

PASTIME PAPERS

by

Henry Edward
Cardinal Manning

LONDON: BURNS & OATES, LIMITED
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

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PASTIME PAPERS :

BY HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL MANNING.

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THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

THE thirty volumes which own Cardinal Manning as their author were accidents, rather than essentials, of his career. He was Archdeacon or Archbishop first, and Author afterwards. Other men may have professed a principle to turn an epigram, or have lived a novelist's hour rather than their own, or have composed a verse, as Byron did, to work off one neat rhyme. But here was a man who wrote a book because he had something to say, and because he did not think others would say it. Those thirty volumes of his were ranged in a row in the high bookcase at the very back of his chair in the inner room at Archbishop's House. The yellow calf binding in which they were dressed was, I think, the only luxury he ever permitted himself. The truth is, the pattern dated

from the days of the long library at Lavington; and he matched it, as each new work appeared, not without some fancy that this uniformity of outward aspect was a symbol of the continuity of thought which, as he constantly said, the books of early and late days contained within.

Yet these volumes of the Cardinal were anything but his playthings. They were not even among his recreations. And since he wrote, not for the sake of Literature, but for the sake of Religion, it is remarkable how happy, apt, and terse was his mere diction. A born speaker rather than a trained writer, he often repeated himself, yet always with some new felicity of phrase. I think he hardly ever rewrote a sentence in his life; he knew so well what he wanted to say, and the words that simply expressed it came to him so readily, that he made no research for phrases, and permitted himself no luxury of second thoughts. The theme itself did not make for that

popularity in the outer world which would assuredly have been his had he written on subjects more acceptable to the ready reader and the common critic. "I am afraid I have been very stupid all my life," he said, with mock penitence, a short time before his death, to one who expressed a regret that he was leaving no great legacy to the secular literature of the day: "and now it is too late to reform." This was when the publication of these very Essays was a plan. He entered into it with that gay alacrity which never left him: but it is significant that he did not live to see the volume which contained the only writing he had ever done as a pastime, and without a directly religious or philanthropic intention. "But *you* must be responsible," he said, "and you must write a Preface." That would have been an almost impossible task had he lived. Of all tasks in life it is the solitary one that his death makes easy.

Among his own people his literature was

less sought for than it would have been had not Cardinal Newman been the accepted scribe. For one his pen, and for the other his crosier—this was the ready method of reckoning the instrument by which each was to assert his different rule. Nevertheless, style for style, it is free to all who judge independently to see in Cardinal Manning's literary work a beauty which might have been so developed, had he sought to be a Man of Letters, that hardly any contemporary literature would have surpassed it in grave graces and scholarly refinement. Certainly his Lenten and Advent Pastorals had a dignity not to be found in similar compositions from other modern pens. And his talk, in his most intimate moments, had all the research, delicacy, and finish of phrase, of a man literary by temperament. His recreation, too, when he had any, was principally a reader's. He loved the Classics always. To a young Balliol friend entering on life he said: "An English gentleman should read Horace and ride to hounds."

It was when he went a long railway journey to speak on Temperance in the North, or to consecrate a Bishop in the South, or to pay an official visit to Rome, that he got his least interrupted hours for this kind of reading. Then his preference was for Wordsworth among poets, and among prose writers for Ruskin, whom he numbered in later years among his intimate friends. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Browning (whose poetry he did not master) he often met at the Athenæum Club, which at one time he visited nearly every afternoon, to see the papers and to peer into the last new book. Under the author of "Philip van Artevelde" he sat when Sir Henry Taylor was a high official, and the future Cardinal a junior clerk, in the Colonial Office. Among the first of the multitude of persons to be received into the Catholic Church by him was Mr. Aubrey de Vere, whose "Alexander the Great," and not his more poetical poetry, was His Eminence's preference.

Indeed, with the more intimate note in modern poetry he was not in touch: his habits as well as his training led him to other paths. Yet he did not ignore, after a vulgar fashion, what he could not follow and feel. He recognised his limitations, and he was at pains to make the prettiest speeches to authors whose work he knew to be sincere, though it was out of the range of his own appreciation, and therefore not a matter for his critical discussion. "You gave me a book which kept me awake, so I give you a book to send you to sleep," he said to a young poet, offering her at the same time his three volumes of "Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects."

His early volumes of Sermons, delivered in Archidiaconal days, are now scarce; he complained, with a pleasant satisfaction, when he saw them in second-hand book lists, that he could not afford to buy them at the fancy prices marked. Of his later works, his "Eternal Priesthood"—already translated through Christendom—will

longest remain a classic among the clergy for whom it was written ; and this is exactly what he himself desired. His " *Religio Viatoris* " was the only one of his books which was in the first instance issued anonymously—he did not get over his prejudice against the publication of a man's religious experiences in his own lifetime. He had a horror of even the appearance of egotism ; and when he read Marie Bashkirtseff's diary he seized upon it as a new proof that his horror was holy. It was this great and characteristic reticence about his own emotions and the processes of his thought, as distinct from the set conclusions at which he arrived, that explained to those who knew him best how it was that his personality was counted by the mass of his fellow-countrymen as a less appealing one than that of his contemporary, Cardinal Newman.

Yet it is not difficult, even in these Pastime Papers of his, to perceive what he did not display ; and to infer, from the

impersonal word, the intimate personality sheltered behind it. It is the voice of the great Archbishop out of office hours, the heir of all the ages, the classic contemporary, the immortal Man.

J. O.

PALACE COURT HOUSE,
LONDON, W
Christmas, 1892.

This seems to
be the best
order

ASCL

1. Honors
2. Consistency
3. Pride
4. Vanity
5. Popularity
6. Selfishness
7. Gossip
8. Down the estate
9. Critics.

HONOUR.

ETYMOLOGISTS have given up all hope of finding the root of this word. The Greek synonym is a long way off, except on the known rules of Etymology, that consonants may be changed and vowels go for nothing. This is strange enough in a word which, in some shape, is in all languages and in all mouths. The Greeks as a commercial people put it plainly, and call it "price." It was the value others set upon a man : not that which he set upon himself. The world is an appraiser, and not always a wise one. Nevertheless, it is shrewd in fixing what men are worth ; at least, in the long run. Many popular estimates last only for a season, and are gone. Some last for a lifetime, and then gently die out. Some live for ever. And some men, even after death, vindicate to themselves what was denied them in life, and live with an ever-spreading recognition in the memory of mankind. In this sense, honour means veneration,

love, gratitude, recognition of personal and public utility and service, and the like.

It is remarkable that though honour has many senses, it has not among them in other languages the special sense common in our own. Among the Romans, it signified the veneration of which we have spoken. There were many degrees of it, personal, civic, and religious. Divine honours lifted men to the gods. Triumphs, consulships, and ædileships were honours in civic life; estates and slaves in domestic or private life. To give honour, to pay honour, or to honour anyone, have all one sense; but that sense is not the sense we are seeking. Mr. A. asks Mr. B. to honour him with his company at dinner: and Mr. B. gladly accepts the honour. After dinner Mr. A. has the honour of proposing the health of Mr. B., which is drunk with all honours. All members of the House of Commons are for the time honourable. What happens when they lose their seat is not on record. They are no longer called so; and the name and the thing are so disjunctive that they may be so when they are not called so, and may not be so when they are.

Now, neither Latins or Greeks would have understood an Englishman when he said, "Upon my honour." They would probably have taken it for a household god. They swore abundantly by Jupiter and Bacchus, and Edipol and Cato, and Charon and Styx; but they had no such deity as honour. It is among us the adjuration of a man by himself. And this is no empty form. A priest swears, or affirms *in verbo sacerdotis*, because his priesthood is, or ought to be, the highest obligation, containing all that is sacred in his office and in his person. A knight pledged himself on the faith of a true knight, because to him falsehood was a moral death. When a man, then, says, "Upon my honour," he pledges himself by all that he is or has of truth, integrity, and dignity—that is, by his whole price, or worth before God and man. Here we come to the sense we are seeking. This honour is not the price that the world sets upon a man, but the price that he sets upon himself. When Shakespeare tells us that we ought to deal with other men not so much according to what they are as according to what we are, he says, "Treat them according to your honour;" that is, let

yourself, not them, be your measure. But it may be said that men set a very false price on themselves, and dream that they are what they are not. This subjective consciousness is often self-love with a peacock's tail. And none treat others more haughtily than those who have least worth in them. Nevertheless, the rule is true. Just as there is a vicious self-love, and a rational self-love, so there is a vainglorious self-consciousness, and a just consciousness of self. The first is inflated, unreal, and selfish ; the last is humble, real, and true. Of vainglorious self-consciousness we need not speak. If a man seeks for honours as the end of his actions, he becomes double. Even the good he does is not done because it is good, but because it will bring him popularity, or praise. This self-consciousness and reflection upon self is not to be found only in empty and unreal characters. Even greater and better men may be beset by it. But it is neither their motive nor their end ; it is as the cloud of dust which follows the wheels that are in motion. Self-consciousness will envelop minds that are actively good and true. It is their temptation

and their torment : if indulged, it becomes their vice; if resisted, it is their discipline of humility. For humility does not consist in an ignorance of truth. If a man is above the average height of men, he cannot help knowing it. If he is stronger than others, he learned it in boyhood, when youths measure strength. If he be skilful in games and sports, he cannot fail to know it. If he comes out first in contest of strength and skill, in body or mind, or in moral action, how can he be unconscious of it? Every day he is learning by an accumulating experience what is his lot and share in the gifts of Nature, or in the acquisitions of his own mental and moral life. He cannot be ignorant of it if he would. If his own inward perceptions were so dull, his eyes and ears would learn it by the words and dealings of those around him. All this creates in a man a sense of duty and responsibility. What was fitting in his youth is no longer fitting in his manhood, in his maturity, in his old age. What is fitting for others is not, therefore, fitting for him. Every lot has its own measures. This which to one man would be proportionate, to others would be too much or too little. Our

state is made up of a multitude of conditions or elements, some within and some without; the essential are within, the accidental are without. The whole sum of what a man is by nature, habit, acquisition, mentally and morally—together with his birth, state, name, possessions, office, and the like—all these make up the standard by which what is proportionate in each man may be measured. What in one man would be generous, in another would be narrow-hearted; what in one would be a fair advantage, in another would be exacting. A poor man may do many things which in a rich man would be out of all moral fitness. A man of low estate enjoys a liberty where another in higher estate must live in bondage. This does not mean that the one must die of dignity, or the other let himself down with laxities of speech and manners; but that there is a fitness and a proportion attaching to every estate, and to every man: and it is an instinct of common sense to perceive it, and to make it the measure of our dealings with others and with ourselves. This is what we mean by honour; and we feel at once the meaning of the words honourable and dishonourable: “Honour is as honour does.”

To draw out somewhat in particular what this honour means and does, we may give the following heads :

1 Honour makes a man scrupulously exact in keeping engagements and promises, explicit and implicit. It is large, generous, and prompt, going beyond the strict obligations of law and conscience. To be sordid or mean, tricky or sharp, would be more painful than any loss. Some men will fulfil what can be legally enforced, but nothing beyond. They may have incurred "debts of honour;" but if they are not claimed, they will not offer them; if they are forgotten, they will not pay them. If they have only raised the hope and expectation of poor people by vague hints of help, they feel no obligation to fulfil them. In making bargains, they take advantage of every circumstance known to them, unknown to the other. Short of telling lies, they will depreciate what they want to purchase till the price is paid down. "It is naught, it is naught, saith every buyer: and when he has gone away then he will boast." Some men, when they find too late that they have made an unwise promise to their own disadvantage, will

slip out of it. Honour will keep it, though it be to a man's own hindrance. Regulus promised to return to Carthage. He did not promise to discourage his countrymen.

2. Honour makes men faithful in keeping secrets, and therefore unwilling to receive them, for secrets are like red-hot ploughshares. Only saints can walk safely between them. To keep secrets under the cross-fire of questions and curiosities which harass the world is not easy.

3. Honour makes men magnanimous in forgiving and forgetting offences and ingritudes. It has a long memory for what is good and noble, and a short memory for what is evil and base. Petty spites, resentments, retaliations, mean revenges, secret animosities, jealousies, and malice in word or deed, are cast out of an honourable mind as if by exorcism. Men of honour deal with an especial generosity with those who have unworthily treated them. They treat them not as they deserve, but as they could least expect. It is honour's *lex talionis* to return good for evil; kindness for ill-will. The world calls it want of knowledge of men; but

honour is wiser than the world, and as strong as it is wise.

4. Honour makes men to be respectful to everybody, but especially to those below them in station, or education, or social advantages—such as the poor, or servants, or dependents in any kind or degree. It has no adulation for the great, and no loftiness for the lowly; but a sympathy with all that is honest and true, in serge or in broadcloth. It treats all men as kings' sons, recognising in them, through all the weeds of worldly inequality, the nature of man and its dignity; for "a man is worth what he is worth before God, and nothing more." And even the unworthy they will treat with a courtesy which more than the keenest words makes them conscious of their little worth. Honour acts honourably as light shines, by its own nature; and is the same to all, not because of what they are, but because of what it is in itself.

5. Honour carries men over all private ends and private interests, when the public good comes in. It was said of a great heathen that he was *indocilis privata loqui*: which may be rendered, that he could not be got to talk of anything but public affairs.

6. Lastly : honour inspires a certain indignation against all paltering with truth. It is impatient of equivocations, ambiguities, amphibologies, or white lies. It has so strong an affinity with truth, that it would rather speak out even untimely truths than be silent. Truth will always take care of itself. It may make confusion, and turn things upside down, like a shell falling into a square : but in the long run, the most veracious man is the most useful, and the most at peace even with those whom his veracity has offended. To mean what you say, and to say what you mean, wins even enemies at last. Honour never palters ; and even enemies are disarmed before it.

Now all this may be full of pride ; because, like Pharisaism, the best things may be full of self : and self, unless mastered, is full of evil. But honour may be only the consciousness of what is high, and right, and true, prompting always to what is higher, nobler, and truer both in word and deed : and that not for vain-glory, nor for self-interest, but for its own sake. There need be no pride in conscious rectitude : in the *nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa* of an upright man.

Thus far we have spoken of what honour does ; but we have not ventured to define what honour is. We will, however run the risk, and it may be the gauntlet of the wise who abound in this world.

It would seem, then, that honour is the perfection of the virtues of the natural order, as charity is the perfection of the virtues of the supernatural order. And we must believe that the superstructure will not stand firm unless the foundation be four-square beneath. Christian talk, and pious emotions, and imaginative visions of perfection and devotion, if they do not rest upon these solid natural foundations, easily ascend in a balloon and float away. The virtues of the natural order are : first, prudence, which knows and measures the proportions and fitness of states and actions ; secondly, justice, which gives to every one his right, and even goes beyond it : for justice is not only the doing things justly, but the doing them as a just man would do them, that is in motive, and measure, and manner ; the justice of the just man is not merely liberal, but beautiful and generous. After this comes temperance, which chastens, restrains and sub-

dues passions, affections, and desires of what is pleasant, soft and sweet to self in all its forms, so as to make men unselfish. And finally comes fortitude, which denies itself and suffers, and willingly sacrifices its own and itself for truth, justice, generosity, and the public weal. These four rise into what the old world called *virtue* which was equivalent to courage or fortitude in a heroic degree, crowning temperance, justice, and prudence with a sovereign strength of mastery. In the supernatural order, this would be charity, the bond of perfectness, and the fulness of fortitude in self-oblation and in martyrdom.

