Ambition's dream : in two fyttes.

Contributors

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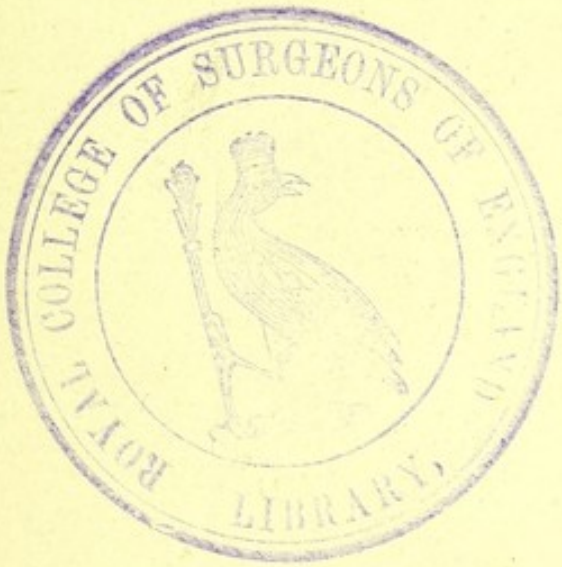
AMBITION'S DREAM.

"But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate
In rennome, tenure, and estate."

Chatterton.



AMBITION'S DREAM.

IN TWO FYTTES.

"But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate
In rennome, tenure, and estate."
Chatiervon.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY & HARRIS,
WEST CORNER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON:
1879.

"And perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood, that the beauty of Holiness must be in labour as well as in rest."

Ruskin.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

"THERE are a discontent and disquietude which have almost become chronic, and men have vague and unintelligible YEARNINGS for they know not what, coming from they know not where." These despairing notes were uttered by a learned and eminent physician of souls in the year of grace 1871, from a public platform in the heart of an empire which presents a combination of extent, power, science, art, civilization, and liberty, such as was never even conceived by the greatest nations of antiquity. They sound like a startling *Io Triumphe!* after a successful issue from long centuries of anxious conflict for these privileges. If Content does not now reign at our hearths, what is the cause of her absence?

The author believes that, in a great measure,

our modern system of education banishes contentment from the home. Of old, people had real griefs far exceeding any of ours, but they did not *invent* griefs as much as we do now. Formerly the young were taught the simple lesson of earning their living, and aiming at excellence in some definite pursuit to the best of their ability, reserving great efforts and anxieties for special occasions. But of late years, the passion for fame, office, power, and wealth has—under the name of laudable ambition—been sedulously propagated by benevolent persons, with a view of giving a wholesome stimulus to education, until it has developed into a general morbid uneasiness, like a widespread epidemic. It will be seen by the footnote at page 30 how strangely the connection between this phenomenon and an "exciting" cause sufficient to account for it, can be overlooked.

In the treatment of the subject, the metrical form of composition has been adopted—it is

hoped wisely—as more suitable for giving expression to our views. In the opening lines the reader is invited to share in the inner counsels of one, who is choosing his life's career with all the eager aspirations excited by the preparatory course of stimulation. He may then follow him through the maze of intervening doubts, obstacles, and speculations, and at last observe his final decision. In this manner he will be afforded an opportunity of judging from illustration, or analogy, whether the kind of ambition so carefully inculcated on the young —a desire which from its very aim and object can only be gratified in a limited number of instances—is the best motive for exertion to diffuse throughout a society, in which the general welfare is so obviously dependent on the application of special skill in a great variety of useful callings. As he proceeds, he may be led to ask whether there is not some mistake in a scheme of progress which—by implication at least—disparages many honest employments so successfully that the demand for workers in them exceeds the supply, while others of more

showy social attractions, but often more thorny and disappointing, are besieged with applicants and competitors.

Let us endeavour at the outset to arrive at an understanding as to the meaning of the words "Ambition" and "Fame." Of ambition, in the sense of a desire to get on and prosper in the world, there is no question here. This would certainly be in direct opposition to the authority that enjoins every one to do with all his might whatsoever his hand undertakes. But such is not the literal meaning of the word, nor that which is usually conveyed by it in addresses to the young, in schools, and on the platform. As a full explanation can hardly be given here, we beg leave to defer it to the appended notes. "Fame"—literally signifying REPORT—may be defined as the openly-expressed high opinion of the public concerning the merit of one or more individuals. Such merit is to be found in good work, or good results of any kind. Unhappily

for this definition it is not in the dictionary. The popular idea of a seeker after fame, is of one desirous of becoming *conspicuous* by any means not reputed dishonest—even if such means be in direct antagonism to the second great commandment. It is against this unneighbourly spirit being exalted into a virtue, that the following lines humbly protest. Perhaps the reader will find himself asking whether it is right to lavish praise on an ideal so depraved —born of ages which, though polished in expression, were rude and blundering in principles and morals :—whether, in brief, it would not be wiser and more beneficial to accept as the meaning of the term, *good report* for merit in any sphere of life.

In the education of the masses, all other questions may reasonably be regarded as subordinate to the necessity of earning a living, and to the technicalities involved therein. The rich—according to their aptitude or preference

—may follow science, art, arms, politics, or any similar occupation. And a mature and reasoning public opinion should urge the rich into one or other of these pursuits, and out of the debasing atmosphere of mere pleasure, or the ignoble and unequal battle for lucre, so often waged by them with the struggling classes. We have in fact in the United Kingdom, a nobility set apart by a special arrangement, like so many political Levites, for the very purpose of devoting their whole energies to public affairs;—and this duty they can perform without monopolising that public esteem, which humbler meritorious workers are entitled to share.

Among the bread-seekers who have the choice of an occupation, the favourite pursuits are Science, Literature, the Fine Arts, and the Professions,—as they are supposed to produce a twofold return of honour and profit, in comparison with the Useful Arts, which yield only profit. Of these the professions attract the greatest numbers. But we shall endeavour to show that, with the progress of

knowledge, the lines of demarcation have become much less decided than they were formerly, and that it is in the power of Public Opinion to raise the status of the principal useful arts, and so diminish the crowding and competition in the recognised professions. Thus Medicine is commonly described as both a science and an art. But in these respects how does it differ essentially from any other pursuit, call it mechanical or by whatever name, that answers to the same description? That is, with the understanding that "science" is only a term from the Latin, signifying that accurate *knowledge* which finds international expression in the Latin and Greek languages, though in no necessary sense dependent on them.

Let us consider the above pursuits in succession.

Pure Science deals only with abstractions. It produces nothing: for at the moment of practice it becomes *applied* science, art, or skilled industry. It is undoubtedly the loftiest of all pursuits: but its votaries are after all but mortals

with sublunary necessities, such as food and raiment. How are they to obtain the means of purchasing these? By fees, it may be said, or salary, for lectures. But if so, the lecture becomes at once as much a stock-in-trade as the shopman's wares. Nor are chairs of pure science so numerous as to need advertising for applicants to fill them. Smiles's biographies of Edwards and Dick offer useful commentaries and lessons under this head.

Of *Literature* we shall speak presently under the head of the Creative Arts.

The Fine Arts have their literature, their recognised principles constituting their science, and their practice, the combination of which entitles them to the name of a profession. But financially they depend on the taste, not the necessity of the public, which but charily bestows its patronage on beginners. The intending artist will therefore do well to consider beforehand his means of support until the day of patronage arrives.

The Useful Arts may be classified for our purpose under four heads, which it is hoped will be

sufficiently definite—the *Creative*, the *Exploitive* (from the Fr. *exploiter*, to fell, mine, &c.), the *Adaptive*, and the *Distributive*.

(1.) The Creative.—This class includes two members, the Author and the Farmer—the cultivator of the brain, and the cultivator of the soil. The Author takes thought in the germ, nurses and matures it, until it issues into the world armed to do battle with Ignorance, as perhaps was typified in the fabled birth of Minerva. But Wisdom's chances of winning the spoils of war with the pen are precarious, unless she has the gift of hiding her armour beneath the garb of pleasure, as in the guise of journal or novel. The Farmer's productions are also out of existing materials, but are in a manner created by development from germs or seeds. In nourishing these while they grow, he draws, consciously or not, upon more sciences than is generally imagined. His range—like that of the doctor—has hardly any defined limit, and includes geometry, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, zoology, and meteorology. The

demand for these finds recognition, although as yet to too limited an extent, in the establishment of colleges for instruction in agriculture and its tributary pursuits.

(2.) The Exploitive Arts within our survey are the Miner's, the Fisherman's, and the Lumberer's. The Miner ought obviously to study at least geology and mineralogy, and his wants in this respect, like the Farmer's, are already partly supplied by the establishment of colleges. The Fisherman is not so fortunate; but that he needs a "higher education" for his craft, is illustrated by the way in which the inhabitants of the North Atlantic—a great fish-pond but not preserve—are victimised through the scant knowledge and thoughtless cruelty of the populous nations now dwelling on both its shores. Marine zoology and meteorology (as much as possible in his mother tongue) should be the Fisherman's special studies. The former includes many tribes of animals; and if we would arrest the process of wholesale extermination, we must make him better

acquainted with these in the details of their food, habits, resorts, and mutual relations. The Lumberer, or provider of timber in Her Majesty's western "forest primæval" also manifests in his daily life the necessity of some better observance of Nature's laws. In his new-found paradise he reaps where he has not sown, and with the proceeds of his hardy and wholesome toil, realises the highest conception of animal enjoyment, which it would be a sin to disturb by pressing on him overmuch fruit of the tree of knowledge. But he is charged with being reckless and improvident —with wantonly destroying the forest, and with depopulating rivers by his refuse. A grievous waste for the sake of one "rough-hewn end" which presumably the "Divinity," true education, could so shape as to teach him to lay aside his earnings, with the reasonable ambition of some day attaining the rank of a skilled employer.

(3.) The Adaptive Arts come next. Chief among them is that of the manufacturer, which prepares the raw material for the manipulations of the

artisan proper. His operations in Britain are so extensive as perhaps to be mainly instrumental in bringing about an over-pressure of population on the food-supply that must be a vexation to the spirit of Mr. Malthus. But we are only concerned at present with calling attention to the fact, that he moves in the front rank among the practitioners of applied science, and to the inference as to the title that his occupation might assume.

