and surrendered in 1547. Knox was sent to the galleys at Rouen, but in 1549 he was released, probably by English intervention. The scene described on the following page is from the *Diary* of James Melville, minister of Anstruther, who was a student at St. Andrews when the great Reformer returned to the scene of his early adventures and spent his last days in preaching to the undergraduates.

Page 42. **Necesse . . . miris:** 'Things deep ingrained cling to us in wondrous wise.'—*Æneid*, vi. 738.

Page 47. **Spinoza:** the famous philosopher of Amsterdam (1632-1677) was an especial favourite of Froude's. See his essay on Spinoza (*Short Studies*, i. 339).

Abelard: 1079-1142. Students in the Middle Ages wandered from one University to another, seeking famous teachers. This was inevitable before the invention of printing. In the twelfth century, Abelard collected huge crowds to hear his lectures on scholastic logic and metaphysic. Abelard's position philosophically is very important. He was one of the originators of the scholastic philosophy. He stands midway between the Realists and the Nominalists. As another example of the crowds who

attended a mediæval University, we may mention the case of Salamanca which obtained practically all its wealth from this source. Wittenburg was another famous University town.

Page 48. **Essex**: 1567-1601. The notorious favourite of Elizabeth, famous as a patron of letters, executed for rebellion in 1601.

Buchanan: George Buchanan (1506-1582) is one of the most illustrious of the names on the honour-roll of St. Andrews University. He was a distinguished historian and jurist, and perhaps the only modern who has ever written Latin as if it were his mother-tongue. Educated at St. Andrews, he was successively professor at Paris and Lisbon, was seized by the Inquisition for his heretical views, escaped, was tutor to Mary Queen of Scots and her son James I., and took a prominent part in Scotch politics.

Tyndal: born 1484, translated the Bible in 1526 (published at Worms), executed as a heretic at Brussels, 1536.

Kepler (1571-1630) shares with Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Galileo, the credit of having founded modern scientific astronomy. He was born in Württemberg, the son of poor and thriftless parents, and his early life was a long struggle against poverty.

Page 51. **Lord Brougham**: Brougham was born in 1778, and was one of the most versatile men of his age. He is chiefly known to posterity as a great speaker, and his defence of Queen Caroline in 1820 was a supreme piece of oratory. Brougham entered Parliament as a Whig, and became Lord Chancellor in 1830. He died in France in 1868. Besides his work as a politician and advocate, Brougham was keenly interested in Literature, Science, and Education. He contributed several papers on Physics to the Royal Society, and brought about the foundation of London University in 1825. As a scientist he was a profound admirer of Bacon, and looked on the *Novum Organum*—the work in which Bacon sets forth the principles of the Inductive Method, destined to revolutionize scientific teaching—as the greatest of all books of its kind.

Cobbett: see the essay on *The Scientific Method Applied to History*, pp. 175-6, note.

Free Trade Hall . . . orator: the reference is no doubt to John Bright, but the precise occasion is not certain.

Page 58. **Shoot grouse**: here the disciple of Carlyle speaks. Carlyle can never forgive the Aristocracy for 'game-preserving' when they should be governing. See, among a multitude of passages, the final words of *Chartism*, 'Alas, where now are the Hengils and Alarics of our still glowing, still expanding Europe? Where are they? *Preserving their game!*'

Page 57. **Norman French**: this was the language of polite society

in England down to the end of the thirteenth century. But it is hardly necessary for the lawyer, as except for a few parliamentary formulæ and legal terms, a knowledge of it is quite superfluous for the study of English (or Scottish) Constitutional Law. (The student of feudalism and Anglo-Norman 'customs,' will, of course, need Norman French.)

Page 60. **Bishop Blomfield:** (1786-1857). Bishop of London, and well known as an editor of *Æchylus*.

Alexandria and Constantinople: the two great centres of Christian activity in the first four centuries A.D. Carlyle is never tired of laughing at the interminable disputes of the early fathers, 'with their vain janglings about *Homoiousion* and *Homoousion*!' (*Heroes*, II.).

Page 62. **We sent America our Pilgrim Fathers:** the 'Speedwell' from Delftshaven, and the 'Mayflower' from Southampton, 1620. Froude preached, in season and out of season, the importance to England of her colonies, though in Gladstonian England his words fell on almost deaf ears. See his numerous writings on the subject, e.g. *Sea Studies, England and her Colonies, The Colonies once More, Oceana, The English in the West Indies*, etc.

Page 63. **Novalis:** F. L. von Hardenberg, mystic and romantic writer. See the note on p. 162, *ante*.

Take no thought: St. Matthew vi. 25.

Page 64. **Humanities:** *Literæ Humaniores* is the name given to the final Honours Examination in the Oxford Schools; and the Chair of Humanity exists still at some Scottish Universities. From the Latin *Humanitas*, Culture.

St. Paul: according to tradition, was a tent-maker. A similar rule exists among the Mahomedans. The Emperor Aurangzeb used to make copies of the Koran.

Page 66. **Collected Edition . . . Shakespeare's Works:** Shakespeare died 23 April, 1616. The First Folio is dated 1623.

Bishop Butler: Froude is thinking of the *Analogy* (1736), Butler's only work.

Spinoza: Bruder's edition, 1843, is in three volumes. It contains the *Ethics*, the *Tractatus Politicus*, and the *De Intellectus Emendatione*. Even the last two of these are unfinished.

Tennyson: *Poems Chiefly Lyrical* (1830) excited the derision of the *Quarterly*, and it was not till 1842 that he obtained a fair hearing from the English public, though a few critics like Leigh Hunt had already welcomed him as a new force in literature.

Carlyle: Carlyle started writing in 1822. By 1843 he was making a competence, 'yet till late in life his income from literature never exceeded £400.'

Page 70. **This above all:** *Hamlet*, I. iii. 78.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD APPLIED TO HISTORY.