CONSISTENCY.

A CONSISTENT man is one who is true to himself, unchanging and always the same. To call a man consistent is to praise him, because consistency is always, or at least is properly, used in a good sense. To call a man inconsistent is to blame him, and to imply a kind of practical untruthfulness, instability, weakness, or proneness to be swayed by influence or by interest. Aristotle says, that men can be good only in one way, but bad in many ways. Consistency, therefore, is the sameness of good men; and inconsistency is the mutability of bad men, or of men not wholly good. To say that a man is consistent in evil or wrong, is to liken him to a very dark original.

In its etymology, consistency means coherence, as by an intrinsic law which hold things together, or by which a man holds himself together. The Greeks called such a man "a four-cornered man," a square man; as Tennyson says of the Iron Duke, that "he stood

four square to all the winds that blew." But the Latins called him, *totus teres atque rotundus*—a round man. They called everything square except the moral nature of men—letters, verses, speeches, and even the body, but not the mind. We use both metaphors; for we describe perverse misgovernment as "putting round men into square holes, and square men into round holes."

Now, consistency is a virtue; but it may be a vice and a disease.

As to the virtue of consistency, it implies that the character of a man has been formed round a central truth with which the continuous accretions of habit intimately cohere; or rather from which, as from the heart of an oak, all the rings in its growing bulk steadily expand. To a man brought up in truth, philosophical, moral, or religious, consistency—if he be sincere—is of easy acquisition. His whole mind is formed upon a centre which can never be moved. And the fixity of this first law of his life gives to his moral action what an axiom gives to intellectual speculation—that is, a steady, unchanging rule. But

consistency is chiefly an acquisition of the will. Men are often intellectually very great, and morally very little ; for intellectual greatness depends chiefly on the brain, and moral greatness on the will. But no amount of will can make a character consistent, if the brain be contradictory or inconsequent. A scatter-brain never goes twice by the same path ; he straggles and loses himself in contrarieties ; and is always doing what Hotspur wished to do, "divide himself and go to buffets." Nothing can be willed which is not first known. It must be an object of the intelligence before it can be a subject of the will ; for to will is a deliberate and positive resolution of intelligence and volition united. It is this deliberation and union of intellectual and moral powers that forms a consistent life. Some men have by nature clearer brains and stronger wills than others, and they start with advantage over other men.

But, after all, consistency is an acquired habit, and of slow growth. What, then, are the conditions necessary for its acquisition ? Right and fixed principles of faith and morals ; sincerity, as against all equivocations and pretences ; sim

plicity, as against all eager running after many things ; singleness of aim, as excluding fear or fondness for the world and its good word or will ; with contentment in the peace of a good conscience. Add to this high temper enough not to seek for popularity ; temperance enough to resist the fascinations of flattery and admiration ; and fortitude enough not to evade a painful duty, or to draw back in a conflict for truth or right. Such a character will steadily grow into a consistent whole, and into perfect harmony with itself. What it is within, it will be without. What it appears without, it will be within. Its words are its thoughts, and its thoughts and words are equivalent, and its acts are at one with both. It is the same always, in every place, in all societies of men. It receives no stain or colour from them, but leaves its own marks, or even its full impressions upon them.

We may be asked : Who ever came up to this ideal ? Many, we hope ; but it is not easy to give examples, except from a sphere which is out of the reach of us common men. Let us come lower down. How few men carry to the end of life the opinions or the character with

which they begin. For instance, the younger Pitt, after long years of large and popular policy in his first administration, ended by resisting all reform in his second. Sir Francis Burdett, who began life as a Radical of dangerous vehemence, died an old English Tory. Sir Robert Peel, after opposing Catholic Emancipation and defending the Corn Laws, ended by emancipating Catholics and abolishing the Corn Laws. Mr. Gladstone began as a Church-and-State Tory. How he will end, who can tell? He has disestablished one Church, and may have to disestablish two more. And for his Toryism, Mr. Bright is his godfather. Lord Beaconsfield is charged with beginning as a Radical, and ending as a Tory. Nevertheless he never passed through the mutabilities of other great men. Now, inconsistent as all these outwardly seem, there may be a thread of continuity by which their ending may be united, by the admission of a new premiss, with their beginning; and their ending may have a legitimate lineal descent from their outset. A man is not inconsistent who, upon good reason shown, changes his conviction and his course. Rather he would be inconsistent if,

seeing the rational evidence for change, he were to refuse to change his mind. Some men are like an army resting on its base, firm and immovable. You can foretell what they will do. Others are like a flying column, of whose movements and direction you can make no forecasts. They may be consistent all through, though appearances are against them, as they who, from first principles and elementary truths, work out the whole science of secular or sacred truth, its unity, harmony, and fulness. They have never changed, or been inconsistent with themselves, or with their past. They have but expanded with uniform growth, and filled up with consistent acquisition the whole outline of knowledge or of faith.

So far, consistency is a virtue. How can it ever be a vice? The word in itself has no exclusive meaning either of good or bad. Like *meritum* in Latin, it is neutral. But in what way can fixity of conviction, character, or conduct through a long career, be a vice? Whenever any man resists the reasons which justify or demand a change, he is inconsistent with the primary law of truth. If, then, he has been

consistent with his reason and conscience until then, he is inconsistent with his former self now. If he has not been consistent with these laws of our moral being in the past, he is consistent in his insincerity. And such consistency is a supreme vice. To be consistently at variance with the light of reason and with the dictates of conscience, is to be hollow, false, and immoral. When we call a man unprincipled, we mean that he is an anarchy in himself. There is no law, rule, government, or authority to sustain him in doing right, or to restrain him from doing wrong. As interest, passion, or temptation takes him, so he becomes. He is not his own master. The consistency of a bad man is consistent badness ; and of a false man, is consistent falsehood. It is the uniformity of a bad life, and uniform persistence in evil is the highest reach of vice.

But we may hope that such men are few. There is, however, a consistency which is a disease. Some men will never do anything which they have never done before. It would be inconsistent with their past ; it would be out of keeping with their ideal. So it would be if a

Chinese tailor, as we are told, should make a new coat without patching the elbow—the Celestial Empire having never seen an aboriginal sleeve. There is a pedantic uniformity about some people, especially of the prim and proper school of goodness, which is a sort of moral red-tapism. “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,” is the rule of their life ; and they set themselves against the incursion of inventions, improvements, and useful discoveries, howsoever good, because they are new, and inconsistent with the uniformity of their past habits in life. To this amiable pertinacity we owe many interesting survivals of old ways, suggestive of a high antiquity, and picturesque, but deplorably inconvenient—such as obsolete spelling, Gothic inscriptions, and the glacial curfew which, in spite of the thermometer, extinguishes fires after Lady Day.

PRIDE.

PRIDE is defined to be an inordinate desire of our own perfection. A desire of perfection is not only consistent with humility, but it is a part of it ; for humility makes a man unconscious of any good in himself, and awakens in him a desire for the perfection which he believes himself not to possess. But, if this desire be inordinate, it is contrary to humility and to reason, and it vitiates the motive of the desire, turning it from good to evil. Perfection is then not desired for its own sake, but for our own sake ; that is, for the honour, or for the advantage, or for the pre-eminence, or from the glory which may return from it upon ourselves.

By perfection is meant the highest excellence of any particular kind. And these kinds are many.

First, there is religious perfection, and spiritual pride that inordinately desires it. But this would lead us into the realm of Theology, and among details hardly in place

in these pages. We may dismiss it speedily, by calling up a Pharisee as witness against himself. People, when they wish to murder the reputation of a neighbour, call him a Pharisee, meaning thereby a hypocrite, a sham, a whited sepulchre. But there were good Pharisees as well as bad. There were men among them of strict life and of rigorous exactness. So far as we know, some were men both upright and just ; but, for the most part, they were spiritually proud, and separated themselves from other men as from the leprosy. This has given to the name an evil sense. But we must bear in mind that all were not equally bad ; that some may have been only incipiently bad. The disease of Pharisaism had its beginning, its growth, and its final stage. In its beginning, they may have been like many among us, with the average faults of self-contemplation, self-complacency, vigilant criticism of other men, which ends in a quick sight of the faults of others, and a blind unconsciousness of their own. This is the Pharisaism of the new law ; for there are Pharisees now as there were Pharisees then. But we will leave this sub-

limer form of pride, and come down to mother earth.

We are told that pride has seven sons, an unpleasant family and bad neighbours. By name they are Vainglory, Boasting, Ambition, Presumption, Hypocrisy, Stubbornness, and Contempt of others. These all spring from one root, and are the first degree in the family tree. In passing, we may say that Vainglory and Vanity are not the same. Vanity may be vainglorious about nothing, for vanity is emptiness; but pride is not empty, and its vainglory consists in the contemplation with complacency of its own excellence. All other sins are multiplied by doing evil. Vainglory alone is fed by doing good. It is called vainglory, not from the absence of matter, but from the disease of self-contemplation, which turns what would be a glory into shame.

Some men are proud of that in which they have had neither merit nor share; as for example, in birth and inherited titles of honour. Aristotle says that the offspring from such men as Pericles tend to stupidity; and the offspring from such as Alcibiades to madness. Yet, no

doubt, their offspring were as proud of their ancestors as they were unlike them in public service or in private worth. There is, however, in this pride something not to be reproved. It restrains men from base actions, and it impels them not only to good, but to the higher forms of goodness. *Spartam nactus es, Spartam exorna.* You were born in Ireland or in England; adorn it with all your might. St. Paul said that he was "a citizen of no mean city." His consciousness that he was "born free," gave him an independence of spirit in the face of danger. This was what men call an honest pride, founded on the providence of God.

There is another kind of less exalted pride, which we call "purse pride." It is irrational enough to be proud of what we are; but how much more to be proud of what we possess? The man must be very poor in brain and heart to be proud of his banker's book. His one superiority to his neighbour is, that he can spend more money. He may have less mental resource and less moral refinement than his own gamekeeper. At school he was a dunce; at college he was an idler; in life he is a trifler;

in all things he is a dolt. He is neither ornamental in private life, nor useful in public. But he is rich ; and he feels as if, standing on his money-bags, he were head and shoulders above other men. It is happy for him if he does not become selfish ; unfeeling to those who suffer ; and hard-hearted when they cry to him. Few men are both rich and generous. Fewer are both rich and humble. Wealth, unless controlled by moral elevation, generates a mind of its own which is lofty, isolated, and if not contemptuous of others, unconscious of its own mental and moral inferiority to those whom it consciously looks down upon.

There is also what is called "the pride of life." We feel the meaning of these words, but find it hard to define them. Perhaps the clearest notion of them is this : Vigour of mind, health of body, exuberance of vital power, prosperity in the world, satisfaction with self in the past, complacency with self in the present, and confidence in self for the future. Independence of all control, and self-sufficiency in judgment and in action. All this makes up a

habit of mind which becomes a worship of self ; and that is the apotheosis of pride. It is pride upon its throne. This kind of pride is sometimes found in men whose moral life is correct so far as the world can see. It is a revived Paganism.

But such examples are rare. Self-worship is rarely found without self-will ; and self-will is the source both of license and of violence. The will is its own law and its own law-giver, license is its legislation, and violence its executive. Such characters cease to be simply human. They become preternaturally evil, and at last diabolical. Pride, if resisted, becomes aggressive ; if defeated, it becomes malicious ; and when put to shame, it becomes shameless. A proud man standing at bay against the moral sense of men is a terrible sight. It is a perversion of manhood which rises to the sublime of evil, and attracts to itself a kind of popular *cultus* ; for "Satan is sometimes to be honoured for his burning throne."

But we will come down to common life again. What is "pride of intellect" in men otherwise good ? It means that a man believes or fancies

himself to have greater intellectual powers than his neighbours : and enjoys the reflection. He takes delight in making others feel it : and relies upon his superiority to carry all before him. But the highest powers are generally unconscious. It is no sign of intellectual greatness to hold other men cheaply. A great intellect takes for granted that other men are more or less like itself. Intellectual assumption, pedantry, despotism, and pomposity are no evidence of great powers. A certain doctor of this kind was described as "a peacocky sort of man." Such men have always their tails spread. In heraldry they would be blazoned as a "peacock in pride." Great intellects are tolerant of the slowness and mistakes of others. They conceal themselves. Intellectual pride inflicts itself upon everybody. Where it dwells there can be no other opinion in the house. Such a man is what the Romans call a *Decretalista*. His judgments are final under pain of ignorance, or incompetence, or both, recorded against all who differ from him. But here we must end.

The difference, then, between vanity and pride is evident. Vanity makes mischief among

men ; but pride makes havoc. Vanity may commit follies ; but pride commits sins. Vanity can be safely laughed at ; but pride is to be always feared : and if offended, is terrible in its wrath. By pride angels fall : and by it no man can rise.

VANITY.

THE old Greek and Roman world was no fool, after all: and its moral discernments are manifest in its metaphors. In Athens, a vain fellow was called "porous," or "hollow;" and vanity was porosity or hollowness. In Rome he was called empty, and vanity was emptiness—as of bladders, bubbles, wind-bags. The metaphors are precise. For windbags may have great diameter and an imposing magnitude; so may bubbles, and so may bladders. But after all, they are only emptiness in a skin, or in a film, or in brown paper.

The first notion, then, of a vain person is emptiness. There is nothing in him. The second is pretension. He passes for a solid, being only an outside. Prick him with a pin and he collapses. Berkleianism, then, is older than Berkeley. Solomon was a Berkleian: for he said, *Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia Vanitas*. The world is emptiness, and the mother of all emptiness; a mere film with prismatic colours;

and that, not even in itself, but in the sensorium, deluding our brain.

If, then, the world be mere emptiness in a film, let us be kindly to vain people. Surely emptiness is harmless and breaks no bones. Are not empty people the true children of this universal emptiness? Much may be said for them. They are for the most part innocuous: not always, indeed; for a vain man may rush on his own destruction, destroying others for his own vainglory. They are also at times amusing—for their strange levities: but they are also saddening, for they lessen the dignity of human nature.

Vanity always has some ideal before it; some excellence which it desires to possess. And if it does not possess such excellence, it desires to be thought to possess it. Therefore, vain men are not often found among the poor: for the poor are seldom self-conscious enough to have ideals. Nor are they so often found among the highly educated; for none better know what they do and what they do not possess.

Both these classes may be proud, which is a graver and more masculine fault, springing by

no means from emptiness. But of this we cannot speak now. Vanity is the besetting sin of the half-educated—of those who have read enough to have ideals. Of ideals there are many kinds—saintly, heroic, political, literary. Some men dress up to an ideal; some see themselves in it as in a glass. But as they have not trained themselves enough to be what they wish to be thought, they “make believe,” as we say. At first, the interval between what they are and their ideal gives them an uneasy consciousness when others praise them. After a while, the sweetness of praise soothes their uneasy consciousness. They come to take it as a matter of course, and are hurt if it be not given to them.