Of the lesser Adaptive Arts we shall only instance a few as illustrating our position. From the Farmer's creative art proceed those arts which supply us with food and clothing:—from the Miner's and Lumberer's arts proceed those which provide us with our homes—their fittings, furniture, and fuel. The food adapters are principally the baker, the butcher, and the cook. Let us take the last of these. Soyer, the eminent culinary *artiste*, had, as is well known, the highest idea of the *science* he professed, and did "not despair of seeing the day when that science, like others, will have its qualified professors." Had he

lived a few years longer he would have found his prediction in process of fulfilment. Take again the Tailor's art. Consider, with Carlyle, its early history in all countries since the days of Eden —the sources that have fed it—the changes through which it has passed—and the principles that should govern it according to climate, season, occasion, and individual peculiarities. Then observe the manipulative skill demanded in the cutting and fitting—operations commonly regarded as the tailor's only province. Fashion consults no principle—and the consequence too often is such disease as the "court" catarrh, bronchitis, and consumption, recently so designated by the *Lancet* (March 15, 1879). Other trades again deal with the clothing of the head, neck, arms, and feet. The importance of the whole subject is at times brought prominently to the front—as at present in connection with the army and navy, in their varied conditions of service in this extended empire. And if we regard the properties of material, texture, form, colour, and colour-harmony, the art of clothing might almost claim a place among the fine arts, carrying with it considerations of

the useful as well as the ornamental. Imagine a museum devoted to the costumes of different ages and countries—what a wealth of subjects it would afford for the discourses of the lecture-room! The Adaptive Arts of the Mason and Carpenter demand, even in their humblest essays, some knowledge of geometry—while their systematic history, principles and practice, would give ample employment to a professor.

(4.) The Distributive Arts.—At the head of these stands the merchant—and Britain's merchants are "princes." His higher educational curriculum is very comprehensive, including such subjects as universal history and geography, natural history, foreign languages, and finance. And among the special arts in this great division, most conspicuously in that of the druggist, reflection will show that there is room for much varied and interesting study.

The general scheme thus briefly submitted is not wholly speculative, but has been to a limited

extent practically, if unsuspectedly, recognised by the establishment of schools and colleges for the study of agriculture, metallurgy, chemistry, pharmacy, engineering, and commerce. The Apothecaries Hall is also an examining college, although, we believe, more for the practitioner than the dispenser: and in London there are other Halls, commodious and richly endowed, and liberal as regards general education, which only await the professors to ensure their development into technical colleges.

We have thus endeavoured to show, in as few words as possible, that each great division of the Useful Arts might assume the title and dignity of a profession, placing the cultivators in a position worthy of educated men. This would make Science more catholic, and increase the self-respect of her votaries in every sphere. Members of the different classes so educated would have ample resources among themselves, and would be under less temptation to seek or to repel the society

of other classes. The more esteemed members, after acquiring a competence, would naturally pass into positions of public trust, their interests being no longer individual, but identified with those of the community. Ambition, in its better sense, would thus find encouragement and reward in a safe direction, instead of violently seeking its own gratification at any cost. And in the probable contentment that would prevail, and that would seem at all events a possible prize, would be found a better result of educational progress, than the feverish unrest deplored by the Preacher in our opening quotation.

One word more. In exhibiting the above picture of "Peace with Honour" secured by the bloodless conquest of a practical and feasible Utopia, it must be understood that we confine our view primarily to these islands, which have gone through a fiery ordeal of centuries, before assuming their present aspect of liberty tempered by law. But the great problem of

national freedom has been materially hastened towards its solution by *debate*—more than once in the Spenserian sense—with the older colonies: the aggregate result being that over wide portions of the globe, subject to one Sovereign as chief magistrate, but governed only by their own laws, men do whatsoever seemeth good in their own eyes. Nevertheless the machinery does not work so smoothly as it might, owing to a singular cause—the use of a proper name in a way that implies *subjection* where none exists. The reader is asked to bear in mind the elasticity of the term "England." At one moment it is used in the limited sense of the country so named; at another in that of the British Empire. "England the country" and "England the empire" are very different in extent, although, except in India, generally identical in population, so far as race is concerned. This consideration might also afford relief to those who utter the chronic cry of despair at the burdens of "England" for the support of the unemployed poor. A decided effort is needed to adjust the balance between the unemployed and employed in England the empire—but such

an effort would be sure of success if geographical prejudices were overcome, and cramped notions as to the extent of England discarded as pernicious.

Apologia.

On the same principle that the author of a book of travels is expected to have visited the scenes that he describes, the present writer begs to state, that for many years his attention has been particularly drawn to the fevered lives, and too often untimely collapse, of some of his early contemporaries who have hurried on towards the goal of distinction. A comparison of their example with that of others who settled down at once to a routine of quiet, but earnest and useful work, and are now among the successful men whom the world esteems and consults, is so much in favour of the slow and sure method, that he omits no seasonable opportunity of impressing its advantages on his young friends. The rhyming variation

here following, he desires to be regarded rather as a compendium, in its way, of his notes and reflections on a subject of such truly vital and universal interest, than as a work making any pretensions to literary merit.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

And but once kindled, quenchless evermore,

* * * *

* a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things.—

BYRON.

There yet are two things in my destiny,
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last
It were the haven of my happiness—

BYRON to his Sister.

ARGUMENT.

The dreamer propounds to himself a critical question.—In choosing a career, he invokes the tutelary powers that preside over certain worldly pursuits.—A fanciful and a practical survey of medicine.—A great medical benefactor and his public recognition.—Jenner's statue in Kensington Gardens.—Brain *versus* nerve.—Inconsistent pastoral directions.—Impracticable yearnings and their results.—Self-help, without money or interest, seldom successful in realising a lofty ambition.—No "curse of labour."—One altar to earthly bliss where all are equal.

Fytte the First.

WHAT shall I do to make my name
Conspicuous on the scroll of Fame?

Without some definite end in view,
Of thought, or word, or deed,
Without some object to pursue,
A man is but a weed
On Time's broad current floating loose—
A thing for cavil or excuse.

But not for me high deed to dare
Without the trump of praise—
I like not though my fruit be fair
And pleasant to the gaze,

If—measured by the rival test—
Not labelled and proclaimed the best.

Attend! ye sable-mantled Three,
Hight Physic, Law, Divinity!—
Ye Nine! in motley masquerade,
Vouchsafe your inspiration's aid!—
Aid Warfare! with the jingling sword
And broidered suit, of maids adored.

Shall I take issue with Decay—
Go, bear on my auspicious way
The gift of days from door to door,
And SUCCOURER named the wide world o'er,[1]

---

[1] Inventum medicina meum est, OPIFERQUE per orbem
Dicor— *Ovid.*

My spell obey the healing powers benign,
And the world o'er the SUCCOURER's fame is mine.

Bring soothing unguent for the pain,
Bring cordial for the faltering vein?
Lo! at my knock, the sick man's eye,
How quick, how wistful its reply!
Counts my slow step his lifted ear
And blesses e'en the creaking stair.
No welcome so sincere as mine
Save his whose message is divine.
A gentle greeting and no more—
A simple form oft heard before—
But the poor soul's content the while
Discourses in that truthful smile.

Within those chamber-walls I own
A mightier than a monarch's throne.
Bowed to my mandate by the sting
Of vile disease, Priest, Warrior, King,
Dread Emperor from his gory field,
Pay homage to the power I wield.
My trusty ear, unchallenged, wins
Confession of their stolen sins,
If haply it may needs fulfil
The compass that shall guide my skill,
And—told their tale—those lowly great
Hang on my words, and deem them fate.

I ponder, and the issue clears!
I augur, and the nation hears!

Or, when invading Pestilence
Leaps the weak bars of man's defence,
Slays a first victim—pauses—then
Marks a fresh prey and strikes again—
Then settles to its deadly toil
Like the fell king of Afric soil
That gives the rein to slaughter, free
From curb of law or mercy's plea—
When garbled scrolls, consoling, mell
The frightful numbers as they swell,
Lest their full tale the boldest scare
And panic kill whom plague may spare—
When gallant hearts, unused to quail,
Try their whole nerve and find it fail—
When prayer ascends at holy shrine
That Heaven to pity may incline,—
All eyes then hail me as the knight
Sans peur, to wage that mortal fight.
My single arms o'ermatched to meet
The hydra wasting lane and street,
I call the zeal-contagioned host,
Assign to each the fitting post,

Ordain their code, instruct, and drill,
Till all are tempered to my will.
And when my roll-call ends the score—
And the saved remnant quake no more—
And pæans jocund home invite
Self-helpers that not helped the fight—
What benisons arrest my path
For peace restored the stricken hearth!
My praise of every tongue the theme,
Honours and Fame before me gleam,
Sure guerdon of a grateful hour
That sought my shield's defence, and blessed
my saintly power!

Thus from her wing my raptured soul.
Experience thus:—"Hark now the goal
That bounds Britannia's gratitude
Towards the Esculapian brood.

"Long is the way, nor smoothly spread
Ere Physic—state-robed—caps the head,
And held in light esteem the crown
She wreathes the votary of Renown.

"Baptised in Latin to the core,
In fountain of Hellenic lore,
And foreign stream—like him we read
In Stygian bath nigh panoplied—
Through parallels Mechanical—
Through Chemical—Botanical,—
Anatomy that reeks of brain,
Nerve, muscle, tissue, artery, vein,—
Physiology, domain of life,—
Pathology, with lesion rife,—
Psychology, or history
Of mind's controlling mystery,
Whence to define in questioned stage
Or fatuous lack, or phrensy's rage,
This laggard reason spur, regain
With mastering hand that scattered rein,—
Physic forensic, making guile
Self-traitor to its darksome wile,—[1]
Climatology, that health compares,
Of Scandian and Ausonian airs,—
Pharmacology, with simple fixtures
Galenical, combining mixtures

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[1] See Note I. at the end.

Alchemical, which Paracelsus
Taught, but the new Eclectic tells us
More scient use of—while await us
Gas, Bath, Galvanic Apparatus,—
You tread the castle of the Woes
That lord it over man's repose,
Rude Dislocation, Fractured-bone,
Dark Aneurism, Tumour, Stone,
Foul-humoured Fever, Phthisis, Gout,
Eke mickle crew the minstrels flout.—
Nay, if my rhyme a riddle grows,
You "walk the hospitals," saith Prose,
What times, the vistaed wards along,
From couch to couch a silent throng
List the Prescriber's art combine
All science 'neath his mystic sign—[1]
What place, in what intention's aid,
Chirurgery wields the dædal blade—
Where, last, *Post-mortem* tracks the foe
That, hidden, caused the lethal throe.

---

[1] The character which we at this day place at the head of our prescriptions, and which is understood to mean nothing more than *Recipe*, is in fact a relic of the astrological symbol of Jupiter.—*Paris.*

"And when—the day achieved—you claim
A prologued, a post-scripted name,
When caseful years 'prognose' the cure
Of sickness little less than sure
If timely met and in the scope
Where Nature suffers Art to cope,
Your labour, spent at so much cost,
In Fame's regard is—labour lost.
Fame wots not of great Diagnosis—
A dose of physic but a dose is—
And the firm poise and certain hold
Which drive each arrow to the gold
Are reckoned in no higher sense
Than the chance hits of bold pretence.
Say that occasion grants to air
Your genius in a lecture chair—
Let, true as brave, a hero's aim
Indeed! your succouring steel proclaim—
Those circling critics that applaud
Are not the public, whose award
The leaf of deathless glory rears,
But special juries of your peers,—
'Tis their lone verdict sets the seal
That vouches in the last appeal.
Should now the Fount of Honour play,

You're only tickled with the spray,
Appraised the gracious boon to share
With party hack, or 'worthy' Mayor.