THIS address should be regarded as complementary to the lecture on the Science of History. In the former, Froude, basing his address upon Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, combated the idea that History could be reduced to the level of the exact sciences. Buckle thought it could. He regarded human evolution as strictly determined by climatic and other physical conditions. To this Froude answered that 'natural causes are liable to be neutralized and set aside by what is called *Volition*'; historical phenomena never repeat themselves, or only on a scale so vast as to be beyond mortal comprehension. 'The temper of each new generation is a continual surprise.' This, however, does not imply that History should not be written in a scientific spirit; and in the following address Froude proceeds to consider the nature of this scientific spirit and method. History passes through three stages of evolution. There is the poetical, mythopoeic age, which produces from early Nature-gods epic heroes like the heroes of the *Iliad*, the *Ramayana*, and the Arthurian cycle. Then there is the mediæval historian who takes a real person, saint, politician, or warrior, and clothes him with a mass of legend. Lastly, there is the so-called scientific historian, who analyses evidence, and gives us what he considers to be the true bearing of the problems which he considers. But the latter must be treated with the same amount of reserve as the two former. The speeches of Thucydides are the author's conception of what his characters *ought* to have said, not what they *did* say. Cleon is no longer a pestilent demagogue, nor Tiberius a bad ruler. Contrast Carlyle's view of Cromwell with that of Hume, or Froude's own account of the Reformation with that of a Catholic apologist. In whatever we read, we must first of all ascertain the point of view of the writer, and treat his evidence accordingly.

Page 71. Staple Manufactures of England: the rise of Manchester and Liverpool in the North-East, and of the great Yorkshire and Northumberland towns in the North-West, dates only from the beginning of the last century. In Tudor times most of the reactionary movements, like the Pilgrimage of Grace, came from the North. In the West, Bristol was the great port. Both Bristol and the Devonshire ports played a large part in the voyages of discovery and adventure of the Tudor period. Edward III. made Bristol one of the half-dozen 'staple' towns allowed to trade in wool.

Hawkins: one of the most dreaded of the English 'sea-dogs,' who preyed on the Spanish West Indian trade. He was knighted for his share in the defeat of the Armada. He, like Drake and many others, died in the fatal Porto Bello expedition.

Drake: a kinsman of Hawkins, and by far the greatest of the Elizabethan seamen, was born at Tavistock in Devon, c. 1540. Among his most daring exploits was the attack on Nombre de Dios, with seventy-three men, in 1572, his

voyage round the world, *via* the Straits of Magellan, the Pacific, Java, and the Cape of Good Hope, in the 'Golden Hind' (a vessel of 100 tons), 1577-1581, the sack of Cadiz, 1587, and the defeat of the Armada, 1588. He died off Porto Bello, 1596.

Page 71. **Davis**: 1550-1605. Famous for his attempts to find the North-West Passage. Davis Strait is named after him. He perished in an encounter with pirates on the Java coast.

Raleigh: born at Hayes, near Budleigh in Devon, in 1552. He was a courtier, poet, historian, sailor and soldier of the gallant type which the reign of Elizabeth produced so freely. In his youth he fought in the Low Countries and in Ireland. He was then presented at Court, where his wit, good looks, and gallantry won Elizabeth's heart, but made for him a host of enemies. In 1584 he sent the expedition which colonized Virginia. On the accession of James I., his enemies, led by Cecil, had their revenge on the haughty favourite. He was arrested and stripped of his possessions. He was condemned to 'eat', but the sentence, perhaps out of fear of popular wrath, was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. In 1616 James' habitual greed made him agree to release Raleigh in order that he might find a gold mine in Guiana. He failed, and Bacon and Coke, with more even than their usual malignity, extorted confessions from him that he had disobeyed orders. James had long wanted to propitiate the Spaniards, and no worthier sacrifice could have possibly been found than the sacker of Cadiz and Fayal. So he perished on the scaffold, October 29, 1618.

Page 72. **Hooker**: 'The Judicious Hooker' was a native of Exeter. He was born in 1554, and died in 1600. His famous *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, published posthumously (the first four books only appeared in 1594, and the remaining four were probably compiled from rough draughts and notes), is the classical statement of the position and doctrines of the Church of England.

Page 74. **Double Star**: certain stars, which appear single to the naked eye, are shown by the telescope to be double or binary. The companion star may be a dark star, or in other cases the two stars may revolve round a common centre. Sirius has a 'dark double,' faintly visible to powerful telescopes.

Page 75. **Spectrum**: a spectrum is a ray of light split up into its component parts, so that each part may be separately analysed. This process of analysis is carried out by means of the *spectroscope*. The application of the spectroscope to astronomical research has led to many remarkable discoveries. The spectra of the sun, stars and comets have been compared with those of various metals and gases, and valuable data relating to the composition

of these heavenly bodies have been revealed. Important observations as to the speed of stars, based upon the known speed of light, have also been made. Newton was the first to investigate the solar spectrum; important additions were due to the genius of Fraunhofer (1817).

Page 75. **Nec Deus intersit**: 'Let no God intervene.' This is the advice of Horace in the *Ars Poetica*, with regard to the *Deus ex machina*. 'Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus interciderit' (*A.P.*, 191). The dramatist, having involved his hero in a situation from which there is no escape, has to invoke the aid of a deity to extricate him. This device, sparingly employed by the great classical dramatists, became, no doubt, far too frequent with later writers. The *machine* was of course the *ὄχημα*, or car in which the deity was let down on to the Athenian stage.

Page 76. **Siegfried**: the mythical hero of the great Germanic epic, the *Nibelungenlied*.

Pluto carries Proserpine to Hades: the rape of Proserpine, the daughter of Demeter the Earth goddess, by Pluto the god of the lower world, is one of the best known themes of classical mythology. This and countless other myths relating to the disappearance of a hero or heroine for part of the year to the lower world,—such as the myths of Adonis, Orpheus and Eurydice, Castor and Pollux, Demeter and Persephone, to name only a few out of many,—are all symbolical legends representing the disappearance of the Sun during the winter solstice and his return in the spring-tide. Lately, however, it has been felt that the sun myth theory has been overdone. Odysseus, Achilles, Siegfried, Rama (in fact nearly every religious and epic hero) have been at one time or another traced to the Sun-god in one of his many forms.