We cannot divide vanity into the vanity of men, and the vanity of women; for vanities are strangely interchangeable. The most feminine vanity may be found in men; and the most masculine in women. We must class them as the higher and the lower vanities.

The higher kinds are the vanity of high birth, of old descent, of friendships with the great, of natural facilities of speech, of education, of superficial knowledge of many books, or of lan-

guages and sciences, of superiority of influence, of authority conceded or gained, of success in competitions, or in literature, or in dexterous management of men and things, and the like.

The lower kinds are the vanity of wealth, in all its manifold ostentations; the vanity of personal form, or appearance in its endless self-admirations; the vanity of self-posings and self-deceptions; and the vanity of superiority among inferior minds, or among men of a lower grade in culture, or character, or way of life. Some cannot endure the presence of those who are, in any way, higher than their own intellectual or moral stature. They are restless till they can escape into the society of those who do not dwarf them. Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king; and among those who know little, a smatterer is Sir Oracle.

We have said that some vanities are amusing, some are painful, and some pernicious. We will take examples.

As to the amusing vanities, they are to be found among the newly rich, if they put off the simplicity of their poorer days. It shows itself chiefly in an exaggeration of everything: in

extravagant furniture, gaudy colours, ultra fashions, demonstrative finery, noisy civilities, a hunger for invitations, and in overdoing all things. Such people are generally good-hearted, inobservant, unconscious of the thousand eyes they draw upon them, and of the kindly ridicule with which they are continually singled. This is true also of those who, having thirsted for Grosvenor Square, have at last found themselves admitted to the great world. It is too much for them ; their brain reels, and they worship it with a worldiness not to be found in inveterate worldlings. The fragrance of it goes with them everywhere, as the smell of incense betrays a sacristan ; and it makes all the lower world to know that they are visitants from a higher sphere. We are not sure that this is always amusing to country cousins, or poor relations. It is reserved for the entertainment of those whom they would least of all desire to see laughing at their expense. Nevertheless, it is a harmless vanity which would not break a precept of the Church nor hurt a fly.

The painful vanities are not so harmless. It is not diverting to see men or women make

themselves a spectacle to all eyes by vanities of dress, manner, speech, tones, articulation, gestures, singularities, and perceptible self-consciousness. How many men might be widely useful and really great, if they would be simple ; if they had before them no ideal but the world of duty, seen in the light of conscience, and by an eye that is single? How many women make themselves unpleasing in society, a disappointment to their friends, intolerable to their servants, and repulsive to inferiors, by personal ostentations which incessantly force all beholders to remember that they have been better educated, or are better dressed, or better looking, or of nobler clay than other people? But there are worse vanities than these. Some men will never ask for information, because it implies that they do not know. To tell them anything they did not know before, they take as a personal injury. They criticise everything off-hand, instinctively oppose everything, contradict everything, and correct everything, as a higher tribunal revising the errors of ordinary men. They make the little they do know go for a complete know-

ledge ; and what they do not know, cannot be true. Sometimes the bubble is pricked by a false quantity, or by a misquotation ; and a cloud of irrelevant words, like the ink of a cuttle-fish, covers their retreat. These things take off the freshness and tranquillity of human life. Such vanities are painful, but not fully pernicious.

There are, however, vanities pernicious to private and to public life. Many a man has wrecked himself and his home by an overweening confidence in his own dexterity in business, management in affairs, and foresight in speculations. His vanity blinded him to his own incapacity. He was wise in his own conceit, and would listen to no advice. Bad as this is in private life, it is worse in public. The ambition of proud men will often save their country. It is real, solid, and energetic. But the ambition of vain men is voluble and improvident. It stirs up passions which it cannot govern, and lets loose torrents on which it is itself carried away. A proud ambition cares little for popularity. It will not seek it. It will hardly bend to receive it. A vain ambition

courts it by every art, and spreads every sail to catch the least breath of popular applause. In seeking it, vanity commits itself in every word ; it gives pledges which it can never redeem ; or which, if redeemed, bring ruin on the country. So also in war. A vain commander despises his enemy, and ventures on rash attempts. Nobody has succeeded before, or never with so small a force ; but then, there was never yet so great a commander since Julius Cæsar, or such an exploit as this since the battle of Rosbach. Vanity will play ducks and drakes even with the lives of men. But we are beginning to moralise, and will therefore make an end.

POPULARITY.

ARISTOTLE says, that if a just man should ever come on earth, he would be out of place or outlandish. He would certainly not be popular. This takes for granted that the multitude is not just. The Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called "the just": and they banished him. This, again, implies that the popular opinion of Athens was impatient of a just man. He was to them an eyesore, and a heartsore. If such was the state of the most civilised people of the old world, it is clear that to be popular among them would be no sign of moral elevation. The most popular among them were the Cleons and the Demagogues, who pandered to their injustice. Père Gratry has left on record that the Sophists have come back upon us; that is, the school of mental distortion which maintains the truth of intellectual contradictions in the same categories of time, circumstance, and relations. Happily, this school is narrow, for it is unintelligible; but we fear that the

Demagogues, too, have come back upon us in force, for we have many Cleons, both of high and low degree, who hunt popularity with insatiable thirst. Popularity means many things. It means the having the goodwill of the people at large, or their admiration, or their kindly feeling, or their confidence. These are four distinct kinds of legitimate popularity. But such popularity can be gained only by good men, great men, benevolent men, or wise men. There are many kinds also of spurious popularity, which are soon gained and soon lost, for they are founded on nothing durable. The Lion or Lioness of the season is popular: and most adventurers have their day. So also have popular orators, popular preachers, popular singers, and popular diners out. But this is a popularity which is confined to classes and sections, or to the upper ten-thousand at most. It comes and goes; it rises and falls, and in the end it goes out like a rushlight, leaving little that is pleasant behind it.

There are many ways in which men seek popularity. The Greeks called certain popularity-hunters "pleasers"; or, as we should say,

“complaisant.” They tried to please everybody. The Romans called them “assenters” because they were of the opinions of everybody they met, and contradicted nobody. This is perhaps the original meaning of an “agreeable person”; that is, one who agrees with everybody in everything. St. Paul calls these “men-pleasers.” And moral theology teaches us that an interested obsequiousness descends from Simon Magus, and after him is called the simony of the tongue. All this bird-lime to catch popularity seldom catches much. Men that have no opinions of their own have no convictions; and without convictions it is not possible to have much will, or perhaps any conscience. These human chameleons have no colour of their own. They put on and put off the hues and tints of those they live with, or talk to. They hunt for popularity, but are never popular; they are tolerated in society, but are never trusted. In the midst of such men it would be refreshing to come across Dr. Johnson’s “good hater”: for to be open in friendship and hatred the philosopher says, is a sign of magnanimity.

Another way of seeking popularity is by a studied art of conversation. A man, who was rather a good than great man, has left behind him a journal, in which are noted the subjects he had prepared to talk about when he dined out. Sydney Smith described another leading man of his time as a "diner-out of the first water." Such men win a certain popularity in private life. They are amusing companions; and they make less intolerable the greatest of human depressions, which are called "dinner parties." And yet the popularity of such social talkers has its limits. For, it is an axiom in the science of talk that good people are dull. They never backbite their neighbour, nor retail gossip, nor hint scandals, nor embitter private malignities, nor reveal the skeleton in the closet of other people's homes, nor ridicule their infirmities, nor even their virtues, nor spice their talk with words of double meaning. Half the flavour and stimulant of their talk is lost; it becomes flat and insipid, for it is never personal, never malicious, and always charitable. Such men are to most people somewhat heavy in hand; they are provokingly good, and a check upon the social

license of speech. They are decidedly not popular.

But, if we pass from speech to action, we shall limit still more the range of popularity. There are some good and humble men who escape through life, as the Greek sage counselled, unobserved, before men are aware they have lived and are gone. Such men can be neither popular nor unpopular, because they are unknown. There are others of a nature so passive, that all men who have to deal with them leave in turn their impression on them. They are in the power of the last speaker; and you can often tell with whom they have been talking from the turn of their thoughts, and almost from the tone of their voice. Such men, again, are not substantive enough to be popular or unpopular. There is no taste in the white of an egg.

Again, there are others who cannot help knowing their own minds, and saying what they mean, and meaning what they say. They are too impatient to waste words, too high-tempered to be insincere, and too intent on what needs to be done to deal in ceremonies. The Italians

would call them *irruenti*, because they make ugly rushes at men and things. Such people are apt to expect a good deal from others, because they take for granted that everybody ought to aim above themselves. They are somewhat exacting, outspoken, and aggressive. They work and make others work. They are not unkind, nor unsympathetic; but they are like fast walkers, who make their companions to amble and to trot, sometimes to their discomfort. St. Augustine says that it is a duty of charity for those that can walk fast to walk slow; for they can do that; but the slow walkers cannot keep up with their pace. Such men are not popular; but others come to them in trouble, though they stand off from them in fair weather. They are like what are called red-hot soldiers, exact and punctual in discipline and spirit, troublesome companions in peace; but they are the men to whom all turn in the battle. Nevertheless they are not popular; for they suit only those who understand them and have the same aims. To others they are distinctly disagreeable. In this easy-going, jovial, unscrupulous world they are always saying or doing some-

thing that spoils the sport of the careless, and sometimes alarms the conscience of the guilty. If the majority of the world were just and upright, temperate and generous, then to be popular would be the countersign of all these moral excellencies in the man whom the majority reveres. But if the majority of the world be the reverse of all these things, then we can readily understand the words: "Woe be unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." In truth, he that seeks popularity will never reach it; and he that thinks nothing about it will find it come to him unawares. A popularity-hunter betrays himself and spoils his trade. His attitude and pose are self-conscious; as the Americans say, "like his own statue put up by universal subscription."

The most popular man in life is sometimes of little repute after he is gone; and the least popular now, in this world of conflict, come out in history with a veneration unknown before. When Sir Robert Peel opposed the first Reform Bill, he was about the most unpopular man in England. When he abolished the Corn Laws he was the most popular in the homes and the

hearts of the English race. Mr. Bright has for thirty years enjoyed the popularity of a Tribune ; yet his name was hissed not long ago. If either of these statesmen had sought for popular applause, their name would not go down in the history of England as leaders and benefactors of the people. Unpopularity is the fate of those who know how to stand alone and to leave their mark upon other men. But time rights the momentary wrongs of those who cannot be swayed by the fickle breath of popular applause.

SELFISHNESS.

GERMAN philosophers distinguish all things into two—*Ego*, and *Non Ego*: I, and Not I: or Self, and Not Self. This seems to be a needless cudgelling of the brains: for the world has been full of this dichotomy from the day after the Fall. It needed no Fichte to tell us. It begins in the nursery. To have the food it likes, and not to take the physic it does not like; to be first served, first thought of and incessantly petted and spoiled: this is the first working of the *Ego*. There are some children who can talk of nothing but themselves and their own playthings. And there are parents who make playthings of their children, and encourage their talk of self, little thinking of the life-long mischief and haunting misery they are laying up in the child's *Ego* and for every other *Non Ego*. Such characters grow up obtrusively selfish in every advance of age, and in every condition of life. They are habitually self-conscious; that is, self is always uppermost in their mind. They

think that everybody is looking at them, noticing them, watching them. They can do nothing simply ; in tone, and manner, and gait, and talk, they are always in *falsetto* : they can never forget themselves. If they sing, they are thinking of how they sing, how they look, what people think of them. If they talk, they forget what they have to say, in thinking of how to say it. They are thought to be affected. But affectation is the deliberate putting on of something which is not natural. This self-consciousness is a second nature, and is not affected or put on. It is like the shirt of Nessus, which clings so close that it cannot be put off ; or, in truth, it is a kind of possession : a self within themselves : a double consciousness, in which self reflects itself like the face in a room of many mirrors, which reflect and multiply the person. This is one kind of selfishness which is its own dire torment.

Another form of selfishness is what we call self-seeking ; that is, whatever we do or say is always foreshortened against self. Self is behind it in some form. Men go into trade, to enrich themselves ; or into public life, to raise themselves ; or to the Bar, to distinguish themselves.

All this is downright straightforward and perceptible. It is in some degree their avowed motive, and the world does not blame them. But there are more refined ways of self-seeking. Some people will do little good in secret, but lose no chance of doing what has notoriety. They are profuse in consoling sorrows that are well advertised, and in doing services to those who in turn can do more for them. It is a dangerous thing to accept gifts: for two days after come requests. Sudden and unlooked-for acts of generosity are often very expensive, and cost us much in the end. Such friends have been approaching us by parallels, and investing us by zigzags.

Successful men who go on through life, in steady advance from post to post of trust, or power, are generally thought to be selfish, and to have made self-advancement their end in life. It may often be so, but not always. Adventurers who without antecedents, or fitness, or congruity of state aim at advancement, may reasonably be thought to have self in view. But, it often happens that a man's whole career is contained in the first step: and that step is

not only not determined by self-seeking, but by a reluctant sense of duty. A man enters a marching regiment, and is sent on foreign service : after long years of mountain warfare in India, he comes home to be sent off again and suddenly to fight with Zulus or Boers. His seniors in command are cut off by fever, or shot down in battle ; he has to lead his regiment under fire, and his services bring him to a chief command. Nobody accuses such a man of ambition. The same is true of the Bar, and of Parliament, and of other callings. He may have been seeking himself ; but he may have been seeking only to do his duty with all his conscience, and to serve his country with all his strength. They who seek themselves in any profession, rarely do either of these things. They have great rewards for little service ; and are known rather for what they gain for themselves, than for what they do for the good of others. They have prospered ; but the welfare of their country has not advanced.

In these days, it is assumed that every man ought to aim at the highest degree of self-culture in letters or science or personal excellence : and

in this it is thought that selfishness has no place. But the definition of pride is an inordinate desire of one's own perfection. Perhaps there is more of selfishness among men of culture, than in other ways of life. They readily combine into mutual-admiration societies. No men are more sensitive, eager, and jealous, than those who give their names to inventions, or stake their reputation on discoveries, or identify their reputation with theories of criticism and of metaphysics. Their warfare is internecine, neither asking nor giving quarter. If their discoveries turn out not to be new, or their invention to be already found out, life is over. Their *raison d'être* has ceased. Why should they live, if we do not descend from apes or spring from bathybios ; or, if we have a will ; much more, if matter does not think ; and still worse, if men have souls ? So much for science ; but for personal excellence, can any man cultivate himself too much ? No man can indeed cultivate charity, humility, self-forgetfulness, unselfishness, too much. The more he does so, the less of self will remain in him. But then he will cultivate himself, not for

himself, but for duty, and for shame at his own lower life. To such a man, admiration of himself, and assumed superiority over others, will be morally impossible ; because he never dreams that he is even on a level with other men, and always believes them to be better than himself. There is no self here. But, he may indeed cultivate himself with the intensity of a Brahmin, receding steadily from humility, charity, and self-forgetfulness, and becoming daily more occupied with his own perfection, more critical of the faults of others, and more full of a priggish excellence which is self-conscious, human, and pharisaic. This is what is meant by self-worship.

Once more, there is now springing up among us a new and perilous kind of selfishness, which consists in a love of refinement, art, and beauty. It is attractive and fascinating, sentimental, and sensuous, soft, and self-indulgent. It shows itself in fantastic dress, exquisite manners, costly furniture, studied selection of food and drink, ease of life, avoidance of trouble, self-sacrifice, self-denial. Such men live among their fellows with a refined hardness of heart,

a stony selfishness, feeding on ambrosia while death reigns over mortals, like the gods of Epicurus.

