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quently came not within the jurisdiction of the choragus, either in respect to training or pay.[1] When the author of a play proposed to bring it upon the stage, he applied to the archon, and if this dignitary approved the piece, a chorus was assigned (*Χορὸν διδόναι*) and immediately put under training, whilst actors designated by lot, and exercised by the poet, were ready on the appointed day. Thus the prize was striven for by a union of the best taught actors with the most sumptuously dressed and most diligently trained chorus. And it should seem that the acting had no little influence upon the judges, who were appointed by lot, and generally five[1] in number, since the best dramatists were so often unsuccessful. The fortunate competitor chose his own actors for the following year.[2] The victorious poet was crowned, and his actors adorned with ivy, and the choragus generally received a tripod as a reward for superior excellence.

ARTICLE VI.

THE SPIRIT OF A SCHOLAR.

By Professor S. G. Brown, Dartmouth College.

The term scholar has a broad and somewhat varied meaning. We apply it to him who learns with readiness, who performs his intellectual tasks with rapidity and beauty. In a higher sense, we mean by it one who invents or discovers, who makes original and independent investigation, who enlarges the boundaries of knowledge. Most liberally, however, we use the term with reference to all whose attention is devoted to science or letters. Homer and Dante and Chaucer were scholars. In this grandest sense, the calling is among the noblest that the earth affords. We venture no comparison between great thinkers and great actors, the Shakspeares and the Cromwells, the Goethes and the Napoleons. The question of supremacy between them we are willing to let remain in abeyance; but, without controversy, the eye of the world fixes not last on those whose investigations have determined the laws of its action; who, priests of nature, have revealed her mysteries; have adorned the world with structures of beauty and magnificence; have evoked from the marble and the canvass lovelier and grander forms than our eyes ever saw before; who have interpreted for us the manifold voices of experience, and made the past our teacher; without whom there were no history, no poetry, no philosophy, no art; and of humanity itself, nothing left but its dust and ashes.

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[1] Boeckh's Public Econ. of Athens, p. 454 sq.

[1] In the first contest of Sophocles with Aeschylus, the judges were Cimon with his nine colleagues, who happened to appear in the theatre and were impressed into the service by the archon.—*Donaldson's Gr. Theatre*, p. 73.

[2] Donaldson's Gr. Theatre, p. 136.

There are few among us who can boast of a literary leisure. We come up to the annual festivals of our colleges, from the hard toil and strifes of the year, with the dust of the forum and the market still clinging to us. We have labored for our daily bread. Still it is none the less a duty and a privilege to cherish a scholar's hopes and tastes. Nor is this hard lot of educated men, if it be called such, so adverse to literature even, as it might at first seem. With certain exceptions, this too is as it should be. The scholar is not a hermit nor a monk. Like other men he is connected with the family, with society, the State, the church; one whose learning is enveloped and permeated with sentiments and affections. Literature is the expressed thought of a people; and as such, cannot be forced, and probably will not be much retarded by apparent infelicities in the condition of its votaries. Even for better interpreting the problems of life, for the better understanding of history, for the surer expression of common sympathies and wide-spread sentiments, of the stronger sorrows and joys,—the terrible excitements of passion, the awful thoughts which sometimes hover about the way of the most prosperous,—all the experiences which make up the varied life of humanity, it is well for the historian, the philosopher, the poet, to share the troubles of the common lot, to become part of that which they describe or portray. There was a Providence which drove Dante into exile, and bid Milton live in blindness and disappointment and penury.

The scholar is bound to cherish a profoundly meditative and thoughtful spirit, as the basis of both a vigorous independence and a wide and genial sympathy, and indeed, we may say, of almost every scholarly virtue. A reflecting mind alone can become creative. The true student is a teacher of men; a thinker, not with the multitude, but for them; a thinker, not a dreamer. His eye must be ever open, his mind ever active. They will be so if he habitually see causes in the effects, the essential in the accidental. Thus to the philosopher and the poet, the outward is an evidence, a symbol of the inward, and we seem to approach the domain of spirit in recognizing the existence of powers the most terrible, whose substance is yet too subtle to reveal itself to the acutest sense. By the very direction of his energies, the scholar recognizes the fact that there is substance underlying phenomena; that there are vital principles which show their presence in actions. He remembers that Plato and Cudworth sit upon their thrones in virtue not only of their heaven-bestowed genius, but as the reward of severe and earnest labor. To object to any problem however difficult and abstruse, to sneer at it because it is dark and mystical, is treason against the fundamental laws of the intellectual domain. For what does *obscure* generally mean but that we, who call the subject so, do not understand it; and if we do not, we have no right to complain until we have gone far enough to comprehend our own ignorance, to assert that the cause of the perplexity is not in ourselves, but in the inherent viciousness of the subject.

And equally, on the other hand, is a more cautious student to be protected against contemptuous criticism, if he does not at once yield to every new theory, especially if it seem to disturb his cherished faith. Science is not always sufficiently cautious in its conclusions. But recently a theory of the universe was promulgated by the highest authority and with an apparent demonstration of its truth. In the far, far heavens were actually whirling, in their immense vortices, the luminous masses of star-dust, from which suns and planets were forming. Every new telescope, in failing to resolve the nebulae, added to the proof, when suddenly a better instrument scanned those distant regions, and there rolled before our eyes no embryo creation, but vast and complete systems. The demonstrated theory fell to pieces. At the most, it remains as a curious hypothesis. "The fault, dear Brutus, was not in the stars, but in ourselves."