Edda: the old epic songs of the Norsemen. The original, or *Elder Edda*, was a collection made by Saemund Sigfusson, an Icelandic scholar, about A.D. 1100. But the legends thus compiled by Saemund are much earlier.

Page 78. **Aladdin**: *Alá-ud-Din*, 'Glory of the Faith.' See Burton, *Arabian Nights*, x. 33.

Melusina: an old French legend, which appears in many different nations and ages in various forms. It is, for instance, parallel to the Cupid and Psyche story of the Greeks and the Hindu legend of Urvashi. Melusina is a dragon-woman. She is allowed to remain on earth with her husband, Raymond of Lusignan, on condition that he does not ask to visit her on a Saturday. He consents, but breaks his vow, and Melusina, bound by the curse, assumes the form of a dragon and vanishes.

Pindar: 'The Theban Eagle,' as Gray calls him, was born near Cynoscephalae in 522 B.C. His great Choric Odes are among the finest lyric poetry in the world. Like Plato at a later date, he refused to countenance legends

derogatory to the gods and heroes. This showed his real reverence towards them, but it was made a ground of accusation.

Page 78. **Socrates:** executed in 399 B.C. for corrupting the youth, neglecting the gods, and introducing new divinities. Socrates had made a great number of enemies by his systematic questioning of received opinions, and he may have questioned, like his pupil Plato, the morality of teaching some of the grosser myths relating to the gods. His teaching may also have led to a certain amount of scepticism among his followers. But we know that at heart he was a pious, though eccentric man. It is strange that a sceptical, democratic race like the Athenians, who could tolerate the gross travesties of their religion put upon the stage by the comic writers, should have had the periodical spasms of religious orthodoxy from which they undoubtedly suffered. Yet this was so. Pindar, Pericles, and Euripides were all at one time in danger of prosecution. Anaxagoras was condemned to death for his opinions. There is no doubt that the charge was a convenient one to bring against an unpopular politician, and the accusers could always reckon on working upon the bigotry and superstition of the jury.

Page 79. **Theodoric:** A.D. 455-526. Founder of the Ostro-Gothic nation. He overran Italy and conquered Ravenna. He was a wise and just ruler, and on account of his exploits, soon became the centre of a host of legends. Under the name of Dietrich von Bern he appears as a mythical hero in the *Nibelungenlied*.

Attila: 'The Scourge of God,' A.D. 406-453, was king of Huns. He ruled at one time from the Rhine to the Great Wall of China. He was finally checked in his victorious career at the awful massacre of Chalons by Theodosius, and died two years later. He also appears in the *Nibelungenlied* as Etzel, a mythical hero.

Charlemagne: 768-814 A.D. He was crowned King of the Romans by Leo III. on Christmas Day, 800, and thus revived the Holy Roman Empire. The most remarkable man of his age, Charlemagne, with his twelve paladins, of whom the greatest was Roland, the hero of Roncevalles and the owner of the magic horn, has long passed into the region of mythology. The same fate has overtaken the memory of Alexander the Great in Persia and of Asoka in India.

Page 80. **Solon:** the famous Athenian legislator and politician, born 640 B.C., died 588 B.C. His first act was to relieve the distress of the poorer classes, by a series of sweeping economic reforms. This was followed by other remarkable statutes, which included the division of the population into four great classes, each with its duties and rights, the establishment of a Senate of 400 members, and a

legal code. He was later regarded as the founder of Athenian democracy, though he little foresaw its later developments.

Page 80. **Numa**: second King of Rome, and according to tradition, the founder, with the help of the nymph Egeria, of the most primitive Roman legal and religious code.

Confucius: this is the Latinized form of the name Kung-futsze, the greatest of the Chinese sages. He taught a system of morality and deportment rather than of religion, and for it he is still revered throughout China. He was born about 550 B.C., and died about 480 B.C.

Manu: the traditional author of the great Hindu Code, the *Manava Dharma Sastra*. This work is, however, not earlier than the second century B.C., while Manu is connected in Hindu mythology with the Deluge, and is supposed, like Noah, to have been the sole survivor thereof.

Pythagoras: the founder of the famous mystic sect which bore his name. He was born at Samos, 582 B.C., and migrated to Croton in Magna Graecia. He taught many Orphic doctrines, but the precise nature of his system was lost in the general massacre of the sect in South Italy, owing to their anti-democratic conspiracies. It is, however, known that his adherents believed in the transmigration of souls, and in certain mystic theories of number. Pythagoras died about 500 B.C.

Solomon: the third and last king of the Jews (1015-977 B.C.). After his death the Hebrew nation split into two bodies, Judah and Israel, and after some temporary returns to its former glory, soon decayed before the attacks of its powerful neighbours. Solomon raised the tiny nation which he governed to a high pitch of prosperity, and in later days all sorts of wild legends attached to his name. He had power over the spirits, was omniscient in his knowledge of plants and animals, and was credited with the authorship of several Psalms, the Book of Proverbs, and the Book of Wisdom. In reality he was a cruel and voluptuous despot, who overtaxed his subjects, in common Oriental fashion, to erect costly palaces and temples.

Ars Magica: magic, as Froude is never tired of telling us, is no new thing. Fortune-tellers, miracle-mongers, spiritualists, mediums and the like, were as common in the later Roman Empire as they are in modern England or America. See, for instance, Froude's essay on 'A Cagliostro of the Second Century' (*Short Studies*, iv. 432).

Cagliostro: the prince of quacks, was really a native of Palermo. He travelled about Europe, making a fortune by spirit-raising, Masonic Societies, an Elixir of Life, a Pentagon for destroying Original Sin (!) and other choice devices. After being exposed several times for his frauds he settled about 1785 in Paris, where he enjoyed the

patronage of the notorious Cardinal de Rohan, who was the dupe in the famous Diamond Necklace case. After getting himself exposed in Paris he returned to Rome, where he sank lower and lower, till at last he was seized by the Holy Office and imprisoned for practising magic, the justest fate he could have suffered. He died in prison in 1795.