"Sequestered in a calm retreat
Where London's echoes faintly beat—
By artful waters that enact
Their parts of lake and cataract
For admiration of the maids
And children that affect the shades
Of Kensington arboreous—there
Seek Jenner's image!
Ah! ye fair!
Pay your sweet incense to the wit
That saved your beauty from the pit
Grim Variole delves. Ye million! bring
Your flowers, a votive offering
To him without whose being you
Had not been, or if born, would rue
The void in ever present scare
Of poison lurking in the air,
Of seizing in each friendly grasp
A deadlier serpent than the asp,

Of festering on your lonely bed,
Your mien abhorred, your kindred fled,
And—should relenting Death forbear—
Of crawling from your abject lair,
A dubious mercy to regard,
With blighted orb and feature scarred!

"From this foul thraldom, the decree
Of conquering Jenner set you free.
Glad nations hailed their rescue won
And blessed Britannia for her son.
Vouchsafes the Dame, in grateful tune,
To recognise the kindest boon
Dispensed to Adam's woful race
Before or since the Year of Grace,
But—straitlaced in tradition—pays
In lucre, and withholds the bays.
Later—misgiven that her debt
Of honour was not settled yet—
She cast a statue, and was fain
To seat it in the stony plain,
Valhalla of the fighting Gods
Theogonied in Hesiods,
Debretts ycleped, Burkes, Lodges, Dods.

"A fitful impulse placed it there—
Maturer judgment thence it bare
In pity for the Lancet, bored
By jesting contrast with the Sword.[1]

"For doth not History plainly tell
Of all who in her precincts dwell,
And Fable epic, ode, the rule,
That men resemble boys at school,
Where prized Odyssean intellect
Wins, yes, the *kudos* of respect,
But Aias, Hector, first in arms!
O popoi! weep Irenian charms!
See Poet's fire—see Painter's brand
Thrill the deep heartstrings of the land
When Valour's famous deeds are dressed
In form and life at their behest!
Aye, the distinguished part they play
Is like the courtier's, in the ray
Of borrowed splendour, and the rage
Of genius burning in thier page,

---

[1] See Note II.

But tribute of the vassal, Brain,
To Nerve enthroned as Suzerain!" [1]

Be this thy cue then, spirit mine,
In strife to compass thy design!
My lot is humble, and the creed
Learnt from my pastor,—"Thou shalt feed
Thine aspirations with the trust
In heavenly fruit when thou art dust!"
That teaching, sooth! was strangely blent.
Good pastor!—whiles he preached content
With one's allotted station—still
Did worldly master strain to fill
My breast with vague ambition—stir
Its tender passions with the spur
Of rival competition—hold
The sateless appetite for gold,
The lust of glory, power, and place,
As motives in the coming race,

---

[1] See Note III.

And his distraught tuition press
With pattern marvels of success—
Not given to closely analyse
The crook or chance that won the prize,
Or say if its achievement brought
The blessing undevoutly sought.

Pure competition[1]—test it, boy!—
Of rivalry hath no alloy.
It stimulates where all may speed,
All try their best, and all succeed
By "fellow-seeking"—that hath won
Its due, when Duty marks—"Well done!"

Some prompting of my inner heart
Tells me they choose the better part
Who speed the flag of Duty,[2] blessed
By Conscience, nor regard the rest—

---

[1] Competition—from *con petitio*, a "seeking together" for the *same* object, as the books have it. But here lurks a fallacy. All may pursue the same object without trampling each other down, as in learning the alphabet, a trade, or a science.

[2] Examples: Wellington and Nelson.

That Providence could ne'er intend
Man's cup of happiness to blend
With glorified ambition—doom
His myriads to a life of gloom,
That one or two bright stars may shine—
Lone prodigies of bliss divine.
I join my credence with the sage
Who taught the happiest on the stage
Of human action is the strong
And skilful artisan, with song—
Like music of the bees—to cheer
The busy scene, till free to bear
His wages to the loving wife,
And share the home—the heaven of life.[1]

"And shall this 'tuneful Homer' bind
His apron tie on all mankind!

---

[1] Addressing the students of the Liverpool School of Science in 1878, Professor Sir C. Wyville Thomson said the position of the struggling professional man was not to compare with that of the skilful artisan for comfort and independence. It was not a rise in life.

Are not diversities of form—
Of temper—of delights that warm
Each separate heart—allowed a voice
In making the momentous choice?
Are there not yearnings of the soul
That soar above the mean control
Of dull Routine—the standing feed—
The mill-round of a solemn steed?
Your model craftsman—does he store
No savings of a pious ore,
Which, by slow increment and due
Investment, come at last in view,
Conspired to purchase warm repose
While droppeth Time the farewell snows?
Like sire—like son—his children too—
Must they old Father Ape *re-queue*—
Celestial Darwins—hug the Curse
Of Labour, with Aladdin's purse?"

Nay friend, your passion runs astray
Beside the sense I would convey
As one who on the margin jot
My private hero of the plot—

Queer plot!—to regalise the trade
For pastime and as use degrade—
But in your haste, unwittingly,
You've touched the harmonising key
Which, in my judgment, reconciles
The jarring notes of James and Giles.

If Work's whole doctrine you digest
In one short Article—Unrest—
Through Faith the Gospel of Content[1]
Unmeaning writ, was wrongly sent,
To missioners conformed who preach
That gospel—yea! but Homer's teach—

---

[1] That the contentment taught in the Scriptures not only includes a cheerful acquiescence in the necessity of working for a living, but also accords with devotion to the highest duties of religion, courage, and self-sacrifice, witness the example of him who wrote—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Thus the expression here used, "The Gospel of Content," is neither synonymous with "The Gospel of Idleness," nor at variance with "The Gospel of getting on" &c.—phrases of later origin.

If placed below and not relieved
The primal stage or next, achieved
By some anterior climber, thrown
On self, unaided and alone—
Away! those legendary tales
Where Jack ascends and Giant quails—
Those "Lives" whose Lachesis hath spun
As 'twere, a triple thread in one.

As 'twere—"Caught Arab of the slums,
Love reading, writing, do your sums,
Upscan those Roman, Grecian rows
To Helen where she jilts her spouse—
A trade—some sort—will earn your bread,
But early risen, late abed,
Pile on, pile on yet higher knowledge,
The bookstall free and open college.
Go to the bar—'*But, Sir, the tin?*'
My child, the poorest ever win.[1]
'Surpass your comrades all'[2] in fence
Of tongue and Tullian eloquence.

---

[1] Lord Eldon. [2] Derby's Homer.

Then who knows but threescore or more
May see you dubbed Lord Chancellor,
Entailing on a noble heir
Ten thousand pounds or so a year!"

As 'twere—"Poor lad, your shilling bear
To London, bound for millionaire,
The facile million turned to two
Keep turning till The Viscount Screw—
Earl, Marquis be, then Duke:—what next?
Aien Aristos [1]—blazing text
Embannered *à la* Thiers the Gaul—
Try Bismarck for an empire's fall!
And when you die—nay die you must—
A prayer for peace?—forbid! In trust
Angel, Archangel still excel,
For ever best—where? Milton, tell!"

How still discovered, ever new,
The many may not be the few,

---

[1] See Note IV.

The few the one! what Phrygian dance,[1]
Delirious, flung Napoleon France,
Flung Cæsar Rome—convulsion-torn—
Who, with king Alexander, born
Olympian faith!—the most malign
Of all the Stars of Glory shine!

As heavenly lights for guidance hung,
By Reason lied, by Phrensy sung,
Through the dark ages as they cheer
The SLAUGHTERER in his red career,
Their mortal trail these godkins—what?
A thrall—a victim—and a sot!

They sign that Nature's law supreme
Is Order, through her varied scheme,

---

[1] "What Phrygian dance"—not altogether metaphorical, in allusion to the lawless excesses which preceded the two Latin empires. The Corybantes or Galli are represented as wearing the cap of Liberty at the celebration of their rites in Phrygia. History relates in the words of Carlyle that during the first French revolution a "Temple of Concord" was erected in Paris, on the summit of which stood "a statue of Liberty, colossal, seen for miles, with her Pyke and Phrygian Cap."

The freeman's bond, a sworded thread
Suspended o'er the despot's head—
That history since lost Eden's bowers
No scheme unrolls to equal ours—
Allegiance to a lawful throne,
Self-made the sovereign laws we own,[1]
Withal so gracious, and so fair,
That who would climb are free as air—
An't please take wing, leastwise condone,
Bar license for the leaping-stone!

Your station the collective hive,
Ambition! be it first to strive,
Leagued with up-leveller, Skill, to stand
On eminence that gives command
Of famous dividends—to reign
O'er talents realising gain.

---

[1] "Founded in Democracy, tapering into Aristocracy, and crowned with Royalty"—such is the account of the British Constitution, attributed in our hearing many years ago, by a Dublin graduate, to Henry Flood, the great Irish orator and statesman, but we are unable to find the quotation in print.

The value of a thing is naught
Save what it brings, if shrewdly taught,
Those "brains" of small account subjoin [1]
Which fail their first requirement—Coin!
Coin is a thing whose value lies,
Remember though, in what it buys,
Food, raiment, houses—but the ends
"Love, honour, fealty, troops of friends."

On mental wings, since toiling hands
A vacuous pouch no more demands,
May hopeful now thy child aspire,
Enkindled with transmitted fire.
If chosen the remedial height,
Not goaded—a relentless flight—
With "Upward, Onward!" nor behind
A plague old bogie Care, in mind
That stomach yearneth to be fed—
"Hi! dinner waits thee, moon-bound head!"

---

[1] I did not myself set a high estimation on wealth, and had the affectation of most young men of lively imagination, who suppose that they can better dispense with the possession of money than resign their time and faculties to the labour necessary to acquire it.—*Sir W. Scott.*

No "high *contracting* powers" at home—
But slowly, surely, free to roam
Wherever Science owns her seat,
And learners gathered at her feet
Incline a thirsty ear, and note,
Or their instructed sense devote
To garner ready sheaves of thought,
Pluck rule from illustrations, brought
From near and far—then stage of men
Survey with scrutinizing ken,
And from live tutor, Action, learn
Exampled recompense to earn.[1]

Anon, behold him smoothly ride
At boughten summons, from the side
Of some stout partner, or await
What wary or propitious fate
Shall hail his ready art, to seize
Prognosis of iatric ease.