The road the student travels, though full of pleasure, is also full of toil. He is not sensibly a trafficker with his wares, to whom village and country are nothing, flying on iron highways to the great commercial emporiums. It becomes him, assiduous seeker for costliest gems, to delve in many a field; patient and inquisitive traveller through the empire of thought, to toil over the common and dusty highways, to climb, by new paths, the delectable mountains, to repose in quiet meditation, in the grand solitudes of the Valombrosas. There has been a false notion more or less prevalent, that learning should be brought down to the capacity of the weak; as if ease of acquisition were a test of its value. From such a misapprehension of at least half the purpose of education, there must follow an inadequate estimate of thorough knowledge, and ultimately an unthinking and shallow-minded people. When youth are tolled on to knowledge by promises of learning made easy, and to virtue by assurances of religion made easy, one who felt the dignity of either would be tempted to entitle a work

Religion and Learning made hard; or, if not quite so crabbed and repulsive, would be sure that the nature of both be well understood; that the inherent grandeur of profound science, of vital religion be not, in his hands, degraded, but remain awful and venerable as at the first; for he would feel that few things tend more surely to produce a conceited, arrogant, ignorant, virtueless people, than the belief that learning which deserves the name, can be obtained without labor, or religion be practised without self-denial.

It is as destructive in letters as it is in morals, to seek the popularity which is run after, not that which follows. One of the evils of associated action is, that it tends to weaken personal independence. We are afraid to speak or act without the sanction of society; we receive with timidity and caution, opinions which are not pronounced with the authority of a learned or unlearned body. The rapid interchange of thought, the power and prevalence of criticism, makes writers with fewer faults, but with fewer virtues. There is a boasted freedom which, after all, is but a severer tyranny disguised. In the elder day of English literature, how refreshing to observe the genial freedom and manly vigor in every department its authors touched. Under their high, severe discipline, truths were revealed to them in broader and more sublime forms than we pretend to. Their march was so slow and ponderous that, to a more agile and sprightly age, they seemed tardy and dull; but they still hold on their quiet courses, like the planets, while their lively and unsubstantial critics have long since exploded and vanished.

The scholar must both maintain his own idiosyncrasy and respect the same in another. Thus only can he produce anything fresh and original; thus only be able to estimate fairly all operations of mind however diverse from his own. For inasmuch as all sciences and arts are mediately or immediately connected, the roots of one not only spreading and intertwining with those of others, but often springing from the same profound source, so will he who studies profoundly and not empirically, most fully recognise their vital union. Since the subjects of thought are as inexhaustible as the activity of the mind itself, it is a peculiarly unwelcome sight to see one scholar flouting at another, decrying his toil, sneering at his attainments, if they happen to be a little beside his own, still more if they come in competition with them. Of all quarrels, those of literary men bring, we suspect, least honor to the combatants. The professed aim of all is to enlarge the intellectual domain; and though we may judge with discrimination of the value of different laborers, yet no sincere, earnest worker in so broad a field, should be harshly thrust from our sympathies. For, to set one science against another, is to do harm to both; and much more disastrous to erect science against religion, or religion against learning, since an ignorant religion has generally landed its votaries in superstition or fanaticism, and irreligious learning has commonly led its possessor to infidelity. It is a great attainment to give to science that which belongs to science, and to faith what belongs to faith.

As deep reflection will bring one to appreciate all varieties of intellectual effort, to look with interest upon that even which he does not comprehend, to discover the true relation and harmony of the sciences, so will it generally be found akin to that *reverential spirit* which springs, in part, from a modest estimate of ourselves, in part from the recognition of the dignity of genius. No one age accumulates all wisdom. Although, if we believe the words of some, the sun shines on us, in this meridian of the century, as it has never shone on others, yet it will not hurt us to remember that before we were born, in times quite diverse from our own, there lived sages and heroes as wise as we, with a manhood as sturdy and vigorous, "brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages." The first step which Socrates took with his pupils was, to teach them their ignorance, remembering that a consciousness of his own ignorance was a cause of all he knew.

The truly great do most venerate the great. How beautiful is the reverence with which the grand poet of Tuscany follows the steps of his Mantuan master and guide, "glory and light of all the tuneful train," and hesitating to affix a *grave* title to the work which made him first of the "all Etruscan three," modestly called it by the lighter name of Comedy—a Divine Comedy indeed. Remember, too, how the profoundest, most poetical philosopher of antiquity,—if we should say, of the world, who would dispute it?—how Plato venerated *his* master, who drank the hemlock in obedience to the law.

There is a tone in speaking of other ages and of great men, as unwise as it is self-complacent. To despise our ancestors, what is it but to give free license to posterity to despise us? There are centuries which we call dark, but the term most indifferently describes them; nay more, so far as concerns their spirit, their life (for they surely had a life), the state of bodies and the state of souls, the term is absolutely worse than nothing. It not only gives us no true idea, but one positively false. We call them dark, as Coleridge suggests, because we are in the dark about them. It were better to endeavor, calmly and patiently, to comprehend the mingled good and evil of those periods, than to excuse our ignorance by bringing them under one opprobrious epithet. We might find in them germs of institutions, which in the nineteenth century ever, have not attained their full growth. Doubtless there was disturbance, confusion, a semi-chaos, while the old elements of social life were dying out, a mingling with the new ideas which form our modern civilization, but he studies history most unwisely who separates the present from the past. There were creative centuries, when the earth was formless and void, when mighty internal fires were upheaving the mountains and wild currents were sweeping across the face of the earth; but without them we might have had no majestic rivers, no broad and luxuriant savannahs, no sunny hillsides, no sweet valleys, no heaven-reflecting lakes.

