UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_212578

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

7/2/25

THE PATTERN OF FREEDOM

THE PATTERN OF FREEDOM

22 Prose and Verse
chosen by

BRUCE L. RICHMOND

FABER AND FABER LIMITED
24 Russell Square
London

First published in June Mcmxl
by Faber and Faber Limited
24 Russell Square London W.C. I
Second Impression August Mgnxl
Printed in Great Britain by
R. *MacLehose and Company Limited*
The University Press Glasgow
All rights reserved

CONTENTS

PROLOGUE page 1

FREEDOM 9

THE FREE PEOPLE 15

THE FREE MIND 51

PATRIOTISM AND SERVICE 73

RUMOURS, SLANDERS AND FEARS 91

THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG 107

GOOD FAITH 129

THE HERD 137

REFUGEES 147

WARFARE AND WARRIORS 155

PEACE 185

THE CHOICE OF LIFE 195

EPILOGUE 247

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 260

INDEX 265

PROLOGUE

*

* PROLOGUE *

O thou maker of the whele that bereth the sterres, which that art y-fastned to thy perdurable chayer, and tornest the hevene with a ravisshing sweigh, and constreinest the sterres to suffren thy lawe. . . .

O thou governour, governinge alle thinges by certein ende, why refusestow only to governe the werkes of men by dewe manere? Why suffrest thou that slydinge fortune torneth so grete entrechaunginges of thinges, so that anoyous peyne, that sholde dewely punisshe felouns, punissheth innocents? And folke of wikkede maneres sitten in heye chayres, and anoyinge folk treden, and that unrightfully, on the nekkes of holy men? And vertu, clershyninge naturelly, is hid in derke derkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the blame and the peyne of the feloun. . . .

O thou, what so ever thou be that knittest alle bondes of thinges, loke on thise wrecchede erthes; we men that ben nat a foule party but a fayre party of so grete a werk, we ben tormented in this see of fortune. Thou gouvernour, withdraw and restreyne the ravisshinge flodes, and fastne and ferme thise erthes stable with thilke bonde with whiche thou governest the hevene that is so large.

CHAUCER: from *Boethius*, i. *v*

* PROLOGUE *

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
Is this the justice which on Earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove ;
And they who thee, poor idol virtue, love
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! (if a Providence doth sway this all ?)
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
Or why should pride humility make thrall
And injuries the innocent oppress ?
Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime!

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

Who could have dreamt
That times should come like these!
Remnant of Honour, tongue-tied with contempt,
Consider: you are strong yet, if you please.
A hundred just men up, and arm'd but with a frown,
May hoot a hundred thousand false loons down,
Or drive them any way like geese.
But to sit silent now is to suborn
The common villainy you scorn.
In the dark hour
When phrases are in power,
And nought's to choose between

* PROLOGUE *

The thing which is not and which is not seen,
One fool, with lusty lungs,
Does what a hundred wise, who hate and hold their tongues,
Shall ne'er undo.
In such an hour,
When eager hands are fettered and too few
And hearts alone have leave to bleed,
Speak: for a good word then is a good deed.

COVENTRY PATMORE: from *Peace*

Now will we speak, while we have eyes for tears
And fibres to be wrung
And in our mouths a tongue.
We will bear wrongs untold but will not only bear;
Not only bear, but build through striving years
The answer of our prayer,
That whosoever has the noble name
Of man shall not be yoked to alien shame;
That life shall be indeed
Life, not permitted breath
Of spirits wrenched and forced to others' need,
Robbed of their nature's joy and free alone in death.
The world shall travail in that cause, shall bleed,
But deep in hope it dwells
Until the morning break which the long night foretells.

LAURENCE BINYON: from *Ode for September 1914*

* PROLOGUE *

JULY 1803

Englishmen must look to this as a species of contest from which, by the extraordinary favour of Divine Providence, we have been for a long series of years exempted. If we are now at leagth called upon to take our share in it, we must meet it with just gratitude for the exemptions we have hitherto enjoyed, and with a firm determination to support it with courage and resolution. We must show ourselves worthy, by our conduct on this occasion, of the happiness which we have hitherto enjoyed and which, by the blessing of God, I hope we shall continue to enjoy.

We ought to have a due sense of the magnitude of the danger with which we are threatened: we ought to meet it in that temper of mind which produces just confidence which neither despises nor dreads the enemy: and while on the one hand we accurately estimate the danger with which we are threatened at this awful crisis, we must recollect on the other hand what it is we have at stake, what it is we have to contend for. It is for our property, it is for our liberty, it is for our independence, nay, for our existence as a nation; it is for our character, it is for our very name as Englishmen, it is for everything dear and valuable to a man on this side of the grave.

WILLIAM PITT in the House of Commons

* PROLOGUE *

AUGUST 1939

We want to see established an international order based upon mutual understanding and mutual confidence, and we cannot build such an order unless it conforms to certain principles which are essential to the establishment of confidence and trust. Those principles must include the observance of international undertakings when they have once been entered into, and the renunciation of force in the settlement of differences. It is because those principles, to which we attach such vital importance, seem to us to be in jeopardy that we have undertaken these tremendous and unprecedented responsibilities.

If, despite all our efforts to find the way of peace —and God knows I have tried my best—if in spite of all that we find ourselves forced to embark upon a struggle which is bound to be fraught with suffering and misery for all mankind and the end of which no man can foresee, if that should happen, we shall not be fighting for the political future of a far away city in a foreign land; we shall be fighting for the preservation of those principles of which I have spoken, the destruction of which would involve the destruction of all possibility of peace and security for the peoples of the world.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN in the House of Commons

* PROLOGUE *

I looked upon the wrong or back side of a piece of arras: it seemed to me as a continued nonsense, there was neither head nor foot therein; confusion itself had as much method in it: a company of thrums and threads, with many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes, and colours, all which signified nothing to my understanding.

But then looking on the reverse or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions and figures of men and cities. So that indeed it was a history not wrote with a pen, but wrought with a needle.

If men look upon our late times with a mere eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their huddle and disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is objected to our eyes, whilst the right side is presented to the high God of heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion, and what is presented to him at present may hereafter be so showed to us as to convince our judgments in the truth thereof.

THOMAS FULLER:
from *Mixt Contemplations on These Times (1660)*

It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows.

All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 1

FREEDOM

Liberta va cercando, che è si cara,
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.

DANTE: *Purgatorio, i. 71*

He seeketh freedom, that so precious light,
How precious, he knows who for her will die.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

MILTON: from *Areopagitica*

* FREEDOM *

A !Fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking:
Fredome all solace to man giffis,
He livis at ese that frely livis!
A noble hart may haif nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gif fredome fail'th; for fre liking
Is yharnit over all othir thing.
Na he that ay has livit fre
May not know well the properte,
The anger, na the wretchit doom
That is couplit to foul thraldome.

JOHN BARBOUR

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out of the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action,
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE: from *Gitanjali*

* FREEDOM *

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

But there is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away;
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
And are august, but this transcends them all.

COWPER: from *The Task, v*

Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
Their minds are fetter'd ; then how can they be free ?

BLAKE: from *Edward III*

* FREEDOM *

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH

As from some Alpine watch-tower's portal
Night, living yet, looks forth for dawn,
So from time's mistier mountain lawn
The spirit of man, in trust immortal,
Yearns toward a hope withdrawn.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free.

SWINBURNE: from *The Commonweal*

THE FREE PEOPLE

*

Govern them and lift them up.

Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my Kingdoms and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and of a King of England too.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Through one of the marvels of modern science, I am enabled this Christmas Day to speak to all my peoples throughout the Empire. I take it as a good omen that wireless should have reached its present perfection at a time when the Empire has been linked in closer union, for it offers us immense possibilities to make that union closer still. It may be that our future will lay upon us more than one stern test. Our past will have taught us how to meet it unshaken. For the present the work to which we are all equally bound is to arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders, to regain prosperity without self-seeking, and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened

or overborne. My life's aim has been to serve as I might towards those ends. Your loyalty, your confidence in me has been my abundant reward. I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all: to men and women so cut off by the snows, the desert, or the sea that only voices out of the air can reach them: to those cut off from fuller life by blindness, sickness, or infirmity: and to those who are celebrating this day with their children and their grandchildren—to all, to each, I wish a happy Christmas. God bless you.

KING GEORGE V: *Dec. 1932*

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
aH(e tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

VIRGIL: *Aeneid, vi*

Mind thee, Roman, to rule the peoples under thy sway—here shall be thy craftsmanship—and to impose the habit of peace, to spare those at thy mercy and to war down the overweening.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges and equal protection. These are strong ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your govern-

ment;—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance . But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another: that these two things may exist without any mutual relation: the cement is gone: the cohesion is loosened: and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price; of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds,

your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

BURKE: on *Conciliation with America*

I contend not for indulgence but justice to America. Resistence to your acts was necessary as it was just. The Americans are a brave, generous and united people with arms in their hands and courage in their hearts: three millions of them the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of superstitious tyranny. Of the spirit of independence animating the *nation* of America I have the most authentic information. Destroy their towns and cut them off from their superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life . . . and they would not lament their loss whilst they have—what, my Lords ?—

their woods and their liberties . . . Laying of papers on your table or counting numbers on a division will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It is not repealing this act of Parliament, it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and her resentments: and you may then hope for her love and gratitude.

LORD CHATHAM: January 20, 1775

All the conditions of the world are altered now. The great causes of division, oceans and religious disabilities, have ceased to operate. Vast uniting forces have begun to work, trade and emigration. Meanwhile the natural ties which unite Englishmen resume their influence as soon as the counter-acting pressure is removed, I mean the ties of nationality, language and religion. The mother-country having once for all ceased to be a stepmother, and to make unjust claims and impose annoying restrictions, and since she wants her colonies as an outlet both for population and trade, and since on the other hand the colonies must feel that there is risk, not to say also intellectual impoverishment, in independence, since finally intercourse is ever increasing and no alienating force is at work to counteract it, but the discords created by the old system pass more and more into oblivion, it seems possible that our colonial Empire so-called may more and more deserve to be called Greater Britain, and

that the tie may become stronger and stronger. Then the seas which divide us might be forgotten and that ancient preconception, which leads us always to think of ourselves as belonging to a single island, might be rooted out of our minds. If in this way we moved sensibly nearer in our thoughts and feelings to the colonies and accustomed ourselves to think of emigrants as not in any way lost to England by settling in the colonies, the result might be, first that emigration on a vast scale might become our remedy for pauperism, and secondly that some organization might gradually be arrived at which might make the whole force of the Empire available in time of war.

J. R. SEELEY: from *The Expansion of England* (1883)

As we sit quietly at home reading the names of places on Mercator's Projection, it is natural to be proud of our ancestors who served under Burleigh or the Pitts. The results of their indomitable efforts lie around us on every side. In the west there is a great Dominion, in the south a great Commonwealth, in the east a great Empire. From Table Mountain to the delta of the Nile there is a chain of states, territories, protectorates and spheres stretching out on either hand from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. There are islands all the world over, some as large as European states, and strong places in every sea and on every

coast. Our obligation to the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries is not cancelled or diminished because the nineteenth, wearied by a struggle that was nearly fatal, fell asleep, and awoke again to find itself in a hum of material prosperity which it mistook during fifty years for the millennium. We are still burdened with the honour of the stewardship. The nature of our duty has changed, but the duty itself is plain. The estate is of such vast extent that it is hard to think of a boundary which it would be desirable to set farther out, or of a corner that needs to be rounded off. The period of acquisition may be said to have ended. The new task is to make a worthy use.

F. S. OLIVER: from *Alexander Hamilton*

Haec est in gremium victos quae sola recepit
humanumque genus communi nomine fovit,
matris non dominae ritu; civcsque vocavit
quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.

CLAUDIAN: *de Consulatu Stilichonis, iii*

She alone it is who has received the vanquished into her bosom and cherished there the human race under a common name, in fashion of mother not of mistress; and has called them citizens whom she has mastered, and in a bond of mutual duty has linked the ends of the earth.

Adaptation to the world at large, where so much is hidden and unintelligible, is only possible piecemeal, by groping with a genuine indètermination in one's aims. Its very looseness gives the English method its lien on the future. To dominate the world co-operation is better than policy, and empiricism safer than inspiration. Anglo-Saxon imperialism is unintended: military conquests are incidental to it and often not maintained: it subsists by a mechanical equilibrium of habits and interests, in which every colony, province, or protectorate has a different status. It has a commercial and missionary quality, and is essentially an invitation to pull together—an invitation which many nations may be incapable of accepting or even of understanding, or which they may deeply scorn, because it involves a surrender of absolute liberty on their part; but whether accepted or rejected, it is an offer of co-operation, aproject for a limited partnership, not a complete plan of life to be imposed on anybody.
SANTAYANA: from *Character and Opinion in the U.S.*

What I feel in regard to all the empires of the past, even in regard to the United States, is that the effort has always been towards forming one nation. All the empires we have known in the past and that exist today are founded on the idea of assimilation. Your whole idea and basis is entirely different. You do not want to standardise the nations of the British Empire; you

want to develop them towards greater, fuller nationhood. These communities, the offspring of the mother country, or terrtories like my own, which have been annexed after the vicissitudes of war, must not be moulded on any one pattern. You want them to develop freely on the principles of self-government, and therefore your whole idea is different from anything that has existed before. That is the fundamental fact we have to bear in mind—that this British Commonwealth of Nations does not stand for standardisation or denationalisation, but for the fuller, richer and more various life of all the nations comprised in it.

Even the nations which have fought against it, like my own, must feel that their cultural interests, their language, their religion, are as safe and as secure under the British flag as those of the children of your own household and your own blood. Therefore, it seems to me that there is only one solution, and that is a solution supplied by your past traditions—the traditions of freedom, self-government, and of the fullest development of all constituent parts of the Empire.

GENERAL SMUTS: May 1917

Where the footfall sounds of England, where the smile of England shines,
Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope divines
Days to be, more brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for signs.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice
and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our
chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England
yet shall stand.

Earth and sea bear England witness if he lied who said
it; he
Whom the winds that ward her, waves that clasp, and
herb and flower and tree
Fed with English dews and sunbeams, hail as more than
man may be.

No man ever spake as he that bade our England be but
true,
Keep but faith with England fast and firm, and none
should bid her rue;
None may speak as he: but all may know the sign that
Shakespeare knew.

SWINBURNE: from *England, an Ode*

This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

King John, v. 7

* A PATTERN *

We have a Form of Government, not fetched by imitation from the Laws of our neighbouring States (nay, we are rather a pattern to others than they to us) which, because in the administration it hath respect not to a few but to the multitude, is called a Democracie. Wherein, though there be an equality amongst all men in point of Law for their private controversies, yet in conferring of dignities one man is preferred before another to publick charge, and that according to the reputation not of his House but of his Vertue, and is not put back through poverty, for the obscurity of his person, as long as he can do good service to the Commonwealth. And we live not onely free in the administration of the State but also one with another, void of jealousie, touching each other's daily course of life: not offended at any man for following his own humour, nor casting on any man censorious looks, which, though they be no punishment, yet they grieve. So that conversing one with another for the private without offence, we stand chiefly in fear to transgress against the Publick, and are obedient always to those that govern and to the Laws, and principally to such Laws as are written for protection against injury, and such unwritten as bring undeniable shame to the transgressors.

We have also found out many ways to give our minds recreation from labour, by publick institution of Games and Sacrifices for all the days of the year,

with a decent pomp and furniture of the same by private men; by the daily delight whereof we expel sadness. We have this further, by the greatness of our City, that all things from all parts of the Earth are imported hither. Whereby we no less familiarly enjoy the commodities of all other Nations then our own. Then in the studies of War, we excel our Enemies in this: we leave our City open to all men, nor was it ever seen that by banishing of Strangers we denied them the learning or sight of any of those things which, if not hidden, an Enemy might reap advantage by, not relying on secret preparation and deceipt but upon our own courage in the action. They in their discipline hunt after Valour presently from their Youth with laborious exercise, and yet we, that live remissly, undertake as great dangers as they. . . .

Such is the City for which these men (thinking it no reason to lose it) valiantly fighting have died. And it is fit that every man of you that be left should be like-minded, to undergo any travail for the same. . . . And when this Power of the City shall seem great to you, consider then that the same was purchased by valiant men, and by men that knew their duty, and by men that were sensible of dishonour when they were in fight; and by such men as, though they failed of their attempt, yet would not be wanting to the City with their Vertue, but made unto it a most honourable contribution. For, having every one given his body to

the Commonwealth, they receive in place thereof an undecaying commendation, and a most remarkable Sepulchre, not wherein they are buried so much as wherein their glory is laid up upon all occasions, both of speech and action, to be remembered for ever. For to famous men all the Earth is a Sepulchre; and their Vertues shall be testified, not onely by the Inscription in Stone at home, but by an Unwritten Record of the Mind, which more then of any Monument will remain with every one for ever. In imitation therefore of these men, and placing Happiness in Liberty, and Liberty in Valour, be forward to encounter the dangers of War.

Funeral Speech of Pericles:
Hobbes's translation of THUCYDIDES

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Gettysburg Address*

Thus did the Athenians increase in strength. And it is plain enough, not from this instance only but from many everywhere, that equality is an excellent thing; since even the Athenians, who while they continued under the rule of tyrants were not a whit more valiant than any of their neighbours, no sooner shook off the yoke than they became decidedly the first of all. These things show that, while undergoing oppression, they

let themslves be beaten, since then they worked for a master; but so soon as they got their freedom each man was eager to do the best he could for himself.

HERODOTUS, V. 78

Nullus liber homo capiatur vel imprisonetur aut dissaisietur [de libero tenemento suo, vel libertatibus, vel liberis consuetudinibus suis], aut utlagetur aut exuletur aut aliquo modo destruatur, nee super eum ibimus nee super eum mittemus nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terrae. Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum aut iusticiam.[1]

MAGNA CARTA, 39 and 40

It is the fashion nowadays to depreciate the value of the Great Charter—an ominous sign of the times, in my belief. For he runs a slight chance of being ultimately counted among the false prophets of the realm who predicts that, when the mention of that blessed deed does not command the reverential gratitude of

[1] No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or disseised, or outlawed, or exiled, or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny or delay, right or justice.

every Briton, evil fortunes are impending for this society. Despots may depreciate it, whether they assume the forms of crowned monarchs or popular tribunes, for it stands alike in their way; but he who really loves freedom and his fatherland will never forget that the signet of the tyrant sealed alike our civil liberty and our national independence. They were great men, my Lord, that Archbishop of Canterbury and that Earl of Pembroke who, in the darkness of feudal ages, laid this bold and broad foundation of our national liberties; they were great men, and they were great statesmen. They did not act upon abstract principles, luckily for us—principles which the next age might have rejected and the first schoolman, hired by the King, might have refuted; they acted upon positive conventional right. They set up no new title; they claimed their inheritance. They established the liberties of Englishmen as a life estate which their descendants might enjoy, but could not abuse by committing waste, or forfeit by any false and fraudulent conveyance. They entailed our freedom.

DISRAELI: from *Vindication of the English Constitution*

Our *Trimmer* owneth a Passion for liberty, yet so restrained that it doth not in the least impair or taint his Allegiance; he thinketh it hard for a Soul that doth not love Liberty ever to raise itself to another World;

he taketh it to be the foundation of all vertue, and the only seasqning that giveth a relish to life; and tho' the laziness of a slavish subjection hath its Charms for the more gross and earthly part of Mankind, yet to men made of a better sort of Clay all that the World can give without Liberty hath no taste; it is true, nothing is sold so cheap by unthinking men, but that doth no more lessen the real value of it than a Country Fellow's Ignorance doth that of a Diamond, in selling it for a Pot of Ale. Liberty is the Mistress of Mankind, she hath powerful Charms which do so dazzle us that we find Beauties in her which perhaps are not there, as we do in other Mistresses; yet if she was not a Beauty, the World would not run mad for her; therefore since the reasonable desire of it ought not to be restrained, and that even the unreasonable desire of it cannot be entirely suppress'd, those who would take it away from a People possessed of it are likely to fail in the attempting, or be very unquiet in the keeping of it.

GEORGE SAVILE, LORD HALIFAX:
from *The Character of a Trimmer*[1]

[1] **'This innocent word Trimmer signifieth no more than this, That, if men are together in a Boat, and one part of the Company would weigh down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary, it happeneth there is a third Opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the Boat went even, without endangering the Passengers.'**

* THE FREE PEOPLE *

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used.
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

TENNYSON

Engage the people by their affections, convince their reason, and they will be loyal from the only principle that can make loyalty sincere, vigorous, or rational —a conviction that it is their truest interest and that their government is for their good. Constraint is the na-

tural parent of resistance, and a frequent proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it. You must all remember Lucian's pleasant story: Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great freedom and familiarity upon the subject of heaven and earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence while Jupiter strove only to convince him; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily round and threatened him with his thunder. 'Ah Ah!' says the countryman, 'now, Jupiter, I know that you are wrong: you are always wrong when you appeal to your thunder.'