We can only give one more instance of selfishness. There are those who weep away their lives in self-pity. Everything goes wrong with them : everybody disappoints them : everybody is unjust to them : everybody is cruel. Nobody sympathises with them. They are not appreciated in society ; and least of all at home ; and worst of all, they have to suffer from the strange want of common kindness in their nearest kindred and their oldest friends. Does it never occur to such mourners, that as they so crave for sympathy, they ought to give it ? And that because they give so little, they cannot perceive that self in them is so enlarged that it hides everything, even itself, from their sight ? If only they would forget themselves for twenty-four hours, they would be exorcised of a *cacodæmon*.

How rare, and how beautiful is the self-forgetfulness of the poor, and the simple, and the single-hearted, who look out of their eyes upon all around them without thought of their own

existence ; who do what is right, because it is right, and what is kind for kindness' sake, conscious of the sorrow and sufferings around them ; bearing their own in silence, thanking God that they are neither more nor heavier ; and losing all thought of self in the duties of the day, and in the unselfish service of all who need them.

GOSSIP.

“NOBLEST things find vilest using.” And certainly it is a rigorous destiny that Gossipred should have come to signify one of the worst of social vices. There is something venerable in the pious confabulation of godfathers and godmothers over caudle-cups and postle-spoons : but there is something murderous in the conspiracy of Gossips. It may be that the christening of an infant may have usually let loose a flood of small talk, and volumes of charitable hopes that the son may be better than his father, and the daughter less intolerable than her mother. This mixture of detraction and prophecy is the original sin of gossiping : and it has descended with rapid propagation to all races and languages among Christian men.

There are many varieties in the Gossip kingdom. First, there is the Harmless Gossip, who, being good-hearted but empty-headed, talks incessantly in a kindly, bird-witted, scatter-brained way of all sorts and conditions of men. Such a one cannot talk of subjects scientific,

literary, or historical, for he knows nothing about them ; nor of things generally, for he is habitually unobservant ; but his whole talk is of persons. What such a one has done, is doing, is about to do, would do, or will do : and what such another has said, or is saying, and so on, through all the moods and tenses : how Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as a supralapsarian, but has gone over to the social democracy : and how no Duchess of Sutherland would ever have in her wardrobe less than 144 pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of which cost twenty-five guineas : how Sir Wilfrid Lawson in early life tried to be a Dominican, but was sent away because of his hard drinking and contagious melancholy. Such gossips are, however, as free from guile or malice as they are from common sense or discernment of what in men or things is credible, probable, or possible. Nothing comes amiss to them. Gossip they must, by a second nature. If they have anything to say, they will say it : if nothing, it is all one : they buzz on amiably, *sicut chimæra bombitans in vacuo* ; amiable buzzing creatures, the bluebottles of social life.

There is next the Unconscious Gossip, who repeats all he hears to all he meets, with no greater perception of the fitness of time, place, or person, than he has of colours in the dark. What somebody told him he tells to everybody; mostly to the person who ought last to hear it, and whom it most concerns. The unconscious gossip is an adult *enfant terrible*—a sort of *pétroleur* or *pétroleuse* on a large scale, sprinkling society with petroleum, believing it to be as harmless as salad-oil. Such innocents have not even the vice of curiosity. They have not sufficient perception of either the eternal or the transient relations of things to excite curiosity, or to make them conscious of the social explosions, earthquakes, conflagrations they are daily causing. The law against arson ought to be extended to such unconscious incendiaries. Their only plea at bar is; “Who could have ever thought that the man I met in the train was accused of the crime or afflicted with the unhappiness of which I told him? I did not even know who he was.”

To these must be added the Professional Gossip. This is a kind known to the Clubs.

He knows everybody ; is particularly intimate with the people you are talking of ; he saw them yesterday ; or is going to dine with them, to meet the Russian Ambassador, to-morrow. He puts no handle to any man's name : they are his familiars and clients, patients, and penitents, Lords, Commons, and Lions. They all consult him ; tell him everything, do nothing without him. He was called last night after twelve o'clock by telegram to Hawarden Castle or to Alnwick, but was not able to go, being sent for from Buckingham Palace. He knows the outline of the Bill of the Session ; and how many Peers will be made to carry it ; and who are to be made Peers. Such gossips have one fatality. Their prophecies never come to pass ; and of their secrets, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. Each day wipes them out ; but they are like tales of fiction, a pleasant excitement for the moment. Such gossips are not malicious. They are too well pleased with themselves to bear ill-will. A quarrel, or even a duel now and then, they may create without meaning it ; but they make it up by sacrificing themselves, which costs them nothing, and they begin again the old trade with new capital.

But Gossipdom has inner *bolge* or circles less innocuous. As we enter further, we encounter next the Malignant Gossip. Of this kind there are two sorts—men who murder the reputations of others, and women who throw vitriol over it. They have an ear always wide open to catch all evil that is said, truly or falsely, in the world. Their ears are spread in the dark, like the nets of bat-folders: nothing escapes them. It is enough to be ten minutes in a room with them, to see the rent in every man's coat, or the wrinkle in every woman's temper. As a sponge sucks in water, so these malignant gossips draw in, by affinity, all malignant histories. They have, too, a laboratory in the brain, and a chemical acid by which all that is malignant is at once detected, and drawn out for use in a concentrated form. Such men are man-slayers: for to a good man and an honourable man a fair name is dearer than life. And such women are domestic *vitrioleuses*, more guilty than the male malignities, as the nature and dignity of woman is mercy, tenderness, and compassion. The distortion of their nature is therefore more intense.

There remains one more kind—the Men-

dacious Gossip. We put him last, not because he is necessarily worse, but because he makes more havoc, and provides, both willingly and unwillingly, weapons and vitriol for the use of the malignants. For such gossips by no means are always conscious or intentional liars. They have gasping ears, and itching tongues, and wandering wits. They are never sure of what they hear, and never accurate in what they repeat. They magnify, and multiply, and put carts before horses, and all things upside down, first in their own minds, and next in their histories. They would not misrepresent if they knew it, nor do mischief if they were aware of it; but all their life long they do mischiefs of lesser or greater magnitudes. They are not false, for they have no intention to be untruthful; but they are not true, for a great part of what they say is false. With all their good intentions they are dangerous as companions, and still more dangerous as friends. But there is another kind of mendacious gossip, who knows that he is inventing, inverting, exaggerating, supplementing with theories and explanations of

his own, the words and actions of other men. The Italians call such a man *uomo finto*. He is a living fiction ; and all he touches turns to fiction, as all that Midas touched turned to gold. He is reckless of the name, and fame, and feelings, and dignity of other men, having none of his own : and he is hardly conscious of the pain he inflicts, though he would still inflict it even if he could feel it himself : for in him the malignant and mendacious gossip meet in one brain—and a miserable brain it is. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. Self is our worst scourge.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because, beyond a combination of lines, lights and colours, it has no existence. So we may say that a newspaper is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day, or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs, and writes, and rewrites, and lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it, and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy, and do not read; many read half, and never finish; many read and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small; and its fate is the shelf, dust, and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle

will read it, and so plain that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dullness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast, and dinner, and supper. It becomes a voice, and spreads wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible, and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle, voices are only heard in a church or in a lecture-room ; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, whithersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet." It is the nearest approach to the living Voice which is universal. After the Voice of the Church comes the voice, or rather the voices, of the newspaper press. They are clamorous, discordant, defiant, worldly, evil, and often godless.

Cicero, in his description of an orator, draws out the picture of a man of universal culture. Somebody said of a Lord Chancellor, a great orator, in the last generation, that if he had known a little law he would have known a little

of everything. The Rector of a College tells us that the "highest outcome" of certain studies in Oxford "is the able Editor." Under protection of the anonymous press, such authorities instruct the public upon all that concerns their highest interests, with a dogmatism and an assurance proportioned to their ignorance of the subject they are assuming to teach. In the Schools of Oxford, he says, is now taught in perfection the art of writing "leading articles." *Non meus hic sermo.* No one but a Head of a House could write this under pain of vivisection. An Editor, therefore, may be a dogmatic teacher, and a destructive critic, as majestic as Jupiter Tonans, and as mischievous as a Whitehead torpedo, proportionally to his ignorance. We prefer Cicero's description of an orator, or even the malicious photograph of Lord Brougham.

An Editor's task is very onerous, and its moral duties are very grave. His office is rather that of a ruler or judge than of an author or of a professor. For any man to be master of all the topics which fill a newspaper is impossible. Whewell could write on most things, from a

Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences to a History of Chinese Music ; but the *Times* of to-morrow will contain heterogeneous matter which no one man can profess to know. Book learning is not enough. Contact with life, and knowledge of men, a watchful noting of events, and a discernment of the signs of the political horizon, are necessary for any one who would think for his contemporaries, and speak to those who cannot think for themselves.

An Editor, moreover, needs the impartiality of a judicial mind ; and all the more inasmuch as he speaks, like the Homeric deities, out of a cloud. Anonymous writing is a dangerous trade. Few men can resist the temptation to write under a mask things which they would not say with open face. It is perhaps necessary that there should be an anonymous and "viewless" Judge, sitting in an unseen tribunal, who may watch over the *minora moralia*, the lesser moralities of life, of which legislation and the Courts of Westminster take no cognizance, because they can enforce no jurisdiction. But it is a dangerous tribunal, and may become like the Secret Societies which tell off assassins to

destroy. Unless an Editor be upright, just, and forbearing, he may be used to violate the laws of charity and justice, and to break in upon the sanctuary of private life. The ravenous appetite for personal gossip which makes havoc of society is passing into the Press : a sure sign of a lowered tone among those that read. For no man would write what no man would read : the demand invites the supply, and the supply stimulates the thirst for detraction.

But there is one more quality of the judicial mind needed for an Editor. It was said of a living statesman that his mind was like the proboscis of an elephant. It could pull up a tree, or pick up a pin. An Editor has to judge of the relative magnitudes and values of articles, and letters, and critiques, dear to their authors as Aristotle says children always are to parents ; and, as we may add, often in the measure of their deformities. It was said of S. Francis of Sales that his way of rejecting a request was so winning that he gave more pleasure when he refused what was asked of him than when he granted it. People rather liked it. Clearly S. Francis of Sales never edited a newspaper, and never had to deal with disappointed authors.

But to pass from Editors to Readers. What a newspaper reader is, it is hard to say; for there are as many kinds of readers as there are of fishes—from a shark to an octopus. First, there is a division on the principle of taste. For instance, there are some who will ravenously read everything but the advertisements. There are those who will fastidiously read the advertisements, and nothing else. There are the monied men who read the City article only, and do not know what Dulcigno is; and others who carefully read the Police reports, as the chief events of the times. Some unwisely read and believe all that “Our Own Correspondents” write, especially the “News from Rome.” This, however, is a small class, chiefly of elderly ladies, and expositors of the Apocalypse. Others, again, revel in Coroner’s inquests, in the dearth of new novels. We remember an inexperienced young man who was sedulously reading out to Lord Stowell the latest political news, till he was stopped by, “Can’t you find me a good murder?” Some readers buy a *Times* at Euston Square when starting for Inverness, and are found next morning at day

break still devouring it. Finally, there are those who converse only with the great spirits of Olympus who breathe to us in the leading articles ; and a large class who revel in the outer darkness of personal scandal and all uncharitableness.

The next division of readers may be made on the principle of discernment. Some believe everything their newspaper tells them ; and some, to show their superior information, believe nothing. The former is a large and amiable class, dying out, we fear. " How can you doubt it? I saw it in the newspaper." This was a peaceful race who lived out of the strife of truth and falsehood, of fact and fiction. What did it matter to them? If it was so, it was so ; if not, not ; and their daily life was all the same. These are the readers chiefly to be found in rural homes. The world goes round daily, and they with it ; but they feel no motion, and believe it to be at rest. The latter class are less happy. If S. Augustine is right in defining faith to be a *pius credulitatis affectus*, then the superior incredulity of those who know that the newspapers are always wrong must be distinctly

impious, and in no way soothing to the mind. In truth, such readers lose all the placid enjoyment of slumbering over their newspaper. They cannot settle and draw honey from its harmless fictions. It is life and death to them to be trumpeting and stinging like gnats, consigning the whole staff, from the able editor down to the folders, to the limbo of idiots. This hyperdiscernment is a misery to the gifted owner. He robs himself of many a gleaming and tranquilising vision, which allays irritation of the brain, and is after all as true as the greater part of the telegrams which now rule the world. If we say that the great Tempter who has seduced mankind into an impious incredulity of what newspapers tell us is Baron Reuter, we do so with instant reparation to avert action for libel—that is, if the Baron be really extant in the flesh. We take him to be a mythical personage: the God Pan of the Newspaper world, at once everywhere and nowhere, as changeful as Proteus, and as little bound to truth. During the Russo-Turkish war, telegrams were dated from every point of the two strategical positions. But they all came from Vienna. They were identical in

words, but they appeared next day in all the party colours of Russophiles and Turcophiles—*frontibus adversis pugnantis*—as they had been made up for the various palates of the opposite worlds of readers.

And this touches a sensitive part in the great empire of newspapers. It is not the supply that creates the demand, but the demand that creates the supply. And here we find that at least an editor has many masters. It is bad enough to serve two. Woe to the wight who must content many. If he does not cater to their taste, or their discernment, or their curiosity, or their fancies, they can starve him. Picture to yourself Count Ugolino starving in an editor's room. It therefore seems to us that a newspaper reader is a formidable dispenser of life and death, like the householders in Edinburgh, who had the right of gallows in the back courts of every tenement.

ABOUT CRITICS.

A CRITIC is a Judge : and more, he is a Judge who knows better than an author how his book should have been written, better than the artist how his picture should have been painted, better than the musician how his music should have been composed, better than the preacher how his sermon ought to have been arranged, better than the Lord Chancellor how he should decide in Equity, better than Sir Frederick Roberts how he should have pursued Ayooob Khan, better than the whole Cabinet how they should govern Ireland ; and far better than the Pope how he should guard the deposit of faith. This, no doubt, needs a high culture, a many-sided genius, and the speciality of an expert in all subjects of human intelligence and action. But all that goes for nothing with a true critic. He is never daunted : never at a loss. If he is wrong, he is never the worse, for he criticises anonymously. Sometimes, indeed, the trade is dangerous. A well-known author of precocious literary copious-

ness, whose volumes contain an "Appendix of Authors quoted" almost as long as the catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, was invited, maliciously we are afraid, to dine in a select party of specialists, on whose manors the author had been sporting without license. Not only was the jury packed, but the debate was organized with malice aforethought. Each in turn plucked and plucked until the critic was reduced to the Platonic man—*animal biceps implume*.

Addison says, somewhere in the *Spectator*, that ridicule is assumed superiority. Criticism is asserted superiority. Sometimes it may be justified, as when the shoemaker told Titian that he had stitched the shoe of a Doge of Venice in the wrong place. Sometimes it is not equally to be justified, as in the critics of the Divine Government of the world, to whom Butler in his "Analogy" meekly says that, if they only knew the whole system of all things, with all the reasons of them, and the last end to which all things and reasons are directed, they might, peradventure, be of another opinion.