We sometimes forget our *necessary* connection with the past; that each century has its controlling ideas, and though these may become obsolete, their influence must descend as a legacy to the future; that we are organically connected with all that have gone before, and if they had not been as they were, we should not be as we are; that out of the oppression of one generation springs the freedom of the next, and so from the lawlessness of the present, the tyranny of the future. We forget that, as a part of our great birth-right, we inherit the wisdom of the ancients; that the ages are bound together by ties the holiest, most vital,—without which there were no flow of life, no nation, no possible history,—and none can attempt to sever the chain, but the jar of the audacious blow will quiver along every separate fibre of existence. We forget that the course of the world itself is but *one;* that, like a grand drama, it is unfolding every century, and though we may not be able to determine whereabout in it we play our little parts, whether in the bustle and hurry of the third act, or in the rapid and solemn consummation of the fifth, we should remember that we can comprehend each only in its connection with the others, and all, only in the light of the great plan of the Providence of God.

In those very ages which we so bravely despise, lay the germs of how many grand discoveries! In those very dark ages were produced poems, which no mean critics,—a little wildly we doubt not, but yet with a show of reason,—have compared with Homer, not unfavorably. Then were produced music and sacred hymns, with which the hearts of the devout will be solaced or inspired to the end of time. Then originated tha[illegible]ular, sublime, religious architecture, misnamed Gothic, of whic[illegible] is no extravagance to say that it ranks among the most marked and astonishing creations of human genius. The most free and untrammeled of all the orders of architecture, one hardly knows whether to admire most the invention and skill of the architects, or their extreme modesty and self-forgetfulness. All over Germany and the north of France, and the Low Countries, and England, rose as by magic, those complicated structures, massive and graceful, their foundations firm as the hills, their spires shooting heavenward, a delicate, fairy-like fretwork of stone, the admiration of generation after generation,—and yet their builders are as little known as the builders of the pyramids. In those ages occurred some of those all-embracing movements of the masses, which seemed to break up society as an earthquake breaks up the strata of the earth, and which remain to some extent problems even now, but certainly incontestible proofs of the energy of the central forces which impelled them. In those ages were laid the strong foundations of governments, which have survived the disturbances of centuries, and are to-day laying their hands upon the islands of the eastern and the western continents. No surely, it will not do to be indiscriminate in condemnation of so many centuries and of people so various.

Reverence for the past is a necessary element, not of the peculiarly imaginative mind merely, but of every mind which would fairly understand the present. It is needful for that harmonious culture on which the beauty of character depends. Antiquity has indeed passed away, but it is not wholly dead; beauty, truth and knowledge cannot wholly die.

> The intelligible forms of ancient poets
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
>
> * * * *
>
> And even at this day
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair!

It has been said that whatever tends to emancipate us from the present, whether to carry us backward with the historian, or, with the poet, transport us to an ideal future, does something to elevate and dignify our nature. That is a low and narrow mind which is solely occupied with the passing hour. The scholar with his books is in closest communion with the "great living and the great dead," whom at any time he can summon from the niches where they stand enshrined, those "ancient saints," as Bacon calls some of them, "full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture." For him they have lived; all their wisdom they lay at his feet. "I no sooner come into the library," said Heinsius, the librarian at Leyden with mild and beautiful affection for the volumes he had looked upon so much, "but I bolt the door after me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness."

Of the best things indeed there may be made the worst use. That which we commend as a just and healthful reverence, the parent of modesty and of wisdom, may possibly degenerate into a slavish and abject worship of objects most grotesque; of everything, indiscriminately, that has the stamp of age or a pretension to excellence. But this is the least likely of two extremes, and, if it exist, will probably be generated by the equally absurd and dangerous extreme of self-conceit and contemptuous rejection of authority. Between an irreverent and a superstitious mind, it is hard to choose. The line that divides them is not very broad; one is sometimes the product of the other. Both lead to intellectual barrenness; to bigotry, to tyranny; to the inquisition or the guillotine. Freedom from superstition is not always obedience to reason. The errors of the past should make us humble, not vain, since we are of the same nature with those whose mistakes we plume ourselves on avoiding. The star-gazer when he falls into the ditch, will neither get out the easier, nor be laughed at the less, because he flattered himself he was avoiding the errors of those dull souls who never saw anything but the dirt beneath their feet.

Rather will we use the treasures of ancient wisdom, than bury them for fear of base metal, or because some have made of them an idol. We will read the old books, we will wander among ancient ruins, we will meditate in the sombre cathedrals, we will rest in the dim cloisters, not to dream away our life there, not to congeal our mind under the immutable forms of antiquity, but that all of the past which is beautiful and good and true may clothe our spirit, that we may wisely estimate the contests of our fathers,—may not have to fight over again the battles which they fought at such bitter expense,—may enter with a filial and grateful spirit into their inheritance; that the infinitesimal present may not wholly engross us, and the dust and din of this noisy workshop do not blind and deafen us to the sights and sounds of beauty which fill the universe.

We venture to suggest, as another point, a practical spirit as of great importance to our scholars. A scholar should ever be imbued with the spirit of humanity, should despise and spurn all affectation of niceness as if he were not mortal but something far higher. He should ever be ready to apply his mind to the exigencies of the times, as looking for the permanent good of society; as having a foresight of the evils which threaten, and of the means of avoiding them; a comprehending and working out the problems of daily life; as guiding, not following the multitude; as dwelling upon the essential, the true, the eternal, because of the power which principles, however abstruse, exert when once they fully possess the mind.