LORD ERSKINE: from *the Defence of Tom Paine*

' I was then the studious head or generous mïnd„
Follower of God or friend of humankind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral nature gave before;
Re-lumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught powVs due use to people and to kings;
Taught not to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:

Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade; •
More pow'rful each as needful to the i^st
And, in proportion as it blesses, bless'd;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord or king.

POPE: from *An Essay on Man,* iii

Moral forces decide the strength and weakness of constitutional contrivance. The hunger for breakfast and dinner has not been the master impulse in the history of civilised communities. Selfish and interested individualism has been truly called non-historic. Sacrifice has been the law—sacrifice for creeds, for churches, for kings, for dynasties, for adored teachers, for native land. In England and America to-day the kind of devotion that once inspired followers of Stuarts, Bourbons, Bonapartes, marks a nobler and a deeper passion for the self-governing Commonwealth.

LORD MORLEY: from *Democracy and Reaction*

Democracy certainly witnesses to a quickened sense in humanity for the rights of all. A new social conscience prompted the doctrine of equality which inspired, although disastrously, the Revolution in France. The equalitarians, from Rousseau to Lenin,

have shewn small regard for personal freedom; and our revolutionaries have still to learn the truth in Bentham's saying, that all men have equal rights, but not to equal things. But democracy marks an essential stage in human progress by insisting that all men should have the chance to make the best of themselves. This is a truth which must outlive its perversions into equal servitude. For freedom, in the last analysis, is not mere absence of restraint, but the opportunity of each to develop for the good of all: and this recognition has only been made effective with the coming of democracy. It is because the social conscience has so widened that we may believe we are on the way towards a better commonwealth.

A. S. MCDOWALL: from *A Detached Observer*

The authority of government, even such as I am willing to submit to—for I will cheerfully obey those who know and can do better than I, and in many things even those who neither know nor can do so well—is still an impure one: to be strictly just, it must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it. ... I please myself with imagining a State at last which can afford to be just to all men and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbor: which even would not think it inconsistent

with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and fellow-men. A State which bore this kind of fruit, and suffered it to drop off as fast as it ripened, would prepare the way for a still more perfect and glorious State, which also I have imagined, but not yet anywhere seen.

THOREAU: from *Civil Disobedience*

George loved the cause of freedom, but reproved
All who with wild or boyish ardour loved;
Those who believed they never could be free
Except when fighting for their liberty:
Who by their very clamour and complaint
Invite coercion or enforce restraint:
He thought a trust so great, so good a cause,
Was only to be kept by guarding laws;
For public blessings firmly to secure
We must a lessening of the good endure.
The public waters are to none denied—
All drink the stream, but only few must guide;
There must be reservoirs to hold supply,
And channels formed to send the blessing by;
The public good must be a private care,
None all they would may have, but all a share:
So we must freedom with restraint enjoy,
What crowds possess they will, uncheck'd, destroy;

And hence, that freedom may to all be dealt,
Guards n|.ust be fix'd, and safety must be felt . . .
I for that Freedom make, said he, my prayer
That suits with all, like atmospheric air;
That is to mortal man by heaven assign'd,
Who cannot bear a pure and perfect kind:
The lighter gas, that, taken in the frame,
The spirit heats and sets the blood in flame,
Such is the freedom which when men approve
They know not what a dangerous thing they love.

CRABBE: from *The Hall*

It is an error to suppose that statesmanship is like a voyage or a campaign—carried on for an ulterior object and discontinued when that is attained. Statesmanship is not a public burden, to be borne only so long as needs must. It is the career of a civilised being with a gift for citizenship and society, and with a natural disposition to live a life of public influence, worthy aims, and social helpfulness for as long as occasion calls. . . .

Meanwhile it must be remembered that statesmanship does not consist solely in holding office, acting as envoy, shouting loudly in the Assembly, and indulging in a fine frenzy of speeches and motions on the platform. The generality of people may think that these make a statesman, just as they think that talking from a chair and delivering lectures based on books make

a philosopher. But they fail to discern the sustained statesmanship or philosophy which is revealed consistently day after day in actions and conduct. ... It is the same with acting the statesman as it is with acting the philosopher. For Socrates to play the philosopher there was no arranging of forms, seating himself in a chair, or observing a fixed time for a discussion or discourse. He played the philosopher while joking with you, perhaps, or drinking with you, or possibly campaigning with you, or at market with you, and finally when he was in prison and drinking the poison. He was thus the first to show that life affords scope for philosophy at every moment, in every detail, in every feeling and circumstance whatsoever. Statesmanship should be regarded in the same light.

PLUTARCH: from *Old Men in Public Life*
Translated by T. G. Tucker

Socrates has drunk his hemlock and is dead; but in his own breast does not every man carry about with him a possible Socrates, in that power of a disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock notions and habits, of which this wise and admirable man gave all through his lifetime the great example, and which was the secret of his incomparable influence? And he who leads men to call forth and exercise in themselves this power, and who busily calls it forth and exercises it in

himself, is at the present moment, perhaps, as Socrates was in hisitime, more in concert with the vital working of men's minds* and more effectually significant, than any House of Commons' orator or practical operator in politics.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: from *Culture and Anarchy*

It is not enough in a situation of trust in the commonwealth that a man means well to his country: it is not enough that in his single person he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience and even harangued against every design which he apprehended to be prejudicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and disculpation, falls miserably short of the mark of publick duty. That duty demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known but made prevalent: that what is evil should not only be detected, but defeated. When the publick man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it. It is surely no very rational account of a man's life that he has always acted right but has taken special care to act in such a manner that his endeavours could not possibly be productive of any consequence.

BURKE: from *The Present Discontents*

* THE FREE PEOPLE *

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike .
As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure, i. I

I remember an old scholastick aphorism which says 'that the man who lives wholly detached from others must be either an angel or a devil.' When I see in any of these detached gentlemen of our times the angelick purity, power, and beneficence, I shall admit them to be angels. In the meantime we are born only to be men. We shall do enough if we form ourselves to be good ones. It is therefore our business carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. To bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate friendships, and to incur enmities. To have both strong, but both selected: in the one, to be placable: in the other immoveable. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which is impracticable is spurious: and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with effect and energy, than to loiter out our days without blame, and without use.

BURKE: from *The Present Discontents*

* TOLERANCE *

I am fey this bill, my Lords, because I am for toleration, mat sacred right of nature and bulwark of truth and most interesting of all objects to fallible man.

LORD CHATHAM: Mav 19,1772

Tolerance is learned in discussion and, as history shows, is only so learned. In all customary societies bigotry is the ruling principle. In rude places to this day anyone who says anything new is looked on with suspicion, and is persecuted by opinion if not injured by penalty. One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common people say, 'So upsetting'; it makes you think that, after all, your favourite notions may be wrong, your firmest beliefs ill-founded; it is certain that till now there was no place allotted in your mind to the new and startling inhabitant; and now that it has conquered an entrance you do not at once see which of your old ideas it will or will not turn out, with which of them it can be reconciled, and with which it is at essential enmity. Naturally, therefore, common men hate a new idea, and are disposed more or less to ill-treat the original man who brings it. Even nations with long habits of discussion are intolerant enough. In England, where there is on the whole probably a freer discussion of a greater number of subjects than ever was before in the world, we know how much power bigotry retains. But discussion, to be successful, requires tolerance....

If we know that a nation is capable of enduring continuous discussion, we know that it is capable of practising with equanimity continuous tolerance.

WALTER BAGEHOT: from *Physics and Politics*

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company: he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and

never wearisome. . . . If he engages in controversy of any kindf his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust: he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its provinces and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent: he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration; and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

NEWMAN: from *The Idea of a University*

Such is my position which I assert to be true, and if I am right, then I affirm that he who desires to be happy must pursue and practise temperance and run away from intemperance as fast as his legs will carry him; he had better order his life so as not to need punishment; but if either he or any of his friends, whether private individual or city, are in need of punishment, then justice must be done and he must suffer punishment, if he would be happy. This appears to me to be the aim which a man ought to have, and towards which he ought to direct all the energies both of himself and of the state, acting so that he may have temperance and justice present with him and be happy, not suffering his lusts to be unrestrained, and in the never-ending desire to satisfy them leading a robber's life.

Such an one is the friend neither of God nor man, for he is incapable of communion, and he who is incapable of communion is also incapable of friendship. And philosophers tell us, Callicles, that communion and friendship and orderliness and temperance and justice bind together heaven and earth and gods and men, and that this universe is therefore called Cosmos or order, not disorder or misrule, my friend.

PLATO: *Gorgias,* 507 (Jowett's Translation)

* THE BOND OF JUSTICE *

That in the administration of justice I am entrusted for Grod, the King and country: therefore, that it must be done uprightly, deliberately, resolutely.

That I rest not on my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

That in the execution of judgment, I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all cares and thoughts as unseasonable, and interruptions.

That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, 'till the whole business and both parties be heard.

That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider that there is also a pity due to the country.

That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

That popular or court applause, or distaste, have no influence in anything I do, in point of distribution of justice.

Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

In criminals that consist merely in'words, wucii no harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

To be short, and sparing, at meals, that I may be the fitter for business.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, L.C.J.:
Things necessary to be continually had in Remembrance

All glory else besides ends with our breath;
JLlLAnd men's respect scarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good must outlive death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts.
Power may have knees, but justice hath our hearts.

DANIEL: *TO Sir Thomas Egerton*

The whole earth is the temple of freedom, and the heavens themselves the dome that covers it. Its spirit moves wherever men are learning to do justice to each other, even at the cost of injustice done. A noise and a shaking there will be, as the bones draw together,

but a breath is coming from the four winds. The principle that men are responsible to each other is at work, and wherever *it* works it will grow with exercise. That principle, and no other, applied in detail to the facts of their own lives, has produced the constitutions of free nations. It has raised great armies willing to die, that in their dust that principle may live.

LIONEL CURTIS: **from *Dyarchy***

Twenty years ago, late at night, in his library at Cannes, [Lord Acton] expounded to me his view of how such a history of Liberty might be written, and in what wise it might be made the central thread of all history. He spoke for six or seven minutes only; but he spoke like a man inspired, seeming as if, from some mountain summit high in air, he saw beneath him the far-winding path of human progress from dim Cimmerian shores of pre-historic shadow into the fuller yet broken and fitful light of the modern time. The eloquence was splendid, but greater than the eloquence was the penetrating vision which discerned through all events and in all ages the play of those moral forces, now creating, now destroying, always transmuting, which had moulded and remoulded institutions, and had given to the human spirit its ceaselessly-changing forms of energy. It was as if the whole landscape of history had been suddenly lit up by a burst of sunlight.

LORD BRYCE: **from *Studies in Contemporary Biography***

THE FREE MIND

*

This is true liberty, whenjreeborn men.
Having to advise the public, may speakfree;
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can bejuster in a state than this ?

MILTON: from *Euripides*

I deny rot, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image: but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom;

and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

MILTON: from *Areopagitica*

No legal argument can shake the freedom of the press in my sense of it, if I am supported in my doctrines concerning the great unalienable right of the people, to reform or to change their governments. It is because the liberty of the press resolves itself into this great issue that it has been, in every country, the last liberty which subjects have been able to wrest from power. Other liberties are held *under* governments, but the liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties. This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has only been purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it.

LORD ERSKINE: from *the Defence of Tom Paine*

Breach of civil peace may arise when false and idolatrous practices are held forth, and yet no breach of civil peace from the doctrine or practice, or the manner of holding forth, but from that wrong and prepos-

terous way of suppressing, preventing, and extinguishing such doctrines or practices by weapons of wrath and blood, whip's, stocks, imprisonment, banishment, death, &c.; by which men commonly are persuaded to convert heretics, and to cast out unclean spirits, which only the finger of God can do, that is, the mighty power of the spirit in the word.

Hence the town is in an uproar, and the country takes the alarum to expel that fog or mist of error, heresy, blasphemy, as is supposed, with swords and guns. Whereas it is light alone, even light from the bright shining Sun of Righteousness, which is able, in the souls and consciences of men, to dispel and scatter such fogs and darkness.

ROGER WILLIAMS:
from *The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution* (1644)

Speaking generally, it is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to

exercise such coercion, either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title' to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

J. S. MILL: from *Liberty*

Persecution for the expression of opinions seems to me perfectly logical. If you have no doubt of your premises or your power and want a certain result with all your heart, you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition. To allow opposition by speech seems to indicate that you think speech impotent, as when a man says that he has squared the circle, or that you do not care whole-heartedly for the result, or that you doubt either your power or your premises.

But when men have realised that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe, even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct, that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of

truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

JUDGE O. WENDELL HOLMES:
(Abrams v. *United States)*

Free speech is an idea which has at present all the unpopularity of a truism; so that we tend to forget that it was not so very long ago that it had the more practical unpopularity which attaches to a new truth. Ingratitude is surely the chief of the intellectual sins of man. He takes his political benefits for granted, just as he takes the skies and the seasons for granted. He considers the calm of a city street a thing as inevitable as the calm of a forest clearing, whereas it is only kept in

peace by a sustained stretch and effort similar to that which keeps up a battle or a fencing match. Just as we forget where we stand in relation to natural phenomena, so we forget it in relation to social phenomena. We forget that the earth is a star, and we forget that free speech is a paradox.

It is not by any means self-evident upon the face of it that an institution like the liberty of speech is right or just. It is not natural or obvious to let a man utter follies and abominations which you believe to be bad for mankind any more than it is natural or obvious to let a man dig up a part of the public road, or infect half a town with typhoid fever. The theory of free speech, that truth is so much larger and stranger and more many-sided than we know of, that it is very much better at all costs to hear every one's account of it, is a theory which has been justified upon the whole by experiment, but which remains a very daring and even a very surprising theory.

G. K. CHESTERTON: from *Robert Browning*

The struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty. In the most civilised and progressive countries freedom of discussion is recognised as a fundamental principle. . . . Hopeful people may feel confident that the victory is permanent; that intel-

lectual freedom is now assured to mankind as a possession for ever; that the future will see the collapse of those forces which still work against it and its gradual diffusion in the more backward parts of the earth. Yet history may suggest that this prospect is not assured. Can we be certain that there may not come a great set-back? For freedom of discussion and speculation was, as we saw, fully realised in the Greek and Roman world, and then an unforeseen force, in the shape of Christianity, came in and laid chains upon the human mind and suppressed freedom and imposed upon man a weary struggle to recover the freedom which he had lost. Is it not conceivable that something of the same kind may occur again? that some new force, emerging from the unknown, may surprise the world and cause a similar set-back?

J. B. BURY: from *History of Freedom of Thought*

Surely, as nature createth brotherhood in families, and art mechanical contract brotherhoods in commonalties, and the anointment of God superinduceth a brotherhood in kings and bishops; so in like manner there cannot but be a fraternity in learning and illumination, relating to that paternity which is attributed to God, who is called the Father of illuminations or lights.

BACON: from *The Advancement of Learning*

The man of science cannot sit by himself in his own cave weaving out results by his own efforts, unaided by others, heedless of what others have done and are doing. He is but a bit of a great system, a joint in a great machine, and he can only work aright when he is in due touch with his fellow-workers. If his labour is to be what it ought to be, and is to have the weight which it ought to have, he must know what is being done, not by himself but by others, and by others not of his own land and speaking his tongue only, but also of other lands and of other speech. Hence it comes about that to the man of science the barriers of manners and of speech which pen men into nations become more and more unreal and indistinct. He recognises his fellow-worker, wherever he may live and whatever tongue he may speak, as one who is pushing forward shoulder to shoulder with him towards a common goal, as one whom he is helping and who is helping him. The touch of science makes the whole world kin.

The history of the past gives us many examples of this brotherhood of science. In the revival of learning throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and some way on into the eighteenth century, the common use of the Latin tongue made intercourse easy. In some respects in those earlier days science was more cosmopolitan than it afterwards became. In spite of the difficulties and hardships of travel, the men of science of different lands again and again met each other

face to face, heard with their ears and saw with their eyes what their brethren had to say or to show. The Englishman took the long journey to Italy to study there: the Italian, the Frenchman, and the German wandered from one seat of learning to another: and many a man held a chair in a country not his own. There was help, too, as well as intercourse. The Royal Society of London took upon itself the task of publishing nearly all the works of the great Italian Malpighi; and the brilliant Lavoisier, two years before his own countrymen in their blind fury slew him, received from the same body the highest token which it could give of its esteem.

SIR MICHAEL FOSTER:
Address to the British Association, 1899

If, therefore, there be any humility towards the Creator, any reverence for or disposition to magnify His works, any charity for man and anxiety to relieve his sorrows and necessities, any love of truth in nature, any hatred of darkness, any desire for the purification of the understanding, we must entreat men again and again to discard, or at least set apart for a while, these volatile and preposterous philosophies which have preferred theses to hypotheses, led experience captive, and triumphed over the works of God; and to approach with humility and veneration to unroll the volume of Creation, to linger and meditate therein, and

with minds washed clean from opinions to study it in purity and integrity. For this is that sound and language which 'went forth into all land/, and did not incur the confusion of Babel; this should men study to be perfect in, and becoming again as little children condescend to take the alphabet of it into their hands, and spare no pains to search and unravel the interpretation thereof, but pursue it strenuously and persevere even unto death.

BACON : from *Historia Naturalis*

When a man of science studies or discusses with colleagues some new discovery in physics or mathematics: when a lover of painting studies a picture of Rembrandt or Velasquez or Michael Angelo: when a lover of literature reads *Faust* or *Hamlet* or the *Divina Commedia:* differences of nationality fade into nothingness ; all that remains is the interest and delight of man in the highest works of man, and the intimate sympathy which results therefrom between artists or thinkers of different nations. Wilamowitz, the famous German Hellenist, tells a story of the war of 1870, when he was a Prussian cavalry officer, and was billeted on a French schoolmaster in Chartres: how he found a copy of Racine lying on the table and began discussing it: how the schoolmaster expressed his admiration for Racine's *Phedre* and Wilamowitz argued

that its original, Euripides' *Hippolytus*, was even better: and the two talked and quoted until late into the night, and a friendship was built up in the midst of war itself between two official enemies.

GILBERT MURRAY

England is extremely subtle; and about the best of it there is something almost secretive: it is amateur even more than aristocratic in tradition: it is never official. Among its very variable and hardly visible oddities is this. There is one type of Englishman I have frequently met in travel, and never met in books of travel. He is the expiation for the English tripper: he may be called the English exile. He is a man of good English culture quite warmly and unaffectedly devoted to some particular foreign culture. In some sense, he has already figured in this story; for Maurice Baring had exactly that attitude towards Russia and Professor Eccles towards France. But I have met a particularly charming Anglo-Irish academic gentleman doing exactly the same work of penetrating with sympathy the soul of Poland: I have met another searching out the secrets of Spanish music in Madrid: and everywhere they are dotted about on the map, doing not only something for Europe but very decidedly something for England; proving to Lithuanian antiquaries or Portuguese geographers that we are not all bounders and boosters, but come of the people that could interpret Plutarch and

translate Rabelais. They are a microscopically small minority; like nearly every English group that really knows what is going on; but they are a seed, and therefore a secret. . . . If sociology were a science, which is absurd, I would set up a claim like a Darwinian scientist to have discovered a species. It is remembering these men that I find it easiest to range rapidly, for the purpose of this short chapter, over the different countries in which they are our very unofficial diplomatists.

G. K. CHESTERTON: from *Autobiography*

The Arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age that produced it: a strong desire to bring it back again: a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself; and Hope comes too behind. Men are not our fellow-creatures because hands and articulate voices belong to them in common with us ; they are then, and then only, when they precede us, or accompany us, or follow us, contemplating one grand luminary, periodically obscured, but eternally existent in the highest heaven of the soul, without which all lesser lights would lose their brightness, their station, their existence.

LANDOR: from *Machiavelli and Michael Angelo*

* PEACEFUL ARTS *

The works of peace cannot flourish in a country governed by an intoxicated Despot; the motions of whose distorted benevolence must be still more pernicious than those of his cruelty. 7 *have bestowed: I have created: I have regenerated; I have been pleased to organise':* —this is the language perpetually upon his lips, when his ill-fated activities turn that way. Now commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and all the peaceful arts, are of the nature of virtues or intellectual powers; they cannot be given; they cannot be stuck in here and there; they must spring up; they must grow of themselves: they may be encouraged; they thrive better with encouragement, and delight in it; but the obligation must have bounds nicely defined; for they are delicate, proud, and independent. But a Tyrant has no joy in anything which is endued with such excellence: he sickens at the sight of it: he turns away from it, as an insult to his own attributes.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Convention ofdntra*

Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, -swords with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of Silence. The noble silent men, scattered here and there each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of!