---

[1] In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution (1877), Mr. Oscar Browning indicates medicine as furnishing the best model for the science and art of education.

On Fancy!
Throned in state serene
Sir Celsus rules his "pure" demesne!
Hist! the reluctant palm, with eye
Averted, as he bids good-bye,
That folded guinea strangely found—
And so his daily acted round.
Consols assign—see honoured cheque
And pomp of liveries at his beck
And wide-spread acres, and a goal
Expanding to the statesman's rôle.
But likelier still, his wealthy heir,
Stranger to every anxious care,
Lord of a splendid leisure, spent
In each polite accomplishment,
Whom suasive golden tongues restrain
From traffic in the marts of gain,
Knocks for employment at the gate
Where laws are fashioned for the state.

Returned to Parliament!
Now share,
Good soul, those seats Elysian! there
The blood-stained laurel's march, the path

Whose ivy decks the philomath,
Finance's gold-prospected lode,
Religion's, Law's disparted node,
All avenues of venture tend
As rivers to their ocean wend—
So doth my muse her chart abide
Perfunctory as those waters glide.
God-speed! that ye may all pursue,
Devout at Duty's call thereto,
By fortune sinecured, who feel
Your Office in the Public Weal,
And nobler than escutcheons deem
Ascription of deserved esteem.[1]

No fear the work!
Your talents' use
Is written—but beware abuse!

---

[1] "This great assembly, imposing silence on all political dissensions, has united in giving me a unanimous proof of its confidence and sympathy, by conferring upon me the greatest honour a man could aspire to, who places the esteem of his fellow citizens above any favour this world can confer."—M. Grévy *on being elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies*, 1876. In January 1879 M. Grévy was elected President of the Republic, on the resignation of Marshal MacMahon.

The shining hours of Flora's bloom
Improve in celled Committee-room,
For mutual midnight watchers, laws
From mutual cobweb weave, applause
From roused-up senators compel
By piping—Oh! what Orphean spell!—
Ripe music of your own true voice—
"Hear, hear!"—'tis Virtue hails the choice!
No fear the work!
'Tis all this rout,
This pother to be talked about,
Ambition palsies—just as oil
Burns livelong on its measured coil,
But ah! by wassail set ablaze
Wanes while it fascinates the gaze.

O rage of fever! that consumes the brain
At Memory's altar in her proudest fane,
Is this your quittance—your immortal meed—
A year's, a lustre's plaudits of a creed!

Good angel—harping Attic skies!
Preacher—but scouting Paradise!

Fill, spice your stimulating dole,
Till, mad with fidgets on the poll,
This tribuned land vociferous grow
With mitre, coronet, and co,
Then wonder how the babel rose!
Then canonise—woe ye!—yon martyred saint—
Repose![1]
For me, who black-browed discontent,
Fumes, leaden heartaches, naught anent,

---

[1] In delivering the prizes awarded at a pupil examination in 1874, the Bishop of Manchester said (in the usual style of such addresses, and with the usual applause), that "he hoped to see such a system of education established throughout the country, as to enable a boy, however lowly his birth or station, to aspire to the position of Archbishop of Canterbury, or that of Lord Chancellor of England." Can this be the same "gentle shepherd" whom we heard complaining three years before that the sheep were infected with a "discontent and disquietude which have almost become chronic—that they have vague and unintelligible yearnings for they know not what, coming from they know not where!" Let us consider that of these offices, one is for life, and that both require great abilities, a special and costly training, long experience, and an incalculable luck for their attainment, and then think of the probable effect of setting them up as objects of ambition before many thousands of schoolboys every year.

This front of Sparta, though beneath
Gnaw Penury with vulpine teeth,
This need to live—(what ho! Jack Cade
Thou turned Jack Sheppard for a trade!)—
Would medicine—excuse my aim
To trace how wealth, position, fame,
Succeed in England's blamed estate,
For those who yearn and WORK—and shall
AFFORD TO WAIT.

Cold lieth Fame if feathered nest
Woo not her weary wing to rest!

Your soldier must be skilled to know
His armour ere he rout the foe,
Nor this alone, but food and pay
Receive unsought from day to day,
Lest hungry nature's primal law
O'errule the Articles of War,
And Might the felon hand extend
That preys alike on foe and friend.
Throughout the social ranks, the same
Broad principle obtains, though name

And calling differ. Mark how vain—
How sad—the too familiar strain,
"I've bred my son a gentleman,
Spent all my little gains to plan,
Implant and stimulate, and now
For him remains the question how
My farming prospers!" How indeed!
Can well-stored mind equip the steed
Of outfit and outgo of years,
Till patient—client—patron—cheers
His lonely vigil? Soon he learns
The lesson hot delusion spurns,
That those who buy and those who sell
In understood communion dwell,
And worse the new-come shopman fares,
The more impalpable his wares—
That though Self-help's a trusty reed
If rightly used, 'twill seldom lead
To heights above the level corn,
Unless a paltry scrip be borne,
Stuffed with a supplemental store
Of interest or minted ore.
Each client has his lawyer, each
Well-guarded home its favoured leech,
"Ware mantrap!" meted ere he swerve—

"No poaching on our strict preserve!"
'Tis shame to cry—he cannot show
His inward goods—then who can know!
Who shall dare name the winning horse
From hoof that never tried the course?
Or how an actor's merit gauge
Whose walk is hid beyond the stage?

Yes! bravely staff and sword have viewed
This moneyed aspect. None intrude
Within their pale in pauper guise.
Her ordering rite kind Church allies
With nutrient scrip. War's arms demand
Pay, rations, with no doubtful hand.
Themis admits to plead her cause—
But not invites—that they may pause
For Plutus, who their fancy set
On ermine robe and coronet.[1]

But Physic, lo! her portals wide
Flings open to the country-side,

---

[1] See Note V.

Compels from highway and from hedge
To share a motley privilege,
Nor spares the cordial to afford
Of exhibition and reward—
Then turns them on the crowded way
To capture waifs—as best they may.
For why? her pundits, unendowed,
Are fain to profit by the road,
And find their oil by taking toll
On each matriculated poll.
Hence rival schools exulting o'er
Fresh tallies in their yearly score—
Hence mournful Medicine, lamenting
Her children's case while still consenting.
Hence brain of serpent ruled to share
Mad cockpit with the brain of hare,
Lean parish stipend rudely flung
Wolf-hungered appetites among,
Bleak Union-circuit's cruel ride
For pence allowed and drugs denied,
Hind-counter traffic, with advice
Included *gratis* in the price—
So sets in clouds the golden beam,
With pageant that illumed Ambition's morning dream.

So the poor artist, Sorrow's child,
Of reason quick and passion wild,
Curseth or hard caprice of fate,
Or world's neglect, or rival's hate,[1]
Not the blind folly that possessed
His Hope, on patronage to rest.
Smiled not for him that ruling star
Of Common Sense, too seldom far
That governs mortal track, whene'er
In seas untried 'twould fondly steer.
Sense that purveys viatic store
For vessel bound to frequent shore,
Sense that would vow it strange to dwell
Cost-free in cabin and hotel—

---

[1] At the inaugural banquet which preceded the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1876, the President stated that 5015 pictures had been received, being many more than in former years. The consequence was that comparatively few could be selected, to the exclusion of "some fine pictures of considerable merit"—whereupon "all those artists whose works were not placed were offended, and were joined by their friends and patrons in condemning the unhappy members of the Academy." As the available space only admitted some 1200 pictures, the proportion of the disappointed to the fortunate in this instance was thus more than three to one.

Thou lubber Sense! dost reckon ort,
That in Youth's voyage from the port
Of Home, across the barren main
That stretches to his Castled Spain,
The skiff no less demands her due
Of victuals to sustain the crew!

1.

Ah Genius! though thy radiance burn
With holiest flame in purest urn,
And heavenly light around it shed—
Bethink thee, it must still be fed!

2.

Empyreal though, with angel choir
Attuned thy more than mortal lyre,
Scans thine ethereal psalter e'en
Through metre of prescribed routine.

Miscall not right Routine—a sway
This cosmic orb, yon stars obey!

Dear sailor boy that flies his home
Delighted o'er the world to roam,
And pictures in his course erratic
Perennial Crusoe's isles ecstatic—
What makes he but the bounding shore
He travelled in his chart before,
While the stern watch, allowanced mess,
Imperious order, scant redress,
The ideal of his fancy's thrill
Dismantle to the prisoned will!

And those ill-omened Yearnings—say
Whence come they, and what fruits betray
Germs of their inbred nascence, free
From meddling Art's perversity?
Spring they betimes in Hodge's breast,
Save when the Tiller of Unrest
Stirs the fresh soil and plants the seed?
Haunt they, unbidden as a weed,
Entangling nightshade with the flowers
Of Lily in his vacant hours,
While his boys outing, tearing, cheering—
"Hurrah!" — the "winged words" sent
careering—

Scamper to playground and to court,
Intent, ah! not on "lettered sport"?
Come, reverend sage, and learn with me
Thy primer at dame Nature's knee!
Cæsarean prose, Virgilian verse,
Euclidian "quod" direct and terse,
Commend not to a form that strives
For victory at the game of Fives,
Nor ask to meet Parnassian heaven
The captain of the school's Eleven!
Be it, the Dream's advancing age
More doteth on its pothook page—
That power to sway more claims its throne
Through *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων*[1]—
That power to live more serves the sign
Of Hermes, Pallas, and the Nine—
His bared round muscle, sanguine cheek,
His fire, not "borrowed from the Greek,"
Give plain response, if free to choose
Alcides or the sister Blues—
For him the Siren song of pleasure
Herculean strain—Eurysthean measure.[2]

---

[1] *Anax andrōn Agamemnōn*—king of men, Agamemnon.

[2] See Note VI.

Then why the digger's peace despoil
With vilipending useful toil,
Since labour's yearning gains the day,
By some called work, by others play?