They who would portray great actions with most success, must have felt in their own hearts the power of true greatness. Aeschylus became not less sublime, earnest, terrible, by fighting at Salamis. A strong mind indeed pants for enterprise; to *do* something, not always to think. So common is this, that it sometimes leads to an apparent anomaly in character, and we find the student forsaking his books for some apparently less genial pursuit, when, in fact, he is but satisfying the craving of his soul for that species of culture which books cannot give. "That," says Lord Bacon, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined and united together than they have been,—a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action." To this element of a scholar's life, our times are less adverse than to that which we have just adverted to. Indeed, the lowest practical aims too strongly entice us all. Like children, we are so anxious for the great play or struggle of life, that we can hardly wait to obtain or arrange our panoply, and were Richard Baxter alive, he might, perhaps, be tempted occasionally to repeat the criticism which he made upon certain preachers of his day, that 'they were like the animals which Herodotus speaks of as bred from the slime of the Nile, whose fore feet were pawing before their hind feet were made, and while yet they remained but plain mud.' The truly valuable practical spirit, is that which does not neglect thorough education for the sake of a present advantage, but, with its eye ever on the general good, would yet lead the student to the abstrusest, most recondite investigations; the practical spirit of thoughtful minds applying the conclusions of their wisdom to the conduct of human affairs—the spirit of profound jurists, of far sighted statesmen, of wise historians.

There is a vulgar notion of the practical and the useful, as if it consisted in that merely which ministers to the physical wants; or, if above this, that it is confined to the mere logical processes of the mind; and so have souls of the finest mould, the most pure and beautiful image of their Creator, been cast away with indifference; and nature herself seems liable to the charge of casting her pearls before swine. But, in truth, there often has been a close union between philosophic contemplation and executive skill. Scholars, as a class, have not been deficient in action. They have not always, like the prince of Denmark, had 'the native hue of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' From the days of Xenophon and Cicero, scholars have not been wanting in every age, great in the cabinet and in the field, as well as in letters.

Still further, all art, all literature, is, in some of its relations, eminently practical. So far as it is an expression of ideas, so far does it tend to diffuse those sentiments, notions, feelings, call them what you please, which are the basis of social and individual action. This is true in that department of literature which has been often called most artificial, most ornamental, written, it has been said, so merely for our pleasure, that its absence has been thought entirely compatible with the fullest and best mental culture. We are rather of those who believe that poetry is of the highest possible *utility*. We sympathize with the words of Sir Philip Sidney, that "poets were the first bringers in of all civility; that no philosopher's precept can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil." We in part perceive in the noble language of Milton, "what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things."

What is practical if that is not so which touches us nearest and deepest; which inspires us to be great and good, elevates us above ourselves, opens to us higher and more glorious regions of thought, snatches us from trivial pursuits, bears us backward to ante-mundane scenes, onward beyond "the flaming bounds of space and time," shows us something of which human genius is capable, and thus makes us respect ourselves the more, because we claim kindred with that genius no virtue of our common humanity, which reveals to us the most subtle, most essential, most comprehensive spirit of times and of peoples. It would indeed be easy to show that from the lofty summits of song, flow down streams to fertilize all the valleys and plains. There is a glory in Shakspeare and Milton that gilds every speaker of the English tongue. What money could purchase from Scotland (were the supposition possible) the fame of Burns? Modern Italy actually buys her daily bread with the cheerful tribute which the civilized world is annually paying to her ancient, or mediaeval art.

No, no, the practical spirit of the scholar has no affinity with the wretched quackery which takes away the charm of childhood by destroying its admiration and wonder, substituting dribblets of natural philosophy and simplified metaphysics, for the instruction of eye and ear and hand and heart, most natural to that age when all the world is new and fresh, forgetting ever that

> ——A deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told our infant years
> Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.

Never, in utilitarian anxiety for immediate fame or wealth, or importance, will it send forth as educated, the witling so deplorably ignorant as not to know that in the estimation of wisdom he is a fool. Never will it call the philosopher from his retreat, the historian from his library, the poet from the haunts of the muses, and bid them toil in the public thoroughfares, or do homage to the omnipotent spirit of commerce, but will rather bid them, in the sphere determined by education, and the assignment of Providence, be greatly wise for the public good; will counsel them sometimes even to stand aloof from the enterprises of the majority, by virtue of their station, to warn men against the 'idols of the tribe, the market, the den,' contented, if it be necessary, to bear the reproaches of the violent and unthinking, but striving ever for truth and justice and the public welfare. It is this magnanimous and broadly practical spirit which will give to learning its most extended power, and, without checking the most thorough research, or quenching the fire of passion, or clogging the foot of fancy, will confer upon literature a permanent moral value.

We suggest again that the scholar should cherish a spirit of patriotism. We know how this word has been abused, how it has filled the mouth of "every new protester," till we become ashamed of the empty boast, but there is a profound virtue still in the genuine love of our country, beautiful link as it is in the golden chain of the virtues. An ill omen is it for a nation, that the loyalty of its people is dying out, and instead of the sincere and voluntary homage of affectionate hearts, there remains but a hollow and selfish pretence of regard, as if the State were made wholly for us, and we in no sense for the State. It bodes no good to the letters of a people, when its scholars receive their impulses from foreign nations of diverse laws and customs. And, on the other hand, be a nation couching under the rod of an oppressor, let the home-loving, country-loving spirit of her people be thoroughly awakened, and as surely as she retains intelligence and virtue and courage, her regeneration is sure. She may be Germany under the gigantic dominion of Napoleon,—she will be Germany flinging the fetters to the winds, and standing up in reïnvigorated manhood.