Page 80. **Mesmer**: a Swiss doctor who, about 1772, started to investigate the phenomena of mesmerism or hypnotism. Mesmer wrongly attributed hypnotism to magnetic influence, but he scarcely deserves to be ranked among the quacks.

Page 81. **Mumbo Jumbo**: the word probably became known from Mungo Park's *Travels*. Mumbo Jumbo was a bogey used by the Kaffirs to scare unfaithful wives. The term is now employed in contempt of any superstitious practice or ritual. The Rainmaker is a Zulu priest who claims to possess this power.

Page 82. **Home**: D. D. Home (1833-1886) made a great stir in London in the 'sixties by his *séances*. He pretended to be a medium and clairvoyant, and practised table turning and other tricks now familiar to those who believe in spiritualism.

Lucerna Mystica: the Mystical Lantern, a popular Spanish devotional work. *Levitation*, or the power of rising in the air, is also attributed to Hindu ascetics.

St. Teresa: born 1515 at Avila in Old Castile, St. Theresa was converted in 1554. She became subject to trances in which she had ecstatic visions of the Saviour, whose mystical bride she claimed to be. After much opposition she founded a Carmelite nunnery in 1562, which grew rapidly. In spite of her mysticism, she was a woman of much courage and shrewdness and a good organizer. She died in 1582, and was canonized in 1622.

St. Francis: the founder of the Franciscans, was born at Assisi in 1182. In 1207, in consequence of an illness, he was converted, and 'taking poverty as his bride,' devoted himself to the religious life. He then laid the foundation of the famous order of mendicant friars which bears his name. He tramped all over Christendom preaching, and winning the love even of the animals by his tenderness. He died in 1226, and after his death the famous *Stigmata*, the marks of the Passion, were found upon his hands, feet, and side.

Page 83. **Owen Glendower**: the passage is from *Henry IV.*, Pt. I., Act III. i. 12-33.

St. Patrick: St. Patrick (Latin *Patricius*) was a youth of noble family carried off about A.D. 411, in a raid against the Roman Wall by the Picts. He was sold as a slave in Ireland, but escaped and returned to Britain. 'A man named Victor' (not the *angel* Victor) then ap-

peared to him, and bade him go and preach the Gospel in Ireland. (This happened when he was back in England, and not when as a slave he was tending his master's sheep in Antrim.) It is probable that Leogair son of Niall, King of Ireland, reigned from A.D. 438 to 474. In that case St. Patrick may actually have preached to him, as he is supposed to have died in A.D. 493. But there is much confusion on the subject, due probably to the fact that there were no less than three preachers bearing this common Roman name, one of whom died as early as A.D. 469. The present mass of legends is a syncretism of the three, *plus* a liberal addition of legends from many sources. There are many old lives of the Saint. Seven of them, according to Professor Sullivan, are to be found in Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturga*, the most important being the so-called Tripartite Life. They are described as 'a tissue of legends and miracles.'

Page 84. **Hegesippus**: one of the earliest writers on Ecclesiastical History. His works are now only known to us from fragments found in Eusebius. He probably lived in the middle of the second century A.D.

Simon Magus: one of the many impostors, like Manes, Apollonius of Tyana, and others, who, impressed by the success of Christian missionary enterprise, tried to start a rival creed. He was a Samaritan, and no doubt rivalry between the Samaritans and the Jews prompted several of the former to claim the Messiahship in opposition to Jesus Christ. His encounters with SS. Philip, Peter, and John in Samaria are recorded in the Acts, and in later ecclesiastical literature (Hegesippus *ap.* Eusebius, Justin, Celsus, etc.) a whole series of stories are narrated, especially of his encounters with his arch-enemy, St. Peter.

Page 86. **Raphael**: born at Urbino, 1483, died at Rome, 1520. He is the greatest of the Italian artists. The Madonnas of art pretend, of course, to be expressions of the artists' conceptions of Ideal Womanhood only.

Page 87. **Herodotus**: the 'Father of History,' born at Halicarnassus, 484 B.C. His History is really an account of the historic struggle between Greece and Persia, but it includes a description of Persia and the great empires which preceded her, and of Egypt.

Hall: one of the earliest English chroniclers. He lived in the reign of Henry VIII.

Holinshed: the famous Tudor chronicler, now chiefly remembered because Shakespeare used him largely in his historical dramas.

Livy: the great Roman historian, born at Padua, 59 B.C. His history stretched from the mythical landing of Æneas to the death of Drusus in 9 B.C., but only a portion has survived.

Sophocles: the second and greatest of the famous

Athenian trio, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. In Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, 'He saw life steadily, and saw it whole.'

Page 87. **Terence**: 185-159 B.C. He ranks with Plautus as the chief writer of Roman Comedy, but his style and themes are deeply indebted to the New Comedy of Greece, especially to the dramas of Menander. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*, is his famous maxim.

Page 89. **Thucydides**: the historian of the Peloponnesian war. He is the first scientific writer of history. He tries to delineate character and aim in describing the great figures in the political world of his day, and he does this by putting into the mouths of statesmen speeches representing not what they *did* say, but what they may be supposed to have thought under the circumstances. Thucydides writes with a strong bias against Cleon and the democratic extremists and this prejudices his history as an impartial account. His character of Cleon especially, has been characterized as little better than a caricature. Plato and Aristophanes, in the same way, are untrustworthy on account of their aristocratic prejudices. Tacitus, the historian of the first century of the Roman Empire, as Froude mentions a few pages farther on, suffers from the same fault. Belonging to the old patrician stock which was infuriated by the quiet assumption of civil and military power by Augustus and his successors, he paints Imperial Rome in the most lurid colours. Roman society under Tiberius and Nero may have been frivolous and immoral, but at least it was not worse than in the last century of the Republic, and the Empire was excellently managed. This, of course, Tacitus ignores. From Herodotus, simple and confident of the future, to the weary and disillusioned Thucydides, we find a similar transition to that between Livy, rejoicing in the peace and prosperity of the first days of the Empire, and Tacitus, sick and despairing at its later enormities.