Beneficent Labour, thou a curse!
Man calleth witness chapter, verse,
That aching thews and steaming brow
Are sin's degrading penance now.
Where curse of labour? Nay, once more
Hold commune with the sacred lore,
And lo! its patent sense aspersed!
Not labour, but the GROUND, was cursed.
Ere tempted Eve and sin began,
See the God-born first nobleman
Forth issue from his bower of sleep,
"To dress the garden, and to keep"—
And so, through every fortune's turn,
For work to do his nobles yearn.[1]

---

[1] The ancient Romans were so devoted to agriculture that their most illustrious commanders were sometimes called from the plough; thus Cincinnatus. The Senators commonly resided in the country, and cultivated the

List! flowers in last new fashion drest,
That Leisure's exquisite tilth attest,
List! matin walk and noon-day ride
And row upon the vesper tide,
Ye jaunts, that march up Alpine lane
For "Ha!" and then march down again—
List! gun and rod, and bat and ball,
And headlong leap o'er ditch and wall—
Hark trumpet! 'tis Lord Clere de Clere,
He farms the road *en* charioteer—
List! gliding plane by prince propelled,
List! ducal axe the tree that felled,
Foot-driven wheel—whatever plastic
Diverts, or interlude gymnastic—

---

ground *with their own hands*, and the noblest families derived their names from cultivating particular kinds of grain; as the FABII, PISONES, LENTULI, CICERONES, &c. To be a good husbandman was accounted the highest praise. BONUS COLONUS, vel AGRICOLA, was equivalent to VIR BONUS.—ADAM'S *Roman Antiquities*.

Hence it is easily imagined that Garibaldi, when waited on by the Servian deputies, soliciting his aid against the Turks, may have felt rather proud than ashamed of being found, according to the *Standard*, "excellently well employed in getting in his hay crop."

Ye are but counterfeits and blind
For labour that imparts the hind
His poor-man's mystery of HEALTH—
Elixir sought by all those alchemies of Wealth.

Our different lots alike in this,
That all are worshippers of Bliss,
Near by she dwells in Wisdom's path,
Her altar the domestic hearth—
Come peasant, come quadrigal peer,
Her canon—"ALL ARE EQUAL HERE!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Miserrima est omnino AMBITIO, honorumque contentio.

CICERO.

That basest of idolaters, the worshipper of the worst of Baals, public applause.

G. P. R. JAMES.

O happy!—if he knew his happy state—
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

ARGUMENT.

The dreamer discerns a fresh field for his consideration. —The career of a political agitator with the motive of self-elevation.—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—an easy fitting doctrine of general but vague application. The orator's ride to place on popular plaudits.—"Reform, Retrenchment, Peace,"—the promise and the performance. —Growth of the public burdens.—Crimean and Abyssinian wars.—A definition of fair trade.—Life in the old lion yet.—"UBIQUE."—A patriotic retrospect.—The ballot as a protection against "the wolf."—Emigration.—England and the Empire.—A hopeful forecast.—Deposition of Ambition's Dream.

Fytte the Second.

AS flowers of sweetness, through the vale
Their perfumed message on the gale
Dispersing, to the feast invite
All bees that carry home delight—
Thus far and so, my truthful Lay
With tidings of a better way
Hath wooed the farer, while Romance
Lures her rash votaries with the dance
On rival tiptoe.

Now the key
Of vague insidious Sophistry
Hawks its ear-captivating cry
Of man's equality—thereby
Contending that the literate
No more deserve to legislate

Than thou, coarse tramp! whose legal code
Is license on the private road.
If this be so, 'twixt A and B
What choice or preference hath C?
Or why not C claim equally,
The suffrages of A and B?
Why, when those Lights of Freedom throng,
That demonstrate the grievous wrong
Of kings and nobles, and deride
Distinctions taught by foolish pride,
Proceed they thence to organise
The class-machinery they despise—
Nay hear then—President, and Vice,
Council, Committee, Suffrage, Price
Levied in taxes! Aye to spare
Constraint of mounting by the stair—
The platform voted, and the stump,
More brief and ready stools to jump
To power and place, and seize by stealth
The fortunes of the Commonwealth.

Ha! like a sudden dart of pain
A thought fleets through my startled brain.

What if for me, so keen to spy
The mote that specks my neighbour's eye—
What if for me, with faultless air,
To choose a monstrous beam to wear—
Storm-breeding petrel of the state,
For me—last Trade—to Agitate![1]

Well! could I oust those thieves of life,
Insatiate Greed, Pretentious Strife,
Ambitious only of the skill
My proper station best to fill,
And for my ferial health repair
To loveliest scene and kindest air—
There, amid Nature's banks, assigned
The balance of a peaceful mind,

---

[1] Agitation for reform is much discredited by its being used as a trade by grievance-mongers, and continued by politicians in cases where the abuse complained of no longer exists. All honour to the great heroes and martyrs of Reform! their names are undoubtedly among the noblest recorded in history.

We should observe as regards the figure of the political stormy-petrel in the preceding line, that one or two eminent persons to whom it has been publicly applied, are not of the class it is supposed to represent.

The coin that renders thrust for thrust
When cometh war—since come it must.

To Hygieia.

1.

Hygieia! genial goddess! thou
  Hast charge the new-born babe to bless,
And through this tearful vale, as now,
  Inspirit with thy pure caress.

2.

Thy conquest is the brow serene,
  Thy car the life-spring's even flow,
Thy sacred chalice, ne'er venene,
  Pervadeth with delicious glow.

3.

Oh, luxury of feeling well!
  Sweet foretaste of celestial bliss!
What flush of Glory, tell, oh! tell—
  What cup that can compare with this!

4.

Happy! who feel the thews incline,
  Dipped oars that bend, or straight the
    plough—
Happy! who know thy friendly shrine
  And tend it with a constant vow.

  Too late!
    On! on! I cannot lay
That phantom FAME that becks my way—
Too late! this envious thorn attest
So madly planted in my breast!
I cannot bear your lofty glance,
Egregious, empty Arrogance!
The splash of mud that Fashion throws
From her gay chariot as she goes,
Rank's pillared mansion and estate,
And Luxury with emblazoned plate
And gorgeous lacqueys, proudly skilled
In mysteries of the waiting guild.—
With these, and such as these, my game,
How swift my conquest of a name!

Then let me, "wise in time," survey
My forces for the destined fray—
Such arms assure as clerkly page
Approves, the civic broil to wage.

My flag magician Art supplies,
So tinctured with chameleon dyes
That every willer finds its hue
His own—his yellow, red, or blue.
My speech now gentle oil that flows
With soothing on a poor man's woes,
Infiltrates with a suave relief
Of owing his peculiar grief
To institutions, customs, laws—
He a pure victim, they the cause—
Then—hither histrionic Ire!
Scald his quick veins with rushing fire,
By wrongs he never dreamt before
Laid burning at the rich man's door—
By flagrant deeds unheard of—wrought
No matter when or where, but brought
With house-top witness to proclaim
A complice Oligarchy's shame—
Conjure the far off feudal night
Of ages groping for the light,

When right was scarce discerned from wrong,
And Faith, enlisted by the strong,
Gave warrant of the sacred law
Of Conquest grasping all it saw—
And crimes of world-forgotten dead
Untomb with wizard spell, to shed
Their blight upon the trusting heart
Unconscious of my covert art.[1]

Hark! 'tis Reform! 'tis Freedom's call!
Up, trampled Helots! crowd the hall!
I rise!
Ye voices, hands, and feet,
Trump, cymbal, drum, the signal greet!
I speak!
At every fervid pause
Peal ye loud salvoes of applause!

---

[1] Hear, on the contrary, the authors of a recent work, speaking by the mouth of their hero: "I know the lives of the hands. They might be so entirely beautiful, their lives, were it not for the vices of the men—their prodigality, their selfishness, and their drink."—*This Son of Vulcan.* 1876.

Ye thundering echoes! crown the hit
Established by my scathing wit!

But while in silvery cadence rung
Chime the self-praises o'er my tongue,
Or, with exasperate virtue torn,
I loose the tocsin of my scorn,
Mindful of this—in every vein
My definite purport shall remain
Elusory as the thimbler's pea—
Impeccable so its name be "Free"—[1]
Lest ghosts of perished enterprise
That point their mocking finger rise,
And bar my airy ride to Place
On plaudits of the populace—
Place—place of rest for homeless name,
True pinnacle of empty Fame!

"Reform, Retrenchment, Peace,"—how glad[2]
The programme!—and the play how sad!

---

[1] Freedom, pure and simple, is a mere abstraction. It has been well said that the freedom of a people consists in its being governed only by laws of its own making.

[2] See Note VII.

Fie! fie! Reform, with cottoned ears!
Hast suffraged from the wilderness,
Caved Misery's tribes, these forty years
Hope-hoping the deferred egress!

Where drainless close and alley soak—
Where Tippoos cram the fœtid lair—
Where slag and slime God's rivers choke—
Reform! go agitate it there!

Oh, every Sarum years explored!
Suffrage on suffrage, in accord
With "pressure from *within*"—how drear
Ambition's forward self we hear!
Still harping on the worn refrain,
"The Suffrage's reform,"—till brain
Turns giddy with the senseless round,
As men their corporate lives are found
Wasting in loud and fierce debate
On theories of their own estate,
Careless how little time they spare
The actual use that brought them there.

Twain score of years have filled their span,[1]
Retrenchment! since thy steel began,
And Creed, persistent to be blest,
Will none of Cocker's homely test—
But trace with calculating pen
The debit now and debit then,
And who but sorrow, that recount
Thy quota to the gross amount![2]

Peace was in love—the tissue ran—
With Cotton, and thenceforward man
All martial tambours would disown—
Millennial goods his warp alone.
Her bridal Peace, dight spinster, leads—
I look—the beadle Sword precedes![3]

---

[1] Ed. 1872. [2] See Note VIII.

[3] Alluding to a lady, habited and ensigned as PEACE, who rode in the Lord Mayor's procession of 1850, followed by representatives of the four quarters of the globe, and preceded (which *Clio* has carelessly omitted to record) by mounted policemen *with drawn swords!* This was in anticipation of the ceremony of inaugurating the goddess's universal reign, which was to take place at the opening of the first Great Exhibition in 1851. How the augury has been fulfilled is matter of universal history.

So when the Northern Ahab yearned—
His Naboth's port 'twas on—and turned
Where England, yearning grist to grind,
Her "hands" in peaceful yarns entwined—
Though, mindful of her arms, a word
His wavering purpose had deterred,
That word, uncertain, frayed the chore
That "drifted" to the Crimean shore.
So Peace for Office wove the feud—
Death-damp—which Theodore indued.
While to each costly foible due,
And obvious, as we feel and rue,—
Ridden withal by Schedule D,
Like old man treacherous of the sea,—
Grows, grows the DEBIT heavier weighed
Why vaunt the feats of juggled trade
That with unheeded voice affirms
FAIR TRADE IS TRADE ON EQUAL TERMS?
Explode the new surprise, advance
Ærisonant columns of Finance,
With Solvency—dissolving view—
Poor John to tantalize anew!

Great Britain! art thou shrunk so small,
That toys like these thy "talents" thrall!