There can be no fresh and genial literature which is not redolent of its age and nation. To be more than a spiritless, though perhaps beautiful imitation, it must utter the sentiments of a peculiar people; must be a mirror of their thoughts, passions, speculations, tastes, faith. Every scholar is a debtor to his country, and the tribute which he renders will be 'twice blessed, blessing him who gives and those who receive.' This is not a matter of speculation, but of literary history. Because Luther was intensely German his works are classics, his renown a part of the national treasure. Because Shakspeare was entirely English, because the varied character of a whole people speaks through his mouth, is he enthroned at once the intellectual king and representative of as mighty an empire as the sun ever shone upon. And because both were so strongly national have they become renowned to the world's end. For this very reason do they express feelings common, in a measure, to the universal heart of humanity; since that which lies deepest in our nature is most widely diffused, and what we imagine shut up and concealed in our inmost heart is the 'open secret' of the race. Who detects the very soul and life of things but he who recognizes those presentiments and affections which are all pervading?

It is a grand mistake to suppose that by sweeping away the boundaries of country, we enlarge the capacity of the mind, or give a wider scope to literature. We but substitute the general and the common for the original and peculiar; we increase the surface but diminish the depth. The affections, for their best growth, need the protection of an enclosure, with the natural supports of wholesome laws and customs, with common sympathies and pursuits. The soil and climate of the tropics will not produce the fruits of the temperate zone. Cosmopolitism may have its value, but never without harm to letters, to morals, to all social life, can it usurp the place and functions of the elder virtue. Ancient experience and modern have demonstrated its folly,—how nearly allied to selfishness in morals, how impotent of grand results in literature and in national character. The mind needs something definite to fasten upon, something within the possibility of its grasp, some country in whose fame it is honored, in whose misfortunes it is afflicted, of whose greatness and virtues it may feel a generous admiration, whose glories it may possibly enhance, may certainly help preserve.

He who vilifies the land of his birth, does a wider and more grievous injury than he may suppose. In taking from its glory, he takes from the motives for guarding its welfare; by pronouncing the sentence of its degradation he helps to make it degraded. By an unfilial temper, he aggravates the evils against which he inveighs and helps not to make the country free, but to throw it more completely under the dominion of whoever may be strong enough to assume the mastery.

Every scholar preëminently owes his head, his heart, his arm to the country which has nurtured him; he owes it to the government itself, whatever be its form, until by extraordinary neglect, by irremediable carelessness of law and obligations, by a wide and nearly unexampled oppression, the limits of which have wisely been left undefined, the government forfeits its claim to the reverence and affection of the subject. Even then, for the country he must labor, to preserve, so far as he can, its high civic, literary, and moral eminence, to give its activities a wise direction, to guard it from the almost insanity to which nations no less than individuals seem sometimes exposed, and when false principles are rife, to restore her if it may be, to the path of rectitude, and therefore of honor. But to desert her, to take the part of her slanderers and enemies, even, or rather *especially* in her dark days, is not magnanimous, but mean and cowardly. For him there can be no other native land; here, or nowhere, must he garner up his hopes. Like another Demosthenes, he may raise his voice of warning and entreaty amidst her dying glories; like another Thucydides, he may portray, earnestly and sorrowfully portray her dissensions, her destructive ambition and lust of foreign conquest, the extinguishing, one after another (if it must be so) of the lights of her civil and commercial glory, and thus, like them, soften the rigor of her calamity, and enlighten, for a little, the night which seems descending, but there in adversity as in honor, is the field of his labor. This responsibility, however, greater to him than to the unthinking, leads him to touch cautiously even the evils of the State; impels him to inquire what are the necessary conditions of patriotism, how far a nation may spread its domains and lose none of that concentration which is necessary to afford an object for the general love, to preserve the national honor and a unity of national character. For him, if for anybody, is history instructive. He remembers that the destruction of Carthage, by taking away one mighty impulse to Roman energy and virtue, did much to weaken the security of the Roman State; he remembers that in the proudest days of that domineering republic, when the world acknowledged her authority, under the tropical sun of universal prosperity were germinating with fearful rapidity the seeds of her destruction.

The truly patriotic spirit is far enough removed from a blind and indiscriminate admiration of all which is ours, as it is from a condemnation of all that belongs to another. It is entirely consistent with a full recognition of the virtues and the greatness of a foreign State. Although it may be pardonable, in the indulgence of a proper affection, to dwell upon the grand achievements of one's country, yet to be forever prating of our national greatness, is, to say the least, no proof of what we assert. It has not the merit even of pride, the stronger vice, but only of vanity, the weaker. That is not only a false and dangerous, but a low policy, which, at this age of the world, seeks to perpetuate national differences, to carry the bitterness and antipathies of one generation into another, to cultivate hereditary hate. It is peculiarly the part of scholars, even by virtue of their patriotism, looking to the largest and best interests of their respective nations, to cultivate assiduously a friendly spirit. Especially is this becoming in a republic, the genius of whose institutions is professedly so liberal. And if always becoming, where so beautiful as when exercised between two of the mightiest nations, boasting a common ancestry, common laws, a common fame, a common language, liberty, literature, religion? The world is wide enough for the mother and daughter to travel together in harmony, and even occasionally to render each other mutual "aid and comfort." To cultivate, magnify and extend the sympathy between them, is the privilege and duty of him who can command the ear and the heart of both countries. Most pernicious are those productions which systematically aim to dissever the silken cord which binds such people together. Never to be forgotten, never to be remembered but with gratitude and praise, are those statesmen whose wisdom and magnanimity have removed from such people the prominent excitements of unkindness and hostility.