CARLYLE: from *The Hero as King*

Pascal said that most of the evils of life arose from 'man's being unable to sit still in a room'; and, though I do not go to that length, it is certain that we should have been a far wiser race than we are if we had been readier to sit quiet—we should have known much better the way in which it was best to act when we came to act. The rise of physical science, the first great body of practical truth provable to all men, exemplifies this in the plainest way. If it had not been for quiet people, who sat still and studied the sections of the cone, if other quiet people had not sat still and studied the theory of infinitesimals, or other quiet people had not sat still and worked out the doctrine of chances, the most 'dreamy moonshine', as the purely practical mind would consider, of all human pursuits; if 'idle stargazers' had not watched long and carefully the motions of the heavenly bodies—our modern astronomy would have been impossible; and without our astronomy 'our ships, our colonies, our seamen', all which makes modern life, modern life could not have existed. Ages of sedentary, quiet, thinking people were required before that noisy existence began; and without those pale preliminary students it never could have been brought into being. And nine-tenths of modern science is in this respect the same; it is the produce of men whom their contemporaries thought dreamers—who were laughed at for caring for what did not concern them—who, as the proverb

went, 'walked into a well from looking at the stars' —who were believed to be useless, if any one could be such.

WALTER BAGEHOT: from *Physics and Politics*

The differences between the nations and races of mankind are required to preserve the conditions under which higher development is possible. One main factor in the upward trend of animal life has been the power of wandering. Perhaps this is why the armour-plated monsters fared badly. They could not wander. Animals wander into new conditions. They have to adapt themselves or die. Mankind has wandered from the trees to the plains, from the plains to the seacoast, from climate to climate, from continent to continent, and from habit of life to habit of life. When man ceases to wander, he will cease to ascend in the scale of being. Physical wandering is still important, but greater still is the power of man's spiritual adventures—adventures of thought, adventures of passionate feeling, adventures of aesthetic experience. A diversification among human communities is essential for the provision of the incentive and material for the Odyssey of the human spirit. Other nations of different habits are not enemies: they are godsends. Men require of their neighbours something sufficiently akin to be understood, something sufficiently different to provoke attention,

and something great enough to command admiration. We must not expect, however, all the virtues. We should even be satisfied if there is something odd enough to be interesting.

Modern science has imposed on humanity the necessity for wandering. Its progressive thought and its progressive technology make the transition through time, from generation to generation, a true migration into uncharted seas of adventure. The very benefit of wandering is that it is dangerous and needs skill to avert evils. We must expect, therefore, that the future will disclose dangers. It is the business of the future to be dangerous; and it is among the merits of science that it equips the future for its duties. The prosperous middle classes, who ruled the nineteenth century, placed an excessive value upon placidity of existence. They refused to face the necessities for social reform imposed by the new industrial system, and they are now refusing to face the necessities for intellectual reform imposed by the new knowledge. The middle class pessimism over the future of the world comes from a confusion between civilisation and security. In the immediate future there will be less security than in the immediate past, less stability. It must be admitted that there is a degree of instability which is inconsistent with civilisation. But, on the whole, the great ages have been unstable ages.

I have endeavoured in these lectures to give a record

of a great adventure in the region of thought. It was shared in by all the races of western Europe, it developed with the slowness of a mass movement. Half a century is its unit of time. The tale is the epic of an episode in the manifestation of reason. It tells how a particular direction of reason emerges in a race by the long preparation of antecedent epochs, how after its birth its subject-matter gradually unfolds itself, how it attains its triumphs, how its influence moulds the very springs of action of mankind, and finally how at its moment of supreme success its limitations disclose themselves and call for a renewed exercise of the creative imagination.

The moral of the tale is the power of reason, its decisive influence on the life of humanity. The great conquerors, from Alexander to Caesar, and from Caesar to Napoleon, influenced profoundly the lives of subsequent generations. But the total effect of this influence shrinks to insignificance, if compared to the entire transformation of human habits and human mentality produced by the long line of men of thought from Thales to the present day, men individually powerless, but ultimately the rulers of the world.

ALFRED WHITEHEAD:
from *Science and the Modern World*

* THE FREE MIND *

A nd what wealth then shall be left us
Vwhen none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market
and pinch and pine the sold ?

Nay, what save the lovely city
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder,
and the marvellous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living
in the days when the world grows fair.

WILLIAM MORRIS: from *The Day is Coming*

Iet us now praise famous men, and our fathers that -rfbegat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men re-

nowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of tlie people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial: who are perished, as though they had never been, and are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus: from chapter 44

PATRIOTISM AND SERVICE

•

There is a necessity all men should love their country: he that professeth the contrary may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

BEN JONSON

* THIS SIDE IDOLATRY *

Our *Trimmer*[1] is far from Idolatry in other things, in one thing only he cometh near it, his Country is in some degree his Idol; he doth not Worship the Sun, because 'tis not peculiar to us, it rambles about the World, and is less kind to us than others; but for the Earth of England, tho perhaps inferior to that of many places abroad, to him there is Divinity in it, and he would rather dye than see a spire of *English* Grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser: He thinketh there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are apt to taste of the Soyl in which they grow, and we that grow here have a Root that produceth in us a Stalk of English Juice which is not to be changed by grafting or foreign infusion; and I do not know whether any thing less will prevail than the Modern Experiment, by which the Blood of one Creature is transmitted into another; according to which, before the *French* blood can be let into our Bodies, every drop of our own must be drawn out of them.

GEORGE SAVILE, LORD HALIFAX:
from *The Character of a Trimmer*

Patriotism, in modern times, and in great states, is and must be the creature of reason and reflection rather than the offspring of physical or local attachment. Our country is a complex, abstract existence, recognised only by the understanding. It is an immense

[1] See page 33.

riddle, containing numberless modifications of reason and prejudice, of thought and passion. Patriotism is not, in a strict or exclusive sense, a natural or personal affection, but a law of our rational and moral nature, strengthened and determined by particular circumstances and associations, but not born of them, nor wholly nourished by them. It is not possible that we should have an individual attachment to sixteen millions of men, any more than to sixty millions. We cannot be *habitually* attached to places we never saw and people we never heard of. Is not the name of Englishman a general term, as well as that of man? How many varieties does it not combine within it? Are the opposite extremities of the globe our native place because they are a part of that geographical and political denomination, our country? . . .

The common notions of patriotism are transmitted down to us from the savage tribes, where the fate and condition of all was the same, or from the states of Greece and Rome, where the country of the citizen was the town in which he was born. Where this is no longer the case—where our country is no longer contained within the narrow circle of the same walls—where we can no longer behold its glimmering horizon from the top of our native mountains—beyond these limits it is not a natural but an artificial idea, and our love of it either a deliberate dictate of reason, or a cant term. It was said by an acute observer (Rousseau)

that the love of mankind was nothing but the love of justice: the same might be said, with considerable truth, of the love of our country. It is little more than another name for the love of liberty, of independence, of peace and social happiness.

HAZLITT: from *The Round Table*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptre*d isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land. . . .

Richard //, ii. i

* PATRIOTISM *

O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being ?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrow'd from my country.

COLERIDGE: from *Fears in Solitude*

In the children of noble races, trained by surrounding art, and at the same time in the practice of great deeds, there is an intense delight in the landscape of their country as *memorial;* a sense not taught to them, nor teachable to any others; but in them, innate; and the seal and reward of persistence in great national life; the obedience and the peace of ages having extended gradually the glory of the revered ancestors also to the ancestral land; until the Motherhood of the dust, the mystery of the Demeter from whose bosom we came, and to whose bosom we return, surrounds and inspires everywhere the local awe of field and fountain.

RUSKIN: from *Lectures on Art,* I. 24

I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children
After certain days.

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.

Over their heads in the branches
Of their new-bought ancient trees
I weave an incantation,
And draw them to my knees.

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The hours, the days and the seasons,
Order their souls aright;

Till I make plain the meaning
Of all my thousand years—
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
While I fill their eyes with tears.

RUDYARD KIPLING: *The Recall*

It was simply the sense of England—a sort of apprehended revelation of his country. The dim annals of the place appeared to be in the air (foundations bafflingly early, a great monastic life, wars of the Roses, with

battles and blood in the streets, and then the long quietude of the respectable centuries, all cornfields and magistrates and vicars), and (hese things were connected with an emotion that arose from the green country, the rich land so infinitely lived in, and laid on him a hand that was too ghostly to press and yet somehow too urgent to be light. It produced a throb that he could not have spoken of, it was so deep, and that was half imagination and half responsibility. These impressions melted together and made a general appeal, of which, with his new honours as a legislator, he was the sentient subject. If he had a love for this particular scene of life, might it not have a love for him and expect something of him? What fate could be so high as to grow old in a national affection?

HENRY JAMES: from *The Tragic Muse*

No lovelier hills than thine have laid
My tired thoughts to rest;
No peace of lovelier valleys made
Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul,
Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal;
Thy clouds—how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity!

My heart within me faints to roam
In thought even far from thee;
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
And thine my darkness be.

WALTER DE LA MARE: *England*

After long labouring in the windy ways,
All On smooth and shining tides
Swiftly the great ship glides,
Her storms forgot, her weary watches past;
Northward she glides, and through the enchanted haze
Faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.

The phantom skyline of a shadowy down,
Whose pale white cliffs below
Through sunny mist aglow
Like noon-day ghosts of Summer moonshine gleam—
Soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,
There lies the home of all our mortal dream.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT: *Homeward Bound*

* PATRIOTISM *

Iet us not be grudging, or falsely modest, about the -/graces of this island. We are the luckiest of races in our surroundings, whatever we may think of our destiny in other respects. We can love Nature without being abashed or archaic. We come after generation on generation of Englishmen in every rank of birth and ability who have shown us the way. Such a profusion of estates and farms and cottages and commons and field paths was never given us without a deep and tranquil faith. So vast a range of prose and verse of natural piety was not the product of romantic eccentricity. So enchanting an English garden was brought to bloom with a certainty of manly understanding. Our painters have failed to compete with the world-masters of myth and allegory—but they did not waste time, while they sat in ten thousand leafy look-outs and caught the warm shower stealing and giving odours on the sunny labyrinths, or the last messages of light between the village walls and the summer sun. Our shepherds never doubted, as they shifted their hurdles or came to the fair, that earth had something of heaven in it. Our naturalists have not been driven away from their endless scrutiny by any desperate conjecture that life should be more exciting. This is the country of Arthur Young and William Cobbett, of the poets of *Polyolbion* and *The Seasons,* of Cotman and de Wint, of White of Selborne and Harrison of Ightham, of Loudon and Paxton and Anne Pratt and Frank Buckland; the country

of a nameless multitude who have spent their lives in making Nature their friend, and have not thrown a bridge across a stream or made a hovel for farm carts without an instinctive compact with their friend. And so we inherit a harmony of man's spirit and the spirits of the landscape, inexpressibly tender, calm as it is bright.

EDMUND BLUNDEN: from *Votive Tablets*

\ nd did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.

BLAKE

* SERVICE *

The Success of our Enemies is (humanly speaking) impossible: nay, the personal Danger to most of us is so inconsiderable, that those who fcravely determine to attend his Majesty in the last Exigency will most probably never be called for; but should unforeseen Accidents demand it, nothing but absolute Impotency from Age or Infirmity can excuse our Attendance. The Use of Arms is soon learned; and tho' we may not be expert Soldiers, if our Hearts are good our Hands will be of service.

FIELDING: *The True Patriot,* Dec. 10, 1745"

In proposing to the House the permanent establishment of the army of reserve, though certainly on a very modified system, I am sensible that objections may be readily started against the proposition. But, Sir, let it be remembered that the times in which we live are not ordinary times. When we are called to encounter extraordinary and unprecedented dangers, we must lay our account to submitting to extraordinary and unprecedented difficulties. If we are called on to undergo great sacrifices, we must bear in mind the interesting objects which these sacrifices may enable us to defend and to secure.

I need not remind the House that we are come to a new era in the history of nations: that we are called to struggle for the destiny, not of this country alone,

but of the civilised world. We must remember that it is not for ourselves alone that we submit to unexampled privations. We have for ourselves the great duty of self-preservation to perform: but the duty of the people of England now is of a nobler and higher order. We are in the first place to provide for our security against an enemy whose malignity to this country knows no bounds: but this is not to close the views or the efforts of our exertion in so sacred a cause. Amid the wreck and the misery of nations, it is our just exultation that we have continued superior to all that ambition or that despotism could effect: and our still higher exultation ought to be, that we provide not only for our own safety but hold out a prospect to nations now bending under the iron yoke of tyranny of what the exertions of a free people can effect, and that, at least in this corner of the world, the name of liberty is still revered, cherished, and sanctified.

WILLIAM PITT: April 1804

Be not deceived, there is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land. Heaven has made with us no covenant that there should be joy and peace here, and wailing and lamentation in the world besides. I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering, and noble acting;

whatever energies there are in the human mind, you will want them all; every man will be tried to the very springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are, with the genuine stamp and value, be it much or be it little, which nature has impressed upon each living soul.

SYDNEY SMITH: from a sermon *On Invasion*

Walled Townes, Stored Arcenalls and Armouries, Goodly Races of Horse, Chariots of Warre, Elephants, Ordnance, Artillery, and the like: All this is but a Sheep in a Lions Skin, except the Breed and disposition of the People be stout and warlike. Nay Number (it selfe) in Armies importeth not much, where the People is of weake Courage: For (as *Virgil* saith) *It never troubles a Wolfe, how many the sheepe be.*

BACON: from *Greatnesse of Kingdoms*

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find

* THE CALL *

In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a'Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WORDSWORTH

National danger is the test of national greatness. War has its lessons which may be more impressive than the lessons, valuable as they always are, of peace. The whole of a kingdom, or rather of an Empire, united for once in spirit, has entered with enthusiasm upon an arduous conflict with a nation possessed of the largest and the most highly trained army which the modern world can produce. This is in itself a matter of grave significance. England and the whole British Empire with her have taken up the sword and thereby risked the loss of wealth, of prosperity, and even of political existence. And England, with the fervent consent of the people of every land subject to the rule of our king, has thus exchanged the prosperity of peace for the dangers and labours of war, not for the sake of acquiring new territory or of gaining additional military glory, for of these things she has enough and more than enough already, but for the sake of enforcing the plainest rules of international justice and the plainest dictates of common humanity.

This is a matter of good omen for the happy development of popular government and for the progress, slow though it be, of mankind along the path of true fortitude and of real righteousness. These facts may rekindle among the youth of England as of France the sense that to be young is very heaven; these facts may console old men whom political disillusion and disappointment which they deem undeserved may have tempted towards despair, and enable them to rejoice with calmness and gravity that they have lived long enough to see the day when the solemn call to the performance of a grave national duty has united every man and every class of our common country in the determination to defy the strength, the delusions, and the arrogance of a militarised nation and at all costs to secure for the civilised world the triumph of freedom, of humanity and of justice.

A. V. DICEY: from *Law of the Constitution* (191^)

An electric touch by any of their national ideas melts JLIL them into one family, and brings the hoards of power which their individuality is always hiving, into use and play for all. Is it the smallness of the country, or is it the pride and affection of race—they have solidarity, or responsibleness, and trust in each other. Their minds, like wool, admit of a dye which is more lasting than the cloth. They embrace their cause with more

tenacity than their life. Though not military, yet every common subject by the poll is fit to make a soldier of. These private reserved mute family-men can adopt a public end with all their heat, and this strength of affection makes the romance of their heroes. The difference of rank does not divide the national heart.

EMERSON: from *English Traits*

[c] A n d what think you, as an old soldier *V*

Troth, I kenna—an they come sae mony as they speak o', they'll be odds against us—But there's mony yauld chields amang thae volunteers; and I maunna say muckle about them that's no weel and no very able, because I am something that gate mysell—But we'se do our best.'

'What! so your martial spirit is rising again, Edie? "Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires!" I would not have thought you, Edie, had so much to fight for *V*

'Me no muckle to fight for, sir?—isna there the country to fight for, and the burnsides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' me when I come about a landward town? Deil!' he continued, grasping his pikestaff with great emphasis, 'an I had as gude pith as I hae gude-will, and a gude cause, I should gie some o' them a day's kemping.'

SCOTT: from *The Antiquary*

* SERVICE *

What if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords ?
Yields everything to discipline of swords ?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high ?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

WORDSWORTH

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Norlh-
West died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help
England?'—say
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

BROWNING: *Home Thoughts,from the Sea*

RUMOURS, SLANDERS AND FEARS

•

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,
Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo.

VIRGIL: *Aeneid,* iv

Rumour, that ill thing than which none else is speedier, flits quickening where it lists and gathers strength as it goes.

* DISSENTIOUS RUMOURS *

Which of you **will** stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

2 Henry I \ \ Prologue

It is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a lion, and a statesman a fox, an extortioner gains the appellation of vulture and a fop the title of monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the

world exhibits, a species of beings in human form which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain: and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts and shorten the short pleasures of our condition by painful remembrances of the past or melancholy prognosticks of the future: their only care is to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling transport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

To those whose weakness of spirits, or timidity of temper, subjects them to impressions from others, and who are apt to suffer by fascination and catch the contagion of misery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compass of a screech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehensions which their own thoughts would never have produced, and sadden by intruded sorrows the day which might have been passed in amusements or in business; it will burthen the heart with unnecessary discontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is necessary to the vigorous prosecution of any undertaking. . . .

It is reported of the Sybarites that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning

dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet since there is no man so corrupt or foolish but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another. *Thou prophet of evil,* says Homer's Agamemnon, *thou neverforetellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.* Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of screech-owls might hoot together without injury to the rest of the world.

JOHNSON: from *The Rambler, 59*

He thatgoeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular

freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible colour whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it.

HOOKER: from *Ecclesiastical Polity*

Though the Quickness of thine Ear were able to reach the noise of the Moon, which some think it maketh in its rapid revolution; though the number of thy Ears should equal Argus his Eyes; yet stop them all with the wise man's wax, and be deaf unto the suggestions of Tale-bearers, Calumniators, Pick-thank or Malevolent Delators, who, while quiet Men sleep, sowing the Tares of discord and division, distract the tranquillity of Charity and all friendly Society. These are the Tongues that set the world on fire, cankers of reputation, and, like that of Jonas his Gourd, wither a good name in a night. Evil Spirits may sit still while theseSpiri ts walkabout, andperform the businessof Hell.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: from *Christian Morals*

' is slander;
A Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

Cymbeline, iii. 4

* SLANDER *

A mongst all the Engines of Dissension there hath been I V n o n o more powerful in all Times than the fixing Names upon one another of Contumely and Reproach; and the reason is plain, in respect of the People, who tho' generally they are uncapable of making a Syllogism or forming an Argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serveth their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the Head of those they do not like; such things ever begin in Jest, and end in Blood, and the same word which at first maketh the Company merry groweth in time to a Military Signal to cut one another's throats.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX:
from Preface to *The Character of a Trimmer*

There is another offence unto Charity, which no Author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries and conditions, but of whole Nations, wherein by opprobrious Epithets we miscall each other, and, by an uncharitable Logick, from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all. . .

St. Paul, that calls the Cretians lyars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own Poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way, as Nero's was in another; for by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassine the honour of a Nation.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: from *Religio Medici*

* RUMOURS AND FEARS *

It is the most usual method in every report, first to examine its probability, and then act as the conjuncture may require. The English, however, exert a different spirit in such circumstances; they first act, and when too late begin to examine. From a knowledge of this disposition there are several here who make it their business to frame new reports at every convenient interval, all tending to denounce ruin, both on their contemporaries and their posterity. This denunciation is eagerly caught up by the public: away they fling to propagate the distress: sell out at one place, buy in at another, grumble at their governors, shout in mobs, and when they have thus for some time behaved like fools sit down coolly to argue and talk wisdom. . .

There are some here who, I am told, make a tolerable subsistence by the credulity[1] of their countrymen. As they find the public fond of blood, wounds and death, they contrive political ruins suited to every month in the year. This month the people are to be eaten up by the French in flat-bottomed boats; the next by the soldiers designed to beat the French back;

[1] *Hearsay News*—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the great Mogul, who could both write and read, and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negociation was, to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of State, about stealing hence Windsor-castle and carrying it away on his back if he can.

BENJONSON: *Discoveries*

now the people are going to jump down the gulf of luxury; and now nothing but a herring subscription can fish them up again. Time passes on: the report proves false; new circumstances produce new changes; but the people never change, they are persevering in folly.

In other countries those boding politicians would be left to fret over their own schemes alone, and grow splenetic without hopes of infecting others: but England seems to be the very region where spleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded scope to the disorder in himself, but may, if he pleases, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of success. He has only to cry out that the government, the government is all wrong; that their schemes are leading to ruin; that Britons are no more; every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in such a case, to deplore the universal decadence with sympathetic sorrow and, by fancying the constitution in a decay, absolutely to impair its vigour.

GOLDSMITH: from *The Citizen of the World*

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good, and, for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell

the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborn may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong before our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror by considering that our persecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal like ourselves. . . .

It is generally allowed that no man ever found the happiness of possession proportionate to that expectation which excited his desire and invigorated his pursuit; nor has any man found the evils of life so formidable in reality as they were described to him by his own imagination. Every species of distress brings with it some peculiar supports, some unforeseen means of resisting or power of enduring.

JOHNSON: from *The Rambler,* 29

* MENS AEQUA *

As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed
On the flat field and on the naked void:
The light unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head,
And, soon restored by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career
With doubtful blessings and with mingled fear,
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels and delays them long.