Doth this enchantment mark the stage
Decrepit, of thy doting age!
Ware! O ye rash! that gladly bray
Each mimic symptom of decay,
His halting gait, his drooping eye,
Nor, tempted by the seeming, try
Tricks knavish on the Lion's jaw,
For never yet that slumbering claw
Such vengeful prowess owned as now,
Though clouds oppress his kingly brow
As with exuberant life, and strong—
The plethoric pulse betokening long
And generous use of this world's goods—
O'er his misconstrued signs he broods,
And the vindictive aches accruing
From quackish nostrum mischief-brewing,
Perverts to evidences sure,
Demanding still the peccant cure.

For times agone, in rampant mood,
His outgrown cubs, esurient brood,
New spoors of sustenance explored
And plenished the parental hoard.
Imperial hence thy vestige known—
The warlike sinews lustier grown

By genial fare and company—
Wherefore, old Leo ! agnify
Thy pristine roar's *mon droit*, aware
That screameth Eagle, growleth Bear,
When asked with complemental meat,
Scarròn-wise, for convivial treat ![1]
Whatever kinds earth, sea, and air contain,
UBIQUE sceptres in her own domain !

No Mahmoud making thee afraid,
Nor reft by shrieking Afric's raid,
Blest England !
Thou dost wear the gleam
Of every kind celestial beam.
Just are thy judgments, pure the fane
Thy tribes for hallowed use ordain.
Through streets of palaces they roam,
Where now the statue, now a dome

---

[1] Of old, when Scarròn his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
GOLDSMITH.

Regales the eye, or wandering slow
Mid whispering leaves, and flowers that glow
With Orient dyes, can scarce believe
The spot where Adam walked with Eve
Fairer than this.
And still my theme
Lingering as down a pleasant stream,
Thy hills descries, there crested high,
Cold shimmering in the azure sky,
Here rounded softly to the view,
Enrobed in verdure's emerald hue—
Thy groves recluse whose pensive charm
Allays the troubled soul's alarm—
Thy fields altern of uberous wheat
And herbage breathing odour sweet,
Where saucy herds deep challenge low,
And echo flocks their pinguid woe—
Joins concert many a feathered throat
Chorused in wild ecstatic note—
Join vocal brooks that sinuous race,
Loath to desert so fair a place.

All these doth Panegyric's lyre
Paint to the ear and bid admire.

1.

"O faithful picture! Hail, cœrulean skies,[1]
Arcadian swains, and tuneful Pan!" replies
My Ruskin with a smile—
"So conjures Yule his Palmland to beguile
Us twilight gropers in this misty isle,
But only for a while,
Till *eximus omnes;*—then do bitter night,
Warm wrap, and crush, and car of homeward flight,
Stir aggravated bile.

---

[1] This digression, ending with the vindication of the climate at page 64, is introduced here in consequence of some jocose remarks on the foregoing "effusion" in the previous editions. A high authority tells us that the English winter is "made up of bluster and slush, with fog to heighten the effect, as the English summer is proverbially three sunny days and a thunder storm." Not more complimentary is the Devonshire rhyme:

"The West wind always brings cold weather,
The East wind wet and cold together;
The South wind surely brings us rain,
The North wind brings it back again."

2.

"No clouds! was e'er ethereal Virtue seen
By poet's ken, or mirrored on the screen,
But there they intravene?
His lightning sweeps dark-cloud-encompassed
Jove—
Mid roseate clouds the Loves, the Fairies rove—
And verily, I ween
This proof at least of her immortal kin
Britannia doth right Tichbornely put in,
Adjournments brief between."

Then clouds appear! my wizard stroke,
My pencil wand, your glooms invoke,
Where, as the sunny rhymes pass by,
Hid in Oblivion's cave ye lie.

1.

Yet, though perennial discords mar
The rhythm of thy calendar,
Dear wayward clime! that chaff and jeer
Pray forecast of thy frantic seer;—

2.

Though shrunken Spring, with torpid hand,
Her zephyrs loose, her buds expand,
And drowsing whiles, o'er field and rill
Let Winter fling his Parthian chill;—

3.

Though Summer dawn, seductive, calm,
Sweet voices matining grateful psalm,
But for the zenith of delight,
Send shivery blast and dripping plight;—

4.

Though Autumn list the reapers' hone
Grind its o'erlapping monotone,
Then wage the tempest, rent and cess
Weeping a prostrate wilderness;—

5.

O'er each Favonian month's domain
Though Winter stretch his Boreal vane,
Like one we wot, of Scandian birth,
Whose pennon dominates the earth;—

6.

Nathless the bud and leaf survive,
Flower, fruit, and corn, in turn arrive,
And when the year's account is cast,
We find—it all comes right at last!

With haggard form and scowling eye
Why slinketh Labour frequent by?
Oh! wherefore in the sound conveys
A bantering sense, the song of praise?

See where, embedded in the rock,
Long sleeper, yon potential block
Rude summoners waken—cleft and crow,
Breath-holding heave, and splitting blow—
These first defrayed, his gentler part
The carver plies with chiselled art,
Metes the just line of form and face
That preludes the consummate grace,
When—paid his work's responsive hire—
Promethean touch imparts the fire,
Oblivion wraps the plastic scale,
And smooth, and polished to the nail,

The statue smiles, or seems to nod—
A Nymph, a Hero, or a God!

Britannia thus, a Presence fair,
Of port supreme, and queenly air,
In panoply of proof arrayed,
And all her rites of service paid,
Save when at morn the Hebe train
Befeather dust, out-sponge the stain,
Symbols her isle's completed stage
That baulks the toiler of his wage.[1]

For him, for his, Improvement's field
Whose guanoed culms luxuriant yield
The well-filled ear, green Bashans, vied
With Anaks of bucolic pride—
Whatever tells of travail done,
Of prizes of perfection won,
Tells of some hardy tool supplanted,
Of answering might no longer wanted,
While still do mouths increase, and still
Grows thin the slice those mouths to fill.

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[1] See Note IX.

Food, food! they crave, and clothes that warm!
Reply—"The suffrage's Reform."
Comes wolf athwart the door to glower,
Ambition cries, "Put me in power—
For hunger, cold, and every ill,
The ballot is your sovereign pill."[1]

Long the pent water's risen tide,
Still by a constant stream supplied,
Obtains an outlet—else the wave
O'ertopped the brim, and vain to save
From rueful wreck and blank despair,
Persuasion that, with timely care,
Had taught the raging flood to fill
Some bright and salutary rill.

Ere noontide vision's clear review
Much factory reek had turned askew,

---

[1] Ed. 1872. The ballot became law in 1873. Nevertheless Lord Derby has found reason to say in 1879: "We are face to face with an industrial crisis, such as we have not seen since the days of the cotton famine."

Thy Genius, Britain! saw the dread
And thus the problem stoutly read:
"Why sleepeth on its chartered round,
New colonies, new marts to found,
The Northman's rested keel?
"Heave ho!
My banner-star beneath, whose glow—
Brought, like the Vestal flame of old,
By wanderers from the Dardan hold—
Shall shine, the very light of home,
O'er many a verdured, garnered Rome.
Heave ho!"
Dominions at thy quest,
Whose bourns are Oceans, East and West,
Exchange with thee—one only claim,
Their heirdom of thy cherished name
Enlinked in one Imperial zone,
Begun and ended at one throne.
True, some, disdainful of disdain,
Secede, yet grander still remain.
Within their freehold's wide expanse,
Staid Narrative outvies Romance
With tale of presents, heavenly-sent,
For treasure, use, and ornament.

How shoal the brine their pearly hosts!
What thousand harbours fringe their coasts!
What mines untold those picks explore
Of coal, and gold, and fabrile ore!
Broad rivers highway sea-like lakes,—
Hills, plains, and forests,—all that makes
Prosperity, their tide await!

Oh! surely never schoolman's date
Illustrious as thine hath been,
VICTORIA NOSTRA, EMPRESS-QUEEN![1]
Oh! surely ne'er empiric whim
So ill advised, as would unlimb,
Through caustic of erosive sneer—
Deep-severing, deeper, year by year—
Thine Atlas, faithful held in bonds,
Though light, more vincular than "bronze."[2]
Say, shall THE WINNER'S child in vain
Plead for his brother o'er the main

---

[1] See Note X.

[2] Burke.

This glorious heritage to claim?
Is there no tongue of withering shame
Cries out upon the lords of power—
Slaves of the self-help of the hour—
That, like the ant industrious, creep
Busy around their native heap,
But may not, like the ant, arise
On prescient wing, to colonise?
Ah! while their puny game they play,
Shall foemen steal thy worlds away!

Nay! though a Giant Shape of Debt
Appal the State, and thousands yet
On thousands pressing, task her store
Of food, and thousands "ask for more"—
Though leaguered wards their door restrain,
Aye, Pity fail ye, homeless train!—
Yet in these dismal signs I see
But griefs of false economy,
Pangs of a futile fiery zeal,
For monster idols, weird, unreal,
And hopeful, stretch my gaze beyond,
When England ceases to despond,—

When, nursed beneath Unbounded Skies,
New Arts, new Industries arise,—
When England wise, and England great,
No more trains up to Agitate,—
When pride to Be, and not to Seem,
Deposeth vain Ambition's Dream.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Ambition.

The Latin word "Ambitio," which we translate "Ambition," was used in contempt by the Romans to signify the "going about" canvassing for honours and offices. We have seen what Cicero says of it, and it is worthy of note, that of more than fifty *synonymes, epithets, and phrases*, which follow the word in the Latin *GRADUS*, there is not one in its favour.

In our own day, however much the ambition of the schoolboy may be stimulated by praises and rewards, it does not appear that he is likely to find it highly appreciated afterwards. The zealous clergyman, and the eloquent statesman, rather sink than rise in public estimation, when one is seen to be actuated by the hope of preferment, and the other by that of office. Looking abroad, there is no reason to suppose that the Frenchman's love of glory, and the Russian's desire for more territory, are greatly approved of by their neighbours.

The French have never been more prosperous than during the compulsory peace of the last few years (1879).

If the Czar, instead of wasting his treasure in desolating wars for the *glory* of realising the ambitious dream of a rude predecessor, had employed it in developing the industrial and refining arts, how smiling now would be the aspect of the country, for whose welfare he is so personally responsible! He has found that "war means a few promissory notes from the Turks, and a hideous plague which is paralysing everything, a people besotted and held in chains by a caste, polished, educated, powerful, and cruel, education but barely known even by name." There might be an excuse if the possession of the Turkish waters were necessary to his commerce. But they are alike free to his trading vessels and to those of other nations. Verily, there are some whose wishes are more than their wants.

Politics, by an almost unconscious figure of speech, are commonly represented as an open field for competition, demanding no special training, where all comers are invited to join in and contend for the highest prizes,—those prizes being nothing less than offices which empower the holders to sway the destinies of the nation. In reality Politics are a profession which requires as many preparatory studies as Medicine itself. Possibly a good time may come when every one, before taking a seat in either House of Parliament, must have a diploma to show that he is properly qualified by education.