We venture, as a final characteristic, to allude to a high moral, a religious spirit even, as essential to the highest order of scholars. This may be established by the testimony of history, or as a deduction of philosophy. We use the terms here in no narrow or partial meaning; indeed it is difficult to use words strong enough without seeming to express too much; but it may, we think, be amply demonstrated, not only that a profound and broad literature must represent the religious tone of the nation, but that any people in whom the religious element is weak or deficient, are incapable of producing a literature of strong passion, a deep wisdom, or of enduring power, which will exalt man or honor God. "A hunger-bitten and ideal-less philosophy," to use Coleridge's expression, may "naturally produce a starveling and comfortless religion," but even as surely will a mean religion, much more no religion, produce a shallow literature if it produce any.

He who pursues letters not as a trade (by which both he and they must be debased), but as a noble and permanent expression of the highest faculties in man, may, by them, be led to serious religious thoughts, but without such thoughts he cannot apprehend his responsibilities, nor recognise the truly grand in life. There are persons indeed of considerable knowledge, who seem to have no conception of anything sublime, of a great character or a truly momentous event. Flippant, dapper creatures, or thoughtless as flies, almost as insignificant and quite as troublesome, they *cannot* be scholars. He who has no dignified conceptions, whose tastes are trivial, whose life is vulgar, however learned, is not wise. The moral element is wanting.

It is as truly the affirmation of philosophy and history as of religion; a truth demonstrated in literature and art, as well as asserted by Revelation, that man is fallen, and, discontented with the present, is ever striving to realize a better future. So does art elevate and idealize the objects which it touches, and fiction portrays characters more magnanimous than history. Humanity is imperfect; it struggles upward to supply the deficiency. No human form equals the beauty of the Apollo, no ancient hero was like Achilles.

All art that deserves the name, in its last analysis, is found strongly imbued with the religious element. It depends for its highest development upon those feelings which can be awakened and sustained by nothing short of the hopes and fears born of the mysterious, limitless, beautiful, terrible future. Never was anything more true than that scepticism is narrow and degrading. It cannot produce a great school in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture. It cannot make a heroic people. For such results it is too narrow in its sympathies, too cold and calculating. It may produce skilful mechanics, but not original discoverers or creators. In the pure sciences, it may accomplish something, but even here, the chances are, that its conclusions will be inadequate and unsatisfactory. It will not do much to dignify and render beautiful our race, not much to make us honor it more or feel thankful for its grander characteristics.

There is a close connection between unbelief and intellectual incompetence. The mind that self-complacently refuses to believe what it cannot understand, must of necessity believe very little; and the mind that will allow no mystery in its creed, and pretends to understand everything, really understands nothing. It will not be likely to recognize as real what will not yield to the test of the senses; faith it will resolve into knowledge; and while professing that the demonstrative process is the sole intellectual process worthy of cultivation, it will ever rest upon a second, and material cause; will cheat itself with the fancy that it comprehends substances and powers when it is only repeating, like a parrot, the names by which they are designated. It will carve out a log and hew out a stone and worship it as a divinity. The unbelieving and independent priest of reason becomes the devotee of superstition. A religious spirit, which regards the end and not simply the means, is necessary to relieve science itself of its imperfections,—to breathe life into the withered flower, to bid the dead stand up and live. Unless man have faith in spiritual powers before which he is an ignorant and feeble child, unless his philosophy rise above the visible and the tangible, and he feel the dependence of the finite upon the infinite, the seen upon the unseen, the created upon the Creator,—unless he look for his motives and objects beyond "this bank and shoal of time," and his spirit be touched by the powers of eternity, how can his mind expand to the dimension of those themes which, as a scholar, he is bound to be conversant with? Of necessity he must fall below the tone of feeling requisite for the appreciation of the grand and beautiful in human life, and in nature itself; he will be a poor critic and a false prophet. As a statesman or a moralist, in natural philosophy as truly as in spiritual, he will carry the seeds of error and confusion.

Is it not the moral tone of literature, from Aeschylus and Plato downward, which gives it its true grandeur? How have the great bards ever been imbued with the ethical spirit! What but this has carried them to the profoundest depths, has bid them soar on boldest wing, has imparted to them a permanent interest, the same from age to age, unharmed by fashion, by caprice, by revolutions? Is it not precisely this which gives the prince of the modern drama his strongest hold on the heart? In his Tragedies, the mind is hurried away from its temporal, economical calculations, by the vast current of thought and feeling sweeping on towards the ultimate destiny of existence. Life is rendered dignified, awful, by its relations to infinite results. To teach morality is not the object of Shakspeare; but in some of his scenes there is the essence of a thousand homilies, and it is this solemn spirit, answering to the hopes, the fears, the trembling solicitude of the universal heart of the race, which informs those great works and makes them speak to every human soul. The catastrophe of each can be explained and justified only in reference to futurity, and thence it happened that the sceptical ages of English history were those in which this great poet sank comparatively out of sight; they knew him not. Hence, too, in the department of criticism, he has received the severest treatment at the hands of that nation whose lack of faith is their intellectual, no less than their moral curse.