There are some benevolent critics whose life is spent in watching the characters and conduct of

all around them. They note every word, and tone, and gesture : they have a formed, and not a favourable, judgment of all we do and all we leave undone. It does not much matter which : if we did so, we ought not to have done it ; if we did not, we ought to have done so. Such critics have, no doubt, an end and place in creation. Socrates told the Athenians that he was their "gadfly." There is room, perhaps, for one gadfly in a city ; but in a household, wholesome companions they may be, but not altogether pleasant. These may be called critics of moral superiority. Again, there are Biblical critics, who spend their lives over a text in Scripture, all equally confident, and no two agreed. An old English author irreverently compares them to a cluster of monkeys, who, having found a glow-worm, "heaped sticks upon it, and blowed themselves out of breath to set it alight." We commend this incident in scientific history to whomsoever may have inherited Landseer's pallet and brush, under the title of "Doctors in Divinity," for the next Royal Academy.

This reminds us of the historical critics who have erected the treatment of the most uncertain

of all matters into the certainty of science, by the simple introduction of one additional compound, their own personal infallibility. The universal Church assembled in Council under the guidance of its Head does not, cannot, and what is worse, will not, know its own history, or the true interpretation of its own records and acts. . But, by a benign though tardy provision, the science of history has arisen, like the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, to recall the Church from its deviations to the recognition of its own true misdeeds. Such higher intelligences may be called and revered as the Pontiffs of the Realm of Criticism.

We are warned, however, not to profane this awful Hierarchy of superior persons by further analysis. We will, therefore, end with three canons, not so much of criticism as of moral common sense. A critic knows more than the author he criticises, or just as much, or at least somewhat less.

As to the first class: Nothing we have said here is *lèse majesté* to the true senate of learned, patient, deliberate, grave, and kindly critics. They are our intellectual physicians, who heal

the infirmities of us common men. We submit gladly to their treatment, and learn much by the frequent operations we have to undergo. If the surgeon be rough and his knife sharp, yet he knows better than we, and the smart will make us wiser and more wary, perhaps more real for the time to come. There is, indeed, a constant danger of literary unreality. A great author is reported to have said : "When I want to understand a subject, I write a book about it." Unfortunately great authors are few, and many books are written by those who do not understand the subject either before or after the fact. The facility of printing has deluged the world with unreal, because shallow, books. Such medical and surgical critics are, therefore, benefactors of the human race.

As to the second class, of those who know just as much as the author they criticise, it would be better for the world that they were fewer or less prompt to judge. The assumption of the critic is that he knows more than his authors ; and the belief in which we waste our time over his criticisms is that he has something to add to the book. It is dreary work to

find, after all, that we have been reading only the book itself in fragments and in another type.

But, lastly, there is a class of critics always ready for anything, the swashbucklers of the Press, who will write at any moment on any subject in newspaper, magazine, or review. Wake them out of their first sleep, and give them something to answer, or to ridicule, or to condemn. It is all one to them. The book itself gives the terminology and the references, and the quotations which may be re-quoted with a change of words. We remember two critiques of the same work in the same week: one laudatory, especially of the facility and accuracy of its classical translations; the other damnatory for its cumbrous and unscholarlike versions. The critic of the black cap was asked by a classical friend whether he had read the book. He said, "No, I smelt it." This unworshipful company of critics is formidable for their numbers, their vocabulary, and their anonymous existence. Their dwelling is not known; but we imagine that it may be not far from Lord Bacon's House of Wisdom, the inmates of

which, when they “come forth, lift their hand in the attitude of benediction with the look of those that pity men.”

COURAGE.

IF we were to say that the men of Merry England are courageous, would not all nations say the same of themselves? But if the men of Merry England were not courageous, England would have ceased to be merry long ago. Herodotus tells us that the Mysians were not courageous; and that to be conquered by Mysians was the lot only of cowards. The "prey of the Mysians" was a proverb and a reproach. It may be doubted whether the Mysians were a merry people. If they were unwarlike through luxury, softness, and effeminacy, they certainly were not merry, for mirth is the joyousness of high and manly natures; and such natures are only courageous. Let any man travel through Midland England, full of waving cornfields, pastures watered by brimming streams, where cattle are grazing and sheep are feeding; with its green woodlands, its bright and busy towns, its peaceful and sheltered homesteads; and after filling his eye and his

thoughts with these visions of fruitfulness, quiet, and security, let him call to mind Landseer's two pictures in the National Gallery, of "Peace" and "War." Our chalk cliffs looking down calmly on the blue sea, and the groups of children and lambs, with flowers, and the rusty dismantled carronade, tell the secret of Merry England. The cottage in flames, its casements shattered, the vine, and the honeysuckle, and the roses torn from the walls, the dying horse, and the dead soldier in the beauty and power of youthful manhood, all grouped and crushed into one gaze of horror, tell what Midland England might be to-morrow if Englishmen were not courageous. It is not easy to say when England became merry, or why it got the name. There were certainly periods of its history, and long tracts of time, when there could have been but little mirth in England. There was little mirth when, as Carlyle says, our Saxon forefathers of the Heptarchy were cutting each other into meat for cows and kites, nor when the Danes ravaged the Thames and the Humber, nor in the reign of the Red King, nor of King John, nor in the Wars of the Roses, nor

when Henry VIII. was King ; when, then, did its merriness begin, and why was it merry? It is not easy to say.

But it is not hard to say what would damp our mirth and quench our merriment. We are told that there are cities and plains in Germany which have never revived since the Thirty Years' War. The cities have not been rebuilt, and the battlefields bear no corn to this day. No foreign foot has trodden down England for ages. Nor can it, if we be true to God and to ourselves. If we fail in either of these fidelities, nothing, however unimaginable to our boastfulness and self-confidence, may not come upon us in an hour. Our fidelity to God consists in acknowledging Him as our Lawgiver and our Supreme Judge: our fidelity to ourselves will consist in the courage of our people. What, then, is courage? The Greeks had two names for it: the one signifying the completeness of all virtues, and yet signifying also the one virtue of courage; the other signifying exclusively the specific quality of courage. Both these words were derived from roots which signify the masculine character or manhood. The Romans

called it virtue, which also has two senses: the one describes the completeness of personal excellence: the other expresses the special excellence of boldness and fortitude. Here again the root is the conception of man and manhood. But none of these are equivalent with courage. They signify chiefly bravery and boldness in encountering danger in war, or fortitude in bearing pain and suffering. This is rather a physical quality of fearlessness and endurance, such as the ages of rude conflict and constant warfare elicited and trained in chiefs and warriors. The root of courage gives to it a deeper and higher sense. It is a word of later origin and seems to belong to the Latin race.

The Italians call it *Coraggio*, or greatness of heart; the Spaniards, *Corage*; the French, *Courage*, from whom we have borrowed it. And we understand it to mean manliness, bravery, boldness, fearlessness, springing not from a sense of physical power, or from insensibility to danger or pain, but from the moral habit of self-command, with deliberation, fully weighing present dangers, and clearly foreseeing future consequences, and yet in the path of duty advancing unmoved to its execution.

In the Greek and Latin worlds the idea of power and force predominated ; in the modern, the moral greatness of passive immobility and inflexible constancy prevails over the lower conceptions of force and fortitude. The highest conception of fortitude is weakness conquering by suffering, and power conquered by inflexible endurance of pain and wrong. And this can never be achieved by the strength of the arm, or by the insensibility of the brain, but by the greatness of the heart. Courage is not a muscular but a moral virtue. The great Exemplar is divine : this has changed the ideas and the language of mankind.

Courage, then, is a quality of the heart. We say, Be of good heart, to those who are down-hearted or faint-hearted. It is a matter of self-command. It may be acquired by discipline, and it must be sustained by the will. This is not so with physical courage. They who have it have no need of encouragement, and they who have it not, by no encouragement, as we say, can be made courageous. A strong body is sometimes united to a weak mind, and nothing can cast out its fear. But a weak body united

to a strong mind may carry all before it. The coward in the Clan Quhele was beyond all reasoning. Fear reigned over him. This panic fear is involuntary. The will cannot control it. It is a disease of the moral and physical nature. The word "apprehensive" is often used as equivalent to fearful, because the mind is quick to apprehend or to perceive all the dangers of the present, and to foresee all the dangers of the future. Courage does not consist in ignorance of danger, nor in undervaluing the risks before us, and the power of our antagonists. It carefully measures all dangers and calculates all risks, and is inclined even to suppose them greater than they seem to be, and yet, after all, it calmly gathers itself up to await the shock, or even to go onward to meet it.

The noblest examples of this which the world has ever seen, were those who in every age have laid down their lives for their faith. They were not only men hardened in warfare or in public life, but the gentlest and meekest and most yielding in all other things. They were also women of every condition, simple and refined ; or they were boys manly in faith, or

girls with a martyr's constancy. In all these it was the fortitude of the heart, calm, collected, inflexible. The martyrdom of St. Peter, St. Lawrence, St. Sebastian, have been reproduced in St. Thomas of Canterbury, Cardinal Fisher, and the martyred Bishops of Japan. The martyrdom of women and of children, as St. Catherine, St. Agnes, St. Pancratius, have been renewed in the poor missionary sisters and their catechumens, who died for the Christian faith in Corea and in China. This is the courage not only of heroes but of saints, and we look at it afar off. Yet its elements are the same in every age—that is to say, a clear conscience, a sense of duty, and self-command. A clear conscience, or a conscience that has no blot to hide, is the first condition of courage.

“ Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.”

“ Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infested minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.”

Men may have the desperation of Macbeth ; but desperation is not courage, for courage is full of hope and conscious rectitude. Even physical courage fails when moral courage is palsied ; for

physical courage is only a weapon which moral courage wields. There must next be a sense of duty, the mission of an apostle, the fidelity of a Christian, the loyalty of a subject, the chivalry of a soldier—all these and the duty of each in the manifold lot and conditions of life, create an end for which to live and die.

Add to these the habit of self-command. Courage consists not in the absence of fear, but in the subjugation of fear. Some of the bravest of men have had the most intense perception of danger, and the most sensible apprehension of its fatal consequences. But fear has not swayed them to the right or to the left. They have not swerved from the direct path into the dangers which they both foresaw and feared. The agitation of the nerves and the beating of the heart, and the trembling of the frame are no signs of cowardice. The brave man and the coward are alike in this, that both feel this passive physical emotion. But the brave and the coward differ in the result. The brave man conquers his fears, and the coward is conquered by them. A Spanish king was reproached for trembling before a battle. He

said, "My body trembles at the dangers into which my spirit will carry it." The highest courage in a soldier is said to be the standing still under fire without returning it. It is the self-command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forlorn hope, there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of self which comes from it. But to stand under fire, still and motionless, is a supreme act of the will. Such also was the wonderful obedience of the men who, on the deck of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, stood shoulder to shoulder in line while the ship was sinking. All was over, effort was useless, disorder would only hasten the end. To submit in the perfection of order and obedience was the highest moral act, implying submission and the supremacy of duty. Such is the courage of soldiers and seamen. It is a military courage in war with armies or with storms.

Courage is also signally shown in the exposure of life for the saving of life from danger of fire or water. Every fire brigade has its roll of heroes and of deeds well done in daring the violence of the fire. And no nobler record

of human courage the world has ever known than is written down every year upon our shores in the life-boat service. In both these kinds of courage the physical and moral courage are united and sustained in the highest degree. It seems invidious to compare when such heroic bravery reaches the highest point; but the prolonged resolution of buffeting for hours to and fro on a tempestuous sea demands a self-command not for a single act of daring, but for a continuous energy of fearless self-sacrifice which can hardly be equalled by any transient actions howsoever heroic. In heroism both are equal: in continuance they must be unequal.

Another form of courage is political—that is, to withstand public opinion, and the *civium ardor prava jubentium*. There are men brave in war who shrink from popular animosity. Some statesmen go down the stream; others are always breasting it, and going up against the tide.

The greatest moral cowards are demagogues. They flatter the people and float along upon the prejudice or ignorance of the majority. They are afraid of going against it, for fear of losing

its favour or its good-will. Their whole career is a *simonia linguæ*, a courting of popularity, and a purchasing applause by words of adulation and by the suppression of unpopular truths which they ought to declare and to defend.

There is also a special courage needed for defence of moral and religious truth in these later days. The world does not rack the body. But it has moral racks and Little-ease in refined perfection. Some men in these matters are always on the unpopular side, always in opposition to popular prejudice; not from crotchets or perversity, but because they see beyond their day, or discern dangers not as yet perceived, or have inherited truth of which others have been robbed. They cannot be silent for the truth's sake. The love of their country compels them to bear their witness. The blindest treatment they receive is to be treated as dreamers, enthusiasts, or soft-heads. They are told that they have no logic, that their arguments are beneath contempt. This is the talk of the wiseacres who are always many and always infallible. But there is no great trial of courage here. There are heavier and sharper in store for every man who opposes

popular opinion in defence of unpopular truth. It is a light kind of courage that fails before ridicule, and yet some men otherwise strong are weak enough to desert both truth and justice for fear of ridicule. Every witness for truth must expect St. Stephen's lot. He will be pelted with stones by offended pride, arrogant prejudice, disappointed ambition, defeated scheming. If a man can stand under this fire without returning it, he is a good soldier of Truth ; and Truth is a good captain, who always wins at last.

Are we then a courageous people ? What form of courage for the faith or for the battle-field is wanting in Ireland ? What self-command and inflexible persistence in duty can surpass the courage of the people of Scotland ? What shall an Englishman say of the people of England ? We may leave it to our enemies to answer for us. We are well abused, and criticised, and railed at by foreign nations, but no one has ever said that Englishmen are cowards. They tell us that we are slow and never ready, over-confident, and wanting in the sharp look-out which prepares for danger ; that we continually pay dear for our dullness and want of foresight, but that after disasters,

and in spite of an almost stupid improvidence, we pull ourselves together, and break through the greatest straits and losses. This is not the bearing of the Mysians. It will be enough for us to make another answer, and that answer shall be a question. What has built up the British Empire? In one word, the courage of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, the inheritance of the courage of Britons and Celts, and Saxons, and Scandinavians, and Danes, and Normans. These races have left their mark upon the world. Of our British forefathers, Shakespeare says :

“ Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at.”