I.

Page 10.

In passing the sentence of death on two prisoners, who were found guilty of the murder of a child, by artful

contrivances intended to screen them from observation, the learned judge (Archibald) said, that "every artifice to which they had resorted had proved the means of their conviction, and it would be well if those who attempted to commit such crimes, would heed the warning that was continually proceeding from the Criminal Courts, that the very means adopted by those who attempt to commit crimes in secret, were almost invariably the means of their exposure."—*Dec.* 23, 1873.

II.

Page 15.

A seated statue of Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was placed some years ago in Trafalgar Square, but was afterwards removed to Kensington Gardens.

"Towards the close of the eighteenth century, small-pox continued, notwithstanding every effort, to be the source of general terror to mankind. The total deaths by small-pox throughout England were estimated at forty-five thousand annually. Inoculation was practised almost universally among the higher ranks of society, and the general impression was that every individual born must expect, at some period of his life, to become the subject of this loathsome and too often fatal disorder.

"Such was the state of public opinion when, in the summer of 1798, Dr. Jenner announced his discovery."—*Cyc. of Pract. Medicine.*

III.

Page 16.

At the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1874, a picture representing a military subject,—the "Roll Call," by Miss Thompson,—received the special notice of royalty, was purchased for the Sovereign, and attracted such crowds that it was a matter of difficulty to get a glimpse of it, while the police had to be employed to guide and check the thronging visitors. Admirable as the painting was, there must have been others at the Exhibition of equal merit, which had not, however, the adventitious aid of so popular a subject.

IV.

Page 22.

"Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων"—the inscription from the *Iliad* written up in the library of the University of St. Andrews, was referred to in terms of exciting eulogy by Dean Stanley in his address to the students, on the occasion of his being inaugurated as Lord Rector in 1875.

As reported in the London papers, he called to mind "how Lord Campbell, when a student at St. Andrews, was fired by its 'winged words' with the early ambition of winning, in the race of life, the first post in his profession, which he ultimately attained by becoming Lord High Chancellor of England." But who knows what became

of those who had been fired with the same ambition and who had not succeeded? Bearing in mind that the great object with most of these youths in attending the University, was to qualify themselves to earn the wherewith to live at all, the question might reasonably occur to most people whether their chances of success and of consequent happiness—the great aim of all pursuits—were likely to be better promoted by their entering on a career of perpetual rivalry and conflict for the sake of distinction, than by their following a steady and useful course, in harmony with the second great commandment—and the course, moreover, which they would expect and be content to follow, if they were not taught differently. At all events it seems remarkable that a sentiment, admired and exalted by our wise men as constituting the very finest in Homer's poetry, should have been put by the author himself into the mouth of a simpleton. The words literally are: *Always to be best and to be supreme over others*, or, as Lord Derby renders them, *To aim at highest honours and surpass my comrades all.* They occur in the speech of Glaucus in his dialogue with Diomed, at the close of which the two warriors exchange presents in the manner thus described:

> "Then Glaucus of his judgment Jove deprived,
> His armour interchanging, gold for brass,
> A hundred oxen's worth for that of ten."—*Derby.*

Hence *Glauci et Diomedis permutatio* became a proverb among the Romans to signify a fool's barter.

Compare the above motto with that from an old surgical author, which attracts the eye of the students in the classroom of the School of Medicine at Paris: *Je te pansai mais Dieu te guarit.*

V.

Page 33.

The Professions.—It is curious to observe the difference among the professions with regard to the mode in which their services are remunerated. In the Church of England, the candidate for holy orders is required to produce a certificate from a clergyman who undertakes to give him immediate employment, and to continue to do so "until he is otherwise provided of some ecclesiastical preferment."—(Hook's *Church Dictionary.*) Correspondingly—in the army and navy a commission carries with it the right to a maintenance from the public purse. Still, notwithstanding these advantages in their favour, it must be admitted that neither in the church, nor in the army and navy, does the average income approach the £2000 a year, which, according to Mr. Anthony Trollope, is "not as much as a grocer would make in a decent business." In law and medicine, on the contrary, the members are thrown entirely on their own resources for obtaining a livelihood —with a difference however. Thus the law takes care to warn its aspirants of the pecuniary problems that lie in their path. Admission, they are informed, is expensive. "During studentship between £200 and £300 a year at least is required. . . . A call to the bar costs £100, and, even when admitted, it is necessary that a barrister should possess a private income of £300 or £400 a year, as the chances of immediate employment are very small." Such hints do not appear to be often included in the advice given to the medical student, who, on the contrary, is rather persuaded to enter the profession with the idea that skill and industry are sufficient capital to insure him a livelihood, and in due time will raise him to a position

of eminence. This might be if there were not so many competitors—the result being a cheapening of the value of medical services in the estimation of the public, a low rate of payment in private practice, and the paltriest conceivable standard for the salaries attached to public appointments. In fact, such a vast amount of the best professional work is performed gratuitously, by the physicians and surgeons of the numerous hospitals and dispensaries, that in devising the ways and means of a medical charity the doctor is generally left out of the calculation altogether. Hamlet is the one unpaid actor in his own play. The cause of the depreciation is supposed in the text to be overcrowding, partly from the desire of the student to improve his social position, partly from the competition among the various medical licensing bodies, of which there are not fewer than nineteen in the United Kingdom.

As a rule, the professions are but poor investments for time and labour, in comparison with many direct money-making pursuits. In the foregoing lines, they are placed in that second stage of progress, which only properly begins when a private income has been already secured. As Sir Walter Scott said of literature—"*A Profession* is a good staff, but a bad crutch."

VI.

Page 38.

"*For him the Siren song of pleasure,*
Herculean strain—Eurysthean measure."

Nevertheless, with all his preference for Hercules over the Muses, no sooner has a boy learnt to construe a page

of Latin, than he discovers that it is beneath his dignity to earn his living by a manual occupation. An exception ought to be made at least in favour of farming, seeing that, as shown in the footnote at page 39, the nobility of ancient Rome delighted in cultivating the ground with their own hands. It may complete the argument to quote from a recent authority [1] the result in modern Greece of following a precisely opposite idea. "There is," it is stated, "an absence of practical direction in the system of education pursued. * * * While there is felt in Greece, a painful dearth of men whose education has fitted them to supply some of the multifarious wants of the country, such as surveying, *farming*, road-making, and bridge-building, there is, on the other hand, a plethora of men educated as lawyers, writers, and clerks, who, in the absence of regular occupations, become agitators and coffee-house politicians."

In India the same story is beginning to be told by the correspondents of the London newspapers, who state that the old University system is producing bad results, and think the sooner it is exchanged for an unambitious training in industrial pursuits, the better, alike for the natives and their well-intentioned friends.

Within nearer limits, it must be supposed that the feverish unrest that, under a practical system of education would be replaced by contented employment in useful spheres, is likely to be as injurious to the Briton as to the native of Greece or India, and, when widely extended,

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[1] Report of the British Secretary of Legation at Athens, 1872.]

perilous to the nation, which is but the multiple of the individual. Of the value of Greek and Latin, both etymologically, and as catholic languages for science, there can be no doubt; but in their present position in England, they are a stumbling-block to the masses, instead of an aid; their study monopolises the hours which might in part be given to attainments of daily use; and their too exclusive employment in scientific nomenclature, practically shuts the doors of science to the many who are unacquainted with them. In a country where there are so many with wealth and leisure, their study will always last on æsthetic grounds,—but it is as well to remember that as the immense majority of the people have neither wealth nor leisure, the æsthetic must yield to the practical in any system of popular education. Must the bulk of the people, therefore, be for ever doomed to remain ignorant of the great authors of ancient Greece and Rome? "How is it possible," demands our classical reader, "to follow Cæsar in his campaigns, or stand with Helen on the battlements of Troy, without knowing Latin and Greek?" With permission, we reply with another question:—"In what language do you follow Moses through the wilderness, and attend the Caliph in his midnight adventures?"

Sir John Lubbock inquires, "Why Latin cannot be taught like any other language?" We would repeat the question with regard to both Greek and Latin. The former especially is anything but "dead," and, according to Professor Blackie, is very much the same now as it was in the days of Homer. Latin may be "dead," but it is a "miserable language." Moreover, as the most learned scholar never hesitates to substitute the Roman or Italic letter for the Greek pothook, when it suits his

convenience, one might go so far as to ask why this should not become the general practice? The adoption of the same printed character by all nations, would probably be the most efficient step towards the employment of a universal language.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

Page 48.

"*And deride*
Distinctions taught by foolish pride."

The great question of the classification of society is not to be solved by attributing the severance of the classes to mere *pride*. The only real bond of union between men is sympathy, whether in tastes or in antecedents. Just as the sympathy between men of different nations is incomplete on account of the difference of their national traditions, so the sympathy between men of different ranks or professions fails to be very thorough, owing to the presence of certain ground—so to speak—of their mutual experiences, which is a *terra incognita* to each other. The leveller who accuses class-pride of being the cause of class-severance, looks therefore from one, and an unimportant, stand-point. The poor man has a worthy pride which prevents him from accepting the patronage of the rich, or from forcing his way into the rich man's privacy; but this pride, instead of being hostile, is merely a noble form of self-respect. The existence of this feeling, and the presence in a community, of various professions with their different antecedents and sympathies, render the existence of class-distinction inevitable, and in no sense of the term an evil.

In a word—it is a mutual line of demarcation, and not a barrier of exclusion.

A parallel may be obtained from the attempt made to malgamate the African and Caucasian races—an attempt which has utterly failed, notwithstanding much exertion. Nature placed these races in different climates, and under different circumstances—and the intentions of the Supreme Lawgiver, as far as they can be ascertained, are not to be baffled by the schemes of men. At the same time there is nothing to prevent different races from living in harmony under the same government, any more than different classes. If the white man claims superiority to the negro in cold climates, so may the negro pay back the compliment with interest, in the tropical realm where he flourishes in full vigour, while the white intruder soon dwindles and dies.

VII.

Page 54.

This line, with a short note appended to it in the former edition, has given rise to the following correspondence in "NOTES AND QUERIES," August, 1870.

"'REFORM, RETRENCHMENT, PEACE.'—Will you kindly inform me by whom and on what occasion these words were first used as a party cry? The author of *Ambition's Dream* (entitled 'a poem,' but more properly, I think, what a reviewer calls a politico-social essay done into marvellously facile rhyme) refers them to the date of the first Reform Bill in 1832. I have a dim recollection of

hearing them attributed to the late Earl Grey in a conference with William IV., but cannot lay my hand on a printed authority, and should be glad of a reference.

"OLIM.