Another consideration of no small consequence is, that many of the profoundest questions of the day, those to which the mind of every scholar should be awake, are those in which the moral element is most prominent. The great problems in philosophy, in government, in philanthropy, not only cannot be solved, but cannot even be intelligently approached, but by a serious and earnest mind. There are grave questions to be determined in our day. It is not very wild to presume that the immense extension of our control over physical agents, the annihilation of distances, the throwing open to civilization of hitherto untouched domains, the increase of international sympathy, the wide-flowing currents of population pressing upon the heels of the pioneers, the unsettled elements of governments, the activity and energy of popular will—that all these, to say nothing of profounder moral facts, betoken at some time a vehement strife of opinion, to be paralleled, it may be, in former times, but not probably surpassed. Nor is it very difficult to see that many of the questions likely to arise are essentially religious in their grand characteristics. They are such as the authority and sanctions of law, the relations of governments and of governed, the conflict or the harmony of reason and faith, the means and the objects of philanthropy,—not to speak of those which pertain more especially to the nature, relations, and prospects of the church. In these wide subjects, the practical and the speculative meet. We cannot shrink from at least entertaining these questions, without forfeiting our rights as scholars ; for whether we regard them or not, they will occupy the public attention, and a favorable or disastrous judgment will be pronounced. Themes beyond the apprehension of the undevout are ever present to the religious student ; themes, before which those of ordinary concern, yes, and the grandest and saddest of secular history fade entirely from our vision. For him there is antiquity which the other has never thought of, and a future which no imagination has ventured to depict.

We may approach the same conclusion by another road. It has been generally conceded, that no study demands a broader mind, a profounder philosophy, or a better acquaintance with practical affairs than the really thorough study of history. But in most of the great epochs for the last 1800 years, the religious element has been most prominent, —the era of Gregory the Great, of Hildebrande, of Innocent III, of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the English Commonwealth,—periods which no contemptuous, sneering spirit can comprehend, still less assign their true value in the progress of the race. Ever since the birth of Christianity, that gentle and subtle but mighty element has been working at the heart of all the activities of the civilised world. Everything that we see or hear is touched by it. The painting, the statue, the cathedral, the poem, the history, the oration, all are informed with ideas that the old heathen never dreamed of. Nay, more: every dwelling house, with its comfortable and modest adjustments, every rail-road, every commonest and most practical arrangement of social life, bespeak the presence and activity of spiritual principles, such as the ancients never knew. What then are the anticipations, sentiments, speculations, faith, all that goes to make up the *intellectual* life of the modern? Are they not modified by the religious element of the times? And can literature, which is one expression of these sentiments, be truly interpreted, can there be a profound and philosophical criticism, without a mind in harmony with this all-pervading, plastic power? Even more certain, without such a mind, will be the impossibility of forming a just estimate of the great historical periods, or of seeing anything but a loose and purposeless flux and reflux in the strange currents of human affairs. The progress of the race will become an impracticable, but not harmless dream, or be resolved into a fixed cycle, where the magnus saeculorum ordo shall bring round again, after a while, the same series of madness, and follies, and crimes. The mind which rests its hope, not in a fluctuating present, nor in a visionary future, but in the expressed purpose of Providence, will alone have security against disappointment. We cannot fully understand the parts without knowing something of the whole. Had the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to his gigantic learning but added a devout spirit, what an insight would it not have given him into the philosophy of his grand and melancholy theme! How it would have checked his sneering scepticism and rendered his work a more sublime monument to his genius, as well as more wholesome and safe. Had the moral tone of the historian of England but equalled the intellectual acuteness, how much broader, fairer, and profounder would have been both the investigations and the conclusions of his work; how much stronger his sympathy with moral and religious heroism, of which there were within his scope examples so abundant; how much more genial and earnest his care for human welfare; how much nobler his sentiments! With all the acuteness of that subtle genius, there was wanting the moral sympathies absolutely essential for estimating fairly a nation like the English, as truly as for judging wisely of the progress and the hopes of humanity.

We have thus endeavored to detail some of the elements of a scholar's life, mainly as springing from his most prominent relations,—his relations to truth, to his fellow men, to his country, and to God, in order to fix a little more definitely than may be usual, the spirit which we should bring to study, or, as scholars, carry into the business of life; the spirit with which every professional man, and every lover of learning should pursue his course, in order to leave the best impress upon his age, since it cannot but be of consequence to any people to secure a right aim and temper to its learned men. For the proper training of educated men, we must look mainly to our colleges and universities. We cannot create a literature by a wish or a word, or by long discourses. This is not the place to discuss the importance or the responsibilities of our highest institutions of education, yet from them have descended the strongest and best influences upon learning, and it is no mean element in our prosperity that they be liberally sustained and wisely guided. So far as these elements of a scholar's life are violated, or become depressed and despised and neglected, will his prevailing tendencies bear evidence of it. The best days of literature have been those in which were cherished sentiments most elevated, pure, patriotic, religious, and in proportion as these have failed, intellectual strength has fallen too. Sentiments which one age would have been ashamed to utter, have become the common possession of the next, but the loss of virtue has ever been the loss of life and energy.