Page 92. **Lord Clarendon**: the author of *The History of the Great Rebellion* (1704). Clarendon is, of course, strongly Royalist in his sympathies.

Page 93. **Italian Republics**: the city states of mediæval Italy, Florence, Milan, Pisa, Verona, Genoa, Venice, and the rest, were the consequence of the Wars of Investiture between the Papacy and the Empire, which removed all central authority. With absentee Emperors and exiled Popes, they pursued their own lines of government unchecked.

Great towns of the Low Countries: the Hansa, or league of German towns, began in Saxon times. It included at first Wisby, Novgorod, Bergen and Bruges. Hamburg, Lübeck, Cologne, and other towns came in at intervals. The League soon acquired a monopoly of the

North Sea and Baltic trade, which it kept till its decline in the sixteenth century. Each town was self-governing, being ruled by an Assembly of the heads of the Guilds, with an annual meeting of delegates of the whole League.

Page 94. **Alexander the Sixth** (1431-1503) was the notorious Rodrigo Borgia. He became Pope in 1492, and was poisoned at a banquet eleven years later. Though notoriously immoral, ambitious, and greedy, he was guiltless of most of the worst crimes usually brought against him. Some of these were committed by his son, Cæsar Borgia. His worst act was the execution of Savonarola. But he has become a by-word to Protestant writers.

Philip II. (1527-1598) is chiefly known to English readers as the husband of Queen Mary, and for the despatch of the Spanish Armada. In spite of the frequent denunciations hurled against him by English writers, we should bear in mind that he was an industrious and conscientious monarch. In answer to the charges of cruelty in the war against the Netherlands, it is asserted that in England, at any rate, 'he exercised a moderating influence over the queen's zeal' for the persecution of Protestants.

Prince of Orange: William the Silent was brought up as a Catholic and belonged to the exclusive Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece. Catholic writers dilate upon his apostasy and rebellion; Protestants assert that he was driven to it by Philip II.'s mad attempt to subdue the Netherlands by a wholesale massacre of the Protestants and other acts of intolerable oppression.

Luther is extolled by Protestants as the founder of German Protestantism; he has been held responsible, on the other hand, for the horrors of the Peasants' War. Calvin's system of theology and his ecclesiastical discipline were as fierce and intolerant as those of the Catholics of the time, whose severity he emulated by the burning of Servetus. Knox, again, was concerned in the murder of Cardinal Beaton. As for the suppression of the monasteries, the action is alternately represented as an act of cruel injustice on the part of Thomas Cromwell to fill the coffers of Henry VIII. and a salutary proceeding against a crowd of corrupt and useless communities. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew finds few to extenuate it. But it was a political rather than a religious act, and the *Te Deum* ordered by the Pope to celebrate the occasion was almost certainly based on a complete misapprehension of the actual circumstances.

Page 95. **Macaulay:** the reference is particularly to the *History of England*, Chap. III.

Cobbett: 1762-1835. A peasant's son who made himself famous for his impassioned pleadings, in prose and verse,

for the cause of the poor in England. His *Rural Rides* is his only lasting contribution to literature.

Page 95. **Hallam**: the reference is to the *Constitutional History of England*. 1827.

Allison: the once famous *History of Europe* (1842-1856), which in its day was translated into almost every known language, is now almost forgotten. Its unbending Toryism makes it quite worthless as a record of actual events.

Lamartine: the reference is to the *Histoire des Girondins*, the 'vague and frothy republican declamation' of which was largely responsible for the Revolution of 1848.

Vergniaud: leader of the Gironde, and one of the most impassioned of the orators who denounced the tyranny of the *Ancien Régime*. But the awful September massacres revealed to him the true purport of the revolution and he tried in vain to quell the storm which he had roused. His attitude excited the anger of the Extremists whom he vainly tried to placate by basely voting for the execution of the King. In the subsequent duel with Robespierre he was easily worsted, and went to the guillotine in October, 1793.

Page 96. **Hegel**: the story says that Hegel's actual words were 'One man has understood me, and even he has not.'

Page 97. **Mr. Gladstone**: the work referred to is *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, 1890. In reality, the contrary is the truth, Christianity having probably borrowed in its development from pagan creeds, notably Mithraism.

Page 99. **Towton Field**: the scene of the victory of the Yorkists over the Lancastrians in 1461. The passage referred to is *Henry VI.*, Part III., Act II. v. 1-55.

'O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;

So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this, how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep
Than doth a rich, embroidered canopy,
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?'

ON PROGRESS.

THE present age is universally called the Age of Progress. Our mechanical inventions, the spread of Education, our general prosperity, are pointed to in confirmation of this. Have we, however, complete cause for our satisfaction and complacency? We should be warned by the history of Rome under the Antonines and France in 1870. Both are examples of progressive nations, on the eve, had they known it, of disaster. Let us examine some of the chief signs

of modern progress, to which liberal politicians point with pride. First, there is the condition of the agricultural labourer. He is certainly better housed, better protected by law, better taxed than he was a hundred years ago. But the old personal relationship between the Squire and his tenants is gone; we have substituted a mechanical for a personal bond, and it is doubtful whether the nation is but, after all, a loser rather than a gainer. The absentee landlord, living in London on the product of estates farmed by agents, is by no means a consummation to be wished for. So, too, with the Church. The eighteenth century parson may not have been as earnest as the modern priest. He lived a jovial, healthy life, mixing freely in popular sports. But he was at least in touch with his flock. Religion was unquestioned; the robust, hearty spirit of that age, if not religious, was at least not infidel. Education, again, is one of the boasts of modern statesmanship. Rich and poor have equal opportunities. Schools are free to all. Here, even, we may pause awhile before we give our complete assent. Is universal education an unmixed blessing? Are we altogether right in instructing the masses in the Arts, instead of giving them a *useful* training—a training which will stand them in good stead, when they go out to earn their bread in distant parts of the Empire? Freedom is, perhaps, the ultimate boast of the modern apostle of progress. It is doubtless true that individual liberty has progressed enormously. But we have still to estimate the *good* it effects. True Liberty, in Goethe's phrase, is submission to Law. In conclusion, we should reckon as Progress not mechanical improvement of Institutions, but healthy, vigorous, God-fearing National Life. That is the true gauge of advancement, moral, political and religious.