"'REFORM, RETRENCHMENT, PEACE' (4th S. vi. 113.)—These words are somewhat injuriously termed a 'party cry.' They refer, not exactly to 'the date of the Reform Bill of 1832,' but to the ministry of Earl Grey on coming into office in 1830. I believe OLIM is substantially right, that Lord Grey laid them down as the bases on which he was prepared to accept office, in a conference with William IV. in that year, and I well remember seeing them inscribed on a banner presented to Lord Althorp, at Althorp, by the Northampton people about that time.

"They may be often seen illustrated in the celebrated collection of political drawings signed 'H. B.' and drawn by the late Colonel Doyle, father of the inimitable Richard Doyle, late of *Punch*, &c.

"One among them represents a dialogue between Lord Grey and William IV., of which the words are—'*King.* What are your terms?—*Lord Grey.* Reform, retrenchment, peace. *King.* Done!'

"LYTTELTON.

"Hagley, Stourbridge."

[ED. 1872.]

VIII.

Page 56.

We are unable to perceive that the promise of "retrenchment" is borne out by the following statement, giving in

brief abstract, for the purpose of comparison, the Revenue returns from 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo, to 1833, the year after the first Reform Bill, and from the latter date to March 1870, inclusive.

	£
PUBLIC INCOME of Great Britain for the year 1816 (ending 5th January, 1817) ...	66,579,420
Ditto, ditto, for the year 1833 (ending 5th January, 1834)	50,605,466
Showing a *reduction* in 17 years of	15,973,954
Or an average annual reduction of	939,644
PUBLIC INCOME, year ending 31st March, 1870	75,434,252
Showing an *increase* in 37 years (since 1833) of	24,828,786
Or an average annual increase of	671,048

The above figures, kindly supplied by an actuary, were published in 1872. The year after the battle of Waterloo was chosen as the starting-point, from its being taken for granted that a period of peace is the best time to judge of the financial spirit and capacity of a government.

FREE TRADE.

"*Fair trade is trade on equal terms*"—Page 57.

Dispassionate inquiry perhaps will show, that the connection between Free Trade and the subsequent national prosperity, is a very clear instance of *post hoc, non propter hoc*. The gold discoveries in California and Australia happened most opportunely for the credit of Free Trade. A sudden rise of new communities demanding our manufactures—a general increase in travelling—the development

of steam and electricity—and, in short, the stimulus given to all industries through the increased circulation of money—combined to refute the gloomy forebodings of the British farmer; but at the same time they made the conditions of the problem entirely different from what they were before the gold discoveries, and at the date of the introduction of Free Trade into England. This exceptional season has now passed, and we have leisure to take a cool review of our position. Has the success of England tempted other nations to adopt her trading creed, or has it even convinced all the young communities which have sprung from her stock? As a matter of fact, almost every foreign country has become more devoted to the protection of its native industries; and, indeed, England encourages them so to act, by inviting them, after they supply their own wants, to "*slaughter*" the balance of their products in her open and welcoming markets. The Free Trade which is not reciprocated is not a *fair* trade. The French are allowed to fight Newfoundland unfairly by means of their fish bounties; and—in connection with the United States and Belgium—they are enabled, by means of similar bounties, to cripple the West Indies, and to injure the sugar refineries of the whole British Empire. The West Indies have decayed under a system of Free Trade, which welcomes slave-grown sugar from Cuba, but sternly forbids the employment of slave labour in British islands:—and Canada, with her immense frontier, is bewildered in endeavouring to reconcile the English Free Trade doctrine with the prosperity of her native industries. She sees her artisans drawn away to the adjacent States by high wages, and sending back to her their handiwork to undersell her own within her own territory: and yet she hesitates to "fly in the face of the mother country" by adopting protection. In Australia—with its greater

distance from Downing Street, and comparative absence of the primitive and loyal traditions which saturate the daily life of the Canadian people—there appears to be no such delicacy. In a word, some of the Colonies have already realised, in effect, if not in principle, that the advocates of Free Trade in the mother-country thought only of England as apart from the Colonies (see Note X.), and had chiefly in view the cotton trade of England proper, and her export to the United States of cotton manufactured goods.

These thoughts have occurred to the writer, after giving much attention to the subject both in England and abroad, and they are submitted to wiser people for what they are worth. It seems to him, however, that the British Empire is large enough for all the wants and trade of the population without their going—cap in hand—to beg the custom of foreigners. In fact, the very reverse system ought to prevail,—the foreigners coming to us. In the West Indies, Canada, Australia, in all climates, there are *home* fields for the investment of our surplus wealth, and the employment of our surplus labour.

ON CLIMATE.

"*And when the year's account is cast*
We find—it all comes right at last."—Page 64.

"It is not the frost that makes cold," remarked a Colonial Delegate more than half a century ago before a Committee of the House of Commons—referring to the effects of damp cold. Our forefathers, in fact, used to

judge of the matter by their feelings: and it is certain that the old Scandinavians, who sent their emigrants to England and France, would have scorned the idea of measuring how they ought to feel, by little tubes of mercury,—though, for one instance, the thermometer at Stockholm ranges between 26 degrees below zero in winter, and the almost tropical heat of 96 degrees in summer. The climate, however, is eminently favourable to health, and the snow affords great facilities for travelling—as was found also by our troops in Canada at the time of "the Trent affair," after every platform in Great Britain had rung with the tale of their expected sufferings.

There has always been a disposition to lay down certain degrees of heat and cold at which a climate should be favourable or detrimental to health:—instead of first consulting the normal health of the inhabitants, and judging by that standard. Surely the story of Procrustes might have been invented as a satire on this constant proclivity. But the Esquimaux, in the furthermost parts of America, are a remarkably strong people, and the neighbouring Indian tribes around the South of Hudson's Bay, rank among the finest aborigines known. The example of the Canadian fisherman and backwoodsman—those A B's of the ocean and forest—proves also that the climate is especially favourable to the strength and longevity of our people, when the system is adapted to it by education and habit. But—this grand and fruitful Canada, with its occasional winter *zeros*—has it not also a "glorious summer"? In short—must the great British empire be finally broken up by *nagging?*

It would be well with the dissatisfied inhabitants of countries where heat or cold is at times trying, if they

read the sentences with which Dickens consoled the many who growl without ceasing at the climate of England. "A Paris winter," he says, "is a vile compound of cold, slush, damp, fog, and foul smells. A Brussels one is all the preceding, *plus* sleet and storm. A German winter is an affair of stoves, double windows, fur mantles, and foot warmers, frozen fountains, and no mail every second or third day. Italy has a dozen climates. Milan, all rain and wind; Turin, both in diminished degrees; Florence alternates between an Irish January and a West Indian tornado; Rome is Ireland with a Pontine fever; and Naples is all that sun and wind can make it."

IX.

Page 65.

"*That baulks the toiler of his wage.*"

In a deputation to the Home Secretary on the 13th of May 1877, Mr. George Potter said that "in the United Kingdom there were 1,257,000 paupers, 200,000 of whom were able-bodied. We had a floating population of 1,000,000, many of whom would work if they could, but owing to the *want of work*, they tended towards pauperism and *crime*. Then we had nearly 1,000,000 prisoners who were set to work to manufacture articles the sale of which entered into competition with honest labour."

X.

Page 68.

"VICTORIA NOSTRA, EMPRESS-QUEEN."—This line was written, though not in print, before it was proposed that

Her Majesty should take the title of Empress of India, and had no particular reference to that portion of her dominions. In fact, no sooner did the British sovereignty extend beyond the limits of these islands, than a more comprehensive designation became necessary than that of the United Kingdom, and the word "Empire" came into use—an unfortunate word, perhaps, as it conveys the idea of conquest. Nevertheless it seems to follow naturally, notwithstanding the strong opposition to the title, that the head of an Empire is an Emperor, or an Empress. As regards the relative dignity of the titles of King and Emperor, considering that the Roman Emperors aspired to the regal title, though they never ventured to assume it, the presumption is that, in their estimation at least, it was superior to the other. The *Rex,* or ruler, includes the *Imperator* or military commander, but the converse proposition in not so universal.

There is, however, a highly-distinguished proper name, the loose employment of which in certain different senses is, in all probability, the origin of some unhappy chronic misunderstandings and jealousies between different portions of the Empire, which are attributed to deeper and less avoidable causes. As the question concerned is a delicate one we shall approach it circumspectly. Suppose, we will say, that Ireland had been chosen as the seat of the Imperial Government—that the people there had got into the habit of speaking of Ireland, one moment as their own country, and the next as a synonym for the Empire —that they had become possessed with a notion of their country being superior to England and Scotland—that they were accustomed to speak of the Colonies as "our possessions"—"What would we say in England?"—What would they say in the Colonies?—Yet this is

nothing more than the usual practice in England, though with no better right apparently than belongs to Ireland or Scotland, apart from that which proceeds from their consent as her co-partners in constituting the United Kingdom. Though it is common moreover to speak of Ireland as a conquest of England, the writer's historical researches have failed to discover that the people of England had much to do with that achievement in Henry the Second's reign. On the contrary, they were themselves at that time groaning bitterly under their Norman tyrants, who made their country a stepping-stone for crossing over and further subjugating the Irish. Assuredly while the Celt was passing through the fire, the Saxon was not on a bed of roses, dreaming happily of conquest. And again, in later days, when the Irish were being trampled on by the iron heel of Cromwell, there were at least as many people in England and Scotland, who complained that they were themselves not much better off.

Coming now to the colonist—it is understood that when he goes abroad, of course he carries with him his old flag and his allegiance. While he is occupied in extending his Sovereign's dominions, and opening up wider homes for his countrymen, is it possible to believe that he is also going through the process of becoming the *subject* of the cabman who carried him and his future, and the sweep he tossed the parting penny to, on his way to the dock? The absurdity of such a notion becomes evident the moment it is put into words. Follow out this line of reasoning and the conclusion is arrived at—first, that England owns no colonies except as a partner to the Union; and, secondly, not even then;—that no part of the empire is subject to any other part, nor are the inhabitants of one part subject to those of another part;—that all Her Majesty's subjects

are equally free, while united together by the bond of a common loyalty. All men are colonists. The founders of the British Colony, and their descendants, walk the earth with as free a step as their brothers and cousins who stay behind. Hence, when the Canadians were invited not long since by a London journalist to "take up their freedom and go," they were told to do an impossibility, for they could not take up their freedom when they had never laid it down. The happy "colonising genius of England," where does it exist, except in that spirit of enterprise which carries you, O Briton! abroad to make Britains of other lands, while maintaining your freedom of allegiance *only to your Sovereign?*

We are thus brought gradually to meet the question above indicated:—whether it would not be wise to adopt a comprehensive name for the whole empire, that would leave no doubt as to its meaning?

END OF THE NOTES.

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