Unfortunate for our institutions, and the best interests of sound learning will be the day when educated men neglect the high aims which, in all circumstances, even in those most adverse to letters, they are bound faithfully to cherish, or at least to remember and revere; the spirit of one familiar with great thoughts, refined, elevated, gentle, earnest, devout; the spirit which attended on Dante as he wandered, an exile, from the door of one reluctant patron to another; which went with Spenser to wild, distracted Ireland; and solaced Raleigh in prison. No learning, no skill, no measure of talent can afford the least substitute for this. There is nothing truly great in letters to be hoped for without it. Nay, without it, we almost shrink from learning itself, as from the earthy touch of Caliban, or the deadly evil of Iago.

Indeed it is no mean, no common thing to be a scholar. He may receive little public favor, the outward incidents of his life may be the briefest and least note-worthy, yet he may have fixed the laws of the world's thought for ages. Because of him, empires may flourish or go to premature decay, and, century after city and tower have sunk to their primitive dust, his name may hallow the very ground on which they stood. The ruined Parthenon has a beauty quite distinct from its exquisite symmetry, when we call to mind Aeschylus and Sophocles; we walk along the sands of the Troad with a fresher step when we know that once Homer passed along there. We stand upon the pyramid with a more thoughtful and solemn spirit, when we remember that *perhaps* the foot of Plato once pressed the same summit, and his eye looked off to Memphis and old Thebes.

A scholar's life is inward and spiritual, but not therefore ineffective. It is invisible, and its power may not be at once detected. Thoughts and feelings, sufferings and enjoyments, these records of the mind and heart, we are not anxious to protrude to the common gaze. They are the sacred treasure of the man, and when messengers from foreign kings come to him he is not, like the Hebrew monarch, so vain as to carry them through the secret chambers of his glory and power. How little do we know of the inner life of him who, when he was a young man, went from his native Stratford, lived carelessly with his fellow-players, wrote his thirty-seven dramas, then went quietly back again to the banks of the beautiful Avon, and spent serenely the remainder of his days; or of that other bard sublime who, blind and deserted, solaced the sad evening of his hopes with visions of immortality. In the common affairs which men call great, they had little share, and those faculties by which they wrought their work upon earth, were as much a mystery to themselves as to others; but in what civilized land, in whatever so remote age, will their power be unacknowledged? Great scholars speak to all time. What is earthly in them goes down to the common grave of mortality; their better part lives forever. Plato, in the *Critias*, still argues of obedience to the law; in the Phaedo, of immortality. Cicero discourses on old age, on friendship, on oratory. Kepler and Newton will hold their schools down to the end of time; Bacon, always propound his aphorisms; Butler, to the latest age, discourse on the Analogy. *Fit* audience shall they all find, speaking ever to the choicest minds. Those kings and priests of learning, we may follow, afar off indeed, but with true loyalty and faith. The aims of every true-hearted scholar of even the humblest pretensions, are the same with theirs. To be of large mind, of broad sympathies, to comprehend, if possible, art, science, practice, life itself; to bring a unity into the various branches of knowledge, to raise the public tastes, direct the public thought, conserve the public welfare,—these are the purposes, this the spirit of both.

In a country like ours, whose activities are so various and so intense, where public virtue is so universal that you cannot find a man afraid or unwilling to assume any responsibility, *ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet,* it is the more important as it may be more difficult, to see to it that learning loses none of its honor, and in order that it should not, that scholars should cultivate the best spirit, should never forget that their mission is to be sacredly joined to every other. Learning has been often opposed and its institutions suffered to languish in want, or actually to die from inanition, on account of low prejudices against knowledge, or a blind fear that it would oppose some vulgar interest. These prejudices and fears may be, in part at least, allayed, if the life and temper of learned men be as they should be. A serious, solid, intellectual training is necessary to form a man. From the sacred fountains of wisdom shall exhale blessings to descend upon every occupation of life when least regarded, fructifying as the genial dews from heaven. What can be more beautiful, more ennobling, than thus to study with patience, with modesty, reverence, striving, with highest purpose, to realize the fable of Isis and Osiris, which Milton puts into language which no one should be foolhardy enough to mar by alteration, "to bring together every joint and member of truth, and mould them into an immortal figure of loveliness and perfection," bringing the fruits of his toil and laying them, with a filial spirit, at the feet of that Alma Mater, his country, which has produced and cherished him, and above all mindful of his highest relations, taking for his motto that on the seal of our oldest university, *Christo et ecclesiae*, and ever remembering, in the noble language of the poet we have just referred to, that "THE END OF LEARNING IS TO REPAIR THE RUINS OF OUR FIRST PARENTS, BY REGAINING TO KNOW GOD ARIGHT, AND OUT OF THAT KNOWLEDGE TO LOVE HIM, TO IMITATE HIM, TO BE LIKE HIM, AS WE MAY THE NEAREST BY POSSESSING OUR SOULS OF TRUE VIRTUE, WHICH, BEING UNITED TO THE HEAVENLY GRACE OF FAITH, MAKES UP THE HIGHEST PERFECTION."

ARTICLE VII.

ENGLISH PURITANISM IN THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

An Abstract of "Anglia Rediviva, or England's Recovery, by Joshua Sprigge, pp. 335. London, 1647."

Prepared by Edward D. Neill, Home Missionary in North Western Illinois.

The life of Cromwell, and the history of England during the interval between the reigns of Charles the father and Charles the son, are two books yet to be written. The literary world, tired of the numberless tirades that have appeared from the defenders of the Puritan as well as of the Cavalier, is longing for some Niebuhr to arise and sift out the truth from the chaff of falsehood, and give to them a sober, truthful, readable history of that remarkable period.