Page 100. **Troubled Israelite:** the reference is apparently to the apocryphal Book of Esdras, but Froude often quotes from memory, and the exact words do not occur anywhere in the book.

Nestor: the 'old man eloquent' of the *Iliad*. He was King of Pylos, and is represented as a sage old warrior, on whose wise counsels Agamemnon greatly relied. He had lived for three generations of men. He always contrasts the people around him with the mighty men of his youth, to the great disadvantage of the former. The 'laudator temporis acti' is as common in our days as he was in those of Homer and Horace, for old men 'remember with advantages.'

Page 101. **Antonines:** the Golden Age of the Roman Empire, according to Gibbon, began with Trajan (A.D. 98), and ended with the death of Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 180). Trajan and Hadrian were wise and prudent rulers, great travellers and admirable for their provincial administration. Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius combined the qualities of great emperors with the highest personal virtue.

Alexandria: Ptolemy, the greatest of the ancient astronomers and the founder of the system named after

him, flourished at Alexandria in the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus.

- Page 101. **Copernicus:** Nicholas Kopernick, a native of Thorn in E. Prussia, who in 1530 published his celebrated Heliocentric theory of the Universe.

Mud Cities: he is thinking of the famous saying of Augustus, recorded in Suetonius (Aug. 28), that he had 'found Rome brick and left her marble.'

- Page 102. **Napoleon III.** became Emperor of the French by the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851, and lost his throne at the capitulation of Sedan, 1870. In his time Paris, thanks to the Empress Eugenie, was the scene of a brilliant court, and had every air of prosperity. But Napoleon was no match for the genius of Bismarck and Von Moltke, before whose touch his pinchbeck kingdom collapsed like a pack of cards.

Lord Palmerston: Home Secretary in the Aberdeen Ministry, which declared war on Russia in 1854, to prevent her interference in Turkish affairs. In 1855 he became Prime Minister, and brought the Crimean War to a successful conclusion.

- Page 103. **Rousseau:** Froude alludes, of course, to the famous theories of a Social Contract and a State of Nature in Rousseau's *Contrat Social*. Primitive men lived as isolated units in a state of complete happiness, till they were induced, for mutual convenience, voluntarily to surrender them in exchange for the political rights assured to them by the greater security of Society. See the essay on the Science of History, p. 162, *note*.

Squire Western . . . Squire Allworthy: typical figures in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, representative types of the eighteenth-century squire.

- Page 104. **Ascriptus Glebae:** according to old English law, the *demesne* of the lord of the manor (i.e. the portion reserved by him for his private use, as distinguished from the freehold, held under him by free tenants) was cultivated by villeins, *ascripti glebae*, or bound to the soil. They could not leave the manor and their service was obligatory. But they acquired many privileges, such as holding plots of land at their lord's pleasure, and were on the whole well treated.

Mr. Primrose: in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766).

- Page 105. **Common Land:** in primitive times probably all land was held in common by the village community. The manors slowly but surely encroached on the commons, which were regarded as good land wasted for want of ownership and systematic cultivation. With the General Inclosure Act (1845) common land, except village greens and the great Parks in or near London, practically ceased to exist.

- Page 108. **Warburton:** Bishop of Gloucester, 1759, executor and

apologist of Pope, and contemporary of Samuel Johnson. He was a very celebrated scholar in his day.

Page 103. **Wilson**: 1663-1755. Bishop of Sodor and Man, and well known in his day for the great practical improvements he introduced in his diocese. He was a scientific agriculturist, and a student of the Manx tongue.

Butler: Bishop of Durham, and author of the *Analogy of Religion* (1736). He is one of the greatest of the eighteenth-century philosophers, ranking next to Berkeley, and a great Christian apologist.

Berkeley: Bishop of Cloyne, and author of the *Principles of Human Knowledge* (1710), *Dialogues*, and other philosophic works of the highest value and importance.

Parson Trulliber . . . Parson Adams: characters in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* (1742). Trulliber, an eighteenth-century Falstaff, is probably Mr. Oliver, chaplain to the Fielding family, and the author's tutor. Parson Adams is Joseph's friend and adviser, and is Fielding's ideal of a good man. Fielding gives us absolutely unvarnished portraits of contemporary life.

Page 109. **Yorick**: Laurence Sterne's name for himself. On his gravestone, in the little graveyard at the back of the Chapel of the Ascension in the Bayswater Road, are the words, 'Alas, poor Yorick,'—a reminiscence, of course, of *Hamlet*, v. i. By assuming this name, Sterne deprecates criticism. But there is an unwholesome flavour about his writings which is very different from the outspoken coarseness of Fielding. One wonders that Froude selects Sterne (he held a living in Yorkshire, but he was seldom there) as a *good* example of an eighteenth-century parson, except on account of his literary ability. Thackeray, in the *English Humourists*, lashes him unmercifully. Gastripheres and Phutatorius are imaginary scholars, like Slawkenbergius and a host of others, introduced into *Tristram Shandy* (iv. 27-30). Their arguments are amusing, but not very savoury, though Gastripheres, at least, is a priest.

Sydney Smith: (1771-1845), a famous wit, journalist, and parson. He was at one time a Canon of St. Paul's. He resisted the attempts of the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1837 to redistribute the wealth of the Church, arguing that they would harm the profession by robbing it of its great prizes. Pluralities and sinecures,—the holding of more livings than one, and of posts where the pay is out of all proportion to the nominal duties entailed,—were the chief scandals complained of, and they still exist to some extent. The Prebend of a Cathedral, for instance, gets a large sum for preaching a few sermons, and perhaps being in residence a few weeks, in the whole year.