So much for the Britons. Aristotle says of the Celts, that they feared neither “ earthquakes nor waves.” We have been lately told that the British Navy is the heirloom of Scandinavian sea-kings, that Nelson was a Viking with a Scandinavian patronymic. The Saxons, a conquering race on land, were not seafaring, and it needed three sea voyages to gain an earldom. Of Danish hardihood and Norman conquest we have

had proof enough. From such a confluence of courages, as Shakespeare would say, we might well look for an Imperial race. The conflicts which have made England, Ireland, and Scotland one, are a long record of courage in all its kinds and degrees. It is energy and hardihood of heart and will that has added the plantations of America, the Islands of the West Indies, the Dominion of Canada, the Colonies of South Africa, the Continent of Australia, the Islands of New Zealand and of Ceylon, and the vast Empire of India, stretching east, west, and north over 250,000,000 of men. This structure is not the work of weak hearts or feeble hands. The Egyptians boasted that no free-born Egyptian laboured to rear the Pyramids ; we might boast, if boasting were not a sign of folly, that none but free-born men have reared the British Empire. It is a great edifice, built up by centuries of manhood and intelligence, and force of will and sustained energy. It must be acknowledged with shame that fraud, and cruelty, and injustice have tarnished its beginnings. But as it now subsists it is a reign of law and of justice. Individuals in civil or mili-

tary authority may abuse their power, and have abused it ; but the Empire is a work not of the will of man, but of a Will that overrules all human wills, and binds them in the path of His Supreme Wisdom. It is not only the massive-ness of the world-wide structure which is full of wonder, but this Imperial power has perched itself, as it were, on crags, on coigns of vantage, which by their smallness show the greatness of the power they represent—Heligoland off the coast of Germany, Jersey off the coast of France, Gibraltar on the very soil of Spain, Malta in the straits of Italy and of the East, the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, Borneo in Polynesia, Hong Kong in the Chinese Empire, what are all these but tokens of the self-reliance of a great and courageous people ?

“ No jutting frieze
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed.”

Take once more the Indian Empire. We came as deliverers of the millions of Hindoos from the Mahomedan yoke. We have 150 sovereign Princes under our Imperial sway. They were in old times in perpetual and inter-

necine war. We have imposed the Pax Britannica. They were in constant civil wars of succession, in which every one of Royal blood, with true Oriental policy, was in turn destroyed by the pretenders and usurpers of the sovereign name. We have reduced the succession to a judicial award. We found the reign of arbitrary will ; we have imposed the reign of law. The natives acknowledge that our sway is at least even and just. We do not as an Empire inflict domestic wrongs, which is more than Englishmen can say of their foreign or even of their English Kings. If we have not done more, we have at least established a sway and rule of the natural law of justice and mercy. If this were withdrawn for a moment the old anarchy would rush in upon the old chaos, with all the multiplied powers of destruction with which we have armed it. We have not made India Christian ; but we have lifted it in the scale of human civilisation. Empires do not convert men to Christianity ; but under the material structure of the Imperial power of Rome, the Apostles and their successors created a Christian world, and under the world-wide Empire of

Britain a new Christian world is rising to repair the ruin of the old. This is not the work of a race without a courage which is masculine, grave, and fearless in its effort, but calm and bright, and merciful and merry, like the song of its legions and its sailors, its reapers and its little children in the green hamlets of the heart of England.

This great Empire is one link in the chain which draws out the history of the world. It is our responsibility and our day of visitation. If we have not the courage to keep it up, we shall deserve the shame of cowardice if we give it up. And in the day in which we betray our trust to the millions under our sway, the energy which goes out of England, and Ireland, and Scotland, will find no training-ground for high and just deeds in civilisation, and, if the stern necessity arise, in warfare. Our expansive powers, if checked, will fall in upon themselves, and become turbulent, and insular, and selfish. Empires spring from an Imperial race, and generate an Imperial mind. England will cease to be merry, if it ever be shut up in its own four seas, as Holland is ditched in by its dykes.

Even the click of the spinning jenny will slowly die, and the voice of England will be saddened. A clear conscience and a sense of duty and self-command make a great and Imperial people, and in the homesteads of such a people there will be no fear, but peace and justice, confidence, courage, and mirth.

THE DÆMON OF SOCRATES.

AT THE OUTSET I must plead guilty to a misnomer, for which, however, I am not responsible. It has become a tradition to speak of the Dæmon of Socrates ; but I hope to show that the term is without warrant and incorrect. The Dæmon of Socrates has been treated so often, and by so many authors, historians, philosophers, and critics, both in classical and Christian times, that I, at least, cannot hope to say anything new upon it. I may, however, review the judgments of others, and then offer what seems to me to be the true interpretation of this singular fact in the history of philosophy.

It will, I think, be found to be no mere intellectual eccentricity, no mere superstition, still less an unmeaning record of Greek history, but a fact in the psychology of the greatest philosophical mind of the ancient world, full of significance for us, and throwing much light upon the analysis of our moral nature.

The life of Socrates extended over a tract of

seventy years, that is from 469 to 400 B.C., and embraced the most critical and splendid period of Athenian history. During his lifetime, Athens rose to the height of its imperial hegemony over the states, and islands, and colonies of Greece; at the time of his death its decline was already far advanced. It was the period of final victories over the Persians, and also of the Peloponnesian contests. In his day the Constitution of Athens passed from its aristocratic period to the conflicts of democracy and oligarchy, which completed its fall. In Politics, it was the time of Pericles, and of the statesmen formed by him: in Philosophy, of the Hylozoists, the Atomists, and the Metaphysical or Theological Philosophers so ably described by Professor Blackie; and also of the Sophists: in Poetry, of Sophocles and Aristophanes; and in Arts, of Phidias.

In the midst of all these splendours of imperial greatness, intellectual culture, excessive refinement, luxurious self-indulgence, public and private immorality, Socrates arose as a cross-questioner of men, a seeker after moral truth, an example and a teacher of temperance and

justice. There is something majestic and melancholy in his account of himself, and of his mission, as he declared it in his Apology before his judges. He was accused by Meletus and Anytus of corrupting the youth of Athens by philosophical paradoxes, and of introducing new gods, or of denying all gods. In answer he spoke as follows: "If you should say to me, 'O Socrates, we will not believe Anytus. We will let you off; but on this condition, that you no longer go on with this questioning and philosophising; and if you should be caught again doing this, you shall die.' If, as I said, you should acquit me on these conditions, I should say to you, O men of Athens, I reverence you and I love you, but I shall obey God rather than you. As long as I breathe, and am able, I shall not cease to philosophise, and to exhort you, and to demonstrate (the truth) to whomsoever among you I may light upon, saying, in my accustomed words, 'How is it, O best of men, that you, being an Athenian, and of a city the greatest and noblest for wisdom and power, are not ashamed to be careful of money, studying how you can make the most of

it; and of glory also and of honour: but of prudence, and truth, and of the soul, how you may make the best of that, have neither care nor thought?' And this I will do, to young and old, whomsoever I may meet; both to alien and citizen, and, above all, to the men of this city, inasmuch as you are nearer to me in kindred. For this is the command of God, as you well know: and I think that no greater good ever yet came to the State, than this service which I render to God. For I go about doing nothing else than to persuade you, both young and old, to be careful in the first place neither of the body, nor of money, nor of anything so earnestly as of the soul, how you may make it as perfect as possible. I tell you that virtue does not spring from money, but that from virtue money springs, and all other goods of man, both to the individual and to the commonwealth. If, then, to teach these things be to destroy our young men, that would be mischievous in me indeed. But if anyone should say I teach anything other than these truths, he speaks falsely. Moreover, I say, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, and whether

you let me go or not, I shall never do anything else, even though I were to die many times.*

“Do not clamour, O Athenians, but abide by the request I made to you, that is, not to clamour at what I am saying, but to hear me. For you will be benefited, I believe, by hearing me. I am about to say to you some things, at which, perhaps, you will cry out ; but I pray you not to do so. For you know well, if you should kill me, being such a one as I say I am, you will not hurt me so much as you will hurt yourselves. Neither Meletus nor Anytus can any way hurt me. This cannot be. For I do not think that it is ever permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse. Perhaps, indeed, he may kill him or drive him into exile, or disfranchise him ; and these things perhaps he and others may think to be great evils. But I do not think so ; much rather the doing that which he (Meletus) is now about—the laying hands on a man to kill him unjustly, is a great evil. But, O Athenians, I am far from making now a defence for myself, as some may think ; [I am

* *Apologia Socratis*, s. 17. *Platonis Opp.*, Vol. I. 114. Ed. Stallbaum, Gothæ, 1858.

making it] in your behalf ; lest by condemning me you should in anything offend in the matter of this gift which God has given you. For if you should kill me, you will not easily find another man like me, who, to speak in a comic way, is so precisely adapted by God to the State ; which is like a horse, large and well-bred, but from its very size sluggish, and needing to be roused by some gad-fly. For so it seems to me, that the God has applied me, such as I am, to the State, that I may never cease to rouse you, and persuade and shame everyone, fastening upon you everywhere all day long. Such another will not easily come to you, O men of Athens ; and if you listen to me you will spare me. But, perhaps, as those who awake in anger before they are strong, you will, at the instigation of Anytus, kill me at once with a slap ; then you will end the rest of your life in sleep, unless God shall send some other gad-fly to be mindful of you. But that I am such a one, given by God to the State, you may know from this fact. It is not like the way of men that I, now for so many years, should have disregarded all my own concerns, and

should have endured the neglect of my own domestic affairs, and should have been ever busied about your interests ; going about to each of you privately, as a father or an elder brother, persuading you to be careful of virtue. If indeed I had derived any enjoyment from these things, and for these exhortations had received any reward, there would have been some reason in it. But now you yourselves see that the accusers, charging me as they do, without shame, of other things, of this at least have not been able to bring a witness against me ; as if I had ever exacted or asked any reward. I think, moreover, that I adduce a sufficient witness that I speak the truth—I mean my poverty. *

“ It may perhaps appear strange that I should go to and fro, giving advice, and busying myself about these things in private, but that in public I should not venture to go up (i.e. to the Pnyx) to give counsel to the State before your assembly. But the cause of this is what you have heard me say often and in many places ; that a voice is present with me—a

* *Ibid.* s. 18 p. 118.

certain agency of God, somewhat divine (*δαιμόνιον*)—which indeed Meletus has caricatured and put into the indictment. Now this began with me from my childhood ; a certain voice, which always when it comes, turns me aside from that which I am about to do, but never impels me to do anything. It is this which opposed my mixing in politics, and I think very wisely. For you well know, O Athenians, that if I had been hitherto mixed in political matters, I should have perished long ago ; and should have done no good, either to you or to myself. Do not be angry with me for speaking the truth ; for there is no man who will save his life if he shall courageously oppose either you or any other populace, by striving to hinder the multitude of unjust and lawless things which are done in the State. It is necessary, therefore, that anyone who really combats for the sake of justice, if he would survive even for a little while, should live a private and not a public life.” *

When Socrates had ended his defence, the votes were taken : first, he was condemned

* *Ibid.* s. 19, p. 123.

as guilty of the charges laid against him ; and secondly, he was sentenced to die. He then once more addressed the court.

“I would wish to speak kindly with those who have voted for me, in respect to what has now happened ; while the archons are occupied, and before I go to the place where I must die. Bear with me, therefore, O Athenians, for such time as we have. While it is so permitted, nothing forbids our conversing together. I wish to show you, as my friends what is the meaning of that which has now befallen me. O my judges—for in calling you judges I should be calling you rightly—something marvellous has happened to me. Hitherto, the Oracle of the *δαιμόνιον* which is familiarly about me, with great frequency has opposed itself, even in very little things, if I were about to act in any way not rightly. But now there has befallen me, as you yourselves see, that which men may think, and most men do account, to be the greatest of evils. And yet this morning, neither when I came from home did the sign from the God oppose itself, nor when I came up hither to the court of

judgment, nor anywhere during the defence I was about to make ; although in other speeches it has often restrained me in the very midst of speaking. But now in this affair it has not anywhere opposed me, either in any deed or work. What, then, do I suppose to be the cause? I will tell you. That which has happened to me seems to be a good thing ; and if we think death to be an evil, we are in error. Of this I have a sure evidence ; for it cannot be that the accustomed sign would not have opposed itself to me, if I were not about to do something which is good. *

“Wherefore, O my judges, you ought to be of good hope about death ; and to know this to be true, that no evil can happen to a good man, whether in life or in death ; nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. Nor are my affairs at this time the result of chance. But this is clear to me, that it were better for me now to die, and to be set free from troubles. Wherefore the sign has in nothing opposed me. I am, therefore, in no way angry with those who have condemned me, nor with those who have

* *Ibid.* s. 31, p. 164.

accused me ; though they have condemned and accused me with no good will, but rather with the thought to hurt me. This, indeed, in them is worthy of blame.”*

Such was his general defence against his accusers. He stood up as a man conscious of something in him higher than himself ; of a calling and a mission to his countrymen. He had laboured to recall them from luxury, self-indulgence, ambition, civil strife, political profligacy, and private corruption. He told them roundly that no man could serve them who mixed in their politics—that no man could rebuke their corruptions and live. Therefore it was that Meletus and Anytus accused him ; and their accusation was the expression of a widespread enmity in Athens.

The charges laid against Socrates were chiefly two : the one, that of corrupting the youth of the day by his philosophy ; the other, that of impiety, and of introducing new gods, ἑτέρα καὶνὰ δαιμόνια, or of denying the existence of gods. It is with the latter we have chiefly to do, because it connects itself with the belief of

* *Ibid.* s. 33, p. 172.

Socrates in respect to the Dæmonion, or voice, or sign, which from his childhood had been with him as a monitor and guide.

In answer to the charge of atheism, Socrates asked his accuser: "Is there any man who believes that there are human affairs, but does not believe in the existence of men; or that there are certain rules for managing horses, and yet believes that there is no such thing as a horse? There is no such man. But pray answer me this point: is there any man who believes divine things and yet denies the being of a God?" Meletus answered, "No, certainly." Then Socrates replied: "You acknowledge, then, that I believe and teach the existence of Deities. So that, whether they be new or old, you still own that I believe in divinities or divine agencies. Now if I believe that there are divinities or divine agencies, I must necessarily suppose that there are Gods."*

In these passages of Plato we have the fullest and most explicit declaration of Socrates respecting the Dæmon by which he was admonished. He tells us that it was "a familiar

* Ibid. s. 15, p. 105.

sign, an oracle ; a divine voice :” that this sign had been with him from his infancy, that its office was to take him off from certain lines of action ; that it did not impel him to any.

With such declarations before him, it is not wonderful that Plutarch should have supposed this Dæmon to be a personal being, and that he should have written a book, “De Genio Socratis,” on the “Familiar Spirit of Socrates :” and that Apuleius should have written “De Deo Socratis,” of “The God of Socrates :” and that the Neoplatonists and certain of the Christian Fathers should have understood this Dæmonion to be a personal being or genius : whether good or bad, they did not determine.

Plutarch has not promoted either the perspicuity or the gravity of the subject by telling us that “a voice in the Cave of Trophonius expounded to Timarchus the philosophy of dæmons in the following words : “Every soul partakes of reason. It cannot be without reason and intelligence. But so much of each soul as is mixed with flesh and passions is changed, and through pain or pleasure becomes irrational.