DRYDEN: from *Britannia Rediviva*

It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peacable times we are quite practical. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of

reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings.

COLERIDGE: from *The Statesman's Manual*

A fter this Mr *Feeble-mind* had tidings brought him, .XJLthat the post sounded his horn at his chamber-door. Then he came in, and told him, saying, I am come to tell thee that thy Master has need of thee; and that in very little time thou must behold his Face in Brightness: And take this as a token of the truth of my message: *Those that look out at the windows shall be darkned.* Then Mr *Feeble-mind* called for his friends, and told them what errand had been brought unto him, and what token he had received of the truth of the message. Then he said, Since I have nothing to bequeath to any, to what purpose should I make a will? As for my *feeble Mind,* that I will leave behind me, for that I have no need of that in the place whither I go: nor is it worth bestowing upon the poorest Pilgrims: Wherefore, when I am gone, I desire that you, Mr *Valiant,* would bury it in a dunghill. This done, and the day being come in which he was to depart, he entered the River as the rest: His last words were, *Hold out, Faith and Patience.* So he went over to the other side.

When days had many of them passed away, Mr

* MR DESPONDENCY *

Despondency was sent for; for a post was come, and brought this message to him: *Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's Day, to shout for Joy, Jor thy deliverance from all thy doubtings.* And, said the messenger, that my message is true, take this for a proof. So he gave him the *grasshopper* to be a *burden* unto him. Now Mr *Despondency's* daughter, whose name was *Much-afraid,* said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr *Despondency* said to his friends: myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will, and my daughter's, is that our *Desponds* and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever; For I know that, after my death, they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are *ghosts,* the which we entertained when we first began to be Pilgrims, and could never shake them off after: And they will walk about, and seek entertainment of the Pilgrims; but, for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them. When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the River. The last words of Mr *Despondency* were, *Farewel night, Welcome day.*

BUNYAN: from *The Pilgrim's Progress*

* RUMOURS AND FEARS *

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

KEATS: from *Hyperion*

Let not Fortune, which hath no name in Scripture, have -/any in thy Divinity. Let Providence, not Chance, have the honour of thy acknowledgments, and be thy Oedipus in Contingencies. Mark well the Paths and winding Ways thereof; but be not too wise in the Construction, or sudden in the Application.

The Hand of Providence writes often by Abbreviatures, Hieroglyphicks or short Characters, which, like the Laconism on the Wall, are not to be made out but by a Hint or Key from that Spirit which indited them. Leave future occurrencies to their uncertainties, think that which is present thy own; and since 'tis easier to foretell an Eclipse, than a foul Day at some distance, look for little regular below. Attend with patience the uncertainty of Things, and what lieth yet unexerted in the Chaos of Futurity. The uncertainty and ignorance of Things to come makes the World new unto us by unexpected Emergences, whereby we pass not our days in the trite road of affairs affording no Novity; for the novellizing Spirit of Man lives by variety and the new Faces of Things.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: from *Christian Morals*

* THE DUTY OF HOPE *

Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewaird their way.

Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6

The mariners sailing with St Paul bare up bravely against the tempest whilst either art or industry could befriend them. Finding both to fail, and that they could not any longer bear up into the wind, they even let their ship drive. I have endeavoured in these distemperate times to hold up my spirits, and to bear them steadily. A happy peace here was the port whereat I desired to arrive. Now alas! the storm grows too sturdy for the pilot. Hereafter all the skill I will use, is no skill at all, but even let my ship sail whither the winds send it.

Noah's ark was bound for no other port but preservation for the present (that ship being all the harbour), not intending to find land, but to float on water. May my soul (though not sailing to the desired haven) only be kept from sinking in sorrow.

This comforts me, that the most weatherbeaten vessel cannot properly be seized on for a wreck which hath any quick cattle remaining therein. My spirits are

not as yet forfeited to despair, having one lively spark of hope in my heart, because God is even where he was before.

THOMAS FULLER:
from *Good Thoughts in Worse Times*

Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
For its own honour, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart—
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity—
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

WORDSWORTH

THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG

★

πόλις γὰρ οὐκ ἔσθ' ἥτις ἀνδρός ἐσθ' ἑνός.

SOPHOCLES: *Antigone*

For a one-man state is no state.

' Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

King Lear, iv. i

* THE DAY OF SLAVERY *

Certainly then that people must needs be mad or strangely infatuated, that build the chief hope of their common happiness or safety on a single person; who, if he happen to be good, can do no more than another man; if to be bad, hath in his hands to do more evil without check than millions of other men. The happiness of a nation must needs be firmest and certainest in **full** and free council of their own electing, where no single person, but only reason, sways. And what madness is it for them who might manage nobly their own affairs themselves, sluggishly and weakly to devolve all on a single person; and, more like boys under age than men, to commit all to his patronage and disposal, who neither can perform what he undertakes and yet for undertaking it, though royally paid, will not be their servant but their lord! How unmanly must it needs be to count such a one the breath of our nostrils, to hang all our felicity on him, all our safety, our well-being, for which if we were ought else but sluggards or babies, we need depend on none but God and our own counsels, our own active virtue and industry.

MILTON: *The Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*

ἥμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεύς
ἄνερος, εὖτ' ἄν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν.

HOMER: *Odyssey,* xvii

For Zeus the far-seeing takes away half the good of a man when the day of slavery comes upon him.

* THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG *

And surely no Christian prince, not drunk with high-Zl Lmind, and prouder then those pagan Caesars that deified themselves, would arrogate so unreasonably above human condition, or derogate so basely from a whole nation of men, his brethren, as if for him only subsisting, and to serve his glory, valuing them in comparison of his own brute will and pleasure no more than so many beasts, or vermin under his feet, not to be reasoned with, but to be trod on; among whom there might be found so many thousand men for wisdom, virtue, nobleness of mind, and all other respects but the fortune of his dignity, far above him.

MILTON: from *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*

Such were these Giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue called.
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and, for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—
Destroyers rightlier called and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.

MILTON: from *Paradise Lost,* xi

* TYRANNY *

Δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα, καί πως
ὀλίγ' ἀρχόμενοι, πολλὰ κρατοῦντες,
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν.
τὸ γὰρ εἰθίσθαι ζῆν ἐπ' ἴσοισιν
κρεῖσσον· ἔμοι γ' οὖν ἐν μὴ μεγάλοις
ὀχυρῶς γ' εἴη καταγηράσκειν.
τῶν γὰρ μετρίων πρῶτα μὲν εἰπεῖν
τοὔνομα νικᾷ, χρῆσθαί τε μακρῷ
λῷστα βροτοῖσιν· τὰ δ' ὑπερβάλλοντ'
οὐδένα καιρὸν δύναται θνητοῖς·
μείζους δ' ἄτας ὅταν ὀργισθῇ
δαίμων οἴκοις ἀπέδωκεν.

EURIPIDES: *Medea*

Unaccountable are the tempers of tyrants: rarely overruled and mostly masterful they shift to harsh and headstrong changes. For as a fixed habit life on terms of equal fellowship is preferable; at least be it mine to live on steadfastly to old age in an estate below greatness, because modest fortune has in the first place a name of surpassing fairness to speak, and its usage is by far the best for men. Nay, superabundance has no power for profit, pays rather the penalty of greater ruin when Providence is angered with a house.

Am I not right in saying that the tyrannical man, i 11— *JL* Vgoverned in his own person, whom you just now decided to be the most miserable of all, will be yet more

miserable in a public station, when, instead of leading a private life, he is constrained by fortune to be a tyrant? He has to be master of others when he is not master of himself: he is like a diseased or paralytic man who is compelled to pass his life, not in retirement, but fighting and combating with other men. . . . He who is the real tyrant, whatever men may think, is the real slave, and is obliged to practise the greatest adulation and servility, and to be the flatterer of the vilest of mankind. He has desires which he is utterly unable to satisfy, and has more wants than anyone, and is truly poor, if you know how to inspect the whole soul of him: all his life long he is beset with fear and is full of convulsions and distractions, even as the State which he resembles. . . . Moreover, as we said before, he grows worse from having power: he becomes of necessity more jealous, more faithless, more unjust, more friendless, more impious, than he was at first; he entertains and nurtures every evil sentiment, and the consequence is that he is supremely miserable, and he makes everybody else equally miserable.

Come then, I said, and as the general umpire in the games proclaims the result, do you also decide who in your opinion is first in the scale of happiness, and who second, and in what order the others follow. . . . Need we hire a herald, or shall I announce, that the son of the best (Ariston) is of opinion that the best and justest man is also the happiest, and that this is he who is the most

royal master of himself; and that the worst and most unjust man is also the most miserable, and that this is he who is the greatest tyrant of himself and of his State ?

Make the proclamation, he said.

PLATO: *Republic,* 579-80

ΚΡ. καὶ δῆτ' ἐτόλμας τούσδ' ὑπερβαίνειν νόμους;
ΑΝ. οὐ γάρ τί μοι Ζεὺς ἦν ὁ κηρύξας τάδε,
οὐδ' ἡ ξύνοικος τῶν κάτω θεῶν Δίκη
τοιούσδ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὥρισεν νόμους·
οὐδὲ σθένειν τοσοῦτον ᾠόμην τὰ σὰ
κηρύγμαθ', ὥστ' ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν
νόμιμα δύνασθαι θνητὸν ὄνθ' ὑπερδραμεῖν·
οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθὲς, ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
ζῇ ταῦτα, κοὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.
τούτων ἐγὼ οὐκ ἔμελλον, ἀνδρὸς οὐδενὸς
φρόνημα δείσασ', ἐν θεοῖσι τὴν δίκην
δώσειν.

CREON: And thou didst indeed dare to transgress that law?

ANTIGONE: Yes: for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among mea by the Justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force that a mortal could override the unwritten and unfailing statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time; and no man knows when

they were first put forth. Not through dread of any human pride could I answer to the gods for breaking *these.*

SOPHOCLES: *Antigone* (Jebb's translation)

For when a man's will hangs above men's heads
Sheer as a sword or scourge might, and not one
Save by his grace hath grace to call himself
Man—there, if haply one be born a man,
Needs must he break the dogleash of the law
To do himself, being wronged, where no right is,
Right.

SWINBURNE: from *Marino Faliero*

If the souls of the citizens are debased, who cares whether its walls and houses be still upright or thrown down? When free men become the property of one, when they are brought to believe that their interests repose on him alone and must arise from him, their best energies are broken irreparably. They consider his will as the rule of their conduct, leading to emolument and dignity, securing from spoliation, from scorn, from contumely, from chains, and seize this compendious blessing (such they think it) without exertion and without reflection.

LANDOR: from *Solon and Pisistratus*

These were only pretences intended to look well in the eyes of the people; for the authors of the revolution fully meant to retain the new government in their own hands. The popular assembly and the council of five hundred were still convoked; but nothing was brought before them of which the conspirators had not approved; the speakers were of their party, and the things to be said had been all arranged by them beforehand. No one any longer raised his voice against them; for the citizens were afraid when they saw the strength of the conspiracy, and if anyone did utter a word he was put out of the way in some convenient manner. No search was made for the assassins; and though there might be suspicion, no one was brought to trial; the people were so depressed and afraid to move that he who escaped violence thought himself fortunate, even though he had never said a word. Their minds were cowed by the supposed number of the conspirators, which they greatly exaggerated, having no means of discovering the truth, since the size of the city prevented them from knowing one another. For the same reason a man could not conspire and retaliate, because he was unable to express his sorrow or indignation to another; for he could not make a confidant of a stranger, and he would not trust his acquaintance.

THUCYDIDES, viii. 66 (Jowett's translation)

* THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG *

Adjutant and ensign sat at a small round table in the half-empty dining-room. The talk came to politics. Partenau asked what the young man's political opinions were.

Tm for dictatorship, of course/ said Stefan.

The older officer shrugged his shoulders. 'You want to believe in a leader, just as you believe—or pretend to believe—in God. It's so comforting, isn't it? He has all the responsibility. The rest of us can stop thinking, stop being anything at all—except ready for the worst. *Morituri te salutant.*' His mouth twisted contemptuously. He signed to the waiter, who took the bottle and filled their tankards with champagne. Partenau eyed the bubbles malevolently as they rose to the surface. As soon as the man was gone, he went on in a low voice:

'With a whole nation on the move, what's the use of setting up your standard in the rear? Or even in the middle? It must stand far ahead, high up, on sacred ground. The difficulty is to find a position for it—a position so exalted that it will seem worth any sacrifice in the eyes of the majority. That is the crucial question. But there's another argument—a decisive one. A community is like a pyramid; to endure, it must stand on its broadest base. Now you want to rest it on its apex. A skilful performer may possibly keep it precariously balanced in that position for a single lifetime. After that it must and will fall, as it always has in

the past. But our whole problem is how to stabilize it. We've got to think in terms of the community at large, not of untried individuals.'

He was silent for a few moments.

'You people', he went on again, 'never think to ask yourselves why it is that the Anglo-Saxons have never been decisively beaten for the last three hundred years. Or how captains like Alexander or Pizarro or Clive, with a handful of adventurers, managed to defeat giant despotisms, god-like dictatorships, and overthrow them for good and all. Questions like these never trouble our would-be hero-worshippers.'

From the German novel *Partenau* by MAX RENE HESSE, 1930

In this sense the history of Caesar and of Roman Imperialism, with all the unsurpassed greatness of the master worker, with all the historical necessity of the work, is in truth a more bitter censure of modern autocracy than could be written by the hand of man. According to the same law of nature in virtue of which the smallest organism infinitely surpasses the most artistic machine, every constitution however defective which gives play to the free self-determination of **a** majority of citizens infinitely surpasses the most **brilliant** and humane absolutism: for the former is

capable of development and therefore living, the latter is what it is and therefore dead.

c
MOMMSEN: *History of Rome v.* xi

Every one knows that Despotism, in a general sense, is but another word for weakness. Let one generation disappear; and a people over whom such rule has been extended, if it have not virtue to free itself, is condemned to embarrassment in the operations of its government, and to perpetual languor; with no better hope than that which may spring from the diseased activity of some particular Prince on whom the authority may happen to devolve. This, if it takes a regular hereditary course;—but—if the succession be interrifpted, and the supreme power frequently usurped or given by election—worse evils follow. Science and Art must dwindle, whether the power be hereditary or not: and the virtues of a Trajan or an Antonine are a hollow support for the feeling of contentment and happiness in the hearts of their subjects: such virtues are even a painful mockery—something that is, and may vanish in a moment, and leave the monstrous crimes of a Caracalla or a Domitian in its place—men who are probably leaders of a long procession of their kind.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Convention ofdntra*

* GOOD DESPOTISM? *

Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

The Winter's Tale, iii. 2

A good despotism is an altogether false ideal, which practically (except as a means to some temporary purpose) becomes the most senseless and dangerous of chimaeras. Evil for evil, a good despotism, in a country at all advanced in civilization, is more noxious than a bad one; for it is far more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings, and energies of the people. The despotism of Augustus prepared the Romans for Tiberius. If the whole tone of their character had not first been prostrated by nearly two generations of that mild slavery, they would probably have had spirit enough left to rebel against the more odious one.

J. S. MILL: from *Representative Government*

* THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG *

Is there anything written [in the Scriptures] . . . anything concerning pride in any sort or sect which the present face of the world doth not, as a glass, represent to the view of all men's beholding? So that if books, both profane and holy, were all lost, as long as the manners of men retain the estate they are in, for him which observeth how, after that men have once conceived an over-weening of themselves, it maketh them in all their affections to swell: how deadly their hatred, how heavy their displeasure, how unappeasable their indignation and wrath is above other men's, in what manner they compose themselves to be as *Heteroclites,* without the compass of all such rules as the common sort are measured by: how the oaths which religious hearts do tremble at they affect as principle graces of speech: what felicity they take to see the enormity of their crimes above the reach of laws and punishments: how much it delighteth them when they are able to appal with the cloudiness of their look: how far they exceed the terms wherewith man's nature should be limited: how high they bear their heads over others: how they browbeat all men which do not receive their sentences as oracles, with marvellous applause and approbation: how they look upon no man but with an indirect countenance, nor hear anything, saving their own praises, with patience, nor speak without scornfulness and disdain: how they use their servants as if they were beasts, their inferiors as servants, their equals as

inferiors, and, as for superiors, acknowledge none: how they admire themselves as venerable, puissant, wise, circumspect, provident, every way great, taking all men besides themselves for ciphers, poor inglorious silly creatures, needless burthens of the earth, off-scourings, nothing:—in a word, for him which marketh how irregular and exorbitant they are in all things, it can be no hard thing hereby to gather, that pride is nothing but an inordinate elation of the mind, proceeding from a false conceit of men's excellency in things honoured, which accordingly frameth also their deeds and behaviour, unless there be cunning to conceal it. For a foul scar may be covered with a fair cloth: and as proud as Lucifer may be in outward appearance lowly.

No man expecteth grapes of thistles: nor from a thing of so bad a nature can other than suitable fruits be looked for. What harm soever in private families there groweth by disobedience of children, stubbornness of servants, untractableness in them, who although they otherwise may rule yet should in consideration of the imparity of their sex be also subject: whatsoever by strife amongst men combined in the fellowship of greater societies, by tyranny of potentates, ambition of nobles, rebellion of subjects in civil states: by heresies, schisms, divisions in the Church:—naming pride, we name the mother which brought them forth, and the only nurse that feedeth them. Give

me the hearts of all men humbled, and what is there that can overthrow or disturb the peace of the world? wherein many things are cause of much evil; but pride of all.

HOOKER: from *The Nature of Pride*

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure, ii. 2

Una est nobilitas argumentumque coloris
ingenui timidas non habuisse manus.

PETRONIUS (under Nero): *Poem 25*

There is but one nobility, one proof of true-bred quality—to have had hands that knew not fear.

In its utmost abstraction and consequent state of reprobation, the Will becomes satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others. . . . This is the character which Milton has so philosophically as well as sublimely embodied in the Satan of his Paradise Lost. Alas! too often has it been embodied in real life! Too often has it given a dark and savage

grandeur to the historic page. And wherever it has appeared, under whatever circumstances of time and country, the same ingredients have gone to its composition; and it has been identified by the same attributes. Hope in which there is no cheerfulness: stedfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward restlessness and whirling activity: violence with guile: temerity with cunning: and, as the result of all, interminableness of object with perfect indifference of means.

These are the qualities that have constituted the commanding genius! these are the marks that have characterised the masters of mischief, the liberticides and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Napoleon. And from inattention to the possibility of such a character as well as from ignorance of its elements, even men of honest intentions too frequently become fascinated. Nay, whole nations have been so far duped by this want of insight and reflection as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molochs of human nature, who are indebted for the far larger portion of their meteoric success to their total want of principle, and who suq^ass the generality of their fellow-creatures in one act of courage only—that of daring to say with their whole heart 'Evil be thou my good!' All system so far is power; and a systematic criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches

villany within villany, and barricadoes crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision that he will have no obstacles but those of force and brute matter.

COLERIDGE: *Lay Sermon*

Magne pater divom, saevos punire tyrannos
haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno:—
virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.

PERSIUS, iii

Great Father of the Gods, be it thy pleasure to inflict no other punishment on the monsters of tyranny, after their nature has been stirred by fierce passion that has the taint of fiery poison:—let them look upon virtue and pine that they have lost her for ever.

God, as the old tradition declares, holding in His hand the beginning, middle and end of all that is, travels according to His nature in a straight line towards the accomplishment of His end. Justice always accompanies Him, and is the punisher of those who fall short of the divine law. To justice he who would be happy holds fast, and follows in her company with all humility and order; but he who is lifted up with pride, or elated by wealth or rank, or beauty, who is young and foolish, and has a soul hot with insolence,

and thinks **that** he has no need of any guide or ruler, **but** is able himself to be the guide of others, he, I say, is left deserted of God; and, being thus deserted, he takes to him others who are like himself, and dances about, throwing all things into confusion, and many think that he is a great man; but in a short time he pays a penalty which justice cannot but approve, and is utterly destroyed, and his family and city with him.

PLATO: *Laws*, 716

Strike stone on steel,
Fire replies.
Strike men that feel,
The answer is in their eyes.

Powers that are willed to break
The spirit in limbs of pain,
See what spirit you wake!
Strike, and strike again!

You hammer sparks to a flame,
And the flame scorches your hand.
You have given the feeble an aim,
You have made the sick to stand.

You shape by stroke on stroke
Man mightier than he knew;
And the fire your hammer woke
Is a life that is death to you.

LAURENCE BINYON

* THE OPPRESSOR'S WRONG *

Are ye so strong, O kings, O strong men ? Nay,
Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay,
Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright.

The woundless and invisible thought that goes
Free throughout time as north or south wind blows,
Far throughout space as east or west sea flows,
And all dark things before it are made bright.

SWINBURNE: from *A Year's Burden*

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

VIRGIL: *Aeneid,* i.

If ye hold the human race of no account and arms that mortals wield, yet be assured that the gods remember what, before *them,* is right and wrong.

risoner, tell me, who it was that bound you *V*

A 'It was my master,' said the prisoner. 'I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house.'