Clarissa Harlowe: the sentimental heroine of Richardson's novel of that name (1748).

- Page 109. **Apostolical Succession** : the priest is ordained by the ceremony of the 'laying on of hands' by the Bishop, to whom the power has been handed down in unbroken succession from the Apostles, who received the gift from Christ himself. The English Church claims this Catholicity, but the Roman Church declares English Orders to be invalid, on account of the irregular consecration of Archbishop Parker in the reign of Elizabeth. These arguments, however, troubled the robust, practical parson of a hundred years ago very little.
- Page 110. **Glebe**: the endowment of the English Church still largely consists of land.
- Page 111. **Bolingbroke**: Henry St. John (1678-1751), the well-known Tory statesman, and patron of Pope. He was a notorious sceptic, as was of course Hume. See the latter's essays on *The Sceptic*, *Miracles*, etc. (1741).
Candide: Voltaire's famous tale, in which orthodox Christianity is mercilessly ridiculed.
- Page 117. **Canova**: the great Roman sculptor, 1757-1822.
Faraday: chemist and electrician, and the pioneer of Modern Science in both. He was the son of a blacksmith and was a bookbinder's assistant, until he was discovered by Sir Humphry Davy. He died in 1867.
- Page 123. **Das Gesetz**:
 'In der Beschränkung zeigst sie erst der Meister,
 Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.'
 'The Master first shows himself in restriction, *and only Law can give us Freedom*.' The last is a favourite line of Froude's. The couplet comes at the end of the *Masque*, *Was wir bringen*, 1812.
- Page 125. **Rotten boroughs**: the question of Parliamentary reform came up as long ago as 1745, but the Reform Bill did not pass till 1832, chiefly owing to the opposition of the Peers. Under the old system, boroughs like Gatton abounded. Gatton had two members and three electors. These were, in 1816, Sir Mark Wood, his son, and his butler. The two former elected themselves to represent the butler! At the same time, great towns like Manchester and Sheffield were virtually unrepresented. Yet the Duke of Wellington declared, in 1830, that 'England possessed a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature has in any country whatsoever,' and many agreed with him. The French Revolution had frightened people, and certainly the old system produced Parliaments and Statesmen of remarkable ability. Burke thought that reform might end in an overthrow of the Constitution. The object of legislation is, after all, to get the best men as our rulers. See Molesworth, *History of the Reform Bill of 1832*.
- Page 127. **Watt**: see *Representative Men*, p. 184, note.

Page 127. **Stephenson** : the great achievement of the Stephensons, father and son, was to apply the principle discovered by Watt to *moveable* engines. The 'Rocket' was the first practical railway engine, 1830.

Wheatstone : patented the first electric telegraph, 1837.

Northern Armies : the reference is to the great Civil War in the United States, 1861-1865. The Southern States, annoyed by the attacks of the 'abolitionists,' who attacked with unwearied bitterness the institution of slavery, claimed the right to secede, which the Federal Government denied. The Potomac separates Maryland from Virginia, and guards Washington. It thus formed the natural line of defence of the Northern Army.

Germans . . . Unity : the unity of Germany under the ascendancy of Prussia began with the accession to power of Bismarck in 1862. Nine years later, after Denmark, Austria, and finally France had been crushed, William I. was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the hall of his beaten enemy's palace at Versailles (Jan. 18, 1871).

Page 129. **Baal** or Bel, was the Sun-god of the Phœnician nations. The episodes referred to in this paragraph are to be found in 1 Kings xviii. where the solitary Jewish prophet Elijah overcomes the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal at Mount Carmel, and 2 Kings xviii. 9, 'Shalmaneser King of Assyria came up against Samaria and besieged it. And at the end of three years they took it.'

Page 130. **Paris from Von Moltke** : Paris fell to the German armies, Jan. 28, 1871.

Page 132. **Personal liberty** : the doctrine of *Laissez Faire*, preached by Mill and his school, which called down the angry denunciations of Carlyle. See e.g. *Chartism*, ch. vi.

Page 133. **Trades Unionism** : 'combinations of workmen to regulate the conduct of the several trades.' Unions are first heard of in 1800, but were treated as unlawful associations till the Act of 1869.

The Egyptians : the civilization of Egypt is incredibly old. Competent authorities put the earliest remains at 5000 B.C. The Pyramids belong to the fourth Dynasty, probably about a thousand years later. The Jews, according to Biblical tradition, went to Egypt under the patriarchs at the invitation of one of their number, Joseph, who had been sold as a slave but had risen to be the minister of Pharaoh. Finally, a 'King who knew not Joseph' enslaved them, till they were led to rebel and escape under Moses and Aaron, to cross the desert of Sinai, and conquer the land of Judea. It is usually held that the Jews came to Egypt at the end of the eighteenth Dynasty, and left at the end of the nineteenth (say c. 1300 B.C.).

Page 134. **Osiris** : the Sun-god, and so (as the sun descends to the darkness of night) the god of the lower world. Himself

temporarily overcome by Seth, the principle of Evil, he finally vanquishes him and rises again. So, in the Under-world, he judges the souls, and helps the righteous to overcome Seth and the demons, and reach heaven.

Page 134. **Thebes**: the capital of Egypt from the eighteenth to the twentieth Dynasty. It is about three hundred miles south of Cairo, on the Nile, and has the remains of many magnificent monuments, among the finest being the temple of Karnak.

Memphis: on the Nile, ten miles south of Cairo. It was the necropolis of the ancient Egyptian kings.