Every soul does not mix itself in the same manner. For some plunge themselves altogether into the body, and so in this life their whole frame is corrupted by appetite and passion; others are mixed only in part, but the purer part still remains out of the body. It is not drawn down into it, but it floats above, and touches the upper part of a man's head. It is like a cord to hold up and direct the part of the soul which is sinking, as long as it proves obedient, and is not overcome by the passions of the flesh. The part that is plunged into the body is called the soul; but the uncorrupted part is called the mind, and people think that it is within them: as likewise they imagine the image reflected from a glass is in the glass. But the more intelligent, who know it to be external, call it a dæmon.”*

“Such was the soul of Hermodorus the Clazomenian, of which it is reported that for nights and days it would leave his body, travel over many countries, and return, after it had seen things and talked with persons at a great

* *Plutarch, De Genio Socratis*, sect. xxii. *Moralia*. Tom. i. 713. Ed. Dœhner, Paris, 1841.

distance ; till at last, by the treachery of his wife, his body was delivered to his enemies ; and they burnt it in his own house while the soul was abroad." Plutarch considerably adds : " It is certain that this is not true ;" but he goes on to say : " The soul never went out of the body, but it loosened the tie that held the dæmon, and gave it range and freedom."*

Plutarch then relates the following anecdote : " More and greater things you may learn from Simias, and other companions of Socrates ; but once, when I was present, as I went to Euthyphron, the soothsayer, it happened, Simias, as you remember, that Socrates was going up to a *Symbolum* at the house of Andocides, all the way asking questions, and playfully attacking Euthyphron. When, suddenly standing still, and making us to do the same, he pondered with himself for some time. Then, turning about, he walked through Trunkmakers' Street, calling back his friends that walked before him, affirming that it was because of his dæmon. Many turned back, amongst whom I, holding Euthyphron, was one ; but some of the youths,

* *Ibid.*

keeping on the straight road, in order, as it were, to disprove the dæmon of Socrates, took along with them Charillus the piper, who came with me to Athens to see Cebes. Now, as they were walking through Sculptors' Street, near the court houses, a herd of pigs, covered with mud, met them ; and, being too many for the street, and running against one another, they upset some that could not get out of the way, and dirtied others ; and Charillus came home with his legs and clothes very muddy ; so that often, in merriment, they would remember Socrates' dæmon, wondering at its constant care of the man, and that Heaven kept such a particular watch over him.*

“I myself, Galaxidorus, have heard a Megarian, who had it from Terpsion, say that Socrates' dæmon was nothing else but the sneezing either of himself or of others ; for if another sneezed, either before, behind him, or on his right hand, then he went on to do what he was about ; but if on the left hand, he refrained from acting. One sort of his own sneezing confirmed him, whilst deliberating and not fully resolved ;

* *Ibid.* sect. x.

another stopped him when about to act. But indeed it seems strange that if he used sneezing as his sign, he should not have told this to his friends, but should have said it was a dæmon that hindered or enjoined him." *

The following passage is more to our purpose. Plutarch says : "The resolute impulses of Socrates seem to be both vigorous and firm, as springing from right principles and strong judgment. Therefore he, of his own will, lived in poverty all his life, though he had friends who would have been glad and willing to give to him ; he would not give up philosophy, notwithstanding all the discouragements he met with ; and at last, when his friends endeavoured and skilfully contrived his escape, he would not yield to their entreaties, nor withdraw from death, but maintained an inflexible mind in the last extremity. And surely these are not the actions of a man whose designs, when once fixed, could be altered by omens and sneezings ; but of one who, by some higher guidance and principle, is directed to do right." † Plutarch then says that Socrates foretold the overthrow of the Athenians in Sicily ;

* *Ibid.* sect. xi. † *Ibid.* sect. ix.

and that in the pursuit of Delium he, with Alcibiades and Laches, escaped by Registe, while others who would not follow him were overtaken and slain. This caused the dæmon of Socrates to be much talked of in Athens.

We may now dismiss these speculations, and come back to Socrates, and learn from himself what he understood and intended us to understand by his Dæmon or Dæmonion. But here again we are brought to a standstill. We cannot interrogate Socrates himself. We can only get to him by hearsay. Between him and us stand Xenophon and Plato. It is, after all, Xenophon and Plato, not Socrates, who speak to us. Worse than this, Xenophon and Plato do not agree in what they tell us; and, worst of all, what they tell us evidently takes form and colour from their own minds. It may recall to us Sir Walter Scott's description in "Kenilworth" of Blount and Raleigh sitting on the bench in the hall of Say's Court. They were both looking in silence at the wall. The bluff old soldier looked at the wall and saw the wall, and nothing but the wall; but between the wall and the eye of Sir Walter Wittypate there was a whole imaginary world,

with an endless procession and maze of persons and things of his own creation.

The Socrates of Xenophon stands out clear, hard, definite; a matter-of-fact description, a photograph with few after-touches, with little sense that anything needs explanation, or could have any meaning but the letter of the text. The Socrates of Plato comes to us through the prisms of his marvellous imagination; so as to create a misgiving whether it be a conscientious likeness or a portrait by the hand of an artist and a friend, too creative and too fond to be faithful. Nevertheless, we are reduced to those two biographers. They are the only full and trustworthy witnesses in close personal contact with the man whom they describe. We will endeavour, then, to ascertain what they understood by the dæmon of Socrates. This will at least give the best approximations to what Socrates understood by it himself.

In order to do this, we will first take down their evidence as they give it, and next compare the two testimonies; and, lastly, make an estimate of their differences.

When this is done we may use our own

criticism : for it is one thing to ascertain what Socrates may have understood, it is another to ascertain what we may understand by the psychological facts narrated by him or by them. It is not to be too hastily assumed that Socrates was an adequate interpreter of the internal facts even of his own mind. It is not unreasonable to believe that the philosophical and other profounder experience of two thousand years may have enabled us more truly than he could to analyse and to appreciate the facts and phenomena of moral and mental philosophy. The heart has beat, and the blood has circulated, from the beginning of time ; yet we take the physiology of Harvey as to the blood, rather than that of Hippocrates. The Ethics even of Aristotle are, in analytical depth and precise delineation, conspicuously in advance of the method and teaching of Socrates. In this the disciple is above his master, and we may be above both.

Let us begin then with Xenophon. The chief passages in which he describes the Dæmonion are as follows.

“It was in the mouths of men that Socrates

declared that the Deity, or Dæmonion (τὸ δαιμόνιον) made things known to him, or gave him signs by which to know them.

“He used to say that the Dæmonion signified (things) to him: and that he often advised those who were with him to do some things, and not to do others, as the Dæmonion forewarned him. *

“For he thought that the Gods (τοὺς Θεούς) had care of men in a way unlike that which most men imagine: for they suppose that the Gods know indeed some things, and do not know others. But Socrates believed the Gods to know all things: whatsoever things are said, or done, or purposed in secret: and that they are everywhere present: and that they make known human things to men.” †

When Hermogenes sorrowfully upbraided him for not defending himself more elaborately, and for even provoking his judges against him, Socrates answered: “Of a truth, Hermogenes, when I set to work to think out my defence before the judges the Dæmonion hindered me.” ‡

* Xenoph. Mem. lib. i. c. 1, s. 1. Oxon. 1785.

† *Ibid.* s. 4.

‡ *Ibid.* lib. iv. c. 8, s. 3.

Finally, Xenophon says of him that he was "so pious that he would do nothing without the counsel of the Gods."* Such then is the evidence of Xenophon: upon which these remarks may be made.

1. That Xenophon carefully distinguishes between the Dæmon of Socrates, which he calls *τὸ δαιμόνιον*, and the Gods, whom he calls *τοὺς Θεοὺς*.

2. That he describes the Dæmonion as showing beforehand what things are to be done, and what not to be done: that is to say, that the action of this monitor was both to enjoin and to forbid.

3. That he refers this admonition and direction to the Gods, without whose counsel (*γνώμη*) Socrates would never act.

4. That nothing in Xenophon is to be found which invests the Dæmonion with personality, with any other character than that of a divine influence or agency, or a counsel or direction of the Gods acting upon the reason of man.

We will now proceed to our other witness. The chief passages of Plato bearing on the

* Xenoph. Mem. lib. iv. c. 8, s. 4.

Dæmonion are those which we have already quoted from the Apology. They need not be repeated. To these may be added what follows. In the Euthydemus, Socrates says : “ I happened to be providentially sitting alone in the place where you saw me, in the dressing-room (of the Lycæum), and I had in my mind to be gone. When I got up, the accustomed sign, the Dæmonion, came ; I therefore again sat down.” * Soon after came Euthydemus and his companions. Again, in the Phædrus : “ When I was about to cross the river, the Dæmonion, the accustomed sign, came, which restrains me when I am about to do anything ; and I seemed to hear a certain voice, which did not suffer me to proceed until I should have expiated myself, as having in some way offended against God.” † And in the Alcibiades, he says : “ The cause of this was nothing human, but a certain divine hindrance, the power of which you shall hereafter hear ; but now, as it no longer hinders me, I am therefore come, and I am in good

* Euthydemus, 273, vol. vi. pp. 80. Ed. Stallbaum, Gothæ, 1836.

† Phædrus, 242, vol. iv. 72.

hope that for the future it will not hinder me." *
 In the *Theætetus*, he says : "The Dæmonion which comes to me hinders my intercourse with some, and not with others." † And in the *Republic* : "It is not worth while to speak of the divine sign which comes to me : whether it have occurred to any other or not." ‡

I do not quote from the *Theages*, in which there is much on the point, for two reasons. First, doubts have been raised as to its authenticity : and secondly, the statements contained in it may be found also in other dialogues of which there is no doubt.

Now in these passages we have the following points :

1. That the Dæmonion is spoken of as *θεῖον τί, δαιμόνιον, σημεῖον, φωνή*, and *εἰωθυῖα τοῦ δαιμονίου μαντική* : something divine, something of the Deity, a sign, a voice, the accustomed divination or oracle of the Deity. It is evident, therefore, that Plato represents it as an agency, or a voice, not as an

* *Alcibiades*, 103, vol. v. 221.

† *Theætetus*, 151, vol. viii. 71.

‡ *De Republica*, lib. vi. s. 496.

agent or a person ; and if the agent or person from whom this agency or voice proceed be sought for, it is to be found in God or in the gods.

2. That the function of this agency or voice was to check, to hinder, and to restrain, not to suggest or to prompt to any line of action.

3. That it manifested itself in such apparently fortuitous events as the hindering the departure of Socrates from the Lycæum till Euthydemus came; and *πάνν ἐπὶ σμικροῖς*, even in the least things : that is to say, its function was to forewarn or to check in matters not so much of right and wrong as of safety, or of expediency, or of good fortune.

Comparing these two testimonies of Xenophon and Plato we find—

1. That they agree as to the impersonal nature of the Dæmonion. The terms used by them signify at the utmost a Divine agency or a Divine voice ; they do not signify the presence or attendance of a Divine person, or of a familiar spirit.

It is, perhaps, not wonderful that some of the ancients should have so misunderstood their

language, and that Socrates should have been accused of introducing new deities. The same charge was in like manner made against the Apostle at Athens, because he preached the Resurrection, τὴν ἀνάστασιν. Nevertheless Cicero understood Plato's language, and translated the Dæmonion by "*divinum aliquid.*"

It is to be borne in mind that both Xenophon and Plato speak, not as we do, of the δαίμων of Socrates, but of the δαιμόνιον. They never speak of the δαιμόνιον as θεός; but observe strictly the known distinction between these terms. Δαιμόνιον signifies the abstract or neuter idea of Divine power, the Deity, or the Divinity. As Aristotle says, it implies ἢ Θεὸς ἢ Θεοῦ ἔργον,* either the presence or the power, not of a δαίμων or inferior divinity, but of God. Δαίμων is so far used convertible with θεός, that it is sometimes used for θεός, but θεός is never used for δαίμων. Θεός and δαίμων are sometimes used together; but Δαίμων signifies a divinity of lower rank.

In the Apology, Socrates tells his judges that

* "Arist." Rhet. ii. xxiii. 8.

when he was coming out of his house, τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ σημεῖον, the sign of the God, distinguishing the agency from the person, hindered him. Xenophon also makes Euthydemus say that the Gods showed a special friendship to Socrates. And again he says, speaking of voices, signs, and divinations, that by these things, τοῦς θεοῦς σημαίνειν, the Gods signified things to man δαιμόνιον was one of those signs : impersonal, derived from a divine agent.

2. That they disagree as to the function or office of the Dæmonion. Xenophon ascribes to it the twofold office of suggestion and restraint. Plato ascribes to it expressly that of restraint only.

Plutarch agrees with Xenophon, and describes its office as either restraining or enjoining ; κωλύων ἢ κελεῦων.*

3. That they further disagree, inasmuch as Xenophon recognises the action of the Dæmonion in matters of right or wrong, as well as in matters of expediency ; whereas Plato seems to restrict it to the latter.

The sum of the evidence, therefore, may be

* De Genio Socratis, sect. xi.

thus stated. Socrates believed himself to be assisted from his childhood by a divine agency, whereby he was forewarned and guided in matters of his own personal conduct, both towards himself, as in his escape after the defeat at Delium, and his waiting in the Lycæum ; and towards others, as in judging what disciples to receive or to reject, and in his whole mission as cross-examiner of his fellow-countrymen.

Such is the judgment of ancient writers. I will quote only a few of the many modern critics on this subject. Bishop Thirlwall says : " Socrates, who was used to reflect profoundly on the state of his own mind, had, it seems, gradually become convinced that he was favoured by the gods with an inward sign, which he described as a voice."*

In like manner, Mr. Grote says : " We have also to note that marked feature in the character of Socrates, the standing upon his own individual reason, and measure of good and evil ; nay, even perhaps his confidence in it so far as to believe in a divine voice informing and moving him."† Mr. Grote further refers in a note to a

* Hist. of Greece, Vol. IV. p. 290.

† Grote's Plato, Vol. I. p. 295.

curious passage from the “Life of Coriolanus,” by Plutarch, where he says that the gods do not infuse into men new volitions; but they work upon the principle of association in the mind, suggesting ideas which conduct to the appropriate volitions. Plutarch’s words are—
 “Not infusing the motive powers, but the ideas which call those motive powers into activity; not making the act involuntary by constraint, but giving an outset to the will, and inspiring it with courage and hope.”*

According to both these estimates it would appear that the groundwork of this divine action, as Socrates believed it to be, was the intellectual and moral activity of his own mind.

Zeller, in his work on Socrates and the Socratic schools, gives his estimate of the Dæmonion in the following words:—

“The *δαιμόνιον* is therefore an external oracle, and as such it is by Xenophon and Plato included under the more general notion of

* Γ νοῦντα τὴν προαιρεσιν, οὐδ’ ὁρμὰς ἐνεργαζόμενον, ἀλλὰ φαντασίας ὁρμῶν ἀγωγούς, αἷς οὐδὲ ποιεῖ τὴν πρᾶξιν ἀκούσιον, ἀλλὰ τῷ ἐκουσίῳ δίδωσιν ἀρχὴν καὶ τὸ θαρρῆν καὶ τὸ ἐλπίζειν προστίθησιν. In Vita M. Coriolani, vol. i., sect. xxxiii., Ed. Dœhner. Paris, 1857.

divination, and placed on a par with divination by sacrifice and the flight of birds. In attempting to bring this inward revelation of Socrates into harmony with the facts of psychology, it may be laid down in the first place that the *dæmonium* must not be confounded with the voice of conscience, as many ancient and modern critics have done." . . . "The *δαιμόνιον* has nothing to do with the universal moral standard, which, according to Socrates, is a matter for pure intelligence to determine." . . . "For these [that is, actions in prospect] Socrates either has recourse to *μαντική* in general, or to his *δαιμόνιον*, leaving moral conduct to be determined by clear knowledge."*

We are here approaching to the estimate which appears to me to be both adequate and true.