'Prisoner, tell me who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain *V*

'It was T, said the prisoner, 'who forged this chain

very carefully. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus ni^ht and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip.'

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE: from *Gitanjali*

O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppress,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th'oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth.
He all their Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour armed;
Their Armouries and Magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

MILTON: from *Samson Agonistes*

GOOD FAITH

•

Pactum Serva

(On the tomb of King Edward I)

* THE BINDING OATH *

Out of doubt, ^t is a fearefull thing for a Sonne to breake the Promise, Will, or Deed of the Father: for a State, or Kingdome, to breake those Contracts which have beene made in former times, and confirmed by publique faith. . . And certainely, if it be permitted by the helpe of a ridiculous distinction, or by a God-mocking equivocation, to sweare one thing by the name of the living God and to reserve in silence a contrarie intent, the life of man, the estates of men, the faith of Subjects to Kings, of Servants to their Masters, of Vassalls to their Lords, of Wives to their Husbands, and of Children to their Parents, and of all trialls of right will not onely be made uncertaine, but all the chaines whereby freemen are tied in the world be torn asunder. It is by oath (when Kings and Armies cannot passe) that we enter into the Cities of our enemies, and into their Armies: it is by oath that warres take ende, which weapons cannot ende.

And what is it or ought it to be that makes an oath thus powerfull, but this: That he that sweareth by the name of God doth assure others that his wordes are true, as the Lord of all the World is true whom he calleth for a witnesse, and in whose presence he that taketh the oath hath promised? I am not ignorant of their poore evasions, which play with the severitie of God's Commaundements in this kinde: But this indeede is the best answere, That he breakes no faith,

that hath none to breake. For whosoever hath faith **and** the feare of God dares not doe it.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: from *Historie of the World*

While other nations are always entering into leagues, and breaking and renewing them, the Utopians never enter into a league with any nation. For what is the use of a league ? they say. As though there were no natural tie between man and man! and as though any one who despised this natural tie would, forsooth, regard mere words! They hold this opinion all the more strongly because in that quarter of the world the leagues and treaties of princes are not observed as faithfully as they should be. For in Europe, and especially in those parts of it where the Christian faith and religion are professed, the sanctity of leagues is held sacred and inviolate; partly owing to the justice and goodness of princes and partly from fear and reverence of the authority of the Popes, who, as they themselves never enter into obligations which they do not most religiously perform, command other princes under all circumstances to abide by *their* promises and punish delinquents by pastoral censure and discipline. For, indeed, with good reason, it would be thought a most scandalous thing for those whose peculiar designation is 'the faithful' to be wanting in the faithful observance of treaties. But in those distant regions . . .

no faith is to be placed in leagues, even though confirmed by the most solemn ceremonies. Some flaw is easily found in their wording which is intentionally made ambiguous so as to leave a loophole through which the parties may break both their league and their faith. . . . Whence it comes to pass that justice seems altogether a plebeian and vulgar virtue, quite below the dignity of royalty; or at least there must be two kinds of it, the one for common people and the poor, very narrow and contracted, the other the virtue of princes, much more dignified and free, so that *that* only is unlawful to *them* which they don't like. The morals of princes being such in that region, it is not, I think, without reason that the Utopians enter into no leagues at all.

SIR THOMAS MORE: from *Utopia*

The only fault of which we are conscious is our overweening confidence in one whom we ought not to have trusted; for thy past life, thy restless mind, incapable of repose, ought to have put us on our guard; neither ought we to have confided in one who betrayed the lord of Lucca, set a fine upon the Florentines and the Venetians, defied the duke, despised the king and, besides all this, persecuted the church of God, and the Divinity himself with innumerable atrocities. We ought not to have fancied that so many

potentates possessed less influence over the mind ot Francesco Sforza than the Milanese; or that he would preserve unblemished that faith towards us which he had on so many occasions broken with them.

Still this want of caution in us does not excuse the perfidy in thee; nor can it obliterate the infamy with which our just complaints will blacken thy character throughout the world, or prevent the remorse of thy conscience, when our arms are used for our own destruction. And though ambition should blind thine eyes, the whole world, witness to thine iniquity, will compel thee to open them; God himself will unclose them, if perjuries, if violated faith, if treacheries displease him, and if, as ever, he is still the enemy of the wicked. Do not, therefore, promise thyself any certainty of victory; for the just wrath of the Almighty will weigh heavily upon thee; and we are resolved to lose our liberty only with our lives; but if we found we could not ultimately defend it, we would submit ourselves to any one rather than to thee. And if our sins be so great that, in spite of our utmost resolution, we should still fall into thy hands, be quite assured that the sovereignty which is commenced in deceit and villainy will terminate, either in thyself or thy children, with ignominy and blood.

Protest of the Milanese envoys to Francesco Sforza after the battle of Caravaggio: from MACHIAVELLI'S *History of Florence*

* 'WHO POISONS CONFIDENCE' *

There's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

COLERIDGE: from *The Death of Walknstein*

Nor were Louis's sayings and actions in private or public of a kind which could redeem such gross offences against the character of a man of honour. His word, generally accounted the most sacred test of a man's character, and the least impeachment of which is a capital offence by the code of honour, was forfeited without scruple on the slightest occasion, and often accompanied by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes. . . .

It is more than probable that, in thus renouncing almost openly the ties of religion, honour and morality, by which mankind at large feel themselves influenced, Louis sought to obtain great advantages in his negotiations with parties who might esteem themselves bound, while he himself enjoyed liberty. He started from the goal, he might suppose, like the racer who has got rid of the weights with which his competitors are still encumbered, and expects to succeed of course. But Providence seems always to unite the existence of peculiar danger with some circumstance which may

put those exposed to the peril upon their guard. The constant suspicion attached to any public person who becomes badly eminent for breach of faith is to him what the rattle is to the poisonous serpent; and men come at last to calculate, not so much on what their antagonist says, as upon that which he is likely to do; a degree of mistrust which tends to counteract the intrigue of such a faithless character more than his freedom from the scruples of conscientious men can afford him advantage. The example of Louis XI raised disgust and suspicion rather than a desire of imitation among other nations of Europe; and the circumstance of his outwitting more than one of his contemporaries operated to put others on their guard.

SCOTT: from *Quentin Durward*

The state cannot possibly bind itself for the future; . . . it has no judge above it and will therefore conclude all its treaties with the silent reservation, *rebus sic stantibus*. . . . As sovereign it has the indefeasible right to declare war when it chooses, and consequently to cancel any treaty which it has accepted.

TREITSCHKE: *Die Politik,* i. 72

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck.

Henry K, ii. 3

THE HERD

•

Thou art a blessed fellow to think as everjman thinks; never a man s thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine.

2 Henry IV, i i . 2

* OBEDIENT UNANIMITY *

Another sort there be, who when they hear that all JTVthings shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled: nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans that have the tunaging and poundaging of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, make 'em and cut 'em out what religion ye please: there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly, and how to be wished were such an obedient unanimity as this! What a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together.

MILTON: from *Areopagitica*

Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
With gazing when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say 'Stand there,
'And be our admiration and our praise.'
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account

When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they raised themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit
He gulps the windy diet, and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears
And sweating in his service. His caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all.

COWPER: from *The Task,* v

When men think in herds, it is always an instinct that controls their thinking and deflects it from the pursuit of truth; and the worst danger of civilization, as the Germans are proving now, is that it may make thought itself instinctive and reason only a means of justifying the workings of the predominant instinct. When this happens, there is no check upon the crimes which that instinct urges men to commit. The individual and the State attain to a unity, but it is the unity of animals, not that concord which is foreshadowed in the very discords of a free man or a free people.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK: on *False Doctrine* **(1914)**

* THE BUZZING MULTITUDE *

See! ther is never dignity in a concourse of men,
save only as sortie spiritual gleam hearteneth the herd.
Any idea whatso'er new-born to consciousness,
if it infect the folk, taketh repetend life
and exuberant difformity of disorder'd growth
from physical communion of emotion and thought;
and of its nascent appetency 'twil embrace
affinity in its host, to stagger and eliminate
all other ideas, thus improportionably
surmounting its own province in Nature's order;
so that unless itself it be a thing of Beauty,
insurmountable of kind, more beauteous in excess—
as when the glow reverberating in a golden cup
muitiplyeth the splendour—it cometh that the herd,
being in its empassionment ever irrational,
wil even of harmless enthusiasm breed disgrace.

BRIDGES: *The Testament of Beauty*, iv

There is such confusion in my powers
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing.

Merchant of Venice, iii. 2

The only part of the conduct of anyone for which he is amenable to society is that whip h concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign. . . .

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become **a** noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to.

J. S. MILL: from *Liberty*

Be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves, for greatness and for height:
Untruss your slaveries: you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches.
Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his **rapt** ship run on her side so low

That she drinks water and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is: there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge: neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

CHAPMAN: from *The Conspiracy of Byron*

Bee thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;
Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snaile, which every where doth rome,
Carrying his owne house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snaile,
Bee thine own Palace, or the world's thy gaile.

DONNE: *To Sir Henry Wotton*

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

* THE HERD *

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY

For what has he whose will sees clear
To do with doubt and faith and fear,
Swift hopes and slow despondencies ?
His heart is equal with the sea's
And with the sea-wind's, and his ear
Is level to the speech of these,
And his soul communes and takes cheer
With the actual earth's equalities,
Air, light, and night, hills, winds, and streams,
And seeks not strength from strengthless dreams. . . .

Save his own soul's light overhead,
None leads him, and none ever led,
Across birth's hidden harbour-bar,
Past youth where shoreward shallows are,
Through age that drives on toward the red

* A CHAINLESS SOUL *

Vast void of sunset hailed from far,
To the equal waters of the dead;
Save his own soul he hath no star,
And sinks, except his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

No blast of air or fire of sun
Puts out the light whereby we run
With girded loins our lamplit race,
And each from each takes heart of grace
And spirit till his turn be done,
And light of face from each man's face
In whom the light of trust is one;
Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll,
And stand, have light for any soul.

SWINBURNE: from *Prelude to Songs before Sunrise*

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!'

* THE HERD *

Yes, as my swift days near their goal
'Tis all that I implore :-
In life and death a chainless soul
With courage to endure.

EMILY BRONTE

REFUGEES

•

Εἰ δὲ Σύρος, τί τὸ θαῦμα; μίαν, ξένε, πατρίδα κόσμον
ναίομεν· ἕν θνατοὺς πάντας ἔτικτε Χάος.

MELEAGER

And if I am a Syrian, what wonder? We all dwell in one country, O stranger, the world: one Chaos brought all mortals to birth.

* STRANGERS AND POOR *

Ἀλλ' ὅδε τις δύστηνος ἀλώμενος ἐνθάδ' ἱκάνει,
τὸν νῦν χρὴ καμέειν· πρὸς γὰρ Διός εἰσιν ἅπαντες
ξεῖνοί τε πτωχοί τε.

HOMER: *Odyssey*, vi

But this is some man in misfortune, come hither in his wandering: him now must we tend, for all strangers and poor are from Zeus.

DANAUS (leader of the Suppliant Emigrants):—Thus did the Argives resolve with no dissent, but in such wise that my old heart grew young again:—for the air bristled with the right hands of all the people as they made this measure law:— 'that we may settle in this land, free, unharried, safe from harm of man; and that none, native or alien, may drive us hence; and if he go on to offer force, any of these denizens who come not to the rescue shall be disgraced and banished from the realm/ It was by speech like this that the Pelasgian king worked on them in our cause: 'I conjure you never to let the realm feed fat in aftertime a great grudge of the suppliant's God: for', he said, 'if a double defilement, from strangers and citizens at once, arise before the city, it is a monster whose maw no sufferings can fill.' Hearing these words the Argive nation, waiting no crier's call, held up their hands and decreed that so it be.

AESCHYLUS: *Supplices* (T. G. Tucker's translation)

* REFUGEES *

Urbe fuit media nulli concesso potentum
Ara Deum: mitis posuit Clementia sedem
Et miseri fecere sacram: sine supplice nunquam
Ilia novo: nulla damnavit vota repulsa.
Auditi quicumque rogant, noctesque diesque
Ire datum, et solis numen placare querelis.
Parca superstitio: non thurea flamma, nee altus
Accipitur sanguis, lacrymis altaria sudant,
Moestarumque super libamina secta comarum
Pendent, et vestes mutata sorte relictae.
Mite nemus circa, cultuque insigne verendo,
Vittatae laurus et supplicis arbor olivae.
Nulla autem effigies, nulli commissa metallo
Forma Deae, mentes habitare et pectora gaudet.
Semper habet trepidos, semper locus horret egenis
Coetibus, ignotae tantum felicibus arae.

Fama est defensos acie, post busta paterni
Numinis, Herculeos sedem fundasse nepotes.
Fama minor factis: ipsos nam credere dignum
Coelicolas, tellus quibus hospita semper Athenae,
Ceu leges, hominemque novum, ritusque sacrorum,
Seminaque in vacuas hinc descendentia terras,
Sic sacrasse loco commune animantibus aegris
Confugium, unde procul starent iraeque minaeque
Regnaque, et a justis Fortuna recede ret aris.
Jam tunc innumerae no rant altaria gentes.
Hue victi bellis, patriaque e sede fugati,

* THE ALTAR OF MERCY *

Regnorumque inopes, scelerumque errore nocentes
Conveniunt, pacpmque rogant.

STATIUS: *Thebaid,* xii

In the midst of the city was an Altar, pertaining not to Might nor the powers thereof, but to gentle Mercy. Mercy there had fixed her seat, and misery made it holy. Thither new suppliants came ever without fail, and found acceptance all. There to ask is to be heard, and, dark or light, all hours give access unto One whose grace costs nothing but a complaint. The ritual takes no tax, accepts no incense-flame, no drench of blood, but only the dew of tears upon the stone, and the shorn hair of the mourner for a wreath above, and for drapery the cast robe which sorrow puts away. With trees of kindness the ground is planted about, and marked for pardon and peace with the fillet-bounden bay and the olive's suppliant bough. Image there is not any: to no mould of metal is trusted that Form Divine, who loves to dwell in minds and in hearts. Nor lacketh there perpetual assembly. For shaking fear and shivering poverty, these know that Altar well, and only happiness knoweth it not.

The legend is that it was the children of Hercules who founded the sanctuary, in the city whose warriors protected them when their sire had passed from the pyre to the sky. So the tale sayeth, but sayeth not worthily. Rather we should believe that it was those Visi-

tants from Heaven whom Athens had ever made welcome to her soil—the same who»there, in Athens, created law and the new man and the better way, they who brought the seed which thence descended upon the waste places of the earth—these (we will say) did in Athens likewise set apart a place of common refuge for souls that are sick, a sanctuary closed against wrath and threatening and tyrant strength, and which prosperity should not profane.

Even in those old days that spot was known to the wide world. Thither the conquered came, and the exile, fallen power and wandering guilt. There did they meet, and prayed their peace.

A. W. VERRALL: from *The Altar of Mercy*

It was in September, in a tiny Sussex town [Rye] which I had not quitted since the outbreak of the war, and where the advent of our first handful of fugitives before the warning of Louvain and Aerschott and Termonde and Dinant had just been announced. Our small hill-top city, covering the steep sides of the compact pedestal crowned by its great church, had reserved a refuge at its highest point; and we had waited all day, from occasional train to train, for the moment at which we should attest our hospitality. It came at last, but late in the evening, when a vague outside rumour called me to my doorstep, where the unforgettable impression at

once assaulted me. Up the precipitous little street that led from the statiqn, over the old grass-grown cobbles where vehicles rarely pass, came the panting procession of the homeless and their comforting, their almost clinging,entertainers, who seemed to hurry them on as in a sort of overflow of expression of the fever of charity.

It was swift and eager, in the autumn darkness and under the flare of a single lamp—with no vociferation and, but for a woman's voice, scarce a sound save the shuffle of mounting feet and the thick-drawn breath of emotion. The note I except, however, was that of a young mother carrying her small child and surrounded by those who bore her on and on, almost lifting her as they went together. The resonance through our immemorial old street of her sobbing and sobbing cry was the voice itself of history; it brought home to me more things than I could then quite take the measure of, and these just because it expressed for her not direct anguish, but the incredibility, as who should say, of honest assured protection. Months have elapsed, and from having been then one of a few hundred she is now one of scores and scores of thousands; yet her cry is still in my ears, whether to speak most of what she had lately or of what she actually felt; and it plays, to my own sense, as a great fitful, tragic light over the dark exposure of her people.

HENRY JAMES: from *Refugees in Chelsea*—**1916**

* REFUGEES *

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

King Lear, iii. 4

Feel for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men!
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice!

WORDSWORTH

WARFARE AND WARRIORS

Frangit et attollit vires in milite causa,
Quae nisi iusta subest excutit arma pudor.

PROPERTIUS, iv. 6

It is the cause that breaks or uplifts the strength in a soldier; unless the underlying cause is just, shame dashes his arms from his hand.

The sword sang on the barren heath,
The sickle in thefruifulfcld;
The sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the sickleyield.

BLAKE

And of War she[1] would say: it ranketh with those **things**
that are like unto virtue, but not virtue itself;
rather, in the conscience of spiritual beauty, a vice
that needeth expert horsemanship to curb, yet being
nativ in the sinew of selfhood, the life of things,
the pride of animals, and virtue of savagery,
so long as men be savage such it remaineth;
and mid the smoke and gas of its new armoury
still, with its tatter'd colours and gilt swords of state,
retaineth its old glory untarnish'd—heroism,
self-sacrifice, disciplin, and those hardy virtues
of courage honour'd in Brasidas, without which
man's personality were meaner than the brutes.

BRIDGES: *The Testament of Beauty*, ii

Could all our care elude the greedy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
The life which others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe:
Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

POPE: *Iliad,* xii

[1]**Reason**

* WARFARE *

They detest war as a very brutal thing, which to the reproach of human nature is mo,re practised by men than by any sort of beasts. They, in opposition to the sentiments of almost all other nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious than that glory that is gained by war; and therefore, though they accustom themselves daily to military exercises and the discipline of war, in which not only their men but their women likewise are trained up, that in cases of necessity they may not be quite useless, yet they do not rashly engage in war, unless it be either to defend themselves or their friends from any unjust aggressors or, out of good nature or in compassion, assist an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny. They, indeed, help their friends not only in defensive but also in offensive wars; but they never do that unless they had been consulted before the breach was made and, being satisfied with the grounds on which they went, they had found that all demands of reparation were rejected, so that a war was unavoidable.

SIR THOMAS MORE: from *Utopia*

Rightly to be great
LIS not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake.

Hamlet, iv. 4

* THE GREATER EVILS *

War is a terrible evil, and it is right that a sense of the miseries which it brings upon the earth should be fully acknowledged, and be constantly present to our minds. But there may be evils—such as slavery and oppression—which are greater still. Never to resist or punish a great public wrong would reduce the world to anarchy. In this country any man of courage and spirit would rather die than submit to the yoke of the foreigner. The sword was not allowed to drop from the hands of our fathers, while all that they held most dear seemed to be at the mercy of the great conqueror who over-ran Europe; and we, who are their descendants, would no more think of admitting the invader to our shores, than of allowing the burglar or murderer to force a way into our houses. The justification is in both cases the same—the duty and necessity of self-defence.

So far the question which has been raised seems to answer itself; for no reasonable person doubts that on some occasions nations, like individuals, must defend themselves against assaults or attack. May we go a step further, and extend the term self-defence so as to include not only present but future dangers ? May we go out to meet our enemy who is still far off, or must we wait until he is knocking at our gates ? We must admit, I think, that distance makes no difference, and that a war in India or China may be as justifiable as the war nearer home. If we are to keep the citadel we cannot give up the outworks; if we are to defend our shores

we must also secure the sea to our ships; and the greater the preparation for war, the greater also will be our chance of escaping from it. We must not make the love of peace an excuse for indolence or vacillation of purpose, or impatience of the burden which we have to bear in order to assure to ourselves the blessings of freedom.

Let me put another class of cases. May we ever go beyond the rights or interests of our own country? May we ever be allowed to assist the weak and oppressed by going to war with the oppressors? . . . Or when some signal crime or wickedness is disgracing the civilized world—such as the slave trade was in the days of our forefathers—are we not justified, even at the risk of war with other nations, in interfering to prevent it? . . . We cannot escape war merely by abstaining from it; we cannot get rid of responsibility by doing nothing. The nations of the world are connected by many ties, and touch one another at many points: no one of them can be a hermit and dwell apart from the rest. The attempt to do so is like the attempt of an individual to retire into some desert place: still he finds the world returning upon him when he least expects it; and in the hour of need he has no friends; having never assisted others, he cannot expect to receive assistance from them.

BENJAMIN JOWETT: from a sermon preached at St Lawrence Jewry, March 1885

* WAR AND CHARACTER *

In peace and prosperity both states and individuals are actuated by higher motives, because they do not fall under the dominion of imperious necessities; but war which takes away the comfortable provision of daily life is a hard master, and tends to assimilate men's characters to their condition.

When troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of a man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker up of parties and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. % . . The seal of good faith was not divine law, but fel-

lowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them not in a generous spirit but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation.

THUCYDIDES, iii. 82 (Jowett's translation)

Yea, the coneys are scared by the thud of hoofs,
And their white scuts flash at their vanishing heels
And swallows abandon the hamlet-roofs.

The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The larks' eggs scattered, their owners fled,
And the hare's hid litter the sapper unseals.

The snail draws in at the terrible tread,
But in vain; he is crushed by the felloe-rim;
The worm asks what can be overhead,

And wriggles deep from a scene so grim,
And guesses him safe; for he does not know
What a foul red flood will soak down to him!

Beaten about by the heel and the toe
Are butterflies, sick of the day's long rheum,
To die of a worse than the weather foe.

Trodden and bruised to a miry tomb
Are ears that have greened but will never be gold,
And flowers in the bud that will never bloom.

HARDY: from *The Dynasts*

* COUNSEL, **FAITH AND FIRE** *

I am sure you cannot forget with how much uneasiness we heard im conversation the language of more than one gentleman at the opening of this contest, 'that he was willing to try the war for a year or two, and, if it did not succeed, then to vote for peace/ As if war was a matter of experiment! As if you could take it up or lay it down as an idle frolick! As if the dire goddess that presides over it, with her murderous spear in her hand, and her gorgon at her breast, was a coquette to be flirted with! We ought with reverence to approach that tremendous divinity, that loves courage, but commands counsel. War never leaves, where it found a nation. It is never to be entered into without a mature deliberation; not a deliberation lengthened out into a perplexing indecision, but a deliberation leading to a sure and fixed judgment. When so taken up, it is not to be abandoned without reason as valid, as fully and as extensively considered.

BURKE: from *Letter on a Regicide Peace*

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

* WARFARE *

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musjng eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh ?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be—
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We well see what we are doing.
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,

* CAIN OR ABEL? *

To hazards whence no tears can win us;
Hence the feith and fire within us
Men who march away.

HARDY: *Song of the Soldiers*

It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam the day after the death of Abel, to have brought before his eyes half a million of men crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would then naturally inquire of his angelic instructor, for what purposes so vast a multitude had assembled? What is the common end? Alas! to murder each other—all Cains, and yet no Abels!

COLERIDGE: from *Omniana*

The precise aera of the invention and application of gunpowder is involved in doubtful traditions and equivocal language; yet we may clearly discern that it was known before the middle of the fourteenth century, and that before the end of the same the use of artillery in battles and sieges by sea and land was familiar to the states of Germany, Italy, Spain, France and England. . . . If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advance of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a

philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind.

GIBBON: ch. 65

War in the modern world serves, or is supposed to serve, two.separate functions. It is firstly, since we live in a world of sovereign States between which there is no binding law, the only available way of settling inter-State differences when reason and good temper have failed to adjust them, the stern arbitrament which men, conquered in body if not in spirit, must perforce accept, for the time at least, as decisive. For these purposes war has long been recognised by thinkers and statesmen (to use an American statesman's phrase) as a 'ferocious folly'—a stupid and clumsy expedient unworthy of our civilized life. For civilized nations—peoples, that is, who have acquired the self-respect which is second nature to all true nationalities—cannot regard the arbitrament of force as final. Such peoples fight not for material but for moral issues, not to avoid tribute and save their purses, but for homes and liberties and customs and all their intimate associations.

Force by itself can decide no moral issues. England, for instance, might conceivably be conquered, but she could not be held. Men speak idly of war as 'clearing the air* like a thunderstorm. Napoleon, by the time he

reached St. Helena, knew better: that the sword, as he moaned, settles nothing, nothing. You may annex a province and secure her loyalty with fortresses, or humble a proud people so that they long for revenge, or poison with the bitterness of persecution a well-spring of young ideas; but you will decide no spiritual conflicts. For though you may think the battle is being fought out with the latest artillery on the plains of Troy, it is up on Olympus, far from the roar of the guns and the crash of musketry, that the gods are weighing the combatants in their scales. In the third or fourth generation you shall know the All-Father's verdict.

A. E. ZIMMERN: from *The Greek Commonwealth*

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain

And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;.
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower:
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'r he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the Man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,

Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
Nor thought of tender happiness betray:
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH

Sir Horace [Vere] had more meekness and as much valour as his brother; so pious that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man. One of an excellent temper, it being true of him what is said of the Caspian Sea, 'that it doth never ebb nor flow'; observing a constant tenor, neither elated nor depressed with success. Had one seen him returning from a victory, he would, by his silence, have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him

in a retreat, he would have collected him a Conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit.

THOMAS FULLER: from *Worthies of England*

A nd the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried;
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true,
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do ;
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

TENNYSON: from *The Revenge*

The celebrated Puritan leader is an almost solitary instance of a great man who neither sought nor shunned greatness, who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty. During more than forty years he was known to his country neighbours as a gentleman of cultivated mind, of high principles, of polished address, happy in his family, and active in the discharge of local duties: and to political men as an honest, industrious, and sensible member of Parliament, not eager to display his talents, staunch to his

party, and attentive to the interests of his constituents. A great and terrible crisis came. A direct attack was made by an arbitrary government on a sacred right of Englishmen, on a right which was the chief security for all their other rights. The nation looked round for a defender. Calmly and unostentatiously the plain Buckinghamshire Esquire placed himself at the head of his countrymen, and right before the face and across the path of tyranny. The times grew darker and more troubled. Public service, perilous, arduous, delicate, was required; and to every service the intellect and the courage of this wonderful man were found fully equal. He became a debater of the first order, a most dexterous manager of the House of Commons, a negotiator, a soldier. He governed a fierce and turbulent assembly, abounding in able men, as easily as he had governed his family. He showed himself as competent to direct a campaign as to conduct the business of the petty sessions. We can scarcely express the admiration which we feel for a mind so great and, at the same time, so healthful and so well-proportioned, so willingly contracting itself to the humblest duties, so easily expanding itself to the highest, so contented in repose, so powerful in action. Almost every part of this virtuous and blameless life which is not hidden from us in modest privacy is a precious and splendid portion of our national history.

* THE HAPPY WARRIOR *

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, th>it of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

SOUTHEY: from *The Life of Nelson*

In grappled ships around The Victory
Three boys did England's Duty with stout cheer,
While one dread truth was kept from every ear,
More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea:
For in the flag-ship's weltering cockpit, he
Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,
He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear
Was passing from all life save Victory.

And round the old memorial board to-day,
Three grey-beards—each a warworn British Tar—
View through the mist of years that hour afar;
Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,
The impassioned soul which on its radiant way
Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar.

D. G. ROSSETTI: *The Last Three from Trafalgar*

A soldier from his earliest youth, [Sir John] Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution could quell the pride of his gallant heart or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly. If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER: *History of the Peninsular War*

* THE HAPPY WARRIOR *

And so farewell to the Christian hero, 'the happy . warrior', upoil whom has come nothing which 'he did not foresee' .We, who are his countrymen, will cherish an affectionate remembrance of him while we live. We know that we cannot imitate the actions and characters of great men; we can only appreciate them; no effort of ours will place us on a level with them. Yet we pray also that some good influence may flow from them to us which may raise us above the conventionalities of the world, above the fashion of political opinions, to dwell in the light of justice, in the constancy of truth. And we pray for this nation also, that the lesson of a great man's death may not be lost upon us; but that in our public acts, as well as in our private lives, we may gather from him courage and firmness and wisdom and self-sacrifice and strength in all the trials which the English people may have to undergo in generations to come.

BENJAMIN JOWETT: on *General Gordon*

Iet four captains
-^Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally; and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

Hamlet, **v. 2**

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no ^difference; it was the chance cuf the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambuscade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome.

Beautiful is old age—beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him* with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been

other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves—one and all their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given them to drink. And so it was with the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do. They did not complain, and why should we complain for them? Peaceful life was not what they desired, and an honourable death had no terrors for them. Theirs was the old Grecian spirit, and the great heart of the Theban poet lived again in them:

θανεῖν δ' οἷσιν ἀνάγκη, τί κέ τις ἀνώνυμον
γῆρας ἐν σκότῳ καθήμενος ἕψοι μάταν,
ἁπάντων καλῶν ἄμμορος;[1]

'Seeing', in Gilbert's own brave words, 'that death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue is immortal; wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*

FROUDE: from *England's Forgotten Worthies*

[1] Yet as men must needs die, why should one, sitting idly in darkness, cherish in vain an inglorious old age, bereft of all blessings ?

* WARFARE *

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
And reached the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play.

'Fool/ he answered, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying ''Stay for shame'',
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'

TENNYSON: *The Sailor Boy*

The same day of the battle at night the prince made a supper in his li)dging to the French king and to the most part of the great lords that were prisoners. The prince made the king and his son, the lord James of Bourbon, the lord John d'Artois, the earl of Tancarville, the earl of Estampes, the earl Dammartin, the earl of Joinville and the lord of Partenay to sit all at one board, and other lords, knights and squires at other tables; and always the prince served before the king as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the king's board for any desire that the king could make, but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was. But then he said to the king: 'Sir, for God's sake make none evil nor heavy cheer, though God this day did not consent to follow your will; for, sir, surely the king my father shall bear you as much honour and amity as he may do, and shall accord with you so reasonably that ye shall ever be friends together after. And, sir, methink ye ought to rejoice, though the journey be not as ye would have had it, for this day ye have won the high renown of prowess and have passed this day in valiantness all other of your party. Sir, I say not this to mock you, for all that be on our party, that saw every man's deeds, are plainly accorded by true sentence to give you the prize and chaplet.'

FROISSART: *The Black Prince at Poitiers*

* WARFARE *

Like an old battle, youth is wild
With bugle and spear, and counter-cry,
Fanfare and drummery; yet a child,
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

And all the strident horror of
Horse and rider, in red defeat,
Is only music fine enough
To lull him into slumber sweet
In fields where ewe and lambkin bleat.

O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his targe shall gilded be,
Though in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star!

Though hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings—there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes beneath bloody hair
Gaze purely through the dingy air.

And when the wheeling rout is spent,
Though iA the heaps of slain he lie;
Or lonely in his last content;
Quenchless shall burn in secrecy
The flame Death knows his victors by.

WALTER DE LA MARE: *Keep Innocency*

The Memorial Hall of Harvard consists of three main divisions: one of them a theatre, for academic ceremonies; another a vast refectory covered with a timbered roof, hung about with portraits and lighted by stained windows, like the halls of the colleges of Oxford; and the third, the most interesting, a chamber high, dim, and severe, consecrated to the sons of the university who fell in the long Civil War. Ransom and his companion wandered from one part of the building to another, and stayed their steps at several impressive points; but they lingered longest in the presence of the white, ranged tablets each of which, in its proud, sad clearness, is inscribed with the name of a student-soldier. The effect of the place is singularly noble and solemn, and it is impossible to feel it without a lifting of the heart. It stands there for duty and honour, it speaks of sacrifice and example, seems a kind of temple to youth, manhood, generosity. Most of them were young, all were in their prime, and all of them had fallen; this simple idea hovers before the visitor and makes him read with tenderness each name

and place—names often without other history, and forgotten Southern battles. For Fknsom these things were not a challenge nor a taunt; they touched him with respect, with the sentiment of beauty. He was capable of being a generous foeman, and he forgot, now, the whole question of sides and parties; the simple emotion of the old fighting-time came back to him, and the monument around him seemed an embodiment of that memory; it arched over friends as well as enemies, the victims of defeat as well as the sons of triumph.

HENRY JAMES: from *The Bostonians*

Because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp and my heart panted for war—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too? O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench where he is sure to be cut in pieces;—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst for glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war:—to view the desolations of whole countries and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument

who works them, is forced (for sixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?*—But why did you not add, Yorick—If not by *Nature,* that he is so by *Necessity!* For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought, as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty,* and upon principles of *honour*—what is it but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?

STERNE: from *Tristram Shandy*

There were two old men living together in one cell, and never had there risen even the paltriest contention between them. So the one said to the other, 'Let us have one quarrel the way other men do.' But the other said, 'I do not know how one makes a quarrel.' The first said, 'Look, I set a tile between us and say "That is mine/' and do thou say "It is not thine, it is mine/' And thence arises contention and squabble/ So they set the tile between them; and the first one said, 'That is mine', and the second made reply: 'I hope that it is mine.' And the first said, 'It is not thine: it is mine.' To which the second made answer, 'If it is thine, take it/ After which they could find no way of quarrelling.

HELEN WADDELL: from *The Desert Fathers*

* RECONCILIATION *

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again and ever again this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—
I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

WALT WHITMAN: 'Reconciliation' from Drum *Taps*

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk;

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

HARDY: *In Time of the Breaking of Nations*

PEACE

*

Peace, take it with all faults, is better than war; and the end of a just war is but studium pacis, *the intention of a right peace.*

THOMAS ADAMS

Though we had peace, jet 'twill be a great while ere things be settled: though the wind lie, yet after a storm the sea will work a great while.

SELDEN

* PEACE *

Pax universalis est optimum eorum quae ad nostram beatitudinem ofdinantur. Hinc est quod pastoribus de sursum sonuit, non divitiae, non voluptates, non honores, non longitudo vitae, non sanitas, non robur, non pulchritudo, sed pax.

DANTE: from *de Monorchia*

Universal peace is the best of those things that are ordained for our happiness. Hence it is that what sounded for the shepherds from above was not riches, not pleasures, not honours, not length of life, not health, not strength, not beauty, but peace.

Peace is a fair virgin, every one's love, the praise of all tongues, the object of all eyes, the wish of all hearts; *Pacem te poscimus omnes.* She hath a smiling look, which never frowned with the least scowl of anger: snowy arms, soft as down and whiter than the swan's feathers; always open to pious embracements. Her milken hand carries an olive branch, the symbol and emblem of quietness. She hath the face of a glorious angel always looking towards righteousness, as the two cherubims looked one upon the other, and both unto the mercy-seat. Her court is the invincible fort of integrity; so guarded by the divine providence that drums, trumpets, and thundering cannons, those loud instruments of war (I mean blasphemy, contention, violence) may affront her, but never affright her. She

hath a bounteous hand, virtual like the garment of Christ; if a faithful soul can come tA touch it, to kiss it, all her vexations are fled, her conscience is at rest. Her bowels are full of pity: she is always composing salves for all the wounds of a broken heart. Sedition and tumult her very soul hates; she tramples injuries and discords under her triumphant feet. She sits in a throne of joy, and wears a crown of eternity: and to all those that open the door of their heart to bid her welcome, she will open the door of Heaven to bid them welcome, and repose their souls in everlasting peace. In these continued dog-days of ours, wherein love waxeth cold, and strife hot, we had need set our instruments to the tune of peace. . . .

Therefore still **εἰρήνευτε:** 'Live in peace.' Calvin renders it, *Pacem agite,* 'Do peace'; or, as if God should say to men, whom he found quarrelling, or too loud: 'Peace.' The word is emphatical, and intimates a continual habit: we may call it, the exercise of peace, or the practice of peace.

Some have a good mind to peace, but they will be at no labour about it: many are content to embrace it, but they are ashamed to seek it: most men love it, few practise it. The use commends the virtue: the beauty and praise of peace consists not in motion, but in action: nor is the benefit of it in a knowing discourse, but in a feeling sense. . . .

Thus we have a real abridgement of this mystical City of Peace, happy every way. Vigilancy is her Officer of Peace; that hath an eye in the darkest angles and discovers the first conceptions of strife. Discipline is her Clerk of the Peace, that keeps the records and indicts offenders. Authority is her Justice of Peace: that if any will not be ruled binds them over to the Peace. Equity is her Bourse, where men exchange kindness for kindness: on whose stairs Injury and Imposture durst never set their foul feet. Truth is her standard, which with the trumpet of fame shall resound her happiness to all nations. Plenty is her treasurer, Liberality her almoner, Conscience her chancellor, Wisdom her counsellor, Prayer her Clerk of the Closet, Faith her crown, Justice her sceptre, Masculine Virtues her peers, Graces her attendants, and Nobility her maid of honour.

REV. THOMAS ADAMS (1612-165-3): *The City of Peace*

We instinctively associate peace with perfection; amid the cares and turmoil of this world we long for the peace of heaven; we believe of our dead that they are living, and our prayer for them is that they may Vest in peace'. Yet we have no experience of a life that is not a balance of forces, that is not based on contention and antagonism, and we know of few joys comparable to that of the struggle against odds in which, while we struggle, we still hope for victory. . . .

* PEACE *

If we remove from life all thought of the antagonist to be faced and vanquished, it has no further call to effort and there remains for our consolation nothing but a philosophical abstraction. Such, too often, is the heavenly peace to which we are asked to look forward; and is not our conception of peace on earth cast frequently in the same mould? Is it not mainly a negative peace: absence of rivalries, effacement of differences, fusion of particularities and individualities in a vague general good? Peace more or less after that pattern has been attained over large portions of the earth's surface at various periods of history. They are not the periods to which we look for inspiration. . . . There is no danger of the general establishment of a peace of this kind, which, if established, would deprive human nature of its best features. But there is serious danger of our allowing the thought of it, like a phantom, to disturb our vision; there is serious danger that an unacknowledged love of emptiness may sap the constructive energy through which alone a victorious fullness of human life can be attained.

BASIL DE SELINCOURT: from *The English Secret*

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than war's do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains, employs.

DRYDEN: *To the Lord Chancellor Hyde*

* ENDLESS EFFORT *

Too many people think and speak as if peace were the natural state of the world, disturbed from time to time by wicked men like the Shepherd Kings, Sennacherib, Alexander, the Danes, the Normans, the Huns, Napoleon, and Hitler. There is no peace in Nature; peace is the greatest product of the human intellect. In Nature, not only is 'the butterfly killed by the swallow, the swallow speared by the shrike', but the cattle and the rabbits contend for the grass which is their food, and the roots of the grass and the roots of the trees wage ceaseless warfare. Even for inorganic matter there is no peace until the absolute death of absolute cold stills the eternal strife of every molecule, by myriads of collisions in every second of time, to maintain its share of the world's space.

Pax Romana, Pax Britannica, were products of long and wise thought and action by many great men. The world will have peace some time; for man is very great and becomes greater. Let us abstain from the folly of pretending again that we shall have peace by the removal of the Kaiser, the German Army, or Hitler, or the Nazis. There is no peace when the rabbits have driven cattle from the pasture, there is deadly war as to which rabbits shall starve and which thrive: when the grass has vanquished the fruit trees shall it be fescue or timothy that lives? When the fruit trees shade grassless earth, which tree's roots shall drain the roots of its neighbour?

If our minds are great enough now and our ideals are

wise enough, the best men among us may set a new order in the world which will give it peace—trebling the value of every man's work and his time for happiness and the speed of discovery and the value of life. This year, next year, in a hundred years, in a thousand years this will be attained. Peace will not be won by conquest or obliteration: it must be invented and constructed and maintained by endless effort, such as is given now to the perfection of war.

DR G. P. BIDDER: from *The Times,* Nov. 23, 1939

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things:
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Excursion*

* THE VISION OF PEACE *

To find the Western path,
Righl through the Gates of Wrath
I urge my way;
Sweet Mercy leads me on
With soft repentant moan;
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The Sun is freed from fears
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

BLAKE

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so.

MILTON: from *The Nativity Ode*

THE CHOICE OF LIFE

Merit, and good works, is the End of Mans Motion: and Conscience of the same is the Accomplishment of Mans Rest.

BACON

When Er and the spirits arrived, their duty was to go at once to Lachesis; but first of all there came a prophet who arranged them in order; then he took from the knees of Lachesis lots and samples of lives and, having mounted a high pulpit, spoke as follows:

'Hear the word of Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Mortal souls, behold a new cycle of life and mortality. Your genius will not be allotted to you, but you will choose your genius; and let him who draws the first lot have the first choice, and the life which he chooses shall he his destiny. Virtue is free, and as a man honours or dishonours her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser—God is justified. . . .'

And here, my dear Glaucon, is the supreme peril of our human state; and therefore the utmost care should be taken. Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find someone who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity. He should consider the bearing of all these things which have been mentioned severally and collectively upon virtue; he should know what the effect of beauty is when combined with poverty or wealth in a particular soul, and what are the good and evil consequences of noble and humble birth, of private and public station, of strength and weakness, of cleverness and

dullness, and of all the natural and acquired gifts of the soul, and the operation of them when conjoined; he will then look at the nature of the soul, and from the consideration of all these qualities he will be able to determine which is the better and which is the worse; and so he will choose, giving the name of evil to the life which will make his soul more unjust, and good to the life which will make his soul more just: all else he will disregard. For we have seen and know that this is the best choice both in life and after deatli. A man must take with him into the world below an adamantine faith in truth and right, that there too he may be undazzled by the desire of wealth or the other allurements of evil, lest, coming upon tyrannies and similar villanies, he do irremediable wrongs to others and suffer yet worse himself; but let him know how to choose the mean and avoid the extremes on either side, as far as possible, not only in this life, but in all that which is to come.

PLATO: *Republic,* 617

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary,

but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run ror, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, describing true Temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

MILTON: from *Areopagitica*

Brothers,' I said, 'who manfully, despite
JLJTen thousand perils, have attained the West,
In the brief vigil that remains of light
To feel in, stoop not to renounce the quest
Of what may in the sun's path be essayed,
The world that never mankind hath possessed.
Think on the seed ye spring from! Ye were made
Not to live life of brute beasts of the field
But follow virtue and knowledge unafraid.'

DANTE: *Inferno,* xxvi: translated by Laurence Binyon

Wherefore, Simmias, seeing all these things, what ought not we to do that we may obtain virtue and wisdom in this life ? Fair is the prize, and the hope great!

A man of sense ought not to say, nor will I be very confident, that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly nor unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale.

Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who, having cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him and working harm rather than good, has sought after the pleasures of knowledge; and has arrayed his soul, not in some foreign attire, but in her own proper jewels, Temperance and Justice, and Courage, and Nobility, and Truth—in these adorned she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes.

PLATO: *Phaedo,* 114

Most glorious of immortals, Zeus all powerful,
Author of Nature, named by many names, all hail,
Thy law rules all; and the voice of the world may cry to thee,

For from thee we are born, and alone of living things
That move on earth are we created in God's image.
So will I praise thee, ever singing of thy might
By whom the whole wide firmament of heaven is swayed
And guided in its wheeling journey round this earth
In glad submission to thee: for in thine unconquered hands
Thou hast a mighty servant, the thunderbolt of heaven
Wrought with a double edge, and of never-dying fire—
A pulse of life beating through all created things
That walk in thy ways; and with this thou dost direct
Thy Omnipresent Word that moves through all creation
And mingles with the sun and the company of the stars.
All things confess thee as their life that are on earth
Or in the sea or in the holy air of heaven,
Save what in foolishness is wrought by evil men;
But into harmony thou canst turn such discords
And make of chaos order; for hate with thee is love,
And thus by thee all things of good and evil are joined
To make thy eternal Word,—still unperceived by those
Who blindly shun this truth. Theirs is the bitterness
Of loss, who in their heart's desire of its own good,
As understanding not God's omnipresent law
Nor hearkening to his voice, forgo their happiness.
Self-willed, they seek in folly evil's many forms,
And some find suffering in the difficult race for fame,

And some in headlong chase for gain swerve from their
course,
While to the senses' swoon of pleasure others turn
And to the body's delight,—fools all, who spending
folly
In conflict striving with their own desire of good,
Hither and thither are borne in the wake of vanity.
But Zeus that givest all, hear us and bring salvation—
Dark in thy clouds and shining in thy lightning's
flames—
Save men from all their ignorance and its distress,
Scatter it from their hearts, and in their quest for
wisdom
Grant them success; for in wisdom thou art powerful
And rulest justly. So for our meed of honour
May we requite thee with the honour of our song,
And ever praise thee and thy works,—a glorious theme
For men; and not the gods themselves know higher
honour
Than rendering thee due praise for thy Omnipresent
Law.

CLEANTHES (331-232 B.C.): *Hymn to Zeus:*
translated by Michael Balkwill

Iive by old Ethicks and the classical Rules of Honesty. -/Put no new names or^notions upon Authentick Virtues and Vices. Think not that Morality is Ambula-

tory; that Vices in one age are not Vices in another; or that Virtues, which are under the everlasting Seal of right Reason, may be Stamped by Opinion. And therefore, though vicious times invert the opinions of things, and set up a new Ethicks against Virtue, yet hold thou unto old Morality; and rather *than follow a multitude to do evil,* stand like Pompey's Pillar conspicuous by thy self, and single in Integrity. And since the worst of times afford imitable Examples of Virtue, since no Deluge of Vice is like to be so general but more than eight will escape; eye well those Heroes who have held their Heads above Water, who have touched Pitch and not been defiled, and in the common Contagion have remained uncorrupted.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: from *Christian Morals*

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as Craft deceives
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

DANIEL: *To the Countess of Cumberland*

Then, Adeimantus, I said, the worthy disciples of philosophy will be but a small remnant: perchance some noble and well-educated person, detained by exile in her service, who in the absence of corrupting influences remains devoted to her; or some lofty soul born in a mean city, the politics of which he contemns and neglects; and there may be a gifted few who leave the arts and come to her;—or peradventure there are some who are restrained by our friend Theages' bridle; for everything in the life of Theages conspired to divert him from philosophy; but ill-health kept him away from politics. My own case of the internal sign is hardly worth mentioning, for rarely, if ever, has such a monitor been given to any other man. Those who belong to this small class have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession philosophy is, and have also seen enough of the madness of the multitude; and they know that no politician is honest, nor is there any champion of justice at whose side they might fight and be saved.

Such an one may be compared to a man who has fallen among wild beasts—he will not join in the wickedness of his fellows, but neither is he able singly to resist all their fierce natures; and therefore seeing that he would be of no use to the State or to his friends, and reflecting that he would have to throw away his life without doing any good either to himself or others, he holds his peace and goes his own way. He is like one

who, in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along, retires under the shelter of a wall; and seeing the rest of mankind full of wickedness, he is content if only he can live his own life and be pure from evil or unrighteousness, and depart in peace and goodwill, with bright hopes.

Yes, he said, and he will have done a great work before he departs.

A great work, yes; but not the greatest, unless he find a State suitable to him; for in a State which is suitable to him he will have a larger growth and be the saviour of his country, as well as of himself.

PLATO: *Republic,* 496

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalPd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

TENNYSON: from *Oenone*

* THE CHOICE *

Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,
Suflyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;
Savour no more than thee bihove shal;
Werk wel thyself, that other folk canst rede ;
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:
Gret reste stant in litel businesse;
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al:
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal:
Daunte thyself, that dauntest otheres dede:
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse ;
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!
Know thy countree, look up, thank God of al;
Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede:
And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

CHAUCER: *Ballad of Good Counsel*

* TRUTH AND THE LIE *

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
-/Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT: from *The Church Porch*

It is not the *Lie* that passeth through the Minde, but the *Lie* that sinketh in and setleth in it, that doth the hurt such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in mens depraved Judgements and Affections, yet *Truth,* which onely doth judge itselfe, teacheth that the Inquirie of *Truth,* which is the Love-making or Wooing of it: the knowledge of *Truth,* which is the presence of it: and the Beleefe of *Truth,* which is the enjoying of it; is the Soveraigne Good of humane Nature.

The first Creature of God, in the workes of the Dayes, was the Light of the Sense; the last was the Light of Reason; and his Sabbath Worke, ever since, is the Illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed Light, upon the Face of the Matter or Chaos; then he breathed Light into the Face of Man; and still he breatheth and inspireth Light into the Face of his Chosen. The poet, that beautified the Sect that was otherwise inferiour to the rest, saith yet excellently

well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tost upon the Sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a Castle and to see a Battaile, and the adventures thereof, below ; But no pleesure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth:* (A hill not to be commanded, and where the Ayre is alwaies cleare and serene): *And to see the Errours, and Wandrings, and Mists, and Tempests in the vale below:* So alwaies that this prospect be with Pitty, and not with Swelling or Pride. Certainly it is Heaven upon Earth to have a Mans Minde Move in Charitie, Rest in Providence, and Turne upon the Poles of *Truth.*

BACON: *Of Truth*

Truth is man's proper good; and the only immortal thing was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian or ethnic, if he be honest, can miss it: no statesman or patriot should. For without truth all the actions of mankind are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than wisdom. Homer says he hates him worse than hell-mouth that utters one thing with his tongue and keeps another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine reason; for a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is feigned; it will have another face than it had, ere long. As Euripides saith, 'No lie ever grows old.'

BEN JONSON: from *Discoveries*

* TRUTH AND QUIET *

Who tells me truth, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2

\nd though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? . . .

For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness.

MILTON: from *Areopagitica*

In troubled water you can scarce see your face; or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

SELDEN: *Table Talk*

* THE CHOICE *

Who would true Valour see
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no Discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound,
His Strength the more is.
No Lion can him fright;
He'll with a Giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul Fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall Life inherit.
Then Fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour Night and Day
To be a Pilgrim.

BUNYAN: from *The Pilgrim's Progress*

* TRUE VALOUR *

HOST: *Herbert Level, Thou shalt swear upon the Testament of Love to make answer to this question propounded to thee by the court. What true valour is? and therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help thee Love, and thy bright sword at need.*

LOVEL: So help me, Love, and my good sword at need.

It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind, the object of it is danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is always honour, and the public good:
It is no valour for a private cause.

LORD BEAUFORT: No! not for reputation?

LOVEL: That's man's idol,
Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base unworthy things, is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too. , . .
The things true valour's exercised about

* THE CHOICE *

Are poverty, restraint, captivity, *
Banishment, loss of children, long disease:
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen; about these it is present:
Not trivial things, which but require our confidence...

But as it is not the mere punishment
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting, or dying, but the manner of it
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger
JBut worthily, and by selected ways:
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues,
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-
maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himself against all rumour,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil!

BEN JONSON: *The New Inn,* iv. 3

* TRUE VALOUR *

There is a persuasion in the soul of man that he is here for cause, that he was put down in this place by the Creator to do the work for which he inspires him, that thus he is an overmatch for all antagonists that could combine against him. The pious Mrs Hutchinson says of some passages in the defence of Nottingham against the Cavaliers: 'It was a great instruction that the best and highest courages are beams of the Almighty/ And whenever the religious sentiment is adequately affirmed, it must be with dazzling courage. As long as it is cowardly insinuated, as with the wish to succour some partial and temporary interest, or to make it affirm some pragmatical tenet which our parish church receives to-day, it is not imparted, and cannot inspire or create. For it is always new, leads and surprises, and practice never comes up with it. There are ever appearing in the world men who, almost as soon as they are born, take a bee-line to the rack of the inquisitor, the axe of the tyrant, like Jordano Bruno, Vanini, Huss, Paul, Jesus and Socrates. Look at Foxe's Lives of the Martyrs, Sewel's History of the Quakers, Southey's Book of the Church, at the folios of the brothers Bollandi, who collected the lives of twenty-five thousand martyrs, confessors, ascetics and self-tormentors. There is much of fable, but a broad basis of fact. The tender skin does not shrink from bayonets, the timid woman is not scared by faggots; the rack is not frightful, nor the rope ignominious. The poor Puri-

tan, Antony Parsons, at the stakei tied straw on his head, when the fire approached him, and said 'This is God's hat'. Sacred courage indicates that a man loves an idea better than all things in the world; that he is aiming neither at pelf nor comfort, but will venture all to put in act the invisible thought in his mind. He is everywhere a liberator, but of a freedom that is ideal; not seeking to have land or money or conveniences, but to have no other limitation than that which his own constitution imposes. He is free to speak truth; he is not free to lie. He wishes to break every yoke all over the world which hinders his brother from acting after his thought.

EMERSON: from *Society and Solitude*

Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death—if now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, fancying **that I** was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is in-

deed the pretence of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretence of knowing the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is not this ignorance of a disgraceful sort, the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know? And in this respect only I believe myself to differ from men in general, and may perhaps claim to be wiser than they are: that, whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know; but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is eviland dishonourable, and f will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil.

PLATO: *The Apology of Socrates,* 28

Strange is the vigour in a brave man's soul. The strength of his spirit and his irresistible power, the greatness of his heart and the height of his condition, his mighty confidence and contempt of dangers, his true security and repose in himself, his liberty to dare and do what he pleaseth, his alacrity in the midst of fears, his invincible temper, are advantages which make him master of fortune. His courage fits him for all attempts, makes him serviceable to God and man, and makes him the bulwark and defence of his being and country.

TRAHERNE: from *Christian Ethicks*

* THE CHOICE *

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Timon of Athens, iii. v

There is a great change coming, bound to come. The whole money arrangement will undergo a change: what, I don't know. The whole industrial system will undergo a change. Work will be different and pay will be different. The owning of property will be different. Class will be different, and human relations will be modified and perhaps simplified.

If we are intelligent, alert and undaunted, then life will be much better, more generous, more spontaneous, more vital, less basely materialistic. If we fall into a state of funk, impotence and persecution, then things may be very much worse than they are now. It is up to us. It is up to men to be men. While men are courageous and willing to change, nothing terribly bad can happen.

D. H. LAWRENCE: from *Assorted Articles*

Ay, be we faithful to ourselves: despise
-/jLNought but the coward in us! That way lies
The wisdom making passage through our slough.

MEREDITH: from *Foresight and Patience*

* CONSTANCY *

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his sun.

* THE CHOICE *

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

GEORGE HERBERT: *Constancy*

Triumphant arches, statues crowned with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,
Colosses, brazen Atlases of fame,
Fanes vainly builded to vain idols' praise;
States, which insatiate minds in blood do raise,
From the cross-star unto the Arctic team,
Alas! and what we write to keep our name,
Like spiders' cauls are made the sport of days:
All only constant is in constant change,
What done is, is undone, and when undone
Into some other figure doth it range;
Thus moves the restless world beneath the moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Thee raise, and steps not reached by nature trace.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

* PROTRACTIVE TRIALS *

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing:
JLJLA man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless*d are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

Hamlet, iii. 2

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works
And call them shames ? which are indeed nought else
But the pro tractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men.

Troilus and Cressida, i. 3

Prosperity is not without many Feares and Distastes: and *Adversity* is not without comforts and hopes. We see in Needle-workes and Imbroideries it is more pleasing to have a Lively Worke upon a Sad and Solemne Ground then to have a Darke and Melancholy Worke upon a Lightsome Ground: Judge therfore of the Pleasure of the Heart by the Pleasure of the Eye. Certainly, Vertue is like pretious Odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: For *Prosperity* doth best discover Vice; but *Adversity* doth best discover Vertue.

BACON: *Of Adversity*

In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad 'And lay my bones far from the Tweed*. But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to write *doggedly*, as Dr Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distrait*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and power of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inward recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

Journal of SIR WALTER SCOTT: Jan. 22, 1826

* ADVERSITY *

He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it and will make it.

BEN JONSON: from *Discoveries*

Quo magis in dubiis hominem spectare periclis
Convenit adversisque in rebus noscere qui sit;
Nam verae voces turn demum pectore ab imo
Eiciuntur et eripitur persona, manet res.

LUCRETIUS, iii

Wherefore you can better test the man in doubts and dangers, and mid adversity learn who he is; for then and not till then the words of truth are forced out from the bottom of his heart: the mask is torn off, the reality is left.

Affliction when I know it is but this,
. A deep allay whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his Will.

JOHN FLETCHER: from *The Honest Man's Fortune*

* FAILURE? *

Even the great democrat could.only with difficulty and imperfectly hold in check the powers which he had unchained: thousands of swords still flew at his signal from the scabbard, but they no longer returned to the scabbard at his signal. Fate is mightier than genius. Caesar desired to become the restorer of the civil commonwealth, and became the founder of the military monarchy which he abhorred; he overthrew the regime of aristocrats and bankers in the state, only to put a military regime in their place; and the commonwealth continued as before to be tyrannized and turned to profit by a privileged minority. And yet it is a privilege of the highest natures thus creatively to err. The brilliant attempts of great men to realize the ideal, though they do not reach their aim, form the best treasure of nations.

MOMMSEN: *History of Rome,* v. xi

Gregory thought he had failed: so it is; often a cause seems to decline as its champion grows in years, and to die at his death; but this is to judge hastily; others are destined to complete what he began. No man is given to see his work through. 'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening,' but the evening falls before it is done.

NEWMAN: *On Hildebrand*

* FAILURE? *

Each eve eart|h falleth down the dark,
As though its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind to-morrow's door.

Grey grows the dawn while men-folk sleep,
Unseen spreads on the light,
Till the thrush sings to the coloured things
And earth forgets the night.

No otherwise wends on our Hope:
E'en as a tale that's told
Are fair lives lost, and all the cost
Of wise and true and bold.

We've toiled and failed; we spake the word;
None hearkened; dumb we lie;
Our Hope is dead, the seed we spread
Fell o'er the earth to die.

What's this ? For joy our hearts stand still,
And life is loved and dear,
The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
The Day of Days is here.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *The Day of Days*

Within the soul a Faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Excursion*

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent;
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

SHELLEY: *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*

* FORBEARANCE *

Wise men patience never want,
Good men pity cannot hide;
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride;
He alone forgive that can
Bears the true soul of a man.

CAMPION

Malice or resentment towards any man hath plainly a tendency to beget the same passion in him who is the object of it; and this again increases it in the other. It is of the very nature of this vice to propagate itself, not only by way of example, which it does in common with other vices, but in a peculiar way of its own. For resentment itself, as well as what is done in consequence of it, is the object of resentment: hence it comes to pass that the first offence, even when so slight as presently to be dropped and forgotten, becomes the occasion of entering into a long intercourse of ill offices; neither is it at all uncommon to see persons, in this progress of strife and variance, change parts; and him, who was at first the injured person, become more injurious and blameable than the aggressor. Put the case then, that the law of retaliation was universally received and allowed as an innocent rule of life by all; and the observance of it thought by many (and then it would soon come to be thought by

all) a point of honour: this supposes every man in private cases to pass sentence in his own cause; and likewise, that anger or resentment is to be the judge. Thus, from the numberless partialities which we all have for ourselves, every one would often think himself injured when he was not: and in most cases would represent an injury as much greater than it really is: the imagined dignity of the person offended would scarce ever fail to magnify the offence. And if bare retaliation, or returning just the mischief received, always begets resentment in the person upon whom we retaliate, what would that excess do? Add to this, that he likewise has his partialities—there is no going on to represent this scene of rage and madness: it is manifest there would be no bounds, nor any end. If *the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water,* what would it come to when allowed this free and unrestrained course? *As coals are to burning coals, or wood to fire, so* would these *contentious men be to kindle strife.* And, since the indulgence of revenge hath manifestly this tendency and does actually produce these effects in proportion as it is allowed, a passion of so dangerous a nature ought not to be indulged, were there no other reason against it.

BISHOP BUTLER: *Upon Forgiveness of Injuries*

* FORBEARANCE *

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

The Tempest, v. i

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth; and it is observable that, as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable, so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature that, to prevent the excesses of it—for men would not know moderation—Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says * Vengeance is mine', and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it.

And yet, nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and

measure of God alone, it was this ^Richard Hooker, of whom I write: for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon; and when that was denied him, his reply was, 'That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment.' And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour and an open confession. And 'tis observable that after this time he wcmld often say to Dr Sara via, 'Oh! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge!'

IZAAK WALTON: from *The Life of Mr Richard Hooker*

Unless we can teach humanity, we may resign the charge of religion. For fifteen centuries Christianity has been conveyed into many houses, in many cities, in many regions, but always through slender pipes; and never yet into any great reservoir in any part of the earth. Its principal ordinances have never been observed in the polity of any state whatever. Abstinence from spoliation, from oppression, from bloodshed, has never been inculcated by the chief priests of any. These two facts excite the doubts of many in regard to a **divine origin** and **a** divine protection.

Wherefore it behoves us the more especially to preach forbearance. If the people are tolerant one toward another in the same country, they will become tolerant in time toward those whom rivers or seas have separated from them. For surely it is strange and wonderful that nations which are near enough for hostility should never be near enough for concord.

LANDOR: from *Melanchthon and Calvin*

Who knows not that there is a mutual bond of amity and brotherhood between man and man over all the world; neither is it the English sea that can sever us from that duty and relation.

MILTON: from *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*

A contemplative man is a scholar in this great university the world: and the same his book and study. He cloysters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage: but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own works

and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be solitary; but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to imploy it, and is above those ends that make man wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

BISHOP EARLE: from *Microcosmography*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
Beggars enjoy, which princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords nor pride nor care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE

* BEAUTY *

For he who would proceed aright in this matter should begin in youth to visit beautiful forms; and first, if he be guided by his instructor aright, to love one such form only—out of that he should create fair thoughts; and soon he will of himself perceive that the beauty of one form is akin to the beauty of another; and then if beauty of form in general is his pursuit, how foolish would he be not to recognize that the beauty in every form is one and the same! And when he perceives this he will abate his violent love of the one, which he will despise and deem a small thing, and will become a lover of all beautiful forms; in the next stage he will consider that the beauty of the mind is more honourable than the beauty of the outward form. So that if a virtuous soul have but a little comeliness, he will be content to love and tend him, and will search out and bring to the birth thoughts which may improve the young, until he is compelled to contemplate and see the beauty of institutions and laws, and to understand that the beauty of them all is of one family, and that personal beauty is a trifle; and after laws and institutions he will go on to the sciences, that he may see their beauty, being not like a servant in love with the beauty of one youth or man or institution, himself a slave mean and narrow-minded, but drawing towards and contemplating the vast sea of beauty, he will create many fair and noble thoughts and notions in boundless love of wisdom; until on that shore he

grows and waxes strong, and at last the vision is revealed to him of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. . . •

He who has been instructed thus tar in the things of love, and who has learned to see the beautiful in due order and succession, when he comes toward the end will suddenly perceive a nature of wondrous beauty (and this, Socrates, is the final cause of all our former toils)—a nature which in the first place is everlasting, not growing and decaying, or waxing and waning; in the next place not fair in one point of view and foul in another, or at one time or in one relation or at one place fair at another time or in another relation or at another place foul, as if fair to some and foul to others, or in the likeness of a *hcc* or hands or any other part of the bodily frame, or in any form of speech or knowledge, or existing in any other being—as, for example, in an animal, or in heaven, or in earth, or in any other place—but beauty only, absolute, separate, simple, and everlasting, which without diminution and without increase or any change is imparted to the ever-growing and perishing beauties of ail other things. He who under the influence of true love rising upward from these begins to see that beauty is not far from the *end.* And the the order of going or being led by another to the things of love is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards for the sake of that other beauty, going from one

to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is.

PLATO: *Symposium, 2*10

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme dust and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestial beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th'idee of His pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of cclestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those fairc tilings above,

SPENSER: from *The Hjmne ojHeavenly Love*

* THE CHOICE *

Beauty—a living presence of tfre earth
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
Of earth's materials—waits upon my steps,
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbour. Paradise and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main; why should they be
A history only of departed things
Or a mere fiction of what never was ?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Recluse*

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES

* A GOOD LIFE *

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poore Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his poore parisshens aboute
Of his offring and eek of his substance.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.

* THE CHOICE *

Wel oghte a preest ensample for to give
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, un-to seynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man not despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discreet and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample was his bisinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe that nowher noon is.
He way ted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
Jie taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

CHAUCER: from *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*

* A GOOD LIFE *

Well try'd through many a varying year
See Levet to the grave descend:
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.
Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.
When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.
In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan
And lonely Want retir'd to die.
No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.
His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

JOHNSON:

from *Lines on the Death of Mr Robert Levet, a Practiser in Physic*

Large was his soul; as large a sou] as e'er
-/Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

COWLEY : *On the Death of Mr William Harvey*

Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

CLARENDON: *On Lord Falkland*

t is not growing like a tree
.In bulk doth make Man better be:
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.

* THE PERFECT RULE *

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

Tho Age had set no Seal upon his Face, yet a dim Eye might clearly discover Fifty in his Actions; and therefore, since *Wisdom is the gray Hair and an unspotted Life old Age,* altho his Years came short, he might have been said to have held up with longer Livers, and to have been Solomon's Old Man. And surely, if we deduct all those days of our Life which we might wish unlived, and which abate the comfort of those we now live: if we reckon up only those days which God hath accepted of our Lives, a Life of good Years will hardly be a span long: the Son in this sense may out-live the Father, and none be climacterically old. He that early arriveth unto the Parts and Prudence of Age is happily old without the uncomfortable Attendants of it; and 'tis superfluous to live unto gray Hairs, when in a precocious Temper we anticipate the Virtues of them. In brief, he cannot be accounted young who out-liveth the old Man. He that hath early arrived *unto the measure of a perfect Stature in Christ* hath already fulfilled the prime and longest Intention of his Being: and one day lived after the perfect Rule of Piety is to be preferred before sinning Immortality.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: from *Letter to a Friend*

* THE CHOICE *

The Wise
Have still the keeping of their proper peace,
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.

WORDSWORTH: from *The Excursion*

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not—but there it stood!
It stood, and sun and moonshine rain'd their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall.
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood Troy could not fall.
So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!
We shall renew the battle in the plain
Tomorrow;—red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.
Then shall we rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.
Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send.

And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Palladium*

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Foil'd by these rebel powers that thee array.
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnet* 146

O my soul, be prepared for the coming of the Stranger,
Be prepared for him who knows how to ask questions.

O weariness of men who turn from God
To the grandeur of your mind and the glory of your action,

* THE CHOICE *

To arts and inventions and daring enterprises,
To schemes of human greatness thoroughly discredited,
Binding the earth and the water to your service,
Exploiting the seas and developing the mountains,
Dividing the stars into common and preferred,
Engaged in devising the perfect refrigerator,
Engaged in working out a rational morality,
Engaged in printing as many books as possible,
Plotting of happiness and flinging empty bottles,
Turning from your vacancy to fevered enthusiasm
For nation or race or what you call humanity;
Though you forget the way to the Temple,
There is one who remembers the way to your door:
Life you may evade, but Death you shall not.
You shall not deny the Stranger.

T. S. ELIOT: from *The Rock*

When he had spoken these words, he arose and told us to wait while he went into the bath-chamber with Crito; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few direc-

tions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. Then turning to us, he said, How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared; if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, **and** I know that many a one has taken the draught late,

and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hasten then, there is still time.

Socrates said; Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by; and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters shall give me directions how I am to proceed. The man answered: You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act. At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—even

so—and so be it according to my prayer. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them

himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?

The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

PLATO: *Phaedo,* **116**

EPILOGUE

★

πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκήτων πόρον ηὗρε θεός.

EURIPIDES: *Bacchae*

Many are the shapes of the divine: many things gods accomplish beyond hope; and oft the expected is not fulfilled, but a god finds a path in things beyond surmise.

The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from earth.

LANDOR

* EPILOGUE *

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion that they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH

* EPILOGUE *

But come, let us not lose hope in the world, prematurely:
The world is not quite given up to diplomacy,
Combinations and finding of formulas.
There are always the young, the devoted,
The enthusiasts, breakers of fetters.

T. S. ELIOT: from *The Rock*

Days, when the ball of our vision
Had eagles that flew unabashed to sun;
When the grasp on the bow was decision,
And arrow and hand and eye were one.

MEREDITH: from *Youth in Memory*

Aching desire, mutinous longing,
JLJLLove, the divine rebel, the challenge of all,
Faith, that the doubters doubted and wept her fall,
To an empty sepulchre thronging:
These, the sap of the earth,
Irresistibly sprung,
In the blood of heroes running sweet,
In the dream of dreamers ever young,
Supplanting the solid and vast delusions,
Hearten the heart of the wronged to endure defeat,
The forward gazing eyes of the old sustain,
Mighty in perishing youth, and in endless birth,
These remain.

LAURENCE BINYON: from *Songs of the World Unborn*

★ EPILOGUE ★

Ἅπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
φύει τ' ἄδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται·
κοὐκ ἔστ' ἄελπτον οὐδέν.

SOPHOCLES: *Ajax*

All things doth long and countless time first draw from darkness, then hide from light: and there is nothing that is beyond hope.

Io, when we wade the tangled wood
-/In haste and hurry to be there,
Nought seem its leaves and blossoms good,
For all that they be fashioned fair.

But looking up, at last we see
The glimmer of the open light
From o'er the place where we would be:
Then grow the very brambles bright.

So now, amidst our day of strife,
With many a matter glad we play
When once we see the light of life
Gleam through the tangle of today.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *Drawing near the Light*

O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings.

MILTON: from *Comus*

* EPILOGUE *

To the agnostic fixed in his infidelity faith is a wish-belief, the true sceptic will rather call it hope; and hope is the summons to a great adventure* He will recall the words of Professor Whitehead: 'Without adventure civilization is in full decay . . . The great achievements of the past were the adventures of the past . . . Only the adventurous can understand the greatness of the past.'[1] And he will ask whether the troubles of our present civilization are not due to just this: the loss of hope and with that loss a sort of craven timidity before the high spiritual adventure that we call religion. And for his own part he will begin to suspect that the suspense of judgment on which as a sceptic he has prided himself is not so much a clear perception of the limitations of reason as a sort of cowardly shrinking from the summons to push out into the vast unknown, if by chance he may find thus a knowledge beyond his present reckoning.

Faith is the great adventure. That is a definition which ought to stir a man out of his placid compliance with the dull routine of life: and there is something in that appeal to which the man of these days is, I believe, ready to respond. But one thing ought to be remembered. Adventure is not the search for something new, or the ambition to create that which does not already exist. In the past, whether it be the voyage of discovery over the estranging seas or the risk of physical

[1] See page 67.

comfort for a peace of the spirit, always, if it ends in success, it has been the search for something, unknown indeed, yet there, a truth awaiting the courageous explorer. And so the lure of faith is the hope that by venturing forth a man shall come at the last to a reality that is beckoning out of the unknown and to a waiting land of the spirit.

PAUL ELMER MORE: from *Shelburne Essays*

Though in the wax a perfect picture made
Doth shew as fair as in the marble stone,
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none
Because that fire or force the form doth fade;
Whereas the marble holden is full dear
Since that endures the date of longer days;
Of diamonds it is the greatest praise
So long to last and always one t'appear.
Then if we do esteem that thing for best
Which in perfection longest time doth last,
And that most vain that turns with every blast,
What jewel then with tongue can be exprest
Like to that heart where love hath framed such faith
That cannot fade but by the force of death.

from TOTTEL'S *Miscellany*

* EPILOGUE *

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find ?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear: nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON: from *The Vanity of Human Wishes*

* EPILOGUE *

Why sleeps th^ future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide ? For the WORD
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that Stream behold,
That Stream upon whose bosom we have passed,
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my soul!
(Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just.

WORDSWORTH

Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost,* vi

* EPILOGUE *

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, anji Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor faulter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

SHELLEY: from *Prometheus Unbound*

* EPILOGUE *

^gainst the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm;
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

MILTON: from *Comus*

* POSTSCRIPT *

THE COMMON MAN

So long as the English tongue survives, the word Dunkirk will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbour, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, in shining splendour, she faced the enemy.

They sent away the wounded first. Men died so that others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as courage, which the Nazis had in plenty. It was not so simple a thing as discipline, which can be hammered into men by a drill sergeant. It was not the result of careful planning, for there could have been little. It was the common man of the free countries, rising in all his glory out of mill, office, factory, mine, farm, and ship, applying to war the lessons learned when he went down the shaft to bring out trapped comrades, when he hurled the lifeboat through the surf, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake.

This shining thing in the souls of free men Hitler cannot command, or attain, or conquer. He has crushed it, where he could, from German hearts.

It is the great tradition of democracy. It is the future. It is victory.

THE NEW YORK TIMES: *l June 1940*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

★

For permission to reprint copyright material, the following acknowledgements ire made:

For M. Balkwiirs translation of Cleanthes' Hymn to Zeus, to the translator and the Clarendon Press, Oxford. *Oxford Book of Greek Verse Translated* (Clarendon Press).

For Professor G. Bidder's letter on ' Peace', to the author and the Proprietors of *The Times,*

For the poems by Laurence Binyon, to the author and Messrs. Macmillan. *Collected Poems 1931* (Macmillan); *Dante*sInferno (Verse Translation) 1933* (Macmillan).

For the extract from E. Blunden, to the author and Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson. *Votive Tablets* (Cobden-Sanderson).

For extracts from Robert Bridges to Mrs. Bridges and the Clarendon Press, Oxford. *The Testament of Beauty* (Clarendon Press); *The Shorter Poems (enlarged edition) 1931* (Clarendon Press).

For the extract from A. Clutton-Brock, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Methuen. *More Thoughts on the War* (Methuen).

For the extract from Lord Bryce, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Macmillan. *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (Macmillan).

For the extract from J. B. Bury, to Messrs. Butterworth. *A History of Freedom of Thought* (Butterworth).

For the extracts from G. K. Chesterton, to the executrix

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

of **the** late Mr. **Cheiterton,** Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Hutchinson. *Browning* (Macmillan) ; *Autobiography* (Hutchinson).

For the poems by Walter de la Mare, to the author and Messrs. Constable. *Poems 1901-1918* (Constable).

For the extract from B. de Selincourt, to the author and the Clarendon Press, Oxford. *The English Secret* (Clarendon Press, 1923).

For the extract from J. A. Froude, to Messrs. Longmans Green. *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (Longmans Green).

For the poems by Thomas Hardy, to the executors of the late Mrs. Hardy and Messrs. Macmillan. *The Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy* (Macmillan); *The Dynasts* (Macmillan).

For the poem by W. E. Henley, to the author's executors **and** Messrs. Macmillan. *Poems* (Macmillan).

For the extracts from Henry James, to Messrs. Collins, Messrs. Macmillan, and the author's representatives. *Within the Rim* (Collins); *The Bostonians* (Macmillan); *The Tragic Muse* (Macmillan).

For the extract from R. C. Jebb's translation of the *Antigone,* to the Cambridge University Press. *Sophocles: Antigone* (Cambridge University Press).

For the extracts from Benjamin Jowett, to Messrs. John Murray, the Clarendon Press and the Jowett Trustees. *The Dialogues of Plato:* and *Thucydides* (translated into English) (Clarendon Press); *Sermons$_9$ Biographical and Miscellaneous* (Murray); *Sermon on General Gordon* (The Oxford Magazine, Feb. 18, 1885).

For the poem by Rudyard Kipling, to the Trustees of the late Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan. *Actions and Reactions* (Macmillan).

* ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS *

For the extract from D. H. Lawrence, to Mrs. Lawrence and Messrs. Heinemann. *Assorted Articles* (Heinemann).

For the extract from A. S. McDowall, to the Oxford University Press. *A Detached Observer* (Oxford University Press, 1934).

For the extracts from George Meredith, to Messrs. Constable. *Poetical Works 1912* (Constable).

For the extracts from Professor Mommsen, to Messrs. Macmillan. *History of Rome* (Macmillan).

For the extract from Paul Elmer More, to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, Boston.

For the extract from Lord Morley, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Macmillan. *Miscellanies: Fourth Series* (Macmillan).

For the poems by William Morris, to Messrs. Longmans Green. *Poems by the Way* (Longmans Green).

For the poem by Sir Henry Newbolt, to the executors of the late Sir Henry Newbolt and Messrs. John Murray. *Poems Old and New* (John Murray).

For the extract from F. S. Oliver, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Macmillan. *Life of Alexander Hamilton* (Macmillan).

For the extract from Coventry Patmore, to Messrs. George Bell. *Complete Poems* (Bell).

For the extract from Ruskin, to Messrs. Allen and Unwin. *Lectures on Art* (Allen and Unwin).

For the extract from George Santayana, to Messrs. Constable. *Character and Opinion in the United States* (Constable).

For the extract from Sir J. Seeley, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Macmillan. *Expansion of England* (Macmillan).

* ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS *

For the extract from his speech on 'Imperial Relations', to Gen. the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts.

For the poems by A. C. Swinburne, to Messrs. Heinemann. *Complete Poetical Works* (Heinemann).

For the extract from Rabindra Nath Tagore, to the author and Messrs. Macmillan. *Gitanjali* (Macmillan).

For the poems by Lord Tennyson, to the author's representatives and Messrs. Macmillan. *Poetical Works* (Macmillan).

For the extract from T. G. Tucker's translation of the *Supplices*, to the author and Messrs. Macmillan. *The Supplices of Aeschylus* (Macmillan).

For the extract from T. G. Tucker's translation from Plutarch, to the author and the Clarendon Press, Oxford. *Plutarch: Selected Essays* (Clarendon Press, 1913).

For the extract from A. W. Verrall's translation of Statius, to the Cambridge University Press, *literary Essays, Classical and Modern* (Cambridge University Press).

For the extract from Miss H. Waddell, to the author and Messrs. Constable. *The Desert Fathers* (Constable).

For the extract from Professor A. Whitehead, to the Cambridge University Press. *Science and the Modern World* (Cambridge University Press).

For the extract from Sir A. Zimmern, to the author and the Clarendon Press, Oxford. *The Greek Commonwealth* (Clarendon Press).

For the 'Postscript', to the Editor and Proprietors of *The New York Times.*

Special thanks are due to Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol, to Professor O. L. Richmond and to Mr. C. W. Brodribb for valuable suggestions.

B. L. R.

INDEX

Adams, The Rev. Thomas, 185, 187
Aeschylus, 149
Arnold, Matthew, 40, 240

Bacon, Francis, 59, 61, 86 195,207,220
Bagehot, Walter, 43, 66
Balkwill, Michael, 200
Barbour, John, 11
Bidder, Dr. G. P., 191
Binyon, Laurence, *g*, 9, 125, 199, 250
Blake, William, 12, 83, *155*, 193
Blunden, Edmund, 82
Boethius, 3
Bridges, Robert, 141, 157, 234
Bronte, Emily, 145
Browne, Sir Thomas, 96, 97, 104, 202, 239
Browning, Robert, 90
Bryce, Lord, 49
Bunyan, John, 103, 210
Burke, Edmund, 18, 41, 42, 163
Bury, J. B., 58
Butler, Bishop, 225

Campion, Thomas, 225
Carlyle, Thomas, 65
Chamberlain, Neville, 7
Chapman, George, 142
Chatham, Lord, 2o, 43
Chaucer, Geoffrey, 3, 206, 235
Chesterton, G. K., 57, 63
Clarendon, Lord, 238
Claudian, 23
Cleanthes, 200
Clutton-Brock, Arthur, 140
Coleridge* S. T., 78, 101, 122,135,165
Cowley, Abraham, 238
Cowper, William, 12, 139
Crabbe, George, 38
Curtis, Lionel, 48

Daniel, Samuel, 48, 203
Dante, 9, 187, 199
de la Mare, Walter, 80, 180
de Selincourt, Basil, 189
Dicey, A. V., 87

Disraeli, Benjamin, 31
Donne, John, 143
Drummond of Hawthornden, 4, 218
Dryden, John, 101, 190

Earle, Bishop, 229
***Ecclesiasticus*, 70**
Eliot, T. S., 241, 25o
Elizabeth, Queen, 17
Emerson, R. W., 88, 213
Erskine, Lord, 34, 54
Euripides, 51, 111, 247

Fielding, Henry, 84
Fletcher, John, 2 21
Foster, Sir Michael, 60
Froissart, 179
Froude, J. A., 176
Fuller, Thomas, 8, 105, 170

George V, King, 17
Gibbon, Edward, 165
Goldsmith, Oliver, 98
Greene, Robert, 230

Hale, Sir Matthew, 47
Halifax, Marquis of, 32, 75, 97
Hardy, Thomas, 162, 164, 184
Hazlitt,.William, 75
Henley, W, E., 143
Herbert, George, 207, 217
Herodotus, 30
Hesse, 116
Hobbes, Thomas, 27
Holmes, O. Wendell, 56
Homer, 109, 149, 157
Hooker, Richard, 95, 120

James, Henry, 79, 152, 181
Jebb, R. C, 113
Johnson, Samuel, 93, 99, 237,254
Jonson, Ben, 73, 98, 208, 211, 221, 238
Jowett, Benjamin, 46, 115, 159, 161, 175

Keats, John, 104
Kipling, Rudyard, 79

Landor, W. S., 64, 114, 228, 247
Lawrence, D. H., 216
Lincoln, Abraham, 29
Lucretius, 221

Macaulay, Lord, 171
McDowall, Arthur, 36
Machiavelli, N., 133

INDEX

Magna Carta, 31
Meleager, 14?
Meredith, George, 216, 25o
Mill, John Stuart, 55, 119, 142
Milton, John, 9, 51, 53, 109, 110**, 127, 139,** 193, 198, 209, 229, 251, *255*,

Mommsen, Theodor, 117, 222
More, P. Elmer, 252
More, Sir Thomas, 132, 158
Morley, Lqrd, 36
Morris, William, 70, 223,

Murray, Gilbert, 62

Napier, Sir William, 174
Newbolt, Sir Henry, 81
Newman, Cardinal, 44, 222
New York Times, The, 259

Oliver, F. S., 22

Patmore, Coventry, 4
Persius, 124
Petronius, 122
Pitt, William, 6, 84
Plato, 46, 111, 124, 197, 200, 204, 214, 231, 242
Plutarch, 39
Pope, Alexander, 35, 157
Propertius, 155

Raleigh, Sir Walter, 131
Rossetti, D. G., 173
Ruskin, John, 78

Santayana, George, 24
Scott, Sir Walter, 89, **135-, 220**
Seeley, Sir John, 21
Selden, John, 185, 209
Shakespeare, William, 8, 26, 42, 77, 93, 96, 105, 107, 119, 122, 136, 137, 141, 154, *158*, 175, 209, 216, 219,227,241
Shelley, P. B., 224, 256
Smith, Sydney, 85
Smuts, General, 24
Sophocles, 107, 113, 251
Southey, Robert, 173
Spenser, Edmund, 233
Statius, 150
Sterne, Laurence, 182
Swinburne, Algernon C, 13, 25, 114, 126, **144**

Tagore, Rabindra Nath, 11, **126**

Tennyson, Lord, 34, 171, 178, 2o5
Thoreau, D., 37
Thucydides, 27, 115, 161
Totted Miscellany, 253
Traherne, Thomas, 215
Treitschke, 136
Tucker, T. G., 39, 149

Verrall, A. W., 151
Virgil, 18, 91, 126

WaddeU, Helen, 183
Walton, Izaak, 227
Whitehead, Alfred, 67
Whitman, Walt, 184
Williams, Roger, *254*
Wordsworth, William, 13, ***65, 86, 90, 106, 118, 154, 167, 192, 223, 234, 240, 249, 255***

Zimmern, Sir Alfred,