Page 135. **No life in the grave**: there is hardly a trace in the pre-exilic part of the Old Testament of a belief in a future life. The solitary passage in Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, etc.,' is probably a mistranslation. (See Froude's essay on the Book of Job in *Short Studies*, i. 281.) In the later Psalms, and perhaps in Ezekiel, there is a faint glimmering of a belief in a retribution after death, but the doctrine of the Sadducees was that of the early Jews. The Pharisees, the so-called orthodox party borrowed their eschatology from outside sources, Persian and Hellenistic. The ancient Jews believed that the wicked were punished, and the good rewarded, *on earth*. Sheol ('Hell' or 'The Grave,' in the A.V.) is the place of the departed,—Hades,—to which all, good and bad, go alike.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

In this Essay, Froude deals with the lack of definite Ideals in the modern world. True, we have types of men analysed for us in Emerson's *Representative Men* and Carlyle's *Heroes*. But these are the extraordinary, not the ordinary, people of the world. Can we not set some sort of Ideal before men and women of to-day which every one may aspire to attain? The indefinite generalities of Religion are useless as a practical guide. The old Catholic faith set before its adherents a definite type,—the Ascetic or Saint. But the day of Catholicism is gone, and the mediæval Saint is out of date. And Protestantism offers us nothing in his place. Let us try and set before our children definite ideals of Duty, Courage, Honour; let us not be afraid to canonize the brave soldier, the great inventor, even the honest landlord, as our fathers canonized the men who fulfilled their ideals in the olden days.

Page 137. **St. Anselm**: Froude is thinking of St. Anselm's 'Life of St. Kieran,' the Cornish saint, in the 'Acta Sanctorum,' to which he refers in the last two paragraphs of his essay on 'The Lives of the Saints' (*Short Studies*, i. 574).

Mr. Emerson: Emerson's *Representative Men* (1850) was a *résumé* of lectures delivered at Boston in 1845 and again at Manchester and London two years later. Six typical classes of genius are treated: Plato, the Philosopher; Swendenborg, the Mystic; Montaigne, the Sceptic;

Shakespeare, the Poet; Napoleon, the Man of the World; and Goethe, the Writer. The idea had been anticipated by Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship* (1840).

Page 137. **Preadamite Saurians:** those huge reptiles of the Lizard class, fossils of which are found in rocks of the Triassic period. They are now extinct.

Page 138. **Predicables . . . Ultima Genera:** Froude is thinking of the Aristotelian doctrine of the Categories, or the ten most extensive classes into which things can be distributed. Everything which can be affirmed of anything must come under one of these heads. They are Substance, Quantity, Quality, Relation, etc. So, asks Froude, are Emerson's six types exhaustive catalogues of Man in all his varieties?

Page 139. **Great man . . . man of the world:** Emerson and Carlyle concern themselves with the Heroes, the men of genius, and try and analyse how these heroes proceeded to fulfil their tasks, to adapt themselves to the needs of the age. But we want lessons of the opposite kind; we are not great men who wish to become men of the world, but ordinary men of the world who wish to become great, —if anyone will tell us precisely *how* to do it!

Page 140. **Raja Brooke:** an officer in the East India Company, who fitted out a yacht and went to Borneo in 1839. For his services to the Sultan against the pirates, he was made Raja of Sarawak, a post still held by his descendants. In 1851 he was basely accused in Parliament of corruption, but was acquitted by a Royal Commission.

Page 141. **Butler:** see the essay on *Education*, p. 176, *note*, also on the *Science of History*, p. 163, *note*. The passage is from the *Analogy*.

Page 142. **Modern Hagiology:** the 'Lives of the Saints' had been edited in English by Newman and other tractarians. Froude himself had taken part in the task.

Emersonianism: a vague pantheism, touched by Oriental speculation, is referred to. This has been popular in certain circles, English and American, since the time of Emerson.

Ainsworth: Harrison Ainsworth, immensely popular for his historical romances, *Old St. Paul's*, *Windsor Castle* and the rest, enjoyed a short but meteoric popularity. Their style is atrocious, and their æsthetic value is as doubtful as their moral tendency.

Page 143. **Bulwer Lytton:** the brilliant and versatile novelist, whose stories filled such a prominent part in the literature of the time. (*Pelham*, 1828; *The Caxtons*, 1850.). His style is inflated and turgid; and Carlyle is fond of mocking his pictures of contemporary society.

Page 145. **Alva's Spaniards:** the great Alva was sent by Philip II. to subdue the Low Countries in 1567. This he did at a terrible cost of life, and the cruelty of his men became a by-word. But their valour was as undoubted as their fanaticism.

Page 147, **Old Church of evil memory:** the church of Laodicea. 'So because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth.' (*Rev.* III. 16.) But Froude forgets, or affects to forget, that the Church of England is, and professes to be, a compromise. It was so designed by Queen Elizabeth, who wished to find room in it for all moderate men, Catholic and Protestant. At present, the English Church holds the essential Catholic doctrines, i.e. the teaching of the first four centuries, only discarding those Roman doctrines which she holds to be of local or mediæval origin.

Good Works: the teaching of the Church of England on this subject is, however, quite explicit. Article XI., *Of the Justification of Man*, is as follows: 'We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by Faith, and not for our own works or deservings: wherefore that we are justified by Faith only is a most wholesome Doctrine, and very full of comfort.' Article XII., *Of Good Works*, says: 'Albeit, that Good Works, which are the fruits of Faith, and follow after Justification, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's Judgment, yet are they pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith; insomuch that by them a lively faith may be as evidently known as a tree discerned by the fruit.'

Harvey: a contemporary of Bacon's and the parent of modern physiology. His famous *De Motu Sanguinis* (1628) announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Scarcely less remarkable is his dictum *Omne vivum ex ovo*.

Watt: patented the condensing steam-engine in 1769.

Page 148. **Mort D'Arthur:** Malory's famous romance, 'the last word of mediæval Chivalry,' 1469.

Page 154. **Das Gesetz soll:** See above, *On Progress*, p. 180, *note*.

Theory of merits: here Froude speaks with his usual Protestant rancour. As a matter of fact, the Catholic doctrine is a perfectly logical deduction. It asserts that the Community of the Faithful is one, and the good works of living men and departed saints, and the abundant merits of Christ, constitute a common stock for the benefit of the Church.

Page 156. **Nature with a fork:** 'Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.' Horace, *Ep.*, I. 10, 24.