Mr. Riddell of Balliol, after carefully analysing the evidence we have hitherto examined, says :—

"If then, declining Socrates' account, we are disposed to refer the phenomenon to ordinary psychological causes, we can do so satisfactorily,

* Zeller's *Socrates and the Socratic Schools*, pp. 76-78. Longman, 1868.

provided we confine our attention to Xenophon's account alone. All Xenophon's notices of it encourage the view that it was a quick exercise of a judgment, informed by knowledge of the subject, trained by experience, and inferring from cause to effect, without consciousness of the process. In a mind so purified by temperance and self-knowledge, so single of purpose, and unperturbed by lower aims, endowed with such powerful faculties, especially those of observation and causality, the ability to forecast and forejudge might become almost an immediate sense.

“As to the reconciliation of authorities, when Plato makes Socrates say, *ἀεὶ ἀποτρέπει με*, he describes it by its most perceptible act. For its coincidence with an existing purpose would be superfluous and little noticeable. . . . “The voice was no impulse: it did not speak to the will, but had a critical or reflexive function.”

Mr. Riddell goes on to say, that the *δαιμόνιον* was “an unanalysed act of judgment;” that it was *κριτική*, not *ἐπιτακτική*, that is was Socrates' substitute for *μαντική*, and that, where men are wont to have recourse to external pre-

ternatural aids, Socrates went by a guide within himself: that to this guide he, in all good faith, gave a religious name. "His mental acts, so far as he could unravel them, were his own, were human: beyond his ken, they were divine; and what really was of the nature of an immediate critical sense, seemed to him an immediate inspiration."*

This appears to me to be in outline an explanation both true and adequate.

If I were asked to add my own judgment as to what the Dæmon of Socrates was, in the estimate of Socrates himself, I should answer as follows:—

It was a belief of a divine assistance, granted, as he says, to all men in some things, and in some special circumstances; of which most men are hardly, if at all, conscious: but in his case it was consciously recognised from his childhood, and it acted upon him in and through the intellectual and moral operations of his own mind: so that he ascribed to the action of the Dæmonion much that was undoubtedly

* Riddell's *Apology of Plato*, pp. 105-8. Oxford, 1867.

the normal activity of his own intellectual and moral state.

Such, I think, Socrates believed it to be.

If, however, I were asked what we may believe it to have been, I would answer :—

1. That, holding altogether with Lord Bacon, when he says in his “*Essay on Atheism*,” “I had rather believe all the fables of the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind”—we may believe in a divine providence surrounding the life, and a divine action present to the mind, of any man who, according to the testimony of one that knew him by closest intimacy, was “so pious as never to do anything without the counsel of the Gods ; so just as never to hurt anyone even in the slightest thing : but full of the greatest benefit to all who conversed with him : so temperate as never to prefer what was pleasant to what was best ; so prudent as never to err in discerning the better from the worse, and never to need the judgment of any other in this discernment, being sufficient in himself.”* That a divine providence and a divine help are

* Xenoph. *Memorabilia*, *lib.* iv. c. 8, s. 5.

over the whole intellectual and moral world, is an axiomatic truth in the relation of God to man : that they may be looked for in a special degree in just and prudent men, follows as a corollary from that axiom. But as this lies beyond our analysis, we will confine ourselves to the subject as a matter of psychology.

I will therefore add a further proposition, namely :

2. That the statements of Xenophon and Plato may be, not only harmonised, but brought under the same psychological explanation, resting on the laws of the speculative and the practical reason. It would indeed be too narrow an explanation, as Zeller objects, to refer the signs of this monitor to the action of conscience alone ; for conscience is only one office, or one function, of the reason of man. Nevertheless it is certain, that in a large part of that which Socrates referred to the Dæmonion, conscience was directly present and perceptibly in action. It is no objection to this to quote, as Zeller does, the declaration of Socrates that, " It is idle to consult the Gods about things which may be known by deliberation,"* or to say that

* *Ibid.* p. 78.

Socrates "referred morals to the judgment of reason."* This is precisely the philosophical definition of conscience. Conscience is *dictamen rationis*. It is reason acting upon right and wrong with a view to practice : just as apprehension is the reason acting upon truth and falsehood with a view to science. In matter of speculative truth, as in physical science, geometry, and the like, the intellect acts without any response from the passions or affections of the moral nature. Aristotle in the "Rhetoric" says that mathematics have no ethical character, but that the teaching of Socrates has.† In matter of practical truth the discernments of the intellect are followed by a response of the moral nature by way of approval or disapproval. But the *primary* judge is the reason, the response of the moral nature is *secondary*. It is, therefore, most true that morals are subject to the jurisdiction of reason ; but that does not prove that this monitor of Socrates was not in great part the action of conscience.

And here it may be well to make more clear and precise the philosophical definition of conscience.

* *Ibia.* † Rhet. iii. 16, 8.

Scientia is the simple knowledge of things by the reason. *Conscientia* is the self-knowledge of the reason or mind. "Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa." Now this conscience in its *first* intention is consciousness, as we commonly call it. It extends over all the internal acts of the reason or mind, over the whole inner world of our personal identity. Conscience, in the *second* intention of common parlance, signifies the reason judging of moral action, and discerning of right from wrong, with an approval or disapproval of the moral sense following upon its decisions. Metaphysicians, therefore, distinguish the operations of conscience into two kinds, and speak of a *psychological* conscience, by which we reflect upon internal acts of the mind in general, and a *moral* conscience, by which we reflect upon and judge of the *ethical* character of actions, whether internal or external. And this conscience they again distinguish into *habitual* and *actual*. The *habitual* conscience is the permanent disposition of the mind in relation to its own *state*; the *actual* conscience is the exertion of its attention and judicial discernment on its own moral *acts*. The *habitual*

conscience is *spontaneous*, and therefore unconscious ; the *actual* conscience is reflex, *deliberate*, and therefore conscious.

Such is the language of scholastic philosophy ; and this seems with great precision to account for the fact which Socrates appears to have observed in himself, and Plato has recorded ; namely, that the Dæmonion seemed to act only by way of check and restraint. The spontaneous action of conscience was habitual and unperceived ; the actual aroused attention and conscious effort.*

In saying, then, that this internal monitor of Socrates is the reason, including the conscience, I intend expressly to include what is here described as the psychological as well as the moral conscience, and also the distinction between the habitual or spontaneous, and the actual or deliberate conscience. The application of this will be further seen when we answer an objection which may be anticipated. This comprehensive view includes all the mental judgments, whether of expediency or of morality, that is, both of prudence and of rectitude.

* Prisco. *Filosofia Speculativa*, tom. i. pp. 208-10. Napolis, 1864.

As to the examples given by Xenophon and Plato, in almost every one of them may be traced a moral element and a moral discernment.

For instance : The decision of Socrates to keep out of politics, that he might better serve the public good. This is surely a high moral judgment, involving the noblest motives of relative duty. The discernment as to what disciples to retain, or what persons to receive back again among them after they had once left him, unless it were a blind and capricious act, which in Socrates is incredible, must have been founded upon such a discernment of moral qualities and distinctions, both in his own character and in that of others, as to demand the exercise of the moral reason. When we say that one man is *simpatico* and another *anti-patico*, we are exercising a moral sense and discrimination of an intimate and explicit sort ; and this determines us in receiving or refusing to receive men to our confidence.

In deciding that he would not defend himself so as to escape death, the action of conscience, sustaining the highest aspirations and the noblest intrepidity, is clearly revealed.

I admit that in the escape after the flight and pursuit at Delium, and in the waiting in the Lycæum, and in the matter of Plutarch's pigs, there is to be discerned rather the activity of prudence than of conscience. But on the supposition that the monitor of Socrates was a mature and experienced reason, the action of both prudence and conscience would be alike included.

To this it may be objected, that Plato distinctly declares that the monitor of Socrates told him, not what things to do, but what things not to do ; that inasmuch as conscience has a two-fold office towards both good and evil, the Dæmonion could not be conscience.

But to this objection two answers may be made.

The first, that Xenophon and Plutarch directly say that the Dæmonion both enjoined and forbade, that is, pronounced for or against certain lines of action.

The other answer has been anticipated by the statements of our Scholastic Philosophy. It has been shown that the action of conscience, when it suggests or approves anything, is less

perceptible than when it disapproves or forbids. This may be seen by analogies. We are insensible of our continuous respiration, but distinctly sensible of the act of holding the breath ; it is *acutus imperatus* requiring a conscious exertion of the will. Again, in walking, we are unconscious of the momentum of our pace, but conscious of any hindrance, and even of the act of stopping. The moral reason or conscience is always in activity, but with little or no reflex action upon itself, until something offends it. We are then conscious of a change of attitude, and of a recoil. For instance, the reason and conscience of Socrates permitted him freely to mix among men to cross-examine them, but not to enter into politics. In the former, he followed his own spontaneous inclination ; in the latter he imposed a conscious restraint upon himself. This is what Aristotle describes as prudence, or *Φρόνησις*. He distinguishes it from science, as being an intellectual habit conversant with practical and contingent matter ; and from intuition, as being of details rather than of principles. He says that *Φρόνησις*, or prudence, is an intellectual virtue conversant about moral

action. And he ascribes to it a power of sight, which is so trained and perfected by experience as to discern with an intuitive rapidity what is right or expedient in practice. He says that prudent men have a faculty which men call (*δεινότης*) skill, or ability, or resource, "the nature of which is to do—and to do correctly—the things which conduce to the end proposed. If this aim be good, the skill is praiseworthy; but if it be bad, it becomes craft." "Wherefore" Aristotle says, "we call prudent men skilful, and not crafty. But prudence is not the same as this faculty (*i.e.*, *δεινότης*, or skill). But the habit of prudence grows upon this *eye*, as it were, of the soul.*" This is a precise description of the prompt and provident intuition, a sort of *ἀγχίνοια*, and *εὐβουλία*, presence of mind, rapidity of counsel, with which Socrates discovered the useful, or the expedient in matters. But the nature of this intellectual faculty is, in the main, distinctly moral; and belongs to the region of conscience, or the discernment of right and wrong.

* Arist. Eth. N. L. vi. xii. τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ τοῦτῳ γίνεται τῆς ψυχῆς.

This instinct or faculty of moral discernment is traceable throughout the whole history of the ancient world. St. Paul only affirms what all records of antiquity demonstrate in saying, "When the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the works of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness (*συμμαρτυρούσης αὐτῶν τῆς συνειδησέως*), and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."*

Once more : it may be objected that it is not for us to theorise as to what Socrates ought to have understood of his own inward life, but to take things as he expressed them.

To this I have already by anticipation made one sufficient answer. But I will add another. Socrates refused to be classed with the philosophers or teachers of Athens. He delivered no system of philosophy. He framed to himself no moral or mental science. He found philosophy in the hands of Physicists, or physical theorists, and of Sophists. He thought the Physicists to

* Rom. ii. 14, 15.

be vainly curious, if not impious, in trying to discover what the Gods kept secret: he thought the Sophists to be venal, superficial, and immoral. He was the founder, not of a new philosophy, but of a new era in philosophy. He extricated the conceptions of God and of morality from the religion and philosophy of matter, and set them in the sphere of mind. He brought down philosophy, as Cicero says, from heaven to earth, to the market-place, and the streets, and the homes and the hearts of men. He cross-examined every man he met with, politicians, philosophers, rhetoricians, painters, private citizens, artizans: but he framed no system, and laid down no theories; he made no analysis of the human mind. Lord Bacon is said to have created a *Novum Organum* in philosophy by questioning Nature. This Socrates certainly did by questioning man. His method was one of universal questioning, whereby he heaped up materials for his disciples, one of whom afterwards gave to them a scientific order and precision of expression which has formed the imperishable basis of mental and moral philosophy of this day. The

Ethics of Aristotle analyse, lay out, distinguish, and define the intellectual and moral processes of the human mind—modern metaphysicians must bear with me—with a truth that has never been surpassed. What Socrates felt, Aristotle has fixed by exact analysis. The character of Socrates is the *φρόνιμος* of Aristotle, the prudent man; but prudence is etymologically and essentially far-seeing,* the perfection of the moral reason. “All men,” he says, “seem to testify that such a habit which is according to prudence is virtue. But it is necessary to make a slight difference, for virtue is not only a habit according to right reason, but inseparably joined with right reason; and prudence is the same as right reason on these subjects. Socrates, therefore,” Aristotle says, “thought the virtues to be reasons or rational habits, for he thought them all to be sciences, but we think them to be intellectual habits joined with reason. It is clear, however, from what has been said, that it is impossible for a man to be properly virtuous without prudence, or to be prudent without

* *Prudens futuri temporis exitum*
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.—Hor. Od. iii. 29.

moral virtue.”* Aristotle seems to me to give in this passage the psychological analysis of the intuition and providence with which Socrates was eminently endowed. His prudence or *φρόνιμος* constituted the *αὐτάρκεια*, or self-dependence of reason in all questions of morality, of which Xenophon speaks.

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia, nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus.†

The prudence of Socrates was his own moral state, and yet *non sine Numine*, for we may well believe that to him was granted no common share in the “Light that lighteth every man that cometh into this world.”

In saying this, I am not rejecting the supposition that the particular providence which never suffers even a sparrow to fall to the ground without its Creator’s will, may have in a special way encompassed the life of a man who witnessed in a corrupt world to the lights of nature and to the laws of right. In the midst of an intellectual frivolity and a moral degradation never surpassed in the history of mankind,

* Juvenal, lib. iv. sat. x. 355-6.

† Eth. N. L. vi. xiii.

made all the guiltier by reason of the refined culture and luxurious civilisation of Athens, Socrates bore witness, until seventy years of age, to the supremacy of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance, the four perfections of man in the order of nature.

Whether the estimate I have given of the Dæmonion of Socrates be true or not, the inquiry in which we have been engaged is manifestly not a barren speculation. It sets before us a great moral example, it teaches us a great moral law, necessary to men at all times, vital to us in these declining days. I mean, that there is no way for men to attain their true dignity, nor to serve their age and country, but to be upright in conscience, and even at the cost of life to be, both in public and private duty, prudent and temperate, just and brave. It tells us with a thrilling human voice, and in the accents of our common humanity, that man's supreme rule of right is the moral reason or conscience; that the cultivation of the mere intellect, while the moral life and powers lie fallow, is the work of sophists, deceivers, or deceived, or both; that the education of man is

his moral formation ; that intellectual culture without moral goodness is a wildfire and a pestilence which makes havoc of men and states ; that knowledge is virtue, and virtue knowledge ; for that, unless we would maim and mutilate our being, the intellectual and moral powers of man must be simultaneously and equably unfolded and matured. These are axioms of the moral life ; vital, I say, at all times and in all lands, but nowhere more in season and more wholesome than to us who, in the sudden growth of a vast maritime empire, splendid and unstable for its very greatness, in the refinements of luxury, and the inundation of a stupendous prosperity, seem to be developing some of the moral and intellectual evils which went before the fall of imperial Athens ;— political factions, licentious freedom, sophistical education, a relaxation of moral and religious traditions, a growing scepticism, an unstable public opinion swayed to and fro by nameless hands, and by irresponsible voices. In such a public state Socrates lived and died, bequeathing to us this lesson—that Conscience is the Voice